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STORIES FROM
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

M. CLARKE



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Arabian Nights.

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	5
STORY OF THE PORTER, THE LADIES OF BAGDAD, AND THE THREE CALENDERS	9
STORY OF THE FIRST CALENDER	19
STORY OF THE SECOND CALENDER	23
STORY OF THE ENVIOUS MAN AND OF HIM WHO WAS ENVIED	27
CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE SECOND CALENDER	30
STORY OF THE THIRD CALENDER	37
STORY OF ZOBEIDE	50
STORY OF SAFIE	55
CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE LADIES OF BAGDAD	60
STORY OF THE CITY OF BRASS	61
STORY OF THE GENIE IN THE PILLAR	66
CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE CITY OF BRASS	69
STORY OF GULNARE OF THE SEA	78
STORY OF KING BEDER BASIM AND THE PRINCESS JOHARAH	84
STORY OF THE THREE SISTERS	103
STORY OF ABU HASSAN THE WAG, OR THE SLEEPER AWAKENED	123

STORY OF ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP	145
STORY OF PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM AND THE SULTAN OF THE GENIES	173
STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU	186
PRINCE HOUSSAIN AND THE CARPET	187
PRINCE ALI AND THE IVORY TUBE	189
PRINCE AHMED AND THE APPLE	190
CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU	191
STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR	211
SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE	213
SINDBAD'S SECOND VOYAGE	216
SINDBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE	220
SINDBAD'S FOURTH VOYAGE	224
SINDBAD'S FIFTH VOYAGE	228
STORY OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES	231
STORY OF THE MAN WHO REPENTED WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE	248
STORY OF THE BARBER	253
STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIRST BROTHER	255
STORY OF THE BARBER'S SECOND BROTHER	259
STORY OF THE BARBER'S THIRD BROTHER	262
STORY OF THE BARBER'S FOURTH BROTHER	267

INTRODUCTION.



The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" are famous stories that were written many centuries ago in the Arabic language. It is not known who the author of them was, or in what country they were first written; but it is believed that some of them came originally from India, and others from Persia and Arabia.

The stories were first brought to Europe by a Frenchman named Galland. He lived in the beginning of the last century, and was a professor in a college in Paris. He had traveled a good deal in Asia, and during his travels he found the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or the "Thousand and One Nights," as they are also called. The stories were then in manuscript, for they had not yet been printed. Professor Galland translated them into French, and they were soon published in English and all the languages of Europe.

Other manuscript copies in Arabic of the "Thousand and One Nights" were afterwards found. They contained many more stories than those in Professor Galland's book, and several translations from them into English have been made. An excellent English translation by Edward William Lane was published in 1839. From that work some of the stories in this volume are in part taken.

The name "Thousand and One Nights" was given to the stories because the telling of them is said to have occupied that length of time. They were told to Schahriar, a great king of India, by his wife, Queen Scheherazade, the narrating of them being continued, from night to night, for a thousand and one nights.

In many of the stories mention is made of Haroun Alraschid. He was a great king who lived more than a thousand years ago in Bagdad, a city situated on the banks of the river Tigris, in the country now known as Turkey in Asia. The kings of Bagdad had the title of Caliph, a word which means "successor." They were so called because they were the successors of Mohammed, a celebrated teacher who founded the religion which since his time has prevailed in many parts of Asia, and Africa. His followers are called Mohammedans, and are also known as Mussulmans, or Moslems. They believe that Mohammed was a great prophet, and the chosen apostle of God. This belief they express in their prayers, which usually begin with these words: "There is no deity but God, and Mohammed is God's Apostle." The sacred book, or bible, of the Moslems is called the Koran, and they believe that what it contains was told to Mohammed by an angel sent down from heaven.

The Caliph of Bagdad was head of the Mohammedan religion as well as king and ruler of the country. He was therefore addressed as "Commander of the Faithful," or "Prince of the Faithful," that is of those who believed in the prophet Mohammed. The chief minister of the Caliph was called the Vizier. Besides the Caliph there were other kings in Mohammedan countries. They were called Sultans, and were usually subject to the authority of the Caliph.

The "Thousand and One Nights" has always been highly esteemed and admired in Europe and America as well as amongst the Arabs, who are great lovers of tales and romances. There is, perhaps, no other book of stories in existence which has afforded so much entertainment and delight to so many readers, old and young. [Of course these stories are not true, but they give us a good deal of information as to the manners and customs of Eastern nations.] It is, however, as stories that they are mainly interesting,—stories of genies and magicians, of golden palaces and beautiful gardens, of wonderful voyages and adventures, of strange beings and marvelous transformations,

that take possession of our minds and carry us away into the land of enchantment. The poet Tennyson in his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" describes in beautiful words the impressions made upon him by those delightful tales:

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time;
 And many a sheeny summer morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens green and old;
 True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

"Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
 The citron-shadows in the blue:
 By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
 And broider'd sofas on each side:
 In sooth it was a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid."



STORIES

FROM

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.



STORY OF THE PORTER, THE LADIES OF BAGDAD, AND THE THREE CALENDERS.

In the reign of Caliph Haroun Alraschid there was at Bagdad a porter who was a man of great wit and humor. One day, as he was at the place where he usually waited for employment, with a great basket before him, a handsome lady, covered with a muslin veil, came up to him and said, with an agreeable air, "Porter, take your basket and follow me." The delighted porter took his basket immediately, set it on his head, and followed the lady, exclaiming, "Oh, happy day, oh, day of good luck!"

In a short time the lady stopped before the door of a house and knocked. A Christian, with a long white beard opened it, and she put money into his hand without speaking. The Christian, who knew what she wanted, went in, and shortly after brought out a large jar of excellent wine. "Take this jar," said the lady to the porter, "and put it into the basket." This being done, she told him to follow her, and walked on, the porter still exclaiming, "Oh, day of happiness! Oh, day of agreeable surprise and joy!"

The lady next stopped at a fruit shop, where she bought apples, apricots, peaches, lemons, citrons, oranges, myrtles, lilies,

jessamine, and some other plants. She told the porter to put all these things into his basket and follow her. Passing by a butcher's shop, she ordered five and twenty pounds of his finest meat, which was also put into the porter's basket.

At another shop she bought cucumbers, parsley, walnuts, hazelnuts, and other fruits. The porter, in putting these things into his basket, said, "My good lady, you should have told me that you intended buying so many things, and I would have brought a camel to carry them, for if you buy much more I shall not be able to bear the load." The lady laughed at the fellow's humor, and ordered him still to follow her. She then went to a druggist's, where she bought sweet-scented waters, cloves, musk, pepper, ginger, and several other Indian spices.

The porter's basket was now quite full, and she ordered him to follow her. They walked till they came to a magnificent house, the front of which was adorned with fine columns, and a gate of ivory. There they stopped and the lady knocked softly. Another lady came to open the gate, and all three, after passing through a handsome vestibule, crossed a wide court surrounded by an open gallery, with many fine apartments all on the same floor. At the end of this court there was a raised floor, with a couch in the middle, supported by four columns of ebony, enriched with diamonds and pearls of an extraordinary size, and covered with red satin, with bordering of Indian gold. In the middle of the court there was a large basin lined with white marble, and full of the purest water, which rushed from the mouth of a lion of gilt bronze.

But what most attracted the attention of the porter was a third beautiful lady, who was seated on the couch. This lady was called Zobeide, she who opened the door was called Safie, and the name of the one who had been for the provisions was Amina. Then said Zobeide, speaking to the other two, "Sisters, do you not see that this honest man is ready to sink under his burden? Why do you not ease him of it?" Amina and Safie then took the basket, the one before and the other behind; Zobeide also

assisted, and all three together set it on the ground, after which the beautiful Amina took out money, and paid the porter liberally. The porter was well satisfied, but when he ought to have departed, he was unwilling to go, so great was his pleasure in beholding three such beautiful ladies. What surprised him most was that he saw no man about the house.

“Madam,” said he, addressing Zobeide, “I feel that I am acting rudely in staying longer than I ought, but I hope you will pardon me, when I tell you that I am astonished not to see a man with three ladies of such beauty; for you know that a company of women without men is as melancholy as a company of men without women.” The ladies fell a laughing at the porter’s remarks, after which Zobeide said to him, “Friend, you presume rather too much; and though you do not deserve it, I have no objection to telling you that we are three sisters who attend to our affairs with so much secrecy that no one knows anything about us. A good author says, ‘Keep thy own secret, and do not tell it to any one. He that makes his secret known is no longer its master. If thy own breast cannot keep thy counsel, how canst thou expect the breast of another to be more faithful?’” “Permit me to say,” answered the porter, “that I also have read a maxim, which I have always practiced: ‘Conceal thy secret only from such as are known to be talkative, and who will abuse thy confidence, but do not be afraid to tell it to prudent men, because they know how to keep it.’ Your secret, then, is as safe with me as if locked up in a cabinet, the key of which is lost, and the door sealed.”

The porter, notwithstanding his maxim, would most likely have been sent away if Amina had not taken his part, and said to Zobeide and Safie, “My dear sisters, I beg you to let him remain; he will afford us some entertainment. Were I to repeat to you all the amusing things he told me on the way, you would not feel surprised at my taking his part.”

At these words of Amina, the porter fell on his knees, kissed the ground at her feet, and raising himself up, said, “Most

beautiful lady, you began my good fortune to-day, and now you complete it by this kind conduct; I cannot sufficiently express my thanks. As to the rest, ladies," said he, addressing all three sisters, "since you do me so great an honor I shall always look upon myself as one of your most humble slaves." When he had spoken these words he would have returned the money he had received, but Zobeide ordered him to keep it. "What we have once given," said she, "we never take back. We are willing to allow you to stay on one condition: that you keep our secret and do not ask the reason for anything you may see us do. To show you that what we demand is not a new thing among us, read what is written over our gate on the inside."

The porter read these words, written in large letters of gold: "He who speaks of things that do not concern him, shall hear things that will not please him." "Ladies," answered the porter, "I promise that you shall never hear me utter a word about what does not relate to me, or in which you may have any concern."

Amina then brought in supper, and after she had lighted up the room with tapers made of aloe wood and ambergris, which yield a most agreeable perfume, as well as a delicate light, she sat down with her sisters and the porter. They began to eat and drink, to sing, and recite verses. When they were all as merry as possible, they heard a loud knocking at the gate. Safie, whose business it was, went to the porch, and soon returning, said to her sisters, "There are three calenders [dervises] at the door, all blind of the right eye, with their heads, faces, and eyebrows shaved. They say that they are only just arrived at Bagdad, where they have never been before; and, as it is dark, and they know not where to lodge, they knocked at our door by chance, and pray us to have pity upon them, and take them in. They care not where we put them, provided they obtain shelter. They are young and handsome; but I cannot, without laughing, think of their amusing and exact likeness to each other. My dear sisters, pray permit them to come in; they will

afford us amusement, and put us to little expense, because they ask shelter only for this night, and will leave us as soon as day appears.”

“Go then,” said Zobeide, “and bring them in, but make them read what is written over the gate.” Safie ran out, and in a little time returned with the three calenders. At their entrance they made a low bow to the ladies, who rose up to receive them, told them that they were welcome, and invited them to sit down. Then the ladies served them with food, and Safie, being highly pleased with them, did not let them want for wine.

When the calenders had finished their repast, they told the ladies that they would entertain them with a concert of music if there were any instruments in the house. The ladies willingly agreed to the proposal, and Safie brought a tambourine, a lute, and a Persian harp. Each calender took the instrument he liked, and all three together began to play a tune. The ladies, who knew the words of a merry song that suited the air, joined the concert with their voices. But while their amusement was at its height, they heard a loud knocking at the gate. Safie arose and went out to see who the newcomers were.

Now it was the custom of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to go sometimes during the night through the city in disguise, to discover whether everything was quiet. On this evening he set out from his palace, accompanied by Giafar, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, chief of the household, all dressed as merchants. He it was who, in passing through the street and attracted by the noise of the music and of the loud laughter, had ordered his grand vizier to knock at the gate, and to demand hospitality as for three travelers who knew not where to seek shelter for the night. Safie, having heard their story, came back and obtained permission of her sisters to admit the newly arrived strangers.

The caliph and his attendants, upon their entrance, bowed politely to the ladies and to the calenders. The ladies returned the salute of the supposed merchants. Then Zobeide, as the

chief, addressed them and said, "You are welcome. But while you are here you must have eyes but no tongues; you must not ask the reason of anything you may see, or speak of anything that does not concern you, lest you may hear and see what will by no means please you."

"Madam," replied the vizier, "you shall be obeyed. It is enough for us to attend to our own business, without meddling with what does not concern us." After this each seated himself, and the conversation became general. The caliph admired the beauty, elegance, and agreeable manners of the ladies, and the appearance of the three calenders, all blind of the right eye, surprised him very much. He wished to learn the cause of this, but the conditions the ladies had imposed upon him and his companions prevented any questions.

The guests continued their conversation, but after a short time Zobeide rose up, and taking Amina by the hand, said to her, "Come, sister, the company shall not prevent us from doing as we have always been accustomed." Amina, who perfectly understood what her sister meant, got up, and took away the dishes, tables, glasses, and also the instruments on which the calenders had played. Safie snuffed the candles, and added more aloe wood and ambergris. Having done this, she requested the three calenders to sit on a sofa on one side, and the caliph and his companions on the other. "Get up," said she then to the porter, looking at him, "and be ready to assist in whatever we want you."

A little while after, Amina came in with a sort of seat, which she placed in the middle of the room. She then went to the door of a closet, and having opened it, she made a sign to the porter to approach. "Come and assist me," she cried. He obeyed, and went in with her. They returned in a moment after, followed by two black dogs, each of them secured by a collar and chain, and both appearing as if they had been severely whipped with rods. The porter brought them into the middle of the apartment.

Zobeide, now rising from her seat between the calenders and the caliph, moved very gravely towards the porter. "Come," said she, heaving a deep sigh, "let us perform our duty." She then tucked up her sleeves above her elbows, and receiving a rod from Safie, "Porter," said she, "bring one of the dogs to me." The porter did as he was commanded. Upon this the dog began to howl in a pitiful manner, but Zobeide, having no regard to its cries that resounded through the house, whipped the animal with the rod till she was out of breath. Then throwing down the rod, she lifted the dog in her arms, wiped the tears from its eyes, kissed it, and ordered the porter to carry it away and bring the other. She whipped the second dog in the same manner; she then wept over it, dried its tears, kissed it, and returned it to the porter.

The three calenders, and the caliph and his companions, were extremely surprised at this. They could not understand why Zobeide, after having beaten the two dogs, should weep with them, wipe off their tears, and kiss them. They muttered among themselves; and the caliph, longing to be informed of the cause of so strange a proceeding, could not forbear making signs to the vizier to ask the question. The vizier turned his head another way, but being pressed by repeated signs, he answered that it was not yet time to satisfy the caliph's curiosity.

Zobeide sat for some minutes in the middle of the room, where she had whipped the two dogs, to recover herself of her fatigæ. Then Safie called to her, "Dear sister, will you not be pleased to return to your place, that I also may act my part?" "Yes, sister," replied Zobeide; and she went and sat down upon the sofa, having the caliph, Giafar, and Mesrour, on her right hand, and the three calenders, with the porter, on her left.

The whole company now remained silent for some time. At last Safie, sitting on a chair in the middle of the room, said to Amina, "Dear sister, I beg you to rise; you know what I would say." Amina rose, and went into another closet near to that in which the dogs were, and brought out a case covered with yel-

low satin, richly embroidered with gold and green silk. She opened the case, and took from it a lute, which she gave to Safie. After some time spent in tuning it, Safie began to play, and, accompanying the instrument with her voice, sang a song about the pain that absence causes to lovers. Having sung with much sweetness, she said to Amina, "Pray take it, sister, for my voice fails me; oblige the company with a tune and song in my stead." "Very willingly," replied Amina, who, taking the lute from her sister Safie, sat down in her place. She sang most delightfully, but no sooner had she finished than Safie fell upon the floor in a swoon, and on opening her dress to give her air, they saw that her breast was covered with fearful scars.

Whilst Zobeide and Amina ran to help their sister, the caliph inquired of one of the calenders, "Can you not inform me about these two black dogs, and the lady who appears to have been so illtreated?" "Sir," said the calender, "we never were here before now, and we entered the house only a few minutes sooner than you did." This increased the astonishment of the caliph. "Perhaps," said he, "the man who is with you can give us some information?" The calender made signs to the porter to draw near, and asked him if he knew why the black dogs had been beaten, and why Safie was so scarred. "Sir," replied the porter, "if you know nothing of the matter, I know as little as you do. I never was in this house until now; and if you are surprised to see me here, I am as much so to find you."

The caliph, more and more astonished at all he heard, determined that he would have an explanation of these mysterious proceedings. But the question was, who should first make the inquiry? The caliph endeavored to persuade the calenders to speak first, but they excused themselves. At last they all agreed that the porter should be the man. While they were consulting how to put the question, Safie having recovered from her fainting, Zobeide approached them, and inquired, "What are you talking of? What is your contest about?"

The porter then addressed her as follows: "These gentlemen, madam, beg you to explain why you wept with the dogs, after having treated them so ill, and how it has happened that the breast of the lady who fainted is covered with scars?"

Hearing the porter's words Zobeide put on a very stern look, and turning towards the rest of the company, said, "Is it true, gentlemen, that you told him to ask me these questions?" All of them, except the vizier Giafar, who spoke not a word, answered, "Yes." Zobeide then exclaimed, in a tone of anger, "Before we granted you the favor of receiving you into our house, we imposed the condition that you should not speak of anything that did not concern you, lest you might hear that which would not please you. Yet, after having received our hospitality, you break your promise." As she spoke these words, she gave three stamps with her foot, and clapping her hands as often together, cried, "Comè quickly!" Upon this a door flew open, and seven black slaves rushed in; each one seized a man, threw him on the ground, and dragged him into the middle of the room, holding a scimitar over his head.

We may easily imagine how alarmed the caliph was. He now repented that he had not taken the advice of his vizier, seeing that through their foolish curiosity they were in danger of losing their lives. But at this point one of the slaves said to Zobeide and her sisters, "Would it not be right to question them first?" Then Zobeide, with a grave voice, said to them, "Answer me, and tell who you are, otherwise you shall not live one moment longer. I cannot believe that you are honest men, or persons of distinction in your own countries; for if you were you would have been more modest and more respectful to us."

The caliph was angry to find his life depending upon the command of a woman; but he began to have some hope when she asked who they all were; for he thought that she would not take away his life when she knew who he was. He therefore whispered to his vizier, telling him to say at once that he was the caliph. But the wise vizier, being more prudent,

resolved to save his master's honor, and not let the company know the affront he had brought upon himself by his own imprudence; and so he answered, "We have what we deserve." But if he had intended to speak as the caliph commanded him, Zobeide would not have allowed him time; for turning to the calenders, and seeing them all blind of one eye, she asked if they were brothers. One of them answered, "No, madam, except that we are calenders; that is to say, we observe the same rules." "Were you born blind of the right eye?" continued she. "No, madam," answered he; "I lost my eye in such a surprising adventure that it would be instructive to every one to hear it." Zobeide put the same question to the others in their turn, and the last replied, "Pray, madam, show some pity on us, for we are all the sons of kings. Although we have never seen each other before this evening, we have had sufficient time to become acquainted with this circumstance; and I can assure you that the kings, our fathers, have been talked of in the world."

Hearing this, Zobeide became less angry, and said to the slaves, "Give them their liberty awhile, but remain where you are. Those who tell us their history, and the reason of their coming, do them no hurt, let them go where they please, but do not spare those who refuse to give us that satisfaction."

The three calenders, the caliph, the grand vizier Giafar, the captain of his guards, and the porter, were all in the middle of the hall, seated upon a carpet in the presence of the three ladies, who reclined upon a sofa, and the slaves stood ready to do whatever their mistresses should command.

The porter spoke first, and briefly related the adventures of the morning with Amina, and the kindness to him of herself and her sisters in the evening, which he declared to be the whole of his history.

When he had concluded, Zobeide said to him, "Save thyself and begone, and never let us see thee again." "I beg of you, madam," replied he, "to let me remain a little longer. It would be unfair that I should not hear their histories, after they

have had the pleasure of hearing mine." So saying he took his place at the end of the sofa, delighted at finding himself free from the danger which had so much alarmed him. One of the calenders then told his story as follows, addressing Zobeide:

STORY OF THE FIRST CALENDER.

Madam, I am the son of a sultan. My father had a brother who reigned over a neighboring kingdom. His son, my cousin, and I were nearly the same age. I went regularly every year to see my uncle, at whose court I amused myself for a month or two, and then returned home.

On one of these occasions my cousin said to me, "Cousin, I have need of your assistance in an affair of interest to me, and I beg that you will not oppose me in that which I desire to do." I replied, "I am altogether at your service." Then he went away for a little while, and returned followed by a woman decked with ornaments, and wearing a dress of extraordinary value. He looked towards me, while the woman stood behind him, and said, "Take this woman and go before me to the burial ground," and he described it to me, and I knew it. He then added, "Enter the burial ground, and wait for me."

I could not oppose him, or refuse to comply with his request, on account of my promise, so I took the woman, and went with her to the burial ground. When we had sat there a short time, my cousin came, bearing a basin of water, and a bag containing some plaster, and a small adze. Going to a tomb in the midst of the burial ground, he took the adze and separated the stones, which he placed on one side. He then dug up the earth with the adze and uncovered a flat stone, of the size of a small door, under which there was a staircase. Having done this, he made a sign to the woman, and she descended the stairs. He then said to me, "Cousin, complete thy kindness, when I have descended into this place, by pulling back the trapdoor and the

earth above it as they were before. Then take this plaster which is in the bag, and this water which is in the basin, and mix them together, and plaster the stones of the tomb as they were, so that no man may know it."

As soon as he disappeared from before my eyes, I replaced the trapdoor, and did as he had ordered me, until the tomb was restored to the state in which it was at first. Then I returned to the palace of my uncle, who was absent on a hunting excursion. I slept that night, and when the morning came, I thought upon what had occurred between me and my cousin, and repented of what I had done for him. I then went out to the burial ground and searched for the tomb, but could not discover it. I searched until the approach of night, and, not finding it, returned again to the palace. I neither ate nor drank, my heart was so troubled about my cousin, not knowing what had become of him. I passed the night sorrowfully until the morning, and went again to the burial ground, and I searched among the tombs, but could not discover what I looked for. Thus I searched seven days without success.

Then I resolved upon returning home, and so I set out at once for my father's capital. But when I arrived I found, contrary to the custom, a numerous guard at the gate of the palace. They surrounded me as I entered, and the commanding officer said, "Prince, the army has made the grand vizier sultan, instead of your father, who is dead, and I take you prisoner in the name of the new sultan."

This rebel vizier had always hated me. When I was a boy I loved to shoot with a crossbow, and one day, on the terrace of the palace, a bird happening to fly by, I shot and missed him. But the arrow hit the vizier, who was taking the air upon the terrace of his own house, and put out one of his eyes. He never forgave me, and now that he had me in his power, he came to me like a mad man, and, thrusting his finger into my right eye, pulled it out, and thus I became blind of one eye.

But his cruelty did not stop here. He commanded the exe-

tioner to cut off my head, and leave me to be devoured by birds of prey. The executioner conveyed me to the place of execution to carry out this barbarous sentence, but by my prayers and tears I moved the man to pity, and he said, "Go, get you speedily out of the kingdom, and never return, or you will destroy yourself and me." I thanked him, and, as soon as I was left alone, comforted myself for the loss of my eye by considering that I had escaped a much greater evil.

Then I went to my uncle's capital, and told him of what had happened to my father, and of the manner in which I had lost my eye. He wept bitterly, and said, "Thou hast added to my trouble and my grief, for thy cousin has been lost for some days, and I know not what has happened to him, and no one can tell me." Then he wept again, until he became insensible; and when he recovered, he said, "O my boy, the loss of thine eye is better than the loss of thy life."

Upon this I could no longer keep silence about his son, my cousin, so I informed him of all that had happened to him. On hearing my story he rejoiced exceedingly, and said, "Show me the tomb." "O my uncle," I replied, "I know not where it is, for I went afterwards several times to search for it, and could not find the place." We, however, went together to the burial ground, and, looking to the right and left, I discovered it, and both I and my uncle rejoiced. I then entered the tomb with him, and when we had removed the earth, and lifted up the trapdoor, we descended fifty steps.

When we arrived at the bottom of the stairs, there issued forth upon us a smoke which blinded our eyes. Then my uncle pronounced these words: "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great." After this we went on, and soon found ourselves in a room filled with flour and grain and various eatables, and, looking around, my uncle found his son and the woman who had descended with him turned into black charcoal, as if they had been thrown into a pit of fire. When he saw this he was sorely distressed, and he said to me, "O son of my

brother, this son of mine was in love with his foster sister, and I reprov'd him severely, and separated him from her, and her from him. And when my son saw that I had separated him, he secretly made this place, and they came and concealed themselves here, and now they are punished for their disobedience." He then wept, and I wept with him, and he said to me, "Thou art my son in his stead."

We then ascended, and, having replaced the trapdoor and the earth above it, and fixed the tomb in its former state, we returned to the palace. But we had hardly been seated when we heard the sounds of drums and trumpets, and the air was filled with dust raised by horses' hoofs. Our minds were troubled, not knowing what had happened, and soon a messenger came to the king and told him, "The vizier of thy brother has slain him, and his soldiers and guards, and he has come with his army to take this city, and the inhabitants, being unable to resist, have submitted to him." Then I said within myself, "If I fall into his hands he will slay me." Grief overwhelmed me, and I scarcely knew what to do, for if I went out of doors in my usual dress, the people of the city would know me, and the troops of my father would kill me.

Then I caused my beard and my eyebrows to be shaved, and putting on a calender's habit, I passed, unknown by any, out of the city. I avoided the towns till I arrived at the empire of the renowned caliph, Haroun Alraschid, when I ceased to fear. I resolved to come to Bagdad, and throw myself at the feet of that great king, and beg his help. After a journey of several months, I arrived yesterday at the gate of this city, into which I entered at dusk. As I entered, another calender came up and saluted me, and I saluted him. "You appear," said I, "to be a stranger, as I am." "You are not mistaken," replied he. He had no sooner said this, than a third calender overtook us. He saluted us, and told us he was a stranger, newly come to Bagdad. Then we joined together as brethren, resolving not to separate from one another.

It was now late, and we knew not where to seek a lodging in the city. But good fortune having brought us to your gate, we made bold to knock, and you have received us with so much kindness that we know not how to thank you. This, madam, is how I lost my right eye, and how I came to be with you to-night.

“It is enough,” said Zobeide; “you may retire to what place you see fit.” The calender begged permission to stay until he had heard the stories of his two comrades, and of the three other persons in company. Then the second calender began his story, which he told as follows:

STORY OF THE SECOND CALENDER.

You must know, madam, that I am a prince by birth, for I am the son of a sultan. In my youth I had good ability and my father gave me an excellent education. As soon as I was able to read and write I learned the Koran from beginning to end by heart, and all the sayings of our prophet, and the works of poets. I studied astronomy and all the other sciences, and was skilled in all such exercises as were proper for a prince to practice. But one thing I was particularly fond of, and that was penmanship. In this I excelled all the celebrated penmen of our kingdom.

The fame of my learning reached the emperor of Hindostan, who sent an ambassador with rich presents to my father, and invited me to his court. My father having consented, I set out with the ambassador.

When about a month on our journey, we saw in the distance an immense cloud of dust, and soon afterward we saw fifty fierce horsemen, sons of the desert, well armed. They rode forward, pointing their spears as if to attack us, and, not being able to fight them, we told them we were ambassadors of the sultan of India. But the sons of the desert answered, “Why do you wish

us to respect the sultan, your master? We are not his subjects." They then attacked us on all sides. They killed some of our men and the rest fled. I also fled after I had received a severe wound.

I then went on without knowing where I was going, and I journeyed till I came to a cave at the foot of a mountain. Here I rested for the night. In the morning I started out again, and traveled till I came to a large town. The winter with its cold had passed away, and spring with its flowers had come, and I rejoiced at arriving there, as I was wearied with my long journey. Being a stranger I knew not where to turn my steps in the town, but seeing a tailor working in his shop, I went up to him and spoke to him. He made me sit down by him, and asked me what had brought me there. I told him all that had happened to me, and who I was. He listened to me with attention, and brought me something to eat. He also offered me lodging in his house, which I accepted.

Some days after my arrival, the tailor asked me if I knew any trade by which I could earn a living. I told him that I was well acquainted with the laws, that I was a poet and, above all, that I could write well. "None of these things will be of any use to you here," he said. "If you will take my advice you will get a short jacket, and as you are strong and in good health, you may go into the neighboring forest and cut wood for fuel. You may then go and sell it in the market. By these means you will be able to wait till better fortune comes for you."

The next day the tailor brought me a rope, a hatchet, and a short jacket, and recommended me to some poor people who gained their bread in the same manner, that they might take me into their company. They conducted me to the wood, and the first day I brought in as much upon my head as was worth half a piece of gold. I gained a good sum of money in a short time, and repaid the tailor what he had lent me.

I continued this way of living for a whole year. One day, having by chance gone farther into the wood than usual, I happened to come to a pleasant spot, where I began to cut; and in

pulling up the root of a tree I saw an iron ring, fastened to a trapdoor of the same metal. I took away the earth that covered it, and, lifting it up, discovered a flight of stairs, which I descended with my ax in my hand.

When I reached the bottom, I found myself in a palace, which was as well-lighted as if it had been above ground in the open air. I went forward along a gallery supported by pillars of jasper, the base and capitals being of massy gold. Then I saw a lady of noble appearance and great beauty coming towards me. I hastened to meet her; and as I was making a low bow, she asked me, "Are you a man or a genie?" "A man, madam," said I. "By what adventure," said she, "have you come to this place? I have lived here twenty-five years, and you are the first man I have seen in that time."

Her words sounded sweetly to me, and I answered, "God has brought me to thy abode, and I hope will now put an end to my trouble and grief." Then I told her my story from beginning to end. "Alas, prince," she replied, "the most delightful spots cannot give us pleasure when we are there against our will. But now hear my story.

"I am a princess, the daughter of a sultan, the king of the Ebony Island. The king, my father, chose for my husband a prince, who was my cousin. But on the very night of the marriage, in the midst of our rejoicings, a genie took me away, and, soaring with me through the air, carried me to this place. I have passed twenty-five years here, where the genie provides for me everything that I require. Every ten days he pays me a visit. But if I wish to see him at any other time, or if I want for anything, I have only to touch with my hand these two lines which are written on this door. The lines are a talisman, or charm, and when they are touched the genie appears. It is now four days since he was here, and I have to wait six days more before he again makes his appearance. You may remain, therefore, five days with me, if it be agreeable to you to keep me company, and I will endeavor to entertain you pleasantly."

The princess then conducted me to a bath, and when I came out of it, instead of my own clothes, I found a costly and beautiful robe prepared for me. Then she covered a table with several dishes of delicate meats, and we ate together, and passed the evening in great happiness.

The next day I said to her, "Fair princess, you have been too long buried alive in this underground palace. Pray rise, follow me, and enjoy the light of day, of which you have been deprived so many years. Have no fear of the genie. For my part, I fear him so little that I will destroy his talisman, with the inscription that is upon it. Let him come; and no matter how powerful he is I will defy him." On saying this I gave the door a violent kick, and broke the talisman in pieces.

Immediately the whole palace shook as if ready to fall to atoms, and the walls opened to give a passage to the genie. The princess was greatly frightened, and at her earnest request I took to flight. Hastily putting on my own dress, I ascended the stairs leading to the forest, and reached the town in safety. The tailor was very glad to see me. But in my haste I had left my hatchet and cord in the princess's palace. Shortly after my return, while sitting in my room thinking over this loss, and the cruel treatment which the princess would receive from the genie, the tailor came to me and said, "In the shop is a stranger who asks for thee, and he has thy ax and cord. He came with them to the woodcutters, and said to them, 'I went out at the time of morning prayer, and found these, and know not to whom they belong; can ye direct me to their owner?' The woodcutters directed him to thee; he is sitting in my shop; so go out to him and thank him, and take thy ax and thy cord." On hearing these words I turned pale, and trembled, and while in this state the floor of my chamber opened, and the stranger appeared out of the opening, and behold he was the genie! He grasped me by the middle, dragged me out of the room, and, mounting into the air, carried me up to the skies with extraordinary swiftness. He descended again to the earth, and with a stamp of his foot

he caused the ground to open. Then I found myself in the enchanted palace, before the fair princess of the Isle of Ebony.

The genie now drew his sword and declared that he would give life and liberty to either of us who would cut off the head of the other. We both refused, saying that we would die rather than do such a cruel thing. "I see," said the genie, "that you both defy me, but both of you shall suffer for it." Then the monster slew the princess. I fainted at the sight. When I came to myself again I expected that he would immediately put me to death, but instead of killing me he said, "That is how genies punish those who offend them. Thou art the least to blame, and I will content myself with changing thee into a dog, an ape, a lion, or a bird; take thy choice of any of these; I will leave it to thyself."

These words gave me hope of being able to appease his anger, and so I said, "O genie, since you will not take away my life, pardon me freely, as a certain good man pardoned one who envied him." "And how was that?" asked the genie. I answered as follows:

STORY OF THE ENVIOUS MAN AND OF HIM WHO WAS ENVIED.

In a certain town there was a man who had a neighbor that envied him, and the more the neighbor envied him the more God gave him prosperity. This continued for a long time until the neighbor began to trouble him so much that the good man resolved to go and live elsewhere. He therefore sold his house, and went to another city at no great distance, and bought a house near a well that was no longer in use. The good man then put on the dress of a dervise, and in a short time he formed a society of dervises. He soon came to be known for his virtue, by which he gained the respect of many persons, rich and poor.

People came from afar to ask his prayers, and all who visited him told of the blessings they received through his means.

Now the envious man, hearing this, was jealous and angry, and he resolved to ruin the good dervise. So he went to the new convent of dervises, of which his former neighbor was the head. The good dervise received him with tokens of friendship. Then the envious man told him that he had come to speak with him on business of importance, which he could do only in private; "and that nobody may hear us," he said, "let us take a walk in your court, and as night is drawing on, command your dervises to retire to their cells." The chief of the dervises did as he was requested. When the envious man saw that he was alone with the other, he began to talk to him, walking side by side in the court, till he saw his opportunity. Then, getting the dervise near the brink of the well, he gave him a thrust, and pushed him into it.

Now this old well was inhabited by genies, which was lucky for the dervise, for they received and supported him, and carried him to the bottom, so that he got no hurt. The dervise wondered very much at this. He could not understand how he had got to the bottom without being hurt, for he neither saw nor felt anything. But soon he heard a voice, which said, "Do you know what honest man this is, whom we have saved?" Another voice answered, "No," to which the first voice replied, "Then I will tell you. This man, out of charity, left the town he lived in, and came here in hopes to cure one of his neighbors of the envy he had against him. But the good man gained such respect from everybody that the envious man followed him to ruin him. He would have done this evil thing if we had not saved the good dervise, whose fame is so great that the sultan, who lives in the neighboring city, was to visit him to-morrow, to recommend the princess, his daughter, to his prayers."

Then the other voice asked, "What need has the princess of the dervise's prayers?" To this the first answered, "You do not know, it seems, that she is insane. But I well know how

this good dervise could cure her. He has a black cat in his convent, with a white spot at the end of her tail, about the size of a small piece of Arabian money. Let him only pull seven hairs out of the white spot, burn them, and fume the princess's head with the smoke, and she will be immediately cured."

The dervise heard every word of this conversation, and in the morning as soon as daylight appeared, he saw a hole through which he crept out of the well with ease. He then went at once to the convent, and, taking the black cat, pulled seven hairs from the white spot on her tail, and laid them carefully aside.

Soon after sunrise, the sultan arrived at the gate of the convent. He commanded his guards to halt, whilst he with his principal officers went in. The dervises received him with the greatest respect. The sultan then called their chief aside, and said, "Good dervise, you are probably acquainted with the cause of my visit." "Yes, sir;" replied he; "if I do not mistake, it is because of the disease of the princess. If your majesty will be pleased to let her come here, I hope, through God's assistance, that I shall be able to cure her."

The sultan, in great joy, sent immediately for his daughter, who soon appeared with many ladies and attendants. The chief of the dervises then caused a carpet to be held over her head, and he threw the seven hairs upon burning coals, and with the smoke he fumed the head of the princess. Immediately she recovered her reason and was entirely cured. The sultan, greatly rejoicing, embraced his daughter and kissed her. He also kissed the dervise's hands, and said to his officers, "What reward does he deserve for curing my daughter?" They all cried, "He deserves to have her in marriage." "That is what I also think," said the sultan; "and I will make him my son-in-law from this moment." So the dervise was immediately married to the princess. Some time afterwards the vizier died, and the sultan made the good dervise his vizier. The sultan himself also died without heirs, upon which the army and the



Drawn by R. B. Birch.

THE CURE OF THE PRINCESS.

people all agreed that the dervise should be declared sultan, and so it was done.

Thus was the good man rewarded for his virtue. He had now great power, and he could have punished the envious man if he had wished, but instead of doing so he treated him with kindness. One day, as he was riding out at the head of his troops, he saw the envious man among the crowd that stood as he passed along, and calling his vizier he whispered in his ear, "Go, bring me that man you see there, but take care you do not frighten him." The vizier obeyed, and when the envious man was brought into his presence, the sultan said, "Friend, I am extremely glad to see you." Then he called an officer and said to him, "Go immediately and pay to this man out of my treasury one hundred pieces of gold; give him also twenty loads of the richest merchandise in my storehouses, and a sufficient guard to conduct him to his home."

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE SECOND CALENDER.

Having finished my story I then said to the genie, "That was the way the dervise acted towards the envious man who injured him. He pardoned him and conferred favors on him, instead of punishing him, and so, genie, ought you to do to me." But I could not move the monster to pity. "All that I can do for thee," said he, "is to grant thee thy life, but I must place thee under enchantment."

So saying, he seized me violently and carried me through the arched roof of the underground palace, which opened to give him passage. He ascended with me into the air to such a height that the earth appeared like a little white cloud. He then descended with great rapidity, and alighted upon the top of a mountain. Here he took up a handful of earth, and, muttering some words which I did not understand, threw it upon me.

“Quit,” said he, “the form of a man and take that of an ape.” He instantly disappeared and left me there, changed into an ape, and overwhelmed with sorrow, in a strange country, not knowing whether I was near my father’s kingdom or far from it.

I descended the mountain, and entered a level country, which took me a month to travel over, and then I came to the seaside. The sea happened at the time to be perfectly calm, and I saw a vessel a few miles from the shore. Not to miss so good a chance of escape, I broke off a large branch from a tree, carried it into the sea, and placed myself astride upon it, with a stick in each hand to serve me for oars. I launched out on this frail bark, and rowed towards the ship. When I approached near enough to be seen, the crew and passengers looked at me with astonishment. In the mean time, laying hold of a rope, I jumped upon the deck, but having lost my speech, I found myself in great difficulty, and indeed the danger I was then in was not less than when I was at the mercy of the genie.

The merchants in the ship thought that if they let me remain on board I should be the cause of some misfortune to them during their voyage, for they imagined I was some evil thing. They therefore said, “Let us throw him into the sea.” They would certainly have done so had I not gone to the captain, thrown myself at his feet, and taken hold of his skirt in a begging posture. This action, together with the tears which he saw gush from my eyes, moved him to pity. He took me under his protection, and treated me very kindly. On my part, though I had not the power to speak, I showed by my gestures every mark of gratitude in my power.

Soon afterwards a wind arose, and it continued to blow in the same direction for fifty days, bringing us safe to the harbor of a large city, where we cast anchor. Our vessel was instantly surrounded with numbers of boats full of people. Some officers of the sultan then came on board, and said, “The sultan, our master, rejoices at your safe arrival, and he begs that each of you will write a few lines upon this paper. Our vizier, a clever

man who wrote beautifully, died a few days since, and the sultan has made a vow not to give the place to any one who cannot write equally well. No one has yet been thought worthy of the place."

Those of the merchants on board who could write well wrote one after another on the piece of paper. After they had done, I advanced, and took the paper, but all the people cried out that I would tear it or throw it into the sea, till they saw how I held it, and made a sign that I would write. Their fear then changed into wonder. But as they had never seen an ape that knew how to write, and could not think that I was more clever than others of my kind, they wished to snatch the paper out of my hand, but the captain took my part once more. "Let him alone," said he; "allow him to write." I then took the pen, and wrote six sorts of handwriting used among the Arabians, and each specimen contained four lines of poetry in praise of the sultan. As soon as I had finished the officers carried the roll of paper away.

When the paper was shown to the sultan he took little notice of any of the writing except mine, which pleased him so much that he said to the officers, "Take the finest horse in my stable, with the richest trappings, and a robe of the most beautiful brocade to put on the person who wrote this, and bring him here." At this command the officers could not forbear laughing. The sultan was angry at their rudeness, and would have punished them, only that they said, "Sir, we humbly beg your Majesty's pardon. These lines were not written by a man, but by an ape." "What do you say?" cried the sultan. "Those beautiful letters not written by the hands of a man!" "No, sir," replied the officers; "we assure your Majesty that it was an ape who wrote them in our presence." The sultan was astonished, and he said to the officers, "Bring that wonderful ape here immediately."

The officers returned to the vessel, and told the captain, who answered, "The sultan's command must be obeyed." Then they

clothed me with the rich brocade robe, and carried me ashore, where they placed me on horseback, and the sultan waited for me with a number of his ministers of state.

A procession was now formed, and we set out for the royal palace. The streets, the windows, terraces, and houses, were filled with a vast number of people who flocked from every part of the city to see me, for the rumor spread in a moment that the sultan had chosen an ape to be his grand vizier.

Arrived at the sultan's palace, I found the sultan on his throne in the midst of his ministers. I bowed three times very low, and then kneeled and kissed the ground before him, after which I took my seat in the posture of an ape. The whole assembly viewed me with wonder. They were astonished that an ape should know so well how to pay respect to the sultan, and he himself was more astonished than any.

The sultan now dismissed his ministers for the day, and none remained by him but myself, the chief of the attendants of the palace, and a young slave. He then went from his chamber of state into his own private apartment, where he had ordered dinner to be brought. As he sat down, he made a sign to me to approach and eat. I arose, kissed the ground, and placed myself at the table. After dinner I washed my hands, and taking a pen and paper, I wrote some verses expressing my thanks to the sultan, and I presented them to him. I also wrote verses about the state of happiness I was now in, after my many sufferings. The sultan was astonished on reading what I had written, and he said, "A person capable of composing such poetry should rank among the greatest of men."

The sultan then caused a chessboard to be brought to him, and asked me by sign if I understood that game and would play with him. I kissed the ground, and laying my hand upon my head, signified that I was ready. He won the first game, but I won the second and third, and seeing that he was somewhat displeased at being beaten, I made a verse to pacify him. In this verse I told him that two great armies had been fighting furiously

all day, but that they concluded a peace towards the evening, and passed the night very agreeably together upon the field of battle. The sultan, surprised at seeing an ape do such things, resolved not to be himself the only witness of these wonders, and having a daughter, called the Lady of Beauty, he sent for her that she should share his pleasure.

When the princess came into the room she said to the sultan, "Sir, that seeming ape is a young prince, son of a powerful sultan. He has been changed into an ape by enchantment. When I was just out of the nursery, an old lady who waited on me was a great magician, and she taught me seventy rules of magic. I know all enchanted persons at first sight. I know who they are, and by whom they have been enchanted. I also know how to restore enchanted persons, therefore do not be surprised if I restore this prince to his own form." "Do so, then," said the sultan, "for you cannot give me greater pleasure, as I wish to have him for my grand vizier, and bestow you upon him for a wife." "I am ready, sire," answered the princess, "to obey you in all things you please to command."

The Lady of Beauty now went into her apartment, and brought out a knife, which had some Hebrew words engraved on the blade. Then she made the sultan, the little slave, and myself, go down into a private court of the palace, and she left us under a gallery that went round it. She next went into the middle of the court, where she made a great circle, and within it she wrote several words in ancient Arabian letters.

When she had finished and prepared the circle, she placed herself in the center of it, where she repeated verses of the Koran. Immediately the air grew dark, as if it were night. We began to be much afraid, and our fear increased when we saw the genie suddenly appear in the shape of a lion of a gigantic size.

"Thou shalt pay dearly," said the lion, "for the trouble thou hast given me in coming here." Saying this, he opened his horrible jaws, and advanced to devour the princess. But she,

being on her guard, jumped back, and had just time to pluck a hair from her head. Uttering two or three words, she changed the hair into a sharp sword, with which she immediately cut the lion in two, through the middle.

The two parts of the lion directly disappeared, and the head changed into a scorpion. Then the princess took the form of a serpent, and fought the scorpion, which, being defeated, changed itself into an eagle, and flew away. But the serpent changed itself into a vulture and went in pursuit of the eagle. The eagle then changed itself into a black cat, and the king's daughter became a wolf, and they fought together long and fiercely, till the cat, being nearly overcome, changed himself into a large pomegranate, which fell into a pool. But the wolf pursuing it, the pomegranate ascended into the air, and then fell upon the pavement of the palace, breaking in pieces, and its grains scattering all over the court. The wolf, upon this, changed itself into a cock, in order to pick up the grains, and not leave one of them, but one grain remained hidden by the side of the pool of the fountain.

The cock now began to cry, and flapped its wings, and made a sign to us with its beak, but we understood not what it would say. It then uttered at us such a cry that we thought the palace had fallen down upon us, and it ran about the whole of the ground, until it saw the grain that had lain hid by the side of the pool. It pounced upon the grain to pick it up, but the grain fell into the midst of the water, and became changed into a fish and sank into the water, upon which the cock became a fish of a larger size, and plunged in after the other. For awhile it was absent from our sight, but at length we heard a loud cry, and trembled at the sound, after which the genie rose as a flame, casting fire from his mouth, and fire and smoke from his eyes and nostrils. The king's daughter also became a vast body of fire, and we would have plunged into the water from fear of our being burned and destroyed, but suddenly the genie cried out from within the fire, and came toward us, blowing fire at our faces. The lady,

however, overtook him, and blew fire in like manner in his face, and some sparks struck us both from her and from him. Her sparks did us no harm, but one from him struck me in my eye, and destroyed it, I being still in the form of an ape. A spark from him reached the face of the king, and burned the lower half, with his beard and mouth, and struck out his lower teeth. We expected destruction, and gave up all hope of preserving our lives; but while we were in this state, a voice exclaimed, "God is most great! God is most great! He hath conquered!" The person from whom this voice came was the king's daughter. She had burned the genie, and when we looked toward him, we saw that he had become a heap of ashes.

The lady then came to us, and said, "Bring me a cup of water," and when it was brought to her, she spoke over it some words which we understood not, and, sprinkling me with it, said, "Be restored, by the name of God, to thy original form." Immediately I became a man as I was at first, except that my eye was destroyed. After this, she cried out, "The fire! the fire! O my father, I shall no longer live, for I am to be killed. Every time that he tried against me a new mode, I employed against him one more powerful, until he tried against me the mode of fire, and rarely does one escape against the mode of fire. Now I die, and may God supply my place to you." Then a spark ascended to her breast and face, and when it reached her face she wept, and cried, "There is no deity but God, and Mohammed is God's apostle." We then looked toward her, and saw that she was a heap of ashes by the side of the ashes of the genie.

I cannot tell you, madam, how much I was grieved. I had rather have continued an ape all my life than to have seen the princess thus perish. The sultan cried piteously, until, being quite overcome by grief, he fainted away. In the mean time the attendants and the officers came running in at the sultan's lamentations, and with much difficulty brought him to himself.

When the knowledge of the death of the princess spread

through the palace and the city, all the people greatly lamented. Public mourning was observed for seven days, and many ceremonies were performed. The ashes of the genie were thrown into the air, but those of the princess were collected and put into a precious urn, to be preserved, and the urn was placed in a magnificent tomb built for that purpose on the spot where the princess had died.

The grief of the sultan for the loss of his daughter confined him to his chamber for a whole month. Before he had fully recovered his strength, he sent for me and said, "You are the cause of all these misfortunes; depart, therefore, without delay from my city and kingdom."

I was obliged to quit the palace, again an outcast from the world. Before I left the city I caused my beard and eyebrows to be shaved, and put on a calender's robe. I passed through many countries without making myself known. At last I resolved to visit Bagdad, in hopes of meeting with the Commander of the Faithful, to move his pity for me by relating to him my unfortunate adventures. I arrived this evening, and the first man I met was this calender, who spoke before me. You know the rest, madam, and the cause of my having come to this house.

When the second calender had concluded his story, Zobeide said, "It is well; you are at liberty." But instead of departing he also begged the lady to permit him to remain to hear the stories of the others. Then the third calender addressed Zobeide, and told his story as follows:

STORY OF THE THIRD CALENDER.

I was a king, and the son of a king, and when my father died I succeeded to his throne, and governed my people with justice. I took pleasure in sea voyages, and my capital was on the shore of a great sea in which were many islands. These I used to visit for my own pleasure. Once I embarked with a fleet of ten ships,

and took with me provisions enough for a whole month. Our vessels sailed for twenty days, after which there arose against us a contrary wind, but at daybreak it ceased, and the sea became calm. Soon we arrived at an island, where we landed, and cooked some provisions, and ate, after which we remained there two days. We then continued our voyage, and when twenty days more had passed, we found ourselves in strange waters, unknown to the captain, and he ordered the watch to look out from the masthead. So the watch went aloft, and when he came down he said to the captain, "I saw, on my right hand, fish floating on the surface of the water, and looking toward the midst of the sea, I saw something looming in the distance, sometimes black, and sometimes white."

When the captain heard this, he threw his turban on the deck with one hand, and beat his breast with the other, and cried out, "We are all lost! not one of us will escape!" I asked him why he thought we were lost, and he answered, "The storm has driven us so far out of our course that to-morrow at noon we shall be near a mountain of black stone called loadstone, which at this very moment is drawing all our fleet towards it because of the iron in our ships. When we approach within a certain distance the attraction of the loadstone will have such force that all the nails will be drawn out of the sides and bottoms of the ships, and fasten to the mountain, so that the vessels will fall to pieces and sink. Great numbers of ships have been destroyed by this mountain. On the top of it there is a dome of brass, supported by pillars of the same metal, and on the top of the dome there is a horse of brass with a rider on its back. The rider has in his hand a brazen spear and a tablet of lead fixed to his breast, upon which are engraved mysterious names and talismans. As long, O king, as this horseman remains upon the horse, so long will every ship that approaches be destroyed, with every one on board. No one will be safe until the horseman is thrown down from the horse."

The captain then began to weep afresh, and all the rest of the

ship's company did the same, and they took farewell of each other. Next morning we saw the black mountain. About noon we found that what the captain said was true, for all the nails and iron in the ships flew toward the mountain with a horrible noise. Then the ships split asunder, and their cargoes sank into the sea. All my people were drowned, but God had mercy on me, and permitted me to save myself by means of a plank, which the wind drove ashore just at the foot of the mountain. I did not receive the least hurt, and my good fortune brought me to a landing place, where there were steps that led up the mountain. I began to ascend, and at last reached the top. I went into the dome, and, kneeling on the ground, gave God thanks for my preservation.

I passed the night under the dome. In my sleep I heard a voice saying to me, "O King Ajib, as soon as thou art awake dig the ground under thy feet, and thou wilt find a bow of brass, and three arrows of lead. Shoot the arrows at the horseman, and he will fall into the sea. When this is done, the sea will swell and rise to the foot of the dome. Then thou wilt see a boat with one man holding an oar in each hand. This man is also of metal. Step on board with him, but take care not to utter the name of God. The man will in ten days bring thee into another sea, where thou shalt find a way to return to thy country, provided, as I have told thee, thou dost not mention the name of God during the whole voyage."

When I awoke I felt much comforted, and did not fail to do as the voice commanded me. I took the bow and arrows out of the ground, shot at the horseman, and with the third arrow I overthrew him and the horse. Then the sea swelled and rose up by degrees. When it came as high as the foot of the dome upon the top of the mountain, I saw, afar off, a boat rowing towards me, and I returned thanks to God. When the boat came up to me I stepped aboard, and found there the man of metal. I sat down, and the man began to row off from the mountain. He rowed without ceasing until the ninth day, when I saw some

islands, which gave me hope that I should escape all the danger that I feared. The excess of my joy made me forget for a moment the warning of the voice in my dream, and I cried out, "God is great, God be praised!" As soon as I had uttered these words the boat and man sank, and I was cast upon the sea. I swam until night, when, as my strength began to fail, a wave vast as a mountain threw me on the land. The first thing I did was to spread my clothes on the ground to dry. Then I lay down to sleep.

Next morning, I went forward to discover what sort of country I was in. I had not walked far before I found I was upon a very pleasant island, having many trees and wild shrubs bearing fruit. I prayed to God to protect me, and soon I saw a vessel coming from the mainland directly towards the island. I got up into a very thick tree, from which, without being seen, I might safely watch the people in the ship. The vessel came into a little creek, and ten slaves landed from it, carrying a spade and other instruments for digging up the ground. They went towards the middle of the island, and there they dug for some time, after which they lifted up a trapdoor. They then returned to the vessel, and unloaded several sorts of provisions and furniture, which they carried to the place where they had been digging. Then they again went to the ship, and returned soon afterwards with an old man, who led by the hand a handsome lad of about fifteen years of age. They all went down through the trapdoor, and in a few minutes came up again. Then they closed the door, covered it with earth, and returned to the ship. But I did not see the boy returning with them. I therefore believed that they had left him behind in the underground cave.

The old man and his slaves went on board, and steered their vessel towards the mainland. When they had gone such a distance that they could not see me, I came down from the tree, and went to the place where they dug the ground. I removed the earth by degrees, till I came to a stone two or three feet square. I lifted the stone up, and found that it covered the head of a flight of stairs. I descended the stairs, and at the bot-

tom I found a large room, brilliantly lighted, and splendidly furnished, and there on a beautiful couch was seated the young man they took from the ship. When he saw me, he was a little frightened, but I made a low bow, and said to him, " Sir, do not fear. I am a king, and I will do you no harm. On the contrary, I may be able to deliver you out of this tomb, where it seems you have been buried alive."

The young man, relieved at these words, invited me to sit down on the couch beside him, and as soon as I was seated, he said, " Prince, my story will surprise you. My father is a jeweler. He has many slaves, and also agents at several courts to which he sends precious stones. Before I was born he dreamed that he should have a son, whose life would be short. Some time after my birth he consulted magicians about me, and they said to him, ' Your son will live to the age of fifteen years, and then he will be killed. This will happen when the statue on the top of the loadstone mountain is thrown into the sea. The person who is to kill your son is he who will throw down the statue, and his name is King Ajib, son of King Cassib.' My father was greatly troubled on hearing this, and when he had reared me until I was nearly fifteen years of age, the magicians came again, and told him that the horseman had fallen into the sea, and that it had been thrown down by King Ajib, the son of King Cassib. He then prepared for me this dwelling, and left me here to remain until the end of the term of fifteen years, of which there now remain ten days. All this he did from fear lest King Ajib should kill me." When the young man had done speaking, I said to him, with great joy, " Dear sir, trust in the goodness of God, and fear nothing. I will not leave you till the ten days have expired, of which the foolish magicians have made you afraid. In the mean while I will do you all the service in my power, after which, with the leave of your father and yourself, I shall go to the mainland in your vessel. When I return to my kingdom, I will remember your kindness and endeavor to show my gratitude." This encouraged the jeweler's son, and gave him

much hope. I took care not to tell him I was the very Ajib whom he dreaded, lest I should alarm him. I partook with him of his provisions, of which he had enough to last more than ten days, even if he had more guests than myself, and we spent the time in the pleasantest manner possible.

The tenth day came, and in the morning, when the young man awoke, he said to me, with great joy, "Prince, this is the tenth day, and I am not dead, thanks to God and your good company. My father will soon be here, and in gratitude for your kindness will furnish you with means to return to your kingdom. But while we are waiting his arrival, dear prince, pray do me the favor to fetch me a melon and some sugar, that I may eat to refresh myself." Out of several melons that remained I took the best, and laid it on a plate, and as I could not find a knife to cut it with, I asked the young man if he knew where there was one. "There is one," said he, "upon this shelf over my head." Looking up I saw it there, and made so much haste to reach it that, while I had it in my hand, my foot slipped. I fell upon the young man and the knife pierced his body, killing him instantly.

At this spectacle I cried out with agony. I beat my head, my face, and my breast; I tore my clothes; I threw myself on the ground with sorrow and grief. But as all my tears could not restore the young man to life, and the ten days being expired, I left the underground dwelling, laid down the great stone upon the entrance, and covered it with earth. Then I again ascended into the tree and very soon I saw the expected vessel approaching the shore.

The old man, the father of the youth, landed immediately with his slaves and advanced towards the cave, but when they saw that the earth had been newly removed, they were much surprised. They lifted up the stone and descended the stairs, calling the young man by his name. When they found him stretched on his couch lifeless, they uttered such lamentable cries that my tears flowed afresh. The father fell down in a swoon, and the slaves thought he was dead, but at last he came to himself.

Then they brought up the son's body, and taking all that was in the cave to the ship, they departed.

After the old man and the slaves were gone, I was left alone. I lay that night in the underground dwelling, and when the day came, I walked round the island. I led this life for two months, at the end of which time I noticed that the sea had sunk so low that there remained between me and the mainland but a small stream. This I was able to cross, the water not reaching above the middle of my leg. When I got upon firm ground, and had gone some distance from the sea, I saw a good way before me something that resembled a great fire. As I drew nearer, however, I found that what I had taken for a fire was a castle of red copper, which the beams of the sun made to appear at a distance like flames. While I was admiring this magnificent building, there approached me an old man of venerable appearance, accompanied by ten handsome young men who were all blind of the right eye, at which I was much surprised.

As soon as they saw me they saluted me and inquired what had brought me there. I told them my story from first to last and it filled them with great astonishment. Then they invited me to accompany them to the palace, and they brought me into a spacious hall, where there were ten small blue sofas set round, separate from one another. In the middle of this circle stood an eleventh sofa, not so high as the rest, but of the same color, upon which the old man sat down, the young men occupying the other ten. But as each sofa could contain only one man, one of them said to me, "Sit down, friend, upon that carpet in the middle of the room, and do not inquire about anything that concerns us, nor the reason why we are all blind of the right eye."

The old man having sat a short time, arose and went out, but he returned in a minute or two, bringing in supper. He gave each his share separately, and also gave me a share, which I ate apart, as the rest did. After supper one of the young men said to the old man, "Bring us that with which we may perform our duty." At these words the old man arose, went into a closet,

and brought out upon his head ten covered trays, one of which he placed before each young man, together with a light. Having done this he took off the covers, and there appeared on the trays ashes mixed with pounded charcoal. The young men then tucked up their sleeves above their elbows, and rubbed and daubed their faces with the mixture. Having thus blackened themselves, they wept and lamented, beating their heads and breasts, and crying continually, "This is the result of our idleness and curiosity."

They continued to do so nearly the whole night. The next day, soon after we had risen, we went out to walk, and I said to them, "I cannot help asking why you daubed your faces with black, and how it has happened that each of you has but one eye. I beg you to tell me." One of the young men answered for the rest, saying, "Once more we advise you not to ask about what does not concern you, lest the same evil happen to you as has happened to us, and if you lose your eye, you cannot remain with us because our number is completed, and no addition can be made to it." "No matter," I replied, "if such a misfortune happen to me, I will not blame you, but myself."

The young men, seeing that I was so fixed in my purpose, then took a sheep and killed and skinned it, after which they gave me a knife and said, "We must sew you in this skin, and leave you. In a little while a bird of monstrous size, called a roc, will appear in the air, and, taking you for a sheep, will pounce upon you, and soar with you to the sky. But let not that alarm you; he will descend with you again, and lay you on the top of a mountain. When you find yourself on the ground, cut the skin with your knife, and throw it off. As soon as the roc sees you, he will fly away for fear, and leave you at liberty. Do not stay, but walk on till you come to a great palace covered with plates of gold, large emeralds, and other precious stones. Go up to the gate, which always stands open, and walk in. We have each of us been in that castle, but we can tell you nothing of what we saw, or what happened to us there; you will learn that for your-

self. All we can tell you is that it has cost each of us his right eye, and what you have seen us do is what we are obliged to do on account of having been there."

When the young man had thus spoken, I wrapped myself in the sheep's skin, holding fast the knife which was given me. Then they sewed the skin about me, retired into the hall, and left me alone. The roc soon arrived; he pounced upon me, took me in his talons like a sheep, and carried me up to the top of the mountain. When I found myself on the ground, I cut the skin with the knife, and threw it off, and the roc at the sight of me flew away. The roc is a white bird, of vast size, and so strong that he can lift up elephants from the plains, and carry them to the tops of mountains, where he feeds upon them. Eager to reach the palace, I made so much haste that I got there in half a day's journey, and I found that it was even grander than the young men had said. I entered at a door which I saw standing open before me, and passed into a large and splendidly furnished room. Here I found forty beautiful young women, all magnificently dressed. As soon as they saw me they arose, and said to me, in tones of joy, "Welcome! welcome! We have long expected you. You are at present our lord and master, and we are your slaves, ready to obey your commands." After these words were spoken they served me with refreshments, and when I had eaten and drunk, they sat and talked with me, full of joy and happiness. Some brought in musical instruments, and sang delightful songs; others danced with admirable grace.

In this way I passed a whole year with these ladies in the greatest happiness. At the end of that time, on the first day of the new year, I was much surprised to see the ladies gather round me, and to hear them say, "Adieu, dear prince, adieu! for we must leave you." They then began to weep bitterly. "My dear ladies," said I, "have the kindness to tell me the cause of your sorrow." "Well," said one of them, "we must tell you that we are all princesses, daughters of kings. We live here together in the manner you have seen, but at the end of every

year we are obliged to be absent forty days, for reasons we are not allowed to tell, and then we return. Before we depart we will give you the keys of the palace, which are a hundred in number, and belong to a hundred doors. You may open all the doors except one, and you will find plenty to amuse and entertain you. But we beg you not to open the golden door, for if you do, we shall never see you again, and the fear of this is the cause of our grief." Then they departed, and I remained alone in the castle.

I resolved to keep in mind the advice they had given me, not to open the golden door, but as I was permitted to open all the others, I took the first of the keys, which were hung in regular order. I opened the first door and entered an orchard, which I believe the world could not equal. I could not think of anything so lovely. The neatness, the admirable order of the trees, the plenty and variety of the fruits, and their freshness and beauty, delighted me. This garden was watered in a most singular manner. Small channels, cut out with great art and regularity, and of different lengths, carried water in large quantities to the roots of such trees as required it. Others conveyed it in smaller quantities to those whose fruits were already formed. Some carried still less to those whose fruits were swelling, and others, only so much as was necessary to water those having their fruits come to perfection, and wanting only to be ripened. The fruits far exceeded in size the ordinary fruits of our gardens.

I now shut the door of the orchard and opened the next door. Instead of an orchard, I found here a flower garden, which was also most beautiful. Roses, jessamines, violets, daffodils, hyacinths, anemones, tulips, pinks, lilies, and a great number of flowers which do not grow in other places but at certain times, were there flourishing all at once. Nothing could be more delicious than the fragrant smell of these flowers. I opened the third door, and found a large aviary, paved with marble of several beautiful colors. The trellis-work was made of sandalwood and wood of aloes. It contained a vast number of night-

ingales, goldfinches, canary birds, larks, and other rare singing birds, and the vessels that held their seed were of sparkling Jasper or agate. It was now evening, and I retired, charmed with the notes of the multitude of birds, which then began to perch upon such places as suited them for rest during the night. I went to my chamber resolved to open all the rest of the doors on the following days, except that of gold.

The next day I opened the fourth door. I entered, and saw a large building with forty gates, all open, each of which led into a treasury. The first was stored with heaps of pearls, as large as pigeons' eggs. In the second treasury there were diamonds and rubies; in the third, emeralds; in the fourth, bars of gold; in the fifth, money; in the sixth, bars of silver; and in the two following, money. The rest contained vast quantities of precious stones of all kinds. Thus I went, day by day, through these various wonders. Thirty-nine days gave me but just as much time as was necessary to open ninety-nine doors, and to admire all that I saw, so that there was only the hundredth door left, which I was forbidden to open.

The fortieth day after the departure of the princesses now arrived, and if I had been wise as I ought to have been I should this day be the happiest of mankind, whereas now I am the most unhappy. But through my weakness, which I shall ever repent, and through the temptations of an evil spirit, I opened that fatal door. Before I moved my foot to enter, a smell, pleasant enough, but too powerful for my senses, made me faint away. I soon recovered and entering, I found myself in a great room, which was lighted by several large tapers placed in candlesticks of solid gold. My attention was attracted by a black horse, of the most perfect shape and beauty. Going near him in order the better to observe him, I found he had on a saddle and bridle of massive gold, curiously made. One part of his manger was filled with clean barley, and the other with rose water. I laid hold of his bridle, and led him out of his stable. Then I mounted his back and endeavored to make him move,

but as he did not stir, I struck him with a switch I had found in the stable. The moment he felt the blow, he began to neigh in a most horrible manner, and spreading out his wings, which I had not before noticed, he flew up with me into the air.

In a little while he descended to the earth, and, lighting upon the terrace of a palace, shook me out of the saddle with such force as to throw me behind him, and with the end of his tail he struck out my eye. He then flew away, and I got up, much vexed at the misfortune I had brought upon myself. I walked upon the terrace, covering my eye with one of my hands, for it pained me greatly, and I then descended, and entered into a hall. Here I saw ten sofas in a circle and an eleventh in the middle, lower than the rest, and so I found that I was in the castle from which I had been carried away by the roc.

The ten young men were not surprised to see me, or to find that I had lost my eye. One of them said, "We are sorry that we cannot welcome you as we could wish, but we are not the cause of your misfortune. All that has happened to you we also have suffered. Each of us had the same pleasures during a year, and we would be still enjoying them if we had not opened the golden door when the princesses were absent. You have been no wiser than we, and have got the same punishment. We would gladly receive you into our company, but we have already stated to you the reasons why we cannot do so. Depart, therefore, and go to Bagdad, where you will meet with a person who may help you." They then showed me the road by which I was to go, and I immediately set off. On the way I caused my face and eyebrows to be shaved, and I put on a calender's dress. I had a long journey, but at last I arrived, and this evening met these calenders at the gate. We were surprised at one another, seeing that we were all blind of the same eye, but we had not leisure to talk long about our misfortunes. We have only had time to bring us here to beg the kindness which you have generously granted us.

The third calender having thus finished his story, Zobeide said

to him and his fellow-calenders, "Go wherever you think proper; you are at liberty." But one of them answered, "Madam, we beg you to permit us to wait until we hear the stories of your other guests who have not yet spoken." Then the lady turned to the caliph, the vizier Giafar, and Mesrou, and said to them, "It is now your turn to tell your adventures; therefore speak."

The grand vizier, who had all along been the spokesman, answered Zobeide, telling her what he had told Safie before she admitted them to the house. Zobeide then said, "Well, I pardon you all, provided you immediately depart." Then the caliph, the vizier, Mesrou, the three calenders, and the porter, departed. As soon as they had left the house, and the gate was closed after them, the caliph said to the calenders, without making himself known, "Gentlemen, which way do you intend to go?" They replied that they did not know where to go. "Follow us," said the caliph, "and we will convey you out of danger." He then whispered to the vizier, "Take them along with you, and to-morrow morning bring them to me." The vizier Giafar, therefore, took the three calenders with him, the porter went to his own home, and the caliph and Mesrou returned to the palace.

On the following morning the sultan Haroun Alraschid arose, and, going to his council chamber, sat upon his throne. The grand vizier entered soon afterwards, and paid his respects. Then the caliph said, "Vizier, go bring those ladies here, and the calenders; make haste and I shall wait your return." The vizier hastened to obey, and soon he conducted them to the palace.

When the ladies arrived, the caliph turned towards them and said, "I was last night in your house, dressed in a merchant's garb, but I am now Haroun Alraschid, and hold the place of our great prophet. I have sent for you to know who you are, and to ask you for what reason one of you, after severely whipping the two black dogs, wept with them. I wish also to know why another of you is so full of scars." Upon hearing these words, Zobeide thus told her story:

STORY OF ZOBEIDE.

Commander of the Faithful, my story is truly wonderful. The two black dogs and myself are sisters by the same father and mother. The two ladies who are now here, Amina and Safie, are also my sisters, but by another mother. After our father's death the property that he left was divided equally among us. My two half-sisters left me, that they might live with their mother. My two sisters and myself resided with our own mother. At her death she left us three thousand pieces of gold each. Shortly after my sisters received their shares they married, but their husbands spent all the money and then put them away. I received them into my house, and gave them a share of all my goods. At the end of a twelvemonth, they resolved to marry again, and did so. After some months they returned in the same poor condition as before, and I again admitted them to live with me, and we dwelt together for the space of a year. I now resolved to go into business. For this purpose I went with my two sisters to Bussorah, where I bought a ship ready fitted for sea, and loaded her with goods I had taken with me from Bagdad. We set sail with a fair wind, and soon cleared the Persian Gulf. When we reached the open sea, we steered our course to India, and, on the twentieth day, saw land. It was a very high mountain, at the foot of which there was a great town. We soon reached the harbor, and cast anchor.

I had not patience to wait till my sisters were dressed to go along with me, but went ashore alone in a boat. Going directly to the gate of the town, I saw there a great number of men upon guard, some sitting, and others standing with weapons in their hands. They had such dreadful countenances that I was greatly alarmed, but seeing that they remained perfectly still and did not so much as move their eyes, I took courage, and went nearer, when I found they all appeared to be made of stone. I entered the town and passed through several streets, where at different places men stood in various positions, but all motionless, for they

also had been converted into black stone. In the same way I found the merchants in the shops. They were all men of stone.

Coming to a vast square, in the heart of the city, I saw a large folding gate, covered with plates of gold, which stood open. A curtain of silk was drawn before it, and a lamp hung over the entrance. After I had examined the building, I felt sure that it was the palace of the prince who reigned over that country, and being much astonished that I had not met with one living creature, I approached in hopes to find some. I lifted up the curtain, but saw no one except the guards in the porch, all apparently stone.

I then went into a room richly furnished. There I saw a lady in the form of a statue of stone. The crown of gold on her head, and a necklace of pearls about her neck, each as large as a nut, showed her to have been a queen. I left the chamber where the stone queen was, and passed through several other chambers richly furnished, and at last came into a large room, where there was a throne of gold, enriched with emeralds, and upon the throne was a bed of rich stuff embroidered with pearls. What surprised me most was a sparkling light above the bed. Wishing to know where it came from, I ascended the steps, and lifting up my head I saw a diamond as large as the egg of an ostrich, lying upon a low stool. It was so pure that I could not find the least flaw in it, and it sparkled so much that it almost dazzled my eyes. At the head of the bed there stood on each side a lighted torch, for what use I could not understand; but it made me think that there must be some one living in the place, for I could not believe that the torches continued burning of themselves.

The doors being all open, I examined some other rooms that were as beautiful as those I had already seen. The wonders that everywhere appeared engaged my attention so much that I forgot my ship and my sisters. In the mean time night came on, and I tried to return by the way I had entered, but I could not find it. I lost myself among the apartments, and seeing that I had come back to the large room, where the throne, the couch, the large diamond, and the torches were, I resolved to

take my night's lodging there, and to go the next morning early to my ship. I laid myself down upon a costly couch, not without some dread to be alone in such a place, and this fear kept me from sleeping.

About midnight I heard a man reading the Koran, in a chanting tone, as it is read in our mosques. I immediately arose, and, taking a torch in my hand, passed from one chamber to another, in the direction from which the voice came; until, looking through a window, I found it to be an oratory. It had, as we have in our mosques, a niche, to show us where we are to turn to say our prayers. There were also lamps hung up, and two candlesticks with large tapers of white wax burning. I saw a little carpet laid down like those we have to kneel upon when we say our prayers, and a handsome young man sat on this carpet reading the Koran, which lay before him on a desk. At this sight I was much surprised. I wondered how it was that he should be the only living person in the town, and I felt sure that there was something extraordinary in it.

The door being only half shut I opened it, went in, and standing upright before the niche, I exclaimed, "Praise be to God." The young man turned towards me, and after saluting me, asked what had brought me to this desolate city. I told him in a few words my history, and I prayed him to tell me why he alone was left alive in the midst of such desolation. At these words he shut the Koran, put it into a rich case, laid it in the niche, and then gave me the following account of himself:

"This city was the capital of a mighty kingdom, over which the sultan, who was my father, reigned. He, his whole court, the inhabitants of the city, and all his other subjects, were worshipers of fire instead of God. But I had the good fortune in my youth to have a nurse who was a good Mussulman, believing in God, and in His prophet. 'Dear prince,' she would often say, 'there is but one true God; take heed that you do not adore any other.' She taught me to read Arabic, and the book she gave me to study was the Koran. As soon as I was able to

understand it, she explained to me all the parts of this excellent book, unknown to my father or any other person. She died, but not before she had perfectly taught me the Mussulman religion. About three years ago, a thundering voice suddenly sounded through the whole city, and it was so loud that nobody could miss hearing it. The words it uttered were these: 'Inhabitants, give up the worship of fire, and worship the only God who shows mercy.' This voice was heard three years one after another, yet no one was converted. But on the last day of the last year, at the dawn of morning, all the inhabitants were changed in an instant into stone, every one in the condition they happened to be in at the moment. The sultan, my father, and the queen, my mother, shared the same fate. I am the only person who did not suffer that heavy punishment, and ever since I have continued to serve God with more zeal than before. I am quite sure, dear lady, that He has sent you here for my comfort, and I give Him thanks, for I have become weary of this lonely life."

On hearing these words, I said, "Prince, who can doubt that God has brought me into your city to help you to get away from this place? I am a lady of Bagdad, where I have property, and I promise you a home there, until the mighty Commander of the Faithful shows you the honor that you deserve. This great prince lives at Bagdad, and as soon as he hears of your arrival in his capital, he will quickly assist you. Stay no longer in a city where you can have no happiness. My vessel is at your service." He accepted the offer, and as soon as it was day we left the palace, and went aboard my ship, where we found my sisters, the captain, and the slaves, all much troubled at my absence. After I had introduced my sisters to the prince, I told them his story, and the cause of the desolation of the city.

The seamen were employed several days in unloading the vessel of the merchandise I had brought with me, and putting in its stead many of the precious things in the palace, especially jewels, gold, and money. After we had loaded the vessel we

took provisions and water aboard for our voyage, and at last we set sail with a favorable wind.

The young prince, my sisters, and myself passed our time very agreeably for a little while. But soon my sisters grew jealous of the friendship between the prince and me, and spitefully asked me one day what we should do with him when we came to Bagdad. Meaning to put this question off with a joke, I answered, "I will take him for my husband." The prince, hearing my answer, then said, "I know not, madam, whether you are in jest or not, but for my part, I declare before these ladies, your sisters, that I heartily accept your offer to be my wife." At these words my sisters changed color, and I could see afterwards that they did not love me as before.

We entered the Persian Gulf, and had come within a short distance of Bussorah, where I hoped we might arrive the day following, when, in the night, while I was asleep, my sisters watched their opportunity and threw me overboard. They did the same to the prince, who was drowned. I floated some minutes on the water, and by good fortune I felt ground. I went towards a dark spot that seemed to be land, and when day appeared, I found that it was a desert island, lying about twenty miles from Bussorah. I soon dried my clothes in the sun, and as I walked along I found several kinds of fruit, and also fresh water, which gave me some hope of preserving my life.

I had just laid myself down to rest in a shade, when I saw a very large winged serpent coming towards me, with waving movement, and hanging out its tongue, which made me believe it had received some injury. I instantly arose, and saw that it was pursued by a larger serpent which had hold of its tail, and was trying to devour it. The perilous situation of the first serpent moved my pity, and instead of running away I took up a stone that lay near me, and, throwing it with all my strength at its pursuer, hit it upon the head and killed it. The other, finding itself at liberty, flew away. I looked after it for some time till it disappeared. I then found another shady spot and lay down and fell asleep.

When I awoke I was surprised to see standing by me a black woman of agreeable features, who held with her hand two dogs of the same color, fastened together. I sat up, and asked her who she was. "I am," said she, "the serpent you lately saved, and I wish to reward you for the service you have done me. These two black dogs are your sisters. I have changed them into this shape. But such punishment is not enough, and my will is that you treat them hereafter in the way I shall direct."

As soon as she had thus spoken she took me under one of her arms, and the two black dogs under the other, and carried us to my house in Bagdad. I found in my storehouses all the riches with which my vessel had been loaded. Before she left me, she gave me the two dogs and said, "If you do not want to be changed into the same form yourself, you must give each of your sisters every night one hundred lashes with a rod, as punishment for the crime they have committed against yourself and the young prince whom they have drowned." I was forced to promise obedience. Since that time I have whipped them every night, though with regret, as your Majesty has seen. My tears show with how much sorrow I perform this painful duty. If there be anything else about me that you wish to know, my sister Safie will tell you in her story.

The caliph heard Zobeide with much astonishment, and then he ordered his grand vizier to request Safie to tell him why she was disfigured with so many scars.

STORY OF SAFIE.

Commander of the Faithful, after my father's death, my mother, having taken a house to pass her widowhood in private, gave me in marriage to the heir of one of the richest men in this city. I had not been married a year when my husband died. I thus became a widow, and was in possession of all his property, which amounted to above ninety thousand pieces of

gold. When the first six months of my mourning were over, I got ten dresses made for myself, and they were so magnificent that each cost a thousand pieces of gold. At the end of the year I began to wear them.

One day, while I was alone, a lady called at my house saying that she wished to speak to me. I gave orders that she should be admitted. She was a very old woman. She saluted me by kissing the ground, and said to me, kneeling, "Dear lady, I have an orphan daughter, whose wedding is to-night. She and I are strangers, and have no friends in this town. Therefore, if you will honor the wedding with your presence, we shall be greatly obliged, because the family into which my daughter is to be married will then think that we are respected here. But if you refuse this request, we will be greatly disappointed, since we know not where else to apply."

This poor woman's words, which she spoke with tears in her eyes, moved my pity. "Good woman," said I, "I will grant you the favor you desire. Tell me where I must go, and I will meet you as soon as I am dressed." The old woman was so rejoiced at my answer that she kissed my feet before I had time to prevent her. "Good lady," said she, rising, "God will reward your kindness and make your heart as joyful as you have made mine. I will call for you in the evening." As soon as she was gone, I took the dress I liked best, with a necklace of large pearls, bracelets, pendants for my ears, and rings set with the finest diamonds, and prepared to attend the wedding.

When the night closed in, the old woman called upon me, with a face full of joy, and said, "Dear lady, the relations of my son-in-law, who are the first ladies of the city, are now met together. You may come when you please; I am ready to conduct you." We immediately set out. She walked before me, and I was followed by a number of my women and slaves, richly dressed for the occasion. We stopped in a wide street, newly swept and watered, at a large gate with a lamp, by the light of which I read these words in golden letters over the entrance: "This is the

continual abode of pleasure and joy." The old woman knocked, and the gate was opened immediately.

I was led towards the lower end of the court, into a large hall, where I was received by a young lady of great beauty. She made me sit down by her upon a sofa, on which was a throne of precious wood set with diamonds. "Madam," said she, "you are brought here to assist at a wedding, but I hope it will be a different wedding from what you expected. I have a brother, one of the handsomest men in the world, and he will be the unhappiest of men if you do not consent to be his wife."

Now after the death of my husband I had not thought of marrying again, but I could not refuse the request of so charming a lady. As soon as I had given consent by my silence, the young lady clapped her hands and immediately a curtain was withdrawn, and out came a young man of so beautiful a countenance that I felt happy at the thought of having such a husband. He sat down by me, and I found from his conversation that he was better even than he had been described by his sister. When she saw that we were satisfied with one another, she clapped her hands a second time, and a magistrate with four witnesses entered, who wrote and signed our contract of marriage. There was only one condition that my husband asked me to agree to, and that was that I should not speak to any other man but himself; and he declared that if I would observe this I should have no reason to complain of him.

About a month after our marriage, I had occasion to go out to buy some dress stuffs, and I took with me two of my own female slaves and the old woman of whom I spoke before, she being one of the family. When we came to the street where the merchants reside, the old woman said, "Dear mistress, since you want silk stuffs, I must take you to a young merchant of my acquaintance, who has a great variety, and I can assure you that you will find in his store what no other can furnish." I agreed, and we entered the shop of the young merchant. I sat down, and bade the old woman desire him to show me the finest silk stuffs he

had. The woman told me to speak myself, but I said that according to my promise at marriage I must not speak to any man but my husband.

The merchant showed me several stuffs, one of which pleased me better than the rest, and I bade her ask the price. He answered the old woman, saying, "I will not sell it for gold or money, but I will make her a present of it if she will give me leave to kiss her cheek." I ordered the old woman to tell him that he was very rude to ask such a thing. But instead of obeying me she said, "What the merchant asks is no such great matter; you need not speak, but only present him your cheek." The stuff pleased me so much that I was foolish enough to take her advice. The old woman and my slaves stood up, that nobody might see, and I put up my veil, but instead of kissing my cheek, the merchant bit me so violently as to draw blood. I fell down in a swoon, and remained in that state so long that the merchant had time to escape. When I came to myself, I found my cheek covered with blood. The old woman and my slaves took care to cover it with my veil, so that the people who came about us could not see it, but thought I had a fainting fit.

Then the old woman tried to comfort me. "My dear mistress," said she, "I beg your pardon, for I am the cause of this misfortune, having brought you to this merchant, but I never thought he would be guilty of such an action. However, do not grieve; let us hasten home; I have a remedy that shall in three days so perfectly cure you that not the least mark shall be seen." The fit made me so weak that I was scarcely able to walk. But at last I got home, where I again fainted, as I went into my chamber. Meanwhile, the old woman made use of her remedy. I came to myself, and went to bed.

My husband came to me at night, and, seeing my head bound up, asked me the reason. I told him I had the headache, which I hoped would satisfy him, but he took a candle, and saw my cheek was hurt. "How comes this wound?" he said. Though I did not think myself guilty of any great offense, yet I did not

like to tell him what had happened. I therefore said that as I was going to purchase silk, a camel, carrying a load of wood, came so near to me in a narrow street that one of the sticks grazed my cheek, but had not done me much hurt. "If that is the case," said my husband, "to-morrow morning the grand vizier, Giafar, shall be told of this, and he will cause all the camel drivers to be put to death." "Pray, sir," said I, "let me beg of you to pardon them, for they are not guilty." "How, madam," he replied, "what, then, am I to believe? Speak; for I am resolved to know the truth from your own mouth." "Sir," I answered, "I was taken with a giddiness and fell down, and that is the whole matter." At these words my husband lost all patience. "I have," said he, "too long listened to your tales." As he spoke, he clapped his hands, and in came three slaves. "Strike," said he, "kill her and then throw her into the Tigris. This is how I punish those to whom I give my heart, when they break their promises."

I begged for mercy and pardon, but it was of no use. Then the old woman, who had been his nurse, coming in just at that moment, fell down upon her knees, and cried out, "My son, since I have been your nurse, and brought you up, let me beg you to remember that 'he who kills shall be killed,' and that if you do this, you will lose the respect of mankind." She spoke these words in such an earnest manner, accompanied with tears, that she caused him to give up his purpose. "Well then," said he to his nurse, "for your sake I will spare her life, but she shall bear upon her person some marks to make her remember her offense." When he had thus spoken, one of the slaves, by his order, gave me so many blows with a cane that he threw me into a swoon. In this state he caused the same slave to carry me into the house, where the old woman took care of me. I kept my bed for four months. At last I recovered; but the scars, as you saw yesterday, have remained ever since.

As soon as I was able to walk, I resolved to go back to the house which was left me by my first husband, but I could not

find even the place where it had stood, as my second husband caused it to be leveled to the ground. Being thus left helpless, I went to my dear sister Zobeide. She received me with kindness and advised me to bear my trouble with patience. She gave me an account of the loss of the young prince, her husband, caused by the jealousy of her two sisters. She told me also why they were changed into dogs. My youngest sister afterwards came to live with her. We have continued to live together in the same house ever since.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE LADIES OF BAGDAD.

The caliph was astonished at this story, and he ordered that it be written in a book to be preserved in his library. Then he said to Zobeide, "Madam, did not this fairy woman whom you saved from the serpent tell you where her place of abode was, or that she would restore your sisters to their natural shape?"

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Zobeide, "the fairy left with me a bundle of hair, saying that her presence would one day be of use to me, and then if I only burned two tufts of this hair, she would be with me in a moment." "Madam," asked the caliph, "where is the bundle of hair?" She answered, "Ever since that time I have been so careful of it that I always carry it about me." So she took it out of the case in which she kept it and showed it to him. "Well then," said the caliph, "let us bring the fairy here, for I long to see her."

Zobeide having consented, fire was brought in, and she threw the whole bundle of hair into it. The palace immediately began to shake, and the fairy appeared before the caliph in the form of a lady very richly dressed. "Commander of the Faithful," said she to the prince, "I am ready to receive your commands. At your wish I will restore these two sisters to their former shape, and I will also cure this lady of her scars, and tell you who it was that illtreated her."

The caliph sent to Zobeide's house for the two dogs, and when they came a glass of water was brought to the fairy at her request. She pronounced over it some words, which nobody understood. Then she threw part of it upon Safie, and the rest upon the dogs. Instantly the dogs became two ladies of great beauty, and the scars that were upon Safie disappeared. After this the fairy said to the caliph, "Commander of the Faithful, I must now tell you the name of Safie's unknown husband. He is Prince Amin, your eldest son, who had this lady brought to his house, where he married her. As to the blows he caused to be given her, he is in some measure to be excused, for his wife, by the tales she told, led him to believe she was more faulty than she really was." Having thus spoken the fairy disappeared.

The caliph was much pleased with the changes that happened through his means. He then sent for his son Amin, and told him that he now knew of his secret marriage, and how he had ill-treated Safie upon a very slight cause. The prince, at his father's command, received her again as his wife. Haroun Al-raschid then declared that he would take Zobeide to be his own wife, and he gave the other three sisters to the calenders, sons of sultans, who accepted them for their brides with much joy. The caliph also appointed the three princes to high offices at his court, and he allotted them magnificent apartments in his palace, and they all lived the remainder of their lives in great happiness.

STORY OF THE CITY OF BRASS.

There was in olden times in Damascus of Syria a caliph named Abdel-Melik, the son of Marwan. One day as he was sitting with the great men of his empire, many of them being kings and sultans, a discussion took place among them about the tales of ancient nations. They called to mind the stories of Solomon, the son of David, and the power God gave him over genies and wild beasts and birds and other creatures, and they said, "We have

heard from those who lived before us that God bestowed not upon any one the like of that which he bestowed upon Solomon. So great was his power that he used to imprison genies and evil spirits in bottles of brass, and pour molten lead over them, and seal this cover with his seal."

Then Talib, one of the sultans, related that a man once embarked in a ship with a company of others, and they sailed away towards the island of Sicily, until a storm arose which drove them out of their course and carried them to the shores of an unknown land. This happened during the darkness of the night. In the morning there came out to them from caves in that land, black men who wore no clothes, and who neither spoke nor understood any language. They had a king of their own race, and he knew Arabic. The king, with a party of his companions, came to the ship, saluted and welcomed those who were in it, and inquired who they were and to what country they belonged. When they informed him, he said to them, "No harm shall befall you. There hath not come to us one of the sons of Adam before you."

The king then entertained them with a banquet, and after this the people of the ship went to amuse themselves on the shore. There they found a fisherman who had cast his net into the sea to catch fish. He drew the net up, and in it was a bottle of brass stopped with lead, which was sealed with the seal of Solomon, the son of David. The fisherman broke the seal, and there came forth from the bottle a blue smoke which united with the clouds of heaven, and instantly they heard a horrible voice saying, "Repentance! repentance! O prophet of God!" Then they saw the smoke formed into a man of frightful appearance and gigantic size, whose head reached as high as a mountain, and immediately he disappeared from before their eyes.

The blacks thought nothing of this event, but the people of the ship were terrified at the spectacle, and they went to the king to inquire about it. In answer to their inquiries the king said, "This is one of the genies who rebelled against King Solomon,



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

THE GENIE OF THE BOTTLE.

and Solomon, to punish them, imprisoned them in bottles and threw them into the sea. When the fisherman casts his net, it generally brings up one of these bottles, and when the bottle is broken, a genie comes forth, and thinking that Solomon is still living, he repents and cries out, "Repentance! O Prophet of God!"

The Prince of the Faithful, Abdel-Melik, wondered very much at this story, and he said, "I desire to see some of these bottles." Talib replied, "O Prince of the Faithful, thou canst do so. Send to thy viceroy in the western country, the Emeer Moosa, ordering him to journey to the sea we have mentioned, and to bring what thou desirest of these bottles." The Prince of the Faithful approved of this advice, and he sent Talib himself with a letter to the Emeer Moosa.

When the Emeer received the letter he read it, and he said to Talib, "I hear and obey the command of the Prince of the Faithful." Then he called together his great men, and he inquired of them about the bottles of King Solomon, and they told him to send for Abdes-Samad, "for," said they, "he is a knowing man and has traveled much. He is acquainted with the deserts and wastes and the seas, and their inhabitants, and their wonders, and their countries, and their districts. Send for him, and he will direct thee to the object of thy desire." So the Emeer sent for Abdes-Samad, and when he came he said to him, "O Abdes-Samad, our lord the Prince of the Faithful has commanded us to get for him some of the bottles of Solomon. I have little knowledge of the place where they are to be found, but it has been told to me that thou art acquainted with that country and the routes. Wilt thou then help us to accomplish the wish of the Prince of the Faithful?" To this Abdes-Samad replied, "O Emeer, the route is difficult, far extending, and there are few tracks. It is a journey of two years going and the same returning, and on the way there are dangers and horrors and extraordinary and wonderful things. Nevertheless, since it is the wish of the Prince of the Faithful, I am willing to undertake the journey with thee."

Then they began to make preparations, and as soon as everything was ready, the Emeer Moosa and Talib and Abdes-Samad set forth, accompanied by a troop of soldiers, and taking with them all things necessary for their expedition. They journeyed on till they came to a great palace. As the gates were open, and they saw no guards at the doors, they dismounted from their horses and entered. The rooms were all of vast size and richly furnished, and the ceilings and walls were decorated with gold and silver, but in the whole building they did not see a single human being. In the midst of the palace was a chamber covered with a lofty dome, rising high into the air, around which were four hundred tombs. They went into one chamber, and they found in it a table with four feet made of alabaster, and having this inscription engraved on it:

“ Upon this table a thousand one-eyed kings have eaten, and a thousand kings each sound in both eyes. All of them have quitted the world and taken up their abode in the burial grounds and the graves.”

The Emeer Moosa and his companions took this table with them and went forth from the palace. Then they proceeded on their journey and traveled for three days, when they came to a high hill. On the top of the hill was a horseman of brass with a spear in his hand. The spear had a flat, wide head, and it was so bright that it almost dazzled the eyes of the Emeer and his companions. Nevertheless they looked at it closely, and they were astonished at finding the following words inscribed upon it:

“ O thou who comest unto me, if thou know not the way that leads to the City of Brass, rub the hand of the horseman, and he will turn, and then will stop, and in whatever direction he faces when he stops, travel in that direction without fear, for it will lead thee to the City of Brass.”

When he read this the Emeer Moosa rubbed the hand of the horseman. Immediately the figure turned round with the speed of lightning, and when it stopped it faced a different direction from that in which they had been traveling. The party therefore turned to the way pointed out by the brazen horseman, and proceeded on their journey. One day they came to a round pillar of black stone, on the top of which appeared the upper half of the body of a black giant, or genie, with the lower part sunk down in the pillar. He was an object frightful to behold. He had two huge wings and four arms. Two of the arms were like those of a man, and the other two were like the legs of a lion. He had hair upon his head like the tails of horses, two eyes like two burning coals, and he had a third eye in his forehead, like the eye of a lynx, from which sparks of fire shot forth.

When the Emeer Moosa's party saw this genie they almost lost their senses through fear, and they turned round to flee away, but the Emeer told them that in the state in which he was he could do them no harm. Then Abdes-Samad drew near to the pillar, and raising his voice he said to the genie, "O thou person, what is thy name, what is thy nature, and what has placed thee here in this manner?" Immediately the genie answered saying, "I am a genie and my name is Dahish. My story is wonderful, and it is this:"

STORY OF THE GENIE IN THE PILLAR.

There belonged to one of the sons of Iblees, the king of the Evil Genies, an idol of red carnelian, of which I was made guardian. One of the kings of the sea and his daughter used to worship this idol. The daughter was a maiden, the most beautiful in the world, and when King Solomon heard of her beauty he sent to her father, saying to him, "Give me thy daughter in marriage, and break thy idol and worship the true God. If thou refuse, I will bring against thee my armies and destroy thee."

The king of the sea then called his viziers, and requested them to tell him what answer he should make to King Solomon. They advised him to consult the idol of carnelian. So the king came to the idol and prayed before it and begged it to tell him what to do. Then I entered into the body of the idol, and speaking through it, I answered the king of the sea, advising him to refuse the request of King Solomon, and said that if King Solomon should wage war, I would go forth and fight against him and destroy him. Hearing my reply, the king of the sea took courage, and he sent a message to King Solomon refusing to give him his daughter in marriage, or to abandon the worship of the carnelian idol.

Then Solomon prepared his forces of the good genies and men and wild beasts and birds and reptiles. He commanded Ed-Dimiryat, his vizier of genies, to collect the genies from every place. So he collected for him six hundred millions. He also commanded Asaf, his vizier of men, to collect his soldiers of mankind, and their number was one million. And when all was ready he mounted with his forces of genies and mankind upon his magic carpet, which bore his army through the air, with the birds flying over his head, and the wild beasts beneath, until he alighted on the enemy's coast and surrounded his island. The king of the sea then sent to the people of his country, and collected for himself a million of the genies that were under his authority. To these he added other genies from the islands of the seas and the tops of mountains, after which he made ready his forces, and distributed weapons among them.

King Solomon arranged his troops; commanding the wild beasts to form themselves into divisions, on the right of the people, and on their left, and commanding the birds to be upon the islands. He also ordered the birds, when the battle should begin, to tear out the eyes of their enemies with their beaks, and to beat their faces with their wings; and he ordered the wild beasts to tear in pieces their horses; and they replied, "We hear and obey, O Prophet of God." Then Solomon set for himself a couch of alabaster adorned with jewels and plated with

plates of gold, and he placed his vizier Asaf on his right side, and his vizier Ed-Dimiryat on his left, and the wild beasts and reptiles before him.

After this they came upon us all together, and we fought with King Solomon in a wide tract for two days, but we were defeated on the third day. I and my troops were the first who charged upon King Solomon, and I said to my companions, "Keep in your places in the battlefield, while I go forth to them and challenge Ed-Dimiryat." And Ed-Dimiryat came like a great mountain, his fires flaming and his smoke ascending, and he approached and smote me with a flaming fire, and his arrow prevailed over my fire. He cried out at me with a loud cry, so that I thought the heaven had fallen and closed over me, and the mountains shook at his voice. Then he commanded his companions and they charged upon us all together. We also charged upon them, and we cried out one to another; the fires rose and the smoke ascended and the battle raged. The birds fought in the air and the wild beasts in the dust, and I fought with Ed-Dimiryat, until he wearied me and I wearied him, after which I became weak and my companions and troops lost courage, and my tribes were defeated. I fled from before Ed-Dimiryat, but he followed me, a journey of three months, until he overtook me. I fell down through fatigue, and he rushed upon me and made me a prisoner. Then I said to him, "Have pity on me and take me before King Solomon." But when I came before King Solomon, he was enraged against me, and he caused this pillar to be brought, and he hollowed it, and put me in it, and sealed me with his seal. Then he chained me, and Ed-Dimiryat conveyed me to this place, where he set me down as thou seest me, and this pillar is my prison until the day of resurrection.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE CITY OF
BRASS.

The Emeer Moosa and his companions wondered exceedingly at this story, and then Abdes-Samad said to the genie in the pillar, "Are there in this place any of the genies confined in bottles of brass from the time of Solomon?" He answered, "Yes, in the sea of El-Karkar, where dwell some of the descendants of Noah, whose country the deluge did not reach. They are separated from the rest of the sons of Adam." "And where," said Abdes-Samad, "is the way to the City of Brass, and the place in which are the bottles? What distance is there between us and it?" The genie answered, "It is near."

The party then proceeded on their journey, and in a little while they saw in the distance a great black object, and in it there seemed to be two fires corresponding with each other in position. "What is this great black object," asked the Emeer Moosa, "and what are these two corresponding fires?" "Be rejoiced, O Emeer," answered Abdes-Samad; "it is the City of Brass, and this is the appearance of it that I find described in the book of hidden treasures,—that its wall is of black stones, and it has two towers of brass, which resemble two corresponding fires; hence it is named the City of Brass."

Hastening on they arrived at the city, and they found that it was strongly fortified, and that its buildings were lofty, rising high into the air. Its walls were one hundred and twenty feet high, and it had five and twenty gates. They stopped before the walls and endeavored to find one of the gates, but they could not. Then the Emeer Moosa said to Abdes-Samad, "I do not see any gate to this city." Abdes-Samad answered, "I find it described in the book of hidden treasures that it has five and twenty gates, and that none of them may be opened but from within the city."

Then the Emeer Moosa took Talib and Abdes-Samad with him, and they ascended a mountain which was close by. And

looking down upon the city, they saw that it was greater and more beautiful than anything they had ever beheld. Its palaces were lofty, its domes were shining; rivers were running within it, and there were delightful gardens with trees bearing ripe fruit. But they did not see a human being within its walls. It was empty, still, without a voice or a cheering inhabitant but the owl hooting in its gardens, and birds skimming in circles in its areas, and the raven croaking in its great streets.

After coming down from the mountain they passed the day trying to devise means of entering the city. At last it occurred to them to make a ladder, and the Emeer called to the carpenters and blacksmiths and ordered them to construct a ladder covered with plates of iron. This work occupied a month, and when it was finished the ladder was set up against the wall, and one of the party ascended it. When he reached the top he stood, and, fixing his eyes towards the city, clapped his hands, and cried out with a loud voice, "Thou art beautiful!" Then he cast himself down into the city and was killed. Seeing this the Emeer Moosa said, "If we do thus with all our companions, there will not remain one of them, and we shall be unable to accomplish the wish of the Prince of the Faithful. Let us depart, and have no more to do with this city." But one of them answered, "Perhaps another may be more steady than he." Then a second ascended, and he did the same as the first, and then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and they continued to ascend by that ladder to the top of the wall, one after another, until twelve men of them had gone, acting as the first had acted.

Abdes-Samad now arose and said, "There is none can do this but myself." So he ascended the ladder, reciting verses of the Koran until he reached the top, when he clapped his hands and fixed his eyes. The people therefore called out to him, "O Abdes-Samad, do not cast thyself down. If you fall, we all perish." Then Abdes-Samad sat down upon the wall for a long time, reciting verses of the Koran, after which he rose and cried out, "O Emeer, no harm shall happen to you, for God has

averted from me the effect of the artifice and fraud of the Evil One." The Emeer then said to him, "What hast thou seen, O Abdes-Samad?" He answered, "When I reached the top of the wall, I saw ten damsels, beautiful to behold, who made a sign to me with their hands as though they would say, 'Come to us.' And it seemed to me that beneath me was a sea, or great river, and I desired to cast myself down as our companions did. But I saw them dead, and I recited some words of the Koran, and so I cast not myself down. Therefore the damsels departed. There is no doubt that this is an enchantment contrived by the inhabitants of the city to keep every one from entering it."

Abdes-Samad then walked along the wall till he came to the two towers of brass, when he saw that they had two gates of gold, without locks upon them, or any sign of the means of opening them. He remained looking at them a long time, and at last he saw in the middle of one of the gates a figure of a horseman of brass, having one hand stretched out as though he were pointing with it, and on the hand these words were inscribed:

"Turn the pin that is in the middle of the front of the horseman's body twelve times, and then the gate will open."

Abdes-Samad, having read this inscription, examined the horseman, and found in the middle of the front of his body a pin, strong, firm, and well fixed. He turned it twelve times, and immediately the gate opened with a noise like thunder. Abdes-Samad entered, and he walked on until he came to stairs, which he descended. At the foot of the stairs he found a place with handsome wooden benches on which there were dead people, and over their heads were shields, and swords, and bows, and arrows. One of the dead men, who appeared to be the oldest, was upon a high bench above the rest. Abdes-Samad thought that the keys of the city might be with this man. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "he was the gate keeper, and these were under his authority." He therefore went up to the man, and

raised his outer garment, and he found the keys hung to his waist. At the sight of them Abdes-Samad rejoiced exceedingly, and he took the keys and approached the gate in the wall of the city. He found that the keys fitted the locks, so he turned them, and pulled the gate, which opened with a great noise. Then he cried out with a cry of joy, and the Emeer Moosa rejoiced at the safety of Abdes-Samad, and the opening of the gate of the city. The people thanked Abdes-Samad for what he had done, and they all hastened to enter the gate. But the Emeer Moosa cried out to them, saying, "O people, some accident may happen, and if all enter, all may perish. Therefore let half of us enter and half remain outside."

The Emeer Moosa then entered the gate, and with him half of his troops, carrying their weapons of war. They saw their companions lying dead, and they buried them. They then entered the market of the city, which contained a number of lofty buildings. The shops were open, the scales hung up, and the stores full of all kinds of goods, but the merchants were all dead. They passed on to the silk market, in which were silks and brocades interwoven with gold and silver upon various colors, and the owners were dead, lying upon skins, and appearing almost as though they would speak. Leaving these they went on to the market of the money changers, all of whom they found dead, with varieties of silks beneath them, and their shops filled with gold and silver. After going through several other markets they came to a lofty palace which they entered. There they found banners unfurled, and swords, and bows, and shields hung up by chains of gold and silver. In the passages of the palace were benches of ivory, ornamented with plates of brilliant gold and with silk, on which were dead men, whose skins had dried upon their bones. Going into the interior of the palace they came to a great hall, and four large and lofty chambers, each one fronting another, and decorated with gold and silver and various colors. In the midst of the hall was a great fountain of alabaster, over which was a canopy of brocade, and in the chambers were

decorated fountains, and tanks lined with marble, and channels of water flowed along the floors, the four streams meeting together in a great tank made of colored marbles.

The Emeer Moosa and his companions now entered the first chamber, and they found it filled with gold and silver, and pearls and jewels, and jacinths and precious minerals. They found in it chests full of red and yellow and white brocades. They then went into the second chamber, and opened a closet in it, and it was filled with weapons of war, consisting of gilded helmets, and coats of mail, and swords, and lances, and other instruments of war and battle. Then they passed to the third chamber, in which they found closets having upon their doors closed locks, and over them were curtains worked with various kinds of embroidery. They opened one of these closets, and found it filled with weapons decorated with varieties of gold and silver and jewels. From there they went to the fourth chamber, where they also found closets, one of which they opened, and it was full of utensils for food and drink, consisting of various vessels of gold and silver, and saucers of crystal, and cups set with brilliant pearls, and cups of carnelian. They took what suited them of these things, and each of the soldiers carried off what he could.

Then they passed on, and found a chamber constructed of polished marble adorned with jewels. They thought that upon the floor was running water, and if any one walked upon it he would slip. The Emeer Moosa therefore ordered Abdes-Samad to throw upon it something, that they might be enabled to walk on it, and he did so, and they passed on. And they found in it a great dome constructed of stones gilt with red gold. The party had not beheld in all that they had seen anything more beautiful than this. In the midst of it there was a great dome-crowned structure of alabaster, around which were lattice windows, decorated and adorned with oblong emeralds. In it was a pavilion of brocade, raised upon columns of red gold, and within this were birds, the feet of which were of emeralds. Beneath each bird was a net of brilliant pearls, spread over a fountain, and by

the brink of the fountain was placed a couch adorned with pearls and jewels and jacinths, on which sat a damsel resembling the shining sun. Eyes had not beheld one more beautiful. She wore a garment of brilliant pearls, on her head was a crown of red gold, on her neck was a necklace of jewels, and upon her forehead were two jewels the light of which was like that of the sun. She seemed as though she were looking at the people, and observing them to the right and left.

When the Emeer Moosa beheld this damsel, he wondered extremely at her loveliness, and he saluted her respectfully. But Talib said to the Emeer, "This damsel is dead. There is no life in her. How, then, can she return the salutation?" And he added, "O Emeer, she is skillfully embalmed. Her eyes were taken out after her death, and quicksilver put beneath them, after which they were restored to their places; so they gleam, and whenever the air puts them in motion the beholder imagines that she twinkles her eyes, though she is dead." Then they saw that the couch upon which the damsel sat had steps, and upon the steps were two slaves, one of them white and the other black. In the hand of one of them was a weapon of steel, and in the hand of the other a jeweled sword that dazzled the eyes. Before the two slaves was a tablet of gold on which was the following inscription:

"O thou if thou know me not, I will acquaint thee with my name and descent. I am Tedmur, the daughter of the King of the Amalekites. I possessed what none of the kings possessed, and ruled with justice. I gave and bestowed, and I lived a long time in the enjoyment of happiness and an easy life, and emancipated female and male slaves. Thus I did until death came to my abode, and the case was this: Seven years in succession came upon us during which no water descended on us from heaven, nor did any grass grow for us on the face of the earth. So we ate what food we had in our dwellings, and

after that we fell upon the beasts and ate them, and there remained nothing. Upon this I caused the wealth to be brought, and measured it with a measure, and sent it by trusty men, who went about with it through all the districts, not leaving unvisited a single large city, to seek for some food. But they found none, and they returned to us with the wealth, after a long absence. Then we exposed to view our riches and our treasures, locked the gates of the fortresses in our city, and we all died, as thou beholdest, and left what we had built and what we had treasured. This is our story. Whoever arrives at our city, and enters it, let him take of the wealth what he can, but not touch anything that is on my body, for it is the covering of my person, and the attire with which I am fitted forth from the world. Therefore let him not seize aught of it; for he would destroy himself."

The Emeer Moosa, when he read these words, was greatly astonished. Then he said to his companions, "Bring the sacks, and fill them with part of these riches and these vessels and rarities and jewels." But Talib said to him, "O Emeer, shall we leave this damsel with the things that are upon her? They are things that have no equal, and they are more than the riches thou hast taken, and will be the best present for the Prince of the Faithful." But the Emeer replied, "Seest thou not that which the damsel hath given as a charge, in the inscription upon this tablet?" Talib however, said, "And on account of these words wilt thou leave these riches and these jewels, when she is dead? What then should she do with these things, which are the ornaments of the world, and the decoration of the living? With a garment of cotton this damsel might be covered, and we are more worthy of the things than she." Then he drew near to the steps, and ascended them until he reached the spot

between the two slaves, when suddenly one of them smote him upon his back and the other smote him with the sword that was in his hand, and struck off his head, and he fell down dead. Seeing this the people were much terrified, and the Emeer Moosa commanded them to leave the city and close the gate as it was before.

They then proceeded on until they came in sight of a high mountain overlooking the sea. In it were many caves in which was a people of the blacks, clad in hides, whose language was not known. And when the blacks saw the troops they ran away from them, while their women and children stood at the entrance of the cave. So the Emeer Moosa said, "O Abdes-Samad, what are these people?" And he answered, "These are the objects of the inquiry of the Prince of the Faithful." They therefore alighted and the tents were pitched and they had not rested when the king of the blacks came down from the mountain, and drew near to the troops. He was acquainted with the Arabic language, and when he came to Emeer Moosa he saluted him, and the Emeer returned his salute and treated him with honor. Then the king of the blacks said to the Emeer, "Are ye of mankind, or of the genies?" The Emeer answered, "We are of mankind, but as to you, there is no doubt that ye are of the genies, because of the greatness of your size." But the king of the blacks replied, "Nay, we are a people of the race of Adam, of the sons of Ham, the son of Noah. And this sea is known by the name of El-Karkar."

The Emeer then said to him, "We are the messengers and servants of the Caliph Abdel-Melik, and we have come on account of the bottles of brass that are here in your sea, in which are the genies imprisoned from the time of Solomon, the son of David. He hath commanded us to bring him some of them, that he may see them. Wilt thou help us in this matter?" The king of the blacks replied, "Most willingly." Then he ordered the divers to bring up from the sea some of the bottles of Solomon, and they brought up twelve bottles, which the king gave to

the Emeer. The Emeer Moosa was delighted, and Abdes-Samad also, and the soldiers, on account of the accomplishment of the wish of the Prince of the Faithful. The Emeer then presented to the king of the blacks many gifts.

Then they bade him farewell, and they journeyed back until they came to the land of Syria, and went to the palace of the Prince of the Faithful. The Emeer Moosa told him of all that he had seen, and of the case of Talib. And the Prince of the Faithful said to him, "Would that I had been with you, that I might have beheld what ye beheld." He then took the bottles, and proceeded to open one after another, and the genies came forth from them saying, "Repentance ! O Prophet of God ! We will not return to the like conduct ever." After this the Prince of the Faithful caused the riches to be brought before him, and divided them among the people.

This is the end of that which hath come down to us of the history of the City of Brass.

STORY OF GULNARE OF THE SEA.

There was in ancient times a king of Persia whose name was Shahzeman. The city in which he lived was on the shore of the sea, and was called the White City. Though he was rich and had great power, King Shahzeman was very unhappy because he had no son to be the heir of his kingdom.

One day a merchant came to the king's palace with a beautiful young slave girl, and Shahzeman, as soon as he saw her, fell in love with her, and bought her from the merchant for ten thousand pieces of gold. He then married her and made her his queen, but he was much troubled to find that she did not seem to be happy, although he loved her greatly, and gave her everything she wanted. She never laughed and never spoke a word to him or to any of her attendants.

This continued for more than a year, until one day while the

king was telling her of his love and admiration, and begging her to speak and let him know the cause of her sorrow, the queen suddenly smiled and began to talk. She then told him who she was and how she came to be a slave. "Sire," said she, "my name is Gulnare of the Sea. My father, who is dead, was one of the most powerful monarchs of the ocean. At his death he left his kingdom to my brother, named Saleh, and to the Queen Fareshah, my mother, who is the daughter of a great sea king. But a neighboring prince, without any provocation, invaded our kingdom, and took our capital, and we were obliged to go elsewhere to live. My brother wished me to marry, and he thought that I should marry one of the princes of the earth, as I could not get one of the princes of the sea because we had lost our kingdom. I would not agree to this, and so my brother and I quarreled, and in my anger I gave a spring from the bottom of the sea to the Island of the Moon. Here a great lord seized me, and carried me to his home. He wanted me to marry him, and when I refused he sold me to the merchant who brought me to your palace. As for you, Sire, if you had not shown me so much respect and given me such marks of your love, I would not have remained with you. I would have thrown myself into the sea out of this window, and would have returned to my mother, my brother, and the rest of my relations. But now I shall live happy with you, and we shall soon have a child to be heir to your kingdom, and this will be a pledge to you that I shall never leave you."

King Shahzeman was delighted to hear his queen speak, and still more delighted to know that he was to have an heir to his throne. But he was astonished to learn that there were kingdoms and princes in the sea, and he asked Gulnare to tell him more about it. "I cannot understand," said he, "how people can live or move in the water without being drowned."

"Sire," replied Queen Gulnare, "we can walk at the bottom of the sea with as much ease as you can upon land, and we can breathe in the water as you do in the air. What is yet more re-

markable, the water never wets our clothes, so that when we wish to visit the earth, we have no need to dry them. And the water does not hinder us from seeing, for we can open our eyes without hurting them, and we can see any object as clearly in the deepest part of the ocean as upon land. The palaces of the kings and princes of the sea are magnificent. Some of them are built of marble of various colors, others of rock crystal, and others of mother-of-pearl, or coral. Gold, silver, and all sorts of precious stones are more plentiful there than on earth. As for pearls, the largest that ever were seen upon earth would be of little value compared to those in the kingdoms of the sea. As we have power in the sea to convey ourselves where we please in the twinkling of an eye, we have no need for carriages or horses. However, the king has his stables, and his stud of sea horses, but they are seldom used, except on public festival or rejoicing days. The horses are trained to draw by themselves, so that there is no need of drivers to guide them, and the chariots are made of mother-of-pearl, adorned with shells of all sorts, of the most beautiful colors. These chariots are open, and in the middle is a throne on which the king sits, and shows himself to his subjects. Many more curious things about the kingdoms of the sea I shall tell you of at another time, but now I wish to ask you, Sire, to grant me leave to send for my mother and for my brother, with whom I much wish to be reconciled. They will be glad to see me the wife of the mighty king of Persia, and I think you will be pleased to see them."

"Dear Gulnare," replied the king, "you are queen; do whatever you please; I will receive your mother and brother with all the honors they deserve. But how will you invite them, and when will they arrive, that I may give orders to make preparation for their reception, and go myself to meet them?" "Sire," replied Queen Gulnare, "there is no need of such ceremonies. They will be here in a moment, and if your majesty will step into that small room and look through the window towards the sea, you shall behold the manner of their arrival."

As soon as the king of Persia entered the small room, Queen Gulnare ordered one of her women to bring a fire pan with a little fire. After these were brought she ordered the woman to retire, and she shut the door. When she was alone, she took a piece of aloes wood out of a box, and put it into the fire pan. As soon as she saw the smoke rise, she repeated some words known only to herself. Immediately the sea began to be rough, and it opened in the distance. Then there arose out of it a tall, handsome young man, with whiskers of a sea-green color. A little behind him came an elderly lady of majestic air, attended by five young ladies, all as beautiful as Queen Gulnare. They seemed to be carried upon the surface of the waves, and when they came to the shore, they nimbly, one after another, sprang in at the window. They were King Saleh, brother of Queen Gulnare, her mother, Queen Fareshah, and five princesses, their relations. On their entrance they all embraced Queen Gulnare tenderly, shedding tears of joy.

The king of Persia treated his guests with great honor, entertaining them every day at magnificent feasts, and he made them remain with him for several months.

In the mean while Queen Gulnare gave birth to a son, which caused the king greater joy than can be expressed. The young prince being of a beautiful countenance, his father thought no name so proper for him as that of Beder Basim, which in the Arabian language signifies the full moon. In token of his gratitude to Heaven, he gave liberal alms to the poor, and made all his slaves of both sexes free. He distributed vast sums among the ministers and holy men of his religion. He also ordered rejoicings to be kept up for several days through the whole city.

One day as King Shahzeman, Queen Gulnare, the queen her mother, King Saleh her brother, and the princesses their relations, were talking together in Queen Gulnare's chamber, the nurse came in with the young Prince Beder in her arms. King Saleh, as soon as he saw the child, ran to embrace him, and, taking him in his arms, kissed and caressed him with the greatest

tenderness. He took several turns with him about the room, dancing and tossing him about, when all of a sudden, the window being open, he sprang out, and plunged with him into the sea.

The king of Persia, thinking he should see his son no more, was overwhelmed with grief. "Sire," said Queen Gulnare, "let your Majesty fear nothing; the young prince, by being taken thus into the water, will be able to live in the sea as well as on the land." Queen Fareshah and the princesses said the same thing, nevertheless the king was much distressed and alarmed. But in a few minutes the sea became very rough, and immediately King Saleh arose with the young prince in his arms, and, holding him up in the air, reëntered at the window from which he had leaped. The king of Persia, overjoyed to see Prince Beder again, and astonished that he was as dry as before, said to King Saleh, "Prince, you now make me happy by bringing my son to me again." "You had not the least reason," replied King Saleh, "to fear danger; for before I plunged into the sea, I said certain words, which are engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Now your son, as long as he lives, and as often as he pleases, may plunge into the sea, and travel through the vast empires it contains in its bosom."

Having so spoken, King Saleh, after restoring Prince Beder to his nurse's arms, opened a box he had fetched from his palace under the sea. In it were three hundred diamonds, as large as pigeons' eggs, with the same number of rubies and emeralds of extraordinary size, and thirty necklaces, having each ten rows of the finest pearls. "Sire," said he to the king of Persia, presenting him with the box, "I beg you to accept this small token of gratitude in acknowledgment of the many favors you have been pleased to confer on the queen my sister, for which we owe you the greatest thanks." Then he told the king of Persia that the queen his mother, the princesses his relations, and himself, could have no greater pleasure than to spend their whole lives at his court, but that having been so long absent from their own home, they begged to take leave of him and Queen Gulnare.

The king of Persia answered that he was sorry it was not in his power to return their visit, but added, "As I am sure you will not forget Gulnare, I hope I shall see you again more than once." Many tears were shed on both sides at parting. Then King Saleh, Queen Fareshah, and the five princesses, flew to the sea, and, descending into it, disappeared.

Prince Beder was brought up and educated with the utmost care in the palace, under the king and queen of Persia. As he advanced in years, his agreeable manners and ready wit gave the greatest pleasure to his parents, and their pleasure was increased when King Saleh his uncle, the queen his grandmother, and the princesses his relations, came from time to time to share in it. Prince Beder, at the age of fifteen, knew all the sciences that were fitting for a prince of his rank. He was also wise and prudent, so that the king, his father, who began to feel the weakness of old age, proposed to resign to him the throne. He had no difficulty in making his council and his people consent to this arrangement, for they saw that the young prince had all the qualities of justice, mercy, and generosity, which became a good and great monarch.

The day for the young prince's coronation was appointed, and when it arrived, the king of Persia, in the midst of his ministers and officers, came down from his throne, and, taking the crown from his head, put it on the head of his son. Then he seated Prince Beder on the throne, and bowed down before him as a sign that he gave up his authority to him.

The first year of King Beder's reign passed off most happily. At its close, the old king, his father, fell so dangerously ill that he knew he should never recover. His only care was to recommend to the viziers and other lords to be faithful to his son. Soon afterwards he died, to the great grief of King Beder and Queen Gulnare, and his body was borne to a magnificent tomb. After the funeral King Beder, in accordance with ancient custom, mourned a whole month, and was not seen in public during that time. When the month expired, the king, at the request of the

grand vizier and the other lords of his court, laid aside his mourning, and began to attend to the affairs of his kingdom the same as before his father's death. Thus he continued to do for the space of a year, and his life was happy and his reign prosperous.

STORY OF KING BEDER BASIM AND THE PRINCESS JOHARAH.

About a year after the death of King Beder Basim's father, his uncle, King Saleh, came to visit him. He was received with great rejoicing by King Beder, and his mother, Queen Gulnare. One evening, talking of various matters, King Saleh began to tell about the beauty and good qualities of the Princess Joharah, the loveliest of the princesses of all the kingdoms of the sea. King Beder was in love with her from his uncle's description, though he had never seen her or heard of her before, and he declared that he must have her for his wife. But his uncle, and the queen his mother, told him that it would be very difficult for him to get the Princess Joharah, as her father, the king of Samandal, would refuse to give his daughter to any earthborn prince, no matter how powerful he might be.

King Beder, however, set his mind on having the fair maiden, and he begged his uncle to set out and take him, without Queen Gulnare's knowledge, to the kingdoms of the sea, that he might try to obtain the object of his wishes. King Saleh at last consented, and after making preparations to depart, he drew from his finger a ring, on which were engraved the same mysterious names of God that were upon Solomon's seal, which had wrought so many wonders by their virtue. "Here, take this ring," said he to King Beder, "put it on your finger, and fear neither the waters of the sea, nor their depth." The king of Persia took the ring, and when he had put it on his finger, King Saleh said to him, "Do as I do." Then they both mounted lightly up

into the air, and made towards the sea, which was not far distant, and plunged into it.

The sea king was not long in arriving at his own palace, with the king of Persia, whom he immediately conducted to Queen Fareshah's apartment. While King Beder was in conversation with his relatives, the five princesses and others, Queen Fareshah left him, and went with King Saleh into another chamber. There King Saleh told her how the king of Persia had fallen in love with the Princess Joharah, upon the bare description of her beauty, and that he had, against his own wishes and without the knowledge of Queen Gulnare, brought him along with him to try to procure the princess in marriage. "I much wish," replied the queen, "that we had not to make this demand, for the success of our attempt is not so certain as we could desire. However, as my grandson's peace and contentment depend upon it, I freely give my consent. But, I advise you, as I well know the disposition of the king of Samandal, that you take care to offer rich gifts worthy a king to give and a king to receive."

The queen prepared the present herself. It was made up of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, all of which she put into a rich box. Next morning, King Saleh departed with a troop of officers and attendants. He soon arrived at the kingdom and the palace of the king of Samandal, who made no delay in receiving him. Rising up from his throne when King Saleh entered, the king of Samandal received the box of jewels, and after he had examined them he said, "Prince, you would not give me such a present unless you had a request to make. If there is anything in my power to grant, you may command me, and I shall feel great pleasure in complying with your wishes. Speak, and tell me how I can serve you."

"I admit," replied King Saleh, "I have a request to make, but I shall take care to ask nothing that is not in your power to grant. I come to beg you to honor our family with your connection by the marriage of your daughter, and to strengthen the good understanding that has so long existed between us."

At these words the king of Samandal burst into a loud laugh, falling back in his throne against a cushion that supported him, and with a haughty air said, "King Saleh, I have always thought you a prince of great wisdom and prudence, but what you say shows me I was mistaken. Tell me where is your sense when you make such a proposal to me? Can you think of asking in marriage a princess, the daughter of so powerful a monarch as myself? You ought to have considered the great distance between us, and not run the risk of losing in a moment the respect I always had for you."

King Saleh was hurt at this answer, and could scarcely restrain his anger. However, he replied with calmness, "O king, I do not demand your daughter for myself, but for the young king of Persia, my nephew, whose power and wealth cannot be unknown to you. Everybody acknowledges the Princess Joharah to be the most beautiful maiden of the sea, but the king of Persia is the handsomest and most accomplished prince on earth. The princess is worthy of the king of Persia, and the king of Persia is not less worthy of her."

The king of Samandal, on hearing these words, broke out into insulting expressions unworthy of a great king. "Dog," cried he, "dare you talk to me in this manner, and so much as mention my daughter's name in my presence? Can you think the son of your sister Gulnare worthy to compare with my daughter? Who are you? Who was your father? Who is your sister? And who is your nephew? Guards, seize the insolent wretch, and strike off his head."

The king of Samandal's officers were about to obey his commands, when King Saleh, who was nimble and vigorous, escaped from them before they could draw their swords. Having reached the palace gate, he found there a thousand men of his own guards, who had just arrived, well armed. The queen, his mother, foreseeing the reception he would meet from the king of Samandal, had sent them to protect and defend him in case of danger, ordering them to make haste. "Sire," cried his

friends, the moment he joined them, "who has insulted you? We are ready to punish him, whoever he is; you need only to command us." King Saleh told them in a few words how matters stood, and putting himself at their head, he reëntered the palace. The few officers and guards who had pursued him being soon scattered, he seized the king of Samandal and then went from apartment to apartment, to search for the Princess Joharah. But she, on the first alarm, had, together with her women, sprung up to the surface of the sea, and escaped to a desert island.

While these events passed in the palace of the king of Samandal, some of King Saleh's attendants fled to Queen Fareshah and told her of the danger of her son. King Beder, who was present at the time, was much distressed, as he himself was the chief cause of the trouble. Not wishing, therefore, to remain in the queen's court any longer, he left the palace, and darted up from the bottom of the sea. But he was not able to find his way to his own kingdom, and without knowing it he landed on the island to which the Princess Joharah had escaped. Greatly disturbed in mind, he seated himself under the shade of a pleasant grove. He soon heard sounds of the human voice, but was too far off to understand what was said. He arose and advanced towards the place from which the sound proceeded, and there among the branches he saw a maiden whose beauty dazzled him. "Doubtless," said he within himself, stopping and looking at her with great attention, "this is the Princess Joharah, who through fear has abandoned her father's palace; or if not, she is some princess deserving of my love." He then approached the lady and said, "Madam, a greater happiness could not have come to me than this opportunity to offer you my services. I beg you, therefore, to accept them, as it is impossible that a lady in this place should not want assistance."

"True, sir," replied Joharah sorrowfully; "I am a princess, daughter of the king of Samandal, and my name is Joharah. I was happy in my father's palace, in my own apartment, when suddenly I heard a dreadful noise. Tidings were immediately

brought me that King Saleh, I know not for what reason, had forced the palace gates, seized the king my father, and killed all the guards. I had time only to save myself and escape to this place.”

King Beder was now sorry that he had left his grandmother in such haste, without staying for further explanation of the news that had been brought. But on the other hand, he was rejoiced to find that his uncle had made himself master of the king of Samandal's person, feeling sure that the king would consent to give up the princess for his own liberty. “Fair princess,” said he, again addressing Joharah, “your anxiety is natural, but it is easy to put an end to it and to your father's danger. I am Beder, king of Persia. King Saleh is my uncle. I assure you, princess, he has no intention to seize your father's kingdom; his only wish is to obtain your father's consent to my asking your hand in marriage. I have already given my heart to you, upon the bare description of your beauty, and now I declare that I will love you as long as I live.”

This explanation of King Beder did not succeed as he expected. When the princess heard that he was the cause of all the ill-treatment of her father, and of the grief and fright she had endured, she looked upon him as her enemy. However, she resolved not to let King Beder know of her anger, but to try to free herself out of his hands. Pretending, therefore, to have a great kindness for him, she said, “Are you, then, son of the Queen Gulnare so famous for her wit and beauty? I rejoice that you are the son of so worthy a mother. The king my father was wrong to oppose our marriage. If he had seen you, he would have consented to make us happy.” Saying so she reached out her hand to him as a token of friendship. King Beder, in the greatest happiness, held forth his hand, and, taking that of the princess, stooped down to kiss it, when she, pushing him back, said, “Prince, quit the form of a man, and take that of a white bird, with a red bill and red claws.” Upon her saying these words, King Beder was immediately changed into a bird,

to his great surprise and grief. "Take him," said she to one of her women, "and carry him to the Dry Island."

Now Dry Island was only one frightful rock, where not a drop of water was to be had. The attendant took the bird, but she felt much sympathy for King Beder. "It would be a great pity," said she to herself, "to let such a prince die of hunger and thirst. The princess, who is good and gentle, will, perhaps, repent of this cruel order. It is better to carry him to a place where he may die a natural death." She accordingly carried him to a different island, and left him in a charming plain, planted with all sorts of fruit trees, and watered by many streams.

In the mean while, King Saleh, after he had searched everywhere for the Princess Joharah, caused the king of Samandal to be shut up in his own palace, under a strong guard. Then, having appointed suitable persons to govern the kingdom in his absence, he returned to give his mother an account of what he had done. The first question he asked on his arrival was about the king, his nephew, and he learned with great surprise and much vexation that he could not be found. "News being brought to me," said the queen, "of the danger you were in at the palace of the king of Samandal, I gave orders to send you other troops, and just at that time he disappeared. He must have been alarmed at hearing of your being in such great danger, and thought that he was not safe with us." This news greatly distressed King Saleh, who now repented that he had taken Beder away with him without Queen Gulnaré's consent. He sought for him in many places, but in vain. Then, leaving his own kingdom under the administration of his mother, he went to govern that of the king of Samandal, whom he still held as prisoner though treating him with respect as a king.

The same day that King Saleh left for the kingdom of Samandal, Queen Gulnaré arrived at the court of the queen her mother, to make inquiries about her son, for she suspected that he had gone with King Saleh. Her mother told her all that happened up to the time of the disappearance of King Beder. "I have

sought diligently after him," added she, "and the king my son, who is just gone to govern the kingdom of Samandal, has done everything in his power. All our endeavors have proved unsuccessful, but we must hope nevertheless to see him again, perhaps when we least expect it."

Queen Gulnare looked upon the king her son as lost, and lamented him bitterly, laying all the blame on the king his uncle. She then took leave of her mother, and returned to the palace of the capital of Persia, where she governed with the prime minister and council, in the same way as if the king had been present.

Meanwhile King Beder, in the form of a bird, was alone on the island. He did not know where he was, or in what direction the kingdom of Persia lay. But even if he had known, and tried to fly away, how could he cross so many vast seas? And even if he reached his kingdom, he would still be a bird, and nobody would acknowledge him as king. He was therefore forced to remain on the island, live upon such food as birds eat, and pass the nights on a tree.

One day a fowler chanced to come to the place where he was, and seeing so fine a bird, he cast his net over him and caught him. Overjoyed at so great a prize, which he thought of more value than the other birds he commonly took, he shut it up in a cage, carried it to the city, and going directly to the palace, he placed himself before the king's apartment. The king happened just then to be standing at the window, and as soon as he cast his eye on the beautiful bird, he sent an officer of his household to buy it for him. The officer, going to the fowler, asked him how much he would take for the bird. "If it be for his Majesty," answered the fowler, "I humbly beg him to accept it as a present, and I wish you to carry it to him." The officer took the bird to the king, and the king thought it so beautiful that he ordered the officer to give ten pieces of gold to the fowler, who departed very well satisfied. Then the king commanded them to put the bird into a magnificent cage, where it was supplied with seed and water in rich vessels.

The officer brought the cage into the royal chamber, and the king, that he might better view the bird, took it out himself, and perched it upon his hand. Looking earnestly upon it, he asked the officer if he had seen it eat. "Sire," replied the officer, "the vessel with his food is still full, and I do not think he has touched any of it." At this moment the dinner being served up, the bird, flapping his wings, leaped off the king's hand and flew upon the table, where he began to peck the bread and meat, sometimes on one plate and sometimes on another. The king was so surprised that he sent the captain of the guards to request the queen to come and see this wonder. In a few minutes the queen came into the room, and the moment she looked at the bird she said to the king, "Sire, this is not, as you suppose, a bird, but a man, the king of Persia, named Beder, son of the celebrated Gulnare, nephew of Saleh, and grandson of Queen Fareshah. It was the princess Joharah, daughter of the king of Samandal, who changed him into a bird, and thus revenged herself for what King Saleh did to the king of Samandal, her father."

The king, knowing that his queen was a skillful magician, then requested her to break the enchantment, that King Beder might return to his own form. "Sire," said she to the king, "be pleased to take the bird into your private room, and I will present to you a king worthy of your consideration." The bird understood what the king and queen said, and so he hopped into the room before them. Soon afterwards the queen came with a vessel full of water in her hand. She pronounced over the vessel some words, till the water began to boil. Then sprinkling a little of the water upon the bird, she said, "By virtue of those words I have just pronounced, quit the form of a bird, and take that received from thy Creator."

The words were scarcely out of the queen's mouth when, instead of a bird, the king saw before him a young prince of beautiful appearance. King Beder immediately fell on his knees and thanked God, and he then threw himself before the king,

who helped him up, and embraced him with great joy. He would have thanked the queen, but she had already gone to her apartment. The king made him sit at the table with him, and having heard from his own mouth the wonders of his history, said, "Tell me, I beg of you, in what way I can further serve you." "Sire," answered King Beder, "I entreat you to grant me one of your ships to carry me to Persia, where I fear the queen my mother is in great distress through uncertainty whether I am alive or dead." The king readily granted what he desired, and King Beder embarked, after having taken leave of the king, and thanked him for all his favors:

The ship sailed with fair wind for ten days, but on the eleventh there arose a furious tempest, which drove the vessel out of its course so violently that it struck against a rock and sunk. Most of the people were instantly drowned. Some were saved by swimming, and others by getting on pieces of the wreck. King Beder was among the latter, and after having been tossed about for some time by the waves, he at length found himself near the shore, and not far from a large city. Exerting his remaining strength he was so fortunate as to reach the land. He had scarcely done so, when to his great surprise he saw horses, camels, mules, asses, oxen, cows, bulls, and other animals crowding to the shore, and putting themselves in an attitude to oppose his landing. With the utmost difficulty he forced his way against them, and sheltered himself among the rocks, till he had recovered his strength and dried his clothes in the sun.

When the prince advanced to enter the city, he met with the same opposition from these animals, who seemed to wish to make him give up his purpose, and get him to understand it was dangerous to proceed. King Beder, however, entered the city, and there he saw many fine streets, but was surprised to find no human beings. This made him think that it was not without cause that so many animals had opposed his passage. Going forward he observed several shops open, which gave him reason to believe that the place was not destitute of inhabitants. He approached one of

these shops, where several sorts of fruit were exposed for sale, and saluted an old man who was sitting within.

The old man lifted up his head, and seeing King Beder, asked him where he came from, and what business brought him there. King Beder told him in a few words, and the old man further asked him if he had met anybody on the road. "You are the first person I have seen," answered the king, "and I cannot understand why so fine and large a city is without inhabitants." "Come in, sir, stay no longer upon the threshold," replied the old man, "or perhaps some misfortune may happen to you. I will give you a reason why it is necessary you should take this precaution."

King Beder entered the shop, and the old man immediately set food before him and would not tell him anything till he had done eating. When he found he ate no longer, he said to him, "You have great reason to thank God that you got here without accident." "Alas ! why ?" asked King Beder, much surprised and alarmed. "Because," answered he, "this is the City of Enchantments. It is governed by a queen, who, though a most beautiful woman, is a most dangerous sorceress. These horses, mules, and other animals you have seen, are all men, like ourselves, whom she has changed into their present shapes by her magic. She receives in the kindest manner strangers who enter the city. She entertains them magnificently, and gives them reason to believe that she loves them. But she does not allow them to enjoy this happiness long. There is not one of them but she has changed into some animal or bird at the end of forty days. These animals who opposed your landing, and tried to hinder you from entering the city, did all they could to make you understand that you were exposing yourself to danger."

This account greatly distressed the young king of Persia. "Alas !" cried he, "to what evils has my ill fortune brought me ! I am hardly free from one enchantment, which I look back upon with horror, when I find myself exposed to another much more terrible." Then he related his story to the old man more

at length, and told him of his love for the princess of Samandal, and her cruelty in changing him into a bird the very moment he had declared his love to her. When the prince came to speak of his good fortune in finding a queen who broke the enchantment, the old man to encourage him said, "Though all I have told you of the magic of the queen of this city is true, that ought not to give you the least trouble, for I am beloved throughout the city, and am not unknown to the queen herself, who has much respect for me. It was your good fortune which led you to me rather than to any one else. You are safe in my house, where I advise you to remain, and I assure you, you will have no cause to complain of me."

King Beder thanked the old man for the kind protection he was pleased to afford him. He then sat down at the entrance of the shop, where he attracted the attention of all who passed. The old man soon became as fond of him as if he were his own son, and his fondness increased every day during the stay he made with him.

They had lived about a month together, when when one day, as King Beder was sitting at the shop door, the magic queen, whose name was Labe, passed by with great pomp. Her guards, a thousand in number, four files deep, clothed in purple uniform, and well armed and mounted, marched first with their swords drawn, each officer as he passed by the shop saluting the old man. Then followed the same number of servants of the household, dressed in brocaded silk, and better mounted, and their officers also saluted the old man. Next came as many young ladies on foot, all beautiful and richly dressed. They marched with short rods in their hands, and in the midst of them appeared Queen Labe, on a horse glittering with diamonds and a golden saddle. All the young ladies saluted the old man as they passed him, and the queen, struck with the good looks of King Beder, stopped as soon as she came before the shop. "Abdallah," said she to the old man, for that was his name, "tell me, does that beauti-

ful and charming slave belong to thee ? and hast thou long been in possession of him ? ”

Abdallah, before he answered the queen, bowed down to the ground, and rising again, said, “ Madam, having no children, I look upon him as my son, and sent for him to come and live with me.” “ Father,” said Queen Labe, “ will you not oblige me so far as to make me a present of this young man ? Do not refuse me, I beg you, and I will make him so great and powerful that no person in the world ever had such good fortune. Although I do evil to all mankind, he shall be an exception. I promise you, you shall never have any cause to regret having obliged me in this manner.” Old Abdallah was greatly grieved, both on his own account and King Beder’s, for he knew he had to obey the queen. “ Madam,” replied he, “ I put entire confidence in your word, and I do not doubt you will keep it. I only beg of you to delay this great honor to my nephew till you shall again pass our way.” “ That shall be to-morrow,” said the queen, who bowed her head, as a token of being pleased, and then went towards her palace.

The queen did not fail to pass by the old man’s shop the next day, with the same pomp as before. Abdallah waited for her with great respect. “ Father,” cried she, “ you may judge of my impatience to have your adopted son with me, by my coming so punctually to remind you of your promise. I know you are a man of your word, and I cannot think you will break it with me.”

Abdallah, who bowed down as soon as he saw the queen approaching, rose up when she had done speaking, and as he wished to talk to her privately he advanced as far as her horse’s head, and then said in a low voice, “ I hope you will not be offended at my seeming unwillingness to trust my adopted son with you yesterday. You well know the reasons I had for it, and you will make me very miserable if you deal with him as you have done with others.” “ I promise you I will not,” replied the queen. Upon this the old man turned to King Beder, and

taking him by the arm, presented him to the queen. "Madam," said he, "I beg you to let him come and see me sometimes." The queen promised he should, and as a further mark of her gratitude, she gave Abdallah a purse of a thousand pieces of gold. She had caused a horse to be brought, with trappings as rich as her own, for the king of Persia, and he mounted immediately and then they rode off.

Having arrived at the palace, they all dismounted, and the queen, giving her hand to King Beder, entered with him, accompanied by her women and chief officers. She herself showed him through the palace, and nothing was to be seen but gold, precious stones, and furniture of wonderful magnificence. After a short time, a banquet was served on gold plate, at which there was every sort of rich food that could be prepared for a queen's table. In the evening there was a concert, and other amusements, to add to the pleasure of the guest whom the queen and her ladies desired to honor.

Queen Labe treated King Beder after this manner for forty days, as she had treated other young strangers who visited the city. But on the fortieth night, believing him to be asleep, she entered his chamber without making any noise. Though King Beder was awake, he pretended to be sleeping, and feeling certain she meant some evil against him, he watched all her motions. She opened a chest and took from it a little box full of yellow powder, some of which she scattered upon the floor, and immediately it became a stream of running water, to the great astonishment of King Beder. Queen Labe next took some of the water in a vessel, and poured it into a basin that contained flour, which she kneaded for a long time. Then she mixed with it drugs which she took from different boxes, and made a cake, and she put the cake into a baking pan, and placed it upon burning coals. While the cake was baking she put up the vessels and boxes in their places, and on her saying certain words the stream of water disappeared. When the cake was baked, she took it off the coals and, carrying it with her, left the

chamber. King Beder, as soon as he got up, expressed a great desire to go and see Abdallah, and begged the queen to permit him to do so. "Go," said she, "you have my consent, but do not be long away as I cannot live without you."

Old Abdallah was overjoyed to see King Beder. He embraced him tenderly, and King Beder returned his embrace. As soon as they sat down, Abdallah said to the king, "Well, how have you passed your time with that wicked sorceress?" "So far," answered King Beder, "she has been very kind to me, but I observed something last night which gives me reason to suspect that all her kindness is but pretense." He then told Abdallah what he had seen Queen Labe doing in his room, and he said, "This makes me think she intends to keep none of her promises to you, so I resolved to come to you immediately." "You are not mistaken," replied old Abdallah; "but fear nothing. I know how to make the mischief she intends for you fall upon herself. It is now time she should be treated as she deserves."

So saying, Abdallah gave two cakes to King Beder, and said to him, "Take these cakes and give one to the queen. She will then give you a cake, but beware of eating it. Pretend that you eat of it, but eat of this instead. If you eat even one grain of her cake, her enchantment will have power over you, and she will change you into a beast saying, 'Quit this human form.' But if you do not eat of it, her enchantment will have no power over you, and she can do you no harm. Then ask her to eat of your cake, and when she eats even one grain, you will have power over her. Take some water in your hand and throw it in her face and say to her, 'Quit this human form,' and tell her to take any form you please. Then leave her and come to me, and I will tell you what next to do."

King Beder, after thanking Abdallah in the warmest words, returned to the palace. Upon his arrival he was told that the queen waited for him with great impatience in the garden. He went at once into the garden, and as soon as she saw him she came in great haste to meet him. "My dear Beder," said

she, "it seems ages that I have been separated from you. If you had stayed ever so little longer I would have come to fetch you." "Madam," replied King Beder, "I assure you I was no less impatient to be with you, but I could not refuse to stay for a little while with an uncle who loves me. Of all the good things he prepared for me, I have brought away only this cake which I wish your Majesty to accept." King Beder, having taken out one of the cakes which he had wrapped in a handkerchief, presented it to the queen, saying, "I beg your Highness to accept of it." "I do accept it with all my heart," replied the queen, "but before I taste of it I wish you first to eat a piece of this, which I made for you during your absence." "Fair queen," answered King Beder, receiving it with great respect, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for the favor you do me."

King Beder then quickly put in the place of the queen's cake the other which old Abdallah had given him, and breaking off a piece and eating it, he cried, "Ah! queen, I never tasted anything so excellent in my life." The queen, seeing him swallow one bit of the cake and ready to eat another, took in the palm of her hand a little water from a fountain which was near by, and throwing it in the king's face said, "Slave, quit the form of a man and take that of a horse, blind and lame."

But these words had no effect, as King Beder had not eaten of the queen's cake, and so he still remained in the form of a man. Queen Labe was surprised and disappointed, but she pretended that she meant no harm to King Beder. "Dear Beder," cried she, "this is nothing. I did not intend you any harm; I did it only to see what you would say. I should be the worst of women if I attempted so evil a deed, after all the promises I have made for your safety." "Great queen," replied King Beder, "I am sure that what you did was only to amuse yourself. But, madam, let us forget this matter; and now as I have eaten of your cake, will you do me the favor to taste mine?"

Queen Labe broke off a piece of the cake and ate it. Immediately she appeared much troubled, and remained motionless.

King Beder lost no time but took water out of the fountain, and throwing it in her face, cried, "Wicked queen! quit the form of a woman, and be turned instantly into a mule." The same moment Queen Labe was changed into a mule, and her grief was so great to find herself in that condition that she shed tears in abundance, and bowed her head to the feet of King Beder, thinking to move him to pity. The king, however, led her into the stable belonging to the palace, and put her into the hands of a groom, to be bridled and saddled, but of all the bridles which the groom tried upon her, not one would fit. This surprised King Beder, so he led the mule to Abdallah's, and told the old man all that had happened. Abdallah bridled the mule himself with a bridle he had in his house, and then he said to the king, "Prince, you have no reason to stay any longer in this city; mount the mule and return to your kingdom. I have but one thing more to recommend to you, and that is, if you should ever happen to part with the mule, be sure not to give up the bridle." King Beder promised to remember this, and having taken leave of the good old man, he departed.

The king of Persia rode on for three days, when he arrived at a great city, and entering the suburbs, he met a venerable old man. "Sir," said the old man, stopping him, "may I ask from what part of the world you come?" The king halted to answer him, and as they were talking an old woman came up, and stopping, she wept and sighed at the sight of the mule.

King Beder and the old man left off talking to look at the old woman, and the king asked her why she was in so much grief. "Alas! sir," she replied, "it is because your mule resembles so much one my son had, the loss of which I mourn on his account. Sell this one to me, I beseech you; I will give you more than it is worth, and thank you, too." "Good woman," replied King Beder, "I cannot comply with your request. My mule is not to be sold, but if it were, I believe you would hardly give a thousand pieces of gold for it, and I could not sell it for less." "Why should I not give that?" replied

the old woman; "if it be the lowest price, you need only to say you will take it, and I will fetch you the money."

King Beder, seeing the old woman so poorly dressed, could not think she could find such a sum, and said, to try her, "Go, fetch me the money, and the mule is yours." The old woman immediately opened a purse which hung from her girdle, and took out a thousand pieces of gold.

The surprise of King Beder, at the sight of the gold, was very great. "Good woman," said he, "do you not see I have been joking you all this while? I assure you my mule is not to be sold." The old man, who had been witness to all that had passed, now began to speak. "Son," said he to King Beder, "it is necessary you should know one thing, and that is that in this city no one is permitted on any account whatever to deceive another. Any one who does so is put to death. You cannot refuse taking this woman's money and giving her the mule when she pays you the sum according to agreement."

King Beder was vexed to find himself thus entrapped by his rash offer, but he dismounted, and gave the mule to the old woman. She immediately seized the reins and unbridled the mule. Then, taking some water in her hand from a stream that ran in the middle of the street, she threw it in the mule's face, uttering these words: "Daughter, take again thine own form." Instantly Queen Labe was in her own form, and the old woman, who was in reality the queen's mother, embraced her daughter with joy. The old woman then uttered a loud whistle, and in a moment a gigantic genie appeared. This genie immediately took King Beder on one shoulder, and the old woman with the magic queen on the other, and carried them in a few minutes to the palace of Queen Labe in the City of Enchantments.

Here the magic queen began at once to abuse King Beder. "Is it thus," said she, "that you and your unworthy uncle repay all the kindness I have done you? I shall punish you both as you deserve." Then, taking water in her hand, she threw it in his face, with these words: "Quit the form of a man, and take

that of an owl." Immediately the king became an owl, and the wicked queen commanded one of her women to shut him up in a cage and give him neither meat nor drink.

The woman took the cage, but having pity on the bird, she gave him both meat and drink. Then she went to old Abdallah and told him how the queen had treated his nephew, and Abdallah, after thanking her, said, "I must take the city from this queen and make you queen in her stead." He then uttered a loud whistle, and there immediately arose a genie with four wings, who presented himself before Abdallah and asked what he would have. "Genie," said Abdallah, "I command you to preserve the life of King Beder, son of Queen Gulnare. Carry this woman who has the care of the cage to the capital of Persia, that she may inform Queen Gulnare of the danger her son is in and the need he has of her assistance." The genie immediately lifted the woman up into the air, carried her to the capital of Persia, and placed her on the terrace of Gulnare's palace. She at once entered the palace and there found Queen Gulnare, and Queen Fareshah, her mother, lamenting about King Beder. When she told them where he was they greatly rejoiced, and Queen Gulnare, calling her brother Saleh speedily from the sea, said to him, "Brother, the king, your nephew, my dear son, is in the City of Enchantments, under the power of Queen Labe. We must go to deliver him, and there is no time to be lost."

King Saleh immediately gathered an army of his troops, who rose out of the sea. He also called to his assistance the genies, who appeared with an army far greater than his own. As soon as the two armies were joined, he put himself at the head of them, with Queen Fareshah, Queen Gulnare, and the princesses, who all wished to take part in freeing King Beder. They then ascended into the air, and soon poured down on the palace and City of Enchantments, where they killed the magic queen and her mother.

Queen Gulnare now bade Queen Labe's attendant to fetch the cage in which her son was, and when it was brought to her

she opened it, and took out the owl, saying, as she sprinkled a little water upon him, "My dear son, quit that form and take thy natural one of a man." In a moment Queen Gulnare, instead of the owl, saw King Beder, her son. She embraced him with joy, and the king his uncle and all his relations did the same.

Queen Gulnare's next care was to send for old Abdallah, and when he came she thanked him for his kindness to her son. She also made him king of the City of Enchantments, and gave him Queen Labe's lady attendant to be his wife. Then King Beder said to his mother, "Madam, I am heartily glad of this match which your Majesty has just made. There remains one more which I wish you to think of." Queen Gulnare did not at first think what marriage he meant, but after a little she said, "Of your own marriage you mean, son? I consent to it with all my heart." Then, turning and looking at her brother's sea attendants and the genies who were still present, she said, "Go and traverse both sea and land, to seek the most lovely princess worthy of the king my son, and when you have found her come and tell us." "Madam," said King Beder, "it is not necessary for them to take all that trouble. You have no doubt heard that I have already given my heart to the princess of Samandal. Neither earth nor sea, in my opinion, can furnish a princess like her. It is true that upon declaring my love she treated me cruelly. But I hold her excused, for she could not treat me otherwise after my uncle imprisoning the king her father, of which I was the cause. But the king of Samandal may be restored to his kingdom, and may consent to my marriage with the princess his daughter, if she will declare her love to me." "Son," replied Queen Gulnare, "if the Princess Joharah can make you happy, I will not oppose you. The king your uncle can have the king of Samandal brought here, and we shall see whether his mind is changed."

King Saleh then caused a dish of coals to be brought, and into it he threw a certain composition, uttering at the same time some mysterious words. As soon as the smoke began to rise, the

palace shook, and immediately the king of Samandal, with King Saleh's officers, appeared. The king of Persia cast himself at the king of Samandal's feet, and begged of him his daughter in marriage. The king of Samandal now consented, and ordered some of his attendants to go for the princess and bring her to him immediately. So they flew through the air and were absent a little while, after which they came back accompanied by the Princess Joharah.

On her arrival, the king of Samandal embraced her and said, "Daughter, I have provided a husband for you; it is the king of Persia, the greatest monarch at present in the world." "Sir," replied the princess, "you well know that I am always ready to obey you. I hope the king of Persia will forget my ill-treatment of him, and consider it was duty, not inclination, that forced me to it."

The marriage was celebrated in the palace of the City of Enchantments, and was attended by all the princes and princesses whom the magic queen had changed into animals, for all those princes and princesses were now restored to their proper forms. King Saleh conducted the king of Samandal to his capital, and put him again in possession of his throne. King Beder returned to his own capital with his queen and his mother. They were accompanied by Queen Fareshah and the princesses, who remained with the king and queen of Persia till King Saleh came to bring them home to his kingdom under the waves of the sea.

STORY OF THE THREE SISTERS.

There was once a sultan of Persia named Khoonooshah. He often walked in disguise through the city in which he lived, accompanied by his vizier, and they sometimes met with strange adventures. One evening they were passing through a street in that part of the town inhabited only by poor people, when they heard some persons talking very loud. Going close to the house

from which the sound of voices came, they saw a light, and looking through the window they saw three young women sitting on a sofa conversing together.

Now these three young women were sisters, and they were telling one another what they would wish for if they could get their wishes. The eldest sister wished that she had the sultan's baker for her husband, "for then," said she, "I could eat my fill of the best bread." The second sister wished that she was the wife of the sultan's chief cook, "for then," said she, "I could eat my fill of all the best dishes, and have the best bread too." The youngest sister, who was very beautiful, and had more intelligence than the two elder, then spoke. "For my part," said she, "I shall not wish for such trifles, but for something higher and better. Since we are upon wishing, I wish I was the sultan's wife, and then I should have everything I wanted."

The wishes of the three sisters, particularly that of the youngest, very much amused the sultan, who heard what the sisters had said, and he resolved that their desires should be gratified, but he did not tell this to his vizier. He ordered him, however, to bring the three sisters before him the following day.

The vizier accordingly brought the three sisters next morning, and presented them to the sultan, who said to them, "Do you remember the wishes you expressed last night, when you were all in so pleasant a mood? Speak the truth; I must hear from you what they were." At these words the three sisters were much troubled. They cast down their eyes and blushed, fearing they had offended the sultan by their conversation. The sultan seeing their confusion said, to encourage them, "Fear nothing; I did not send for you to distress you, and as I already know of your wishes, I will relieve you of your fears. You who wished to be my wife shall have your desire this day; and you," continued he, addressing the two elder sisters, "shall be married to my chief baker and cook."

The marriages all took place that day, as the sultan had re-

solved, but in a very different manner. The youngest sister's wedding was celebrated with all the rejoicings usual at the marriages of the sultans of Persia, and those of the other two sisters, according to the positions of their husbands, the one as the sultan's chief baker and the other as head cook.

Now, though the two elder sisters got what they had wished for, they soon began to be jealous of their younger sister because she was queen, and they resolved to do something against her while pretending friendship and affection. And so, when the queen gave birth to a son, about a year after her marriage, the two sisters, who were attending her, took the infant, wrapped him up in a basket, and floated it away on a canal that ran near the palace. Then they told the sultan that it was a little dog the queen had instead of a baby, and this made the sultan angry with the queen.

In the mean time, the basket in which the little prince was exposed was carried by the stream towards the garden of the palace. By chance, the superintendent of the sultan's gardens, one of the principal officers of the kingdom, was walking at the time by the side of this canal. Seeing a basket floating, he called to a gardener to bring it to shore, that he might find what it contained. The gardener, with a rake which he had in his hand, drew the basket to the side of the canal, took it up, and gave it to the superintendent, who was surprised at finding the child.

Now the superintendent had been married several years, but though he had always wished to have children, Heaven had never blessed him with any. He therefore made the gardener follow him with the child, and when he came to his own house, which was at the entrance to the gardens of the palace, he went into his wife's apartment and said to her, "Wife, as we have no children of our own, God has sent us one. I recommend him to you, and wish you to take as much care of him as if he were our own son, for, from this moment, I adopt him as such." The superintendent's wife received the child with great joy.

The following year the queen had another son, and the sisters

exposed him also in a basket, and set him afloat in the canal, saying that it was a cat. It was happy also for this child that the superintendent of the gardens was walking by the canal, for he had the infant carried to his wife, and ordered her to take as much care of it as of the former, which she was very happy to do. Next year the queen gave birth to a princess, and she met with the same fate as her brothers. The two wicked sisters put the princess also in a basket on the canal, and they said it was a log of wood and not a baby. Again the superintendent saw the basket, found the child, and took it to his wife, who received it with pleasure. (But now the sultan Khoonooshah was so angry that he ordered the queen to be seized and put in prison. The queen, however, was very patient. She made no complaint, and all the people had great pity and admiration for her.)

The two princes and the princess were, in the mean time, nursed and brought up by the superintendent of the gardens and his wife, with all the tenderness of a father and mother. The name of the eldest prince was Bahman, the second was called Perviz,—both of them names of ancient emperors of Persia,—and the princess was called Periezadeh, which name had been borne by several queens and princesses of the kingdom. As soon as they were old enough, the superintendent got the best teachers to instruct them, and they learned everything that it was proper for them to know. They learned to sing and to play upon several sorts of musical instruments. They were very clever, and by their great dignity of manner showed that they were of high birth. When the princes were learning to ride, the princess would not let them have that advantage over her, but went through all the exercises with them. She also learned to use the bow and arrows and other weapons, and in hunting, racing, and other contests she often outdid her brothers.

The superintendent of the gardens was overjoyed to find his adopted children so well worthy of all he did for them, and he resolved to do still more. Till then he had been content with his lodge at the entrance to the sultan's garden, but now he pur-

chased a fine house in the country, at a short distance from the city. It was magnificently furnished, for the superintendent was a rich man. It was surrounded by meadows and woods and beautiful gardens, and near it was a large park, stocked with deer, so that the princes could go a-hunting when they pleased.

When this house was finished the superintendent resigned his office under the sultan, and went to the new place to live with his adopted children. His wife had been dead for some years, and he himself was not more than six months in his country house when he took ill and died. His death was so sudden that he had not time to tell the young princes and the princess the story of how he had saved them in their infancy; so they believed that the superintendent was their father, and they very much lamented his death. They gave him a magnificent funeral, and afterwards they lived in great happiness together in the fine house which he left them, with a large fortune to supply all their wants.

One day when the two princes were hunting, and the princess had remained at home, an old woman came to the gate, and asked leave to go in to say her prayers, it being then the hour for prayer. The servants asked the princess's permission, and she ordered them to show her into the oratory. After the good woman had finished her prayers, she was brought before the princess, in the great hall, which in beauty and richness exceeded all the other apartments. They talked about many things and at last the princess asked the old woman what she thought of the house and how she liked it. *She*

"Madam," answered the woman, "if you will give me leave to speak my mind freely, I will take the liberty to tell you that this house would be perfect if it had three things which are wanting to complete it. The first of these three things is the speaking bird, a creature that draws round it all the singing birds of the neighborhood, which come to accompany its song. The second is the singing tree, the leaves of which are all mouths, that form a concert of different voices, and never cease. The third is, the water of golden yellow hue, a single drop of which

when poured into a vessel properly prepared, increases so as to fill it immediately, and rises up in the middle like a fountain, which continually plays, and yet the vessel never overflows."

"My good mother," cried the princess, "I am much obliged to you for telling me of these curiosities. They are surprising. I never before heard there were such wonderful things in the world, and as I am sure that you know, I expect you will do me the favor to inform me where they are to be found."

"Madam," replied the woman, "I am glad to tell you that these curiosities are all in the same spot on the borders of this kingdom, towards India. The road lies before your house, and the person you send has only to follow it for twenty days. On the twentieth day let him ask the first person he meets where the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water are, and he will be informed." After saying this the old woman rose from her seat, took her leave, and went away.

The Princess Periezadeh's thoughts were so taken up with the desire to obtain these three wonders, that her brothers, on their return from hunting, instead of finding her lively and gay, as she used to be, were surprised to see her melancholy and troubled. "Sister," said Prince Bahman, "what has become of all your mirth and gaiety? Are you unwell, or has some misfortune happened to you? Tell us, that we may give you relief."

The princess at first returned no answer to these inquiries, but being pressed by her brothers she replied, "I always believed that this house, which our father built for us, was so complete that nothing was wanting. But to-day I have learned that it wants three rarities,—the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water. If it had these, no country house in the world could be compared with it." Then she told her brothers what the old woman said, and she begged them to send some trustworthy person in search of the three curiosities. "Sister," replied Prince Bahman, "it is enough that you have a desire for the things you mention. You shall have them. I will take that charge upon myself. Only tell me the place, and the way to it,

and I will set out to-morrow. You, brother, shall stay at home with our sister until I return."

Prince Bahman spent the remainder of the day in making preparations for his journey, and learning from the princess of the directions which the woman had left her. The next morning he mounted his horse, and Perviz and the princess embraced him and wished him a good journey. But just before starting, Prince Bahman said to the princess, "Sister, as I may fail in my undertaking, and as some accident may happen to me, I leave you this knife. It is a very wonderful knife, and by it you may know whether I am dead or alive. If it be clean and bright, as it is now, whenever you pull it out of its sheath, that will be a sign that I am alive, but if it be stained with blood, you may be sure that I am dead." He then bade farewell to his brother and sister and rode away.

When he got into the road, Prince Bahman never turned to the right hand nor to the left, but went directly forward towards India. On the twentieth day he saw a very strange looking old man sitting under a tree some distance from a thatched house. His eyebrows were as white as snow, and his beard was so long as to cover his mouth and reach down to the ground. The nails of his hands and feet were very long, a flat, broad umbrella covered his head, and he wore no clothes but a mat thrown around his body. This old man was a dervise, who had retired from the world to spend the rest of his life in prayer.

Prince Bahman had been all the morning expecting to meet some one who could give him information of the place he was in search of; so he stopped when he came near the dervise, and, dismounting from his horse, walked up to him and said, "Good dervise, I am in search of the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water. I know they are not far from here, but cannot tell exactly the place where they are to be found. If you know, I beg you to show me the way, that I may not lose my labor after so long a journey." The prince, while he spoke, noticed that the dervise changed color, held down his eyes,

looked very serious, and, instead of making any reply, remained silent. This compelled the prince to speak again, and so he said, "Good father, tell me whether you know what I ask you, that I may not lose time but ask some one else." At last the dervise broke silence. "Sir," said he to Prince Bahman, "I know the way you inquire about, but the danger of going is greater than you think. A number of gentlemen brave as yourself have passed this way, and asked me the same question. I assure you they have all lost their lives, for I have not seen one come back. Therefore, take my advice, go no farther, but return home." "Nothing," replied Prince Bahman, "shall make me change my intention. Whoever may attack me, I am not afraid, and I am well armed." "But they who will attack you are not to be seen," said the dervise, "how will you defend yourself against invisible enemies?" "It is no matter," answered the prince, "all you can say shall not prevent me from going, and as you know the way, I once more beg you to tell me."

When the dervise found he could not get Prince Bahman to give up his journey, he put his hand into a bag that lay by him, pulled out a bowl, and gave it to the prince. "Since you will not be led by my advice," said he, "take this bowl, and when you mount your horse, throw it before you. It will go on of itself until it comes to the foot of a mountain, where it will stop. You must follow it, and when it stops, dismount and go up the mountain. Leave your horse with the bridle over his neck, and he will wait till you return. As you go up the mountain you will see on your right and left a great number of large black stones, and you will hear on all sides voices threatening you and trying to prevent you from reaching the top of the mountain. But do not turn your head to look behind you, for if you do you will be changed that moment into a black stone like those you will see, which are all youths who have failed in this enterprise. If you escape this danger and get to the top of the mountain, you will see a cage, and in that cage is the bird you seek. Ask the bird where the singing tree and the yellow water are, and he will tell

you. I have nothing more to say, except to beg you again not to expose your life, for the danger is very great."

After these words, the prince mounted his horse, took his leave of the dervise with a respectful salute, and threw the bowl before him. The bowl rolled away, and rolled so fast that Prince Bahman was obliged to put his horse to a gallop to avoid losing sight of it. When it reached the foot of the mountain it stopped. The prince then alighted from his horse, laid the bridle on his neck, and having first gazed for a moment or two at the mountain, and seen the black stones, he began to ascend. He had not gone four steps when he heard the voices, though he could see nobody. Some said, "Where is he going?" "What would he have?" "Do not let him pass;" others said, "Stop him!" "Catch him!" and others with a voice like thunder, shouted, "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Murderer!" while some in a mocking tone cried, "No, no, do not hurt him, let the pretty fellow pass; the cage and bird are kept for him."

In spite of all these voices Prince Bahman went on with courage for some time, but the voices soon made so loud a din near him — behind, before, and on all sides,— that he became terrified. His legs trembled under him, he staggered, and finding that his strength failed him, he forgot the dervise's advice, and turned about to run down the hill. That instant he was changed into a black stone. His horse was also changed into a black stone at the same moment.

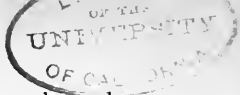
From the time of Prince Bahman's departure, the Princess Periezadeh always wore the knife and sheath in her girdle, and pulled it out several times a day, to know whether her brother was yet alive. On the day the prince was changed into a stone, the princess and her brother Perviz were talking together in the evening, as usual, and Perviz asked his sister to pull out the knife to know how their brother was. The princess did so, and seeing blood run down the point she threw the knife upon the floor, crying out, "Ah! my dear brother, wretched am I! I have been the cause of your death, and shall never see you more! Why

did I tell you of the speaking bird, the singing tree, and yellow water ! Why did I allow my peace to be disturbed by the idle tales of a silly old woman ! ”

Prince Perviz was as much grieved at the death of Prince Bahman as the princess, but as he knew that she still desired to get the speaking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water, he interrupted her, saying, “ Sister, our regret for our brother is useless; our grief and tears cannot bring him back to life; it is the will of God; we must submit to it. But why should you now doubt what the holy woman told you ? Our brother’s death is probably owing to some mistake on his part. I am resolved to know the truth, and to-morrow I shall set out.”

The princess did all she could to prevent Prince Perviz from going. She begged him not to expose her to the danger of losing two brothers, but all she could say had no effect upon him. Before he went, he left her a string of a hundred pearls, telling her that if they would not run when she should count them upon the string, but remain fixed, that would be a certain sign that he had met the same fate as his brother. At the same time he told her he hoped it would not be so, but that he should have the happiness to see her again. He then set out.

On the twentieth day after his departure, he met the same dervise in the same place as his brother Bahman had before him, and asked him the same question. The dervise gave him the same answer and the same advice as he had to Prince Bahman. He also told him that a young gentleman, very like him, was there a short time before, and had not yet returned. “ Good dervise,” answered Prince Perviz, “ I know of whom you speak; he was my elder brother, and I am informed of his death, but know not the cause.” “ I can tell you,” replied the dervise, “ he was changed into a black stone, as all the others have been, and you must expect the same fate, unless you follow the directions I gave him, but I once more entreat you to give up your resolution.” “ Dervise,” said Prince Perviz, “ I am obliged to you for your kind caution, but I cannot now give up this enterprise;



therefore I beg you to do me the same favor you have done my brother." The dervise then gave the prince a bowl, with the same instructions he had given to his brother, and so let him depart.

Prince Perviz mounted, threw the bowl before his horse, and followed it. When the bowl came to the foot of the hill it stopped. Then the prince alighted and began to walk up with a determination to reach the top. But before he had gone six steps, he heard a voice, as of a man behind him, say in a rough tone, "Stay, rash youth, that I may punish you for your presumption."

Taking this as an insult the prince, forgetting the dervise's advice, clapped his hand upon his sword, and turned about to face the enemy, as he thought. The moment he turned he and his horse were changed into black stones.

In the mean time, the Princess Periezadeh, several times a day after her brother's departure, counted her string of pearls. She did not omit it at night, but put it about her neck when she went to bed, and in the morning, when she awoke, she counted over the pearls again to see if they would slide. The day that Prince Perviz was changed into a stone she was counting over the pearls as she used to do, when all at once they became fixed and would not move. This was a certain sign that her brother was dead. As she had decided what to do in case it should so happen, she lost no time in giving way to grief, but proceeded at once to carry out her plan. She dressed herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, and procuring arms she mounted her horse, and, telling her servants that she should return in two or three days, took the same road her brothers had taken.

On the twentieth day she also met the dervise, and asked him the same question, and she received from him the same answer and the same advice her brothers had received. (Like them, also, she resolved to make the attempt to go up the mountain. But before starting she procured some cotton which she thought would be of use to her.) Then she mounted her horse, threw down the

bowl which the dervise had given her, and followed it till it stopped at the foot of the mountain. The princess immediately alighted, and stuffing her ears with the cotton she began to ascend. She heard the voices, but on account of the cotton in her ears the noise did not disturb her very much. She also heard insulting words, but she only laughed at them. On she went till at last she caught sight of a cage with a bird in it. Encouraged by seeing the object she was in search of, the princess redoubled her speed, and soon reached the top of the mountain, where the ground was level. Then running directly to the cage, and clapping her hand upon it, she cried, "Bird, I have you, and you shall not escape me." At the same moment the voices ceased.

While Periezadeh was pulling the cotton out of her ears, the bird said to her, "Heroic princess, since I am to be a slave, I would rather be yours than any other person's, you have obtained me so courageously. From this instant I shall pay entire obedience to all your commands. I know who you are, for you are not what you seem, and I will one day tell you more. In the mean time, command what you wish, and I am ready to obey you."

"Bird," said Periezadeh, "I have been told that not far off there is golden water, which is very wonderful. I ask you to tell me where it is." The bird showed her the place, which was just by, and she went and filled a little silver flask which she had brought with her. She then returned to the bird, and said, "Bird, this is not enough; I want also the singing tree. Tell me where it is." "Turn about," said the bird, "and you will see behind you a wood, where you will find this tree. Break off a branch, and carry it home to plant in your garden. It will take root as soon as it is put into the earth, and in a little time will grow to a fine tree." The princess went into the wood, and by the music she heard, soon discovered the singing tree. She broke off a branch, and, taking it with her, returned again to the bird, and said, "Bird, what you have done for me is not sufficient. My two brothers in their search for you have been



Drawn by R. B. Birch.

THE PRINCESS SPRINKLES THE STONES.

changed into black stones on the side of the mountain. Tell me how I may disenchant them."

The bird seemed most unwilling to tell the princess this, but at last he bade her sprinkle every stone on her way down the mountain with a little of the golden water. She did so, and every stone thus sprinkled at once took the shape of a man or of a horse. In the crowd of young princes that immediately appeared, the princess saw her two brothers, Bahman and Perviz. She ran to them and embraced them with joy, and she told them and the other princes everything she had done. Then they all mounted their horses and rode back to the place where they had seen the dervise. But they found that he was dead, whether of old age, or because he was no longer required to show the way to the three rarities, they did not know. The princes, headed by Periezadeh, then continued their journey. Every day the number of the company lessened, for the youths, who had come from different countries, took leave of the princess and her brothers, one after another, as they approached the roads by which they had come.

When the princess reached home, she placed the cage in the garden, and as soon as the bird began to sing he was surrounded by nightingales, chaffinches, larks, linnets, goldfinches, and every species of bird of the country. She also planted the branch of the singing tree, and it took root, and in a short time became a large tree, the leaves of which gave forth music as sweet as that of the tree on the mountain. A large basin of beautiful marble was made in the garden, and the princess poured into it the yellow water from the flask. It instantly increased and swelled so that it reached up to the edges of the basin, and afterwards formed in the middle a fountain twenty feet high, which fell again into the basin and continued so without running over. The report of these wonders was quickly spread abroad, and as the gates of the house and of the garden were open to everybody, a great number of people came to see them.

Some days after their return home, the Princes Bahman and

Perviz thought they would go hunting, which was their favorite amusement. So they mounted their horses and went several miles from their house, where many other horsemen were engaged in the sport. Now it happened that the Sultan Khoo-nooshah was hunting on the same day in the same place. He soon noticed the two princes, and admiring their appearance and manner, he rode up to them and asked them who they were and where they lived. Prince Bahman answered, after bowing down to the sultan, "Sire, we are the sons of the late superintendent of your Majesty's gardens. We live in a house which he built a little before he died." "I see," said the sultan, "you love hunting." "Sire," replied Prince Bahman, "it is our common exercise, and what none of your Majesty's subjects who intend to bear arms in your armies ought to neglect." The sultan, much pleased with this answer, said, "It is so, and I should be glad to see a trial of your expertness in the chase; choose your own game." The princes then followed the sultan, and they had not gone far before they saw many wild beasts together. Prince Bahman chose a lion, and Prince Perviz a bear. Then, starting off in pursuit, they hunted the beasts with so much courage that the sultan was surprised. They both came up with their game nearly at the same time, and darted their spears with so much skill that they pierced, the one the lion, and the other the bear, so that the sultan saw the animals fall one after the other. Immediately afterwards Prince Bahman pursued another bear, and Prince Perviz another lion, and killed them in a short time. The sultan was now so pleased with the conduct of the two princes that he invited them to visit him at his palace. To this invitation Prince Bahman replied, "Your Majesty does us an honor we do not deserve. But we have a sister younger than ourselves, with whom we live in such perfect union that we undertake nothing without consulting her, and she does nothing without asking our advice." "I admire your brotherly affection," answered the sultan. "Consult your sister. Meet me here to-morrow, and give me an answer."

The princess was surprised when her brothers, on their return, told her of their meeting with the sultan, and of his invitation. She proposed that they should immediately ask the advice of the speaking bird, which was a very wise bird, and had promised to assist them in all their difficulties. She then sent for the cage, and, telling the bird about the sultan's invitation, she asked what they ought to do. "Princess," answered the bird, "your brothers must do according to the sultan's wishes, and then let them invite him to come and visit them and you at your own house."

Next day the princes met the sultan as he had requested, and they accompanied him to his palace. On the way he made Bahman and Perviz ride one on each side of him, and treated them with great respect and honor. As they entered the city the people, who stood in crowds in the streets, gazed at the two princes, admiring them and wondering who they were. The sultan gave them a grand banquet, and when it was over, and the time came for them to leave, Prince Bahman, addressing Khoo-nooshah, said, "Sire, may we presume to request that you will do us and our sister the honor to visit us the first time you are hunting in that neighborhood? Our house is not worthy your presence, but kings have sometimes condescended to take shelter in a cottage." "My children," replied the sultan, "your house cannot be otherwise than beautiful, and worthy of its owners. I will call and visit you with pleasure. Early in the morning I will be at the place where I first saw you. Meet me, and you shall be my guides."

When the Princes Bahman and Perviz returned home, they gave the princess an account of their reception at the sultan's palace, and told her that he would call at their house the next day. "Then," said the princess, "we must prepare a banquet fit for his Majesty, and for that purpose I think we should consult the speaking bird. He will tell us perhaps what meats the sultan likes best." The princes approved of her plan, and after they had retired, she consulted the bird alone. "Bird," said she, "the sultan will come to-morrow and see our

house. Tell me what we must do to receive and entertain him in a fitting manner."

"Good mistress," replied the bird, "you have excellent cooks; let them do the best they can. But above all things, let them prepare a dish of cucumbers stuffed full of pearls, which must be set before the sultan first of all the dishes." "Cucumbers stuffed full of pearls!" cried Princess Periezadeh with amazement, "surely, bird, you do not know what you say. It is an unheard-of dish; besides, all the pearls I have are not enough for such a dish." "Mistress," said the bird, "do what I say; and as for the pearls, go early to-morrow morning to the foot of the first tree on your right hand in the park, dig under it, and you will find more than you want."

The princess immediately ordered a gardener to be ready to attend her in the morning, and at daybreak she led him to the tree of which the bird told her, and bade him dig at its foot. The gardener did so, and when he came to a certain depth, he found a gold box about a foot square, which he gave into the princess's hands. As it was fastened only with neat little hasps, she easily opened it, and found it full of pearls. Very well satisfied she shut the box, put it under her arm, and went back to the house, while the gardener threw the earth into the hole at the foot of the tree as it had been before. As she returned to the house she met her two brothers, and told them of having consulted the bird, of the answer he had given her to prepare a dish of cucumbers stuffed full of pearls, and how he had directed her where to find the box. Though they could not guess the reason of the bird ordering them to prepare such a dish, yet they agreed to follow his advice exactly.

As soon as the princess entered the house, she called for the head cook, and, after giving him directions about the dinner for the sultan, said to him, "Besides all this, you must dress an extraordinary dish to set before the sultan himself. This dish must be of cucumbers stuffed with these pearls," and she opened the box and showed him the pearls. The cook, who had never

heard of such a dish, started back, and could make no reply, but took the box and prepared to do as his mistress had ordered.

Next day the two princes went to the place appointed. As soon as the sultan of Persia arrived, the hunt began, and it lasted till the heat of the sun obliged him to leave off. While Prince Bahman staid to conduct the sultan to their house, Prince Perviz rode before to inform the Princess Periezadeh that his Majesty was approaching. When the sultan entered the courtyard, and alighted at the portico, the princess came and threw herself at his feet. The sultan stooped to raise her, and after he had gazed some time on her beauty, he said, "The brothers are worthy of the sister, and she is worthy of them. I am not surprised that the brothers would do nothing without their sister's consent."

The princess then led the sultan through all the rooms of the house except the hall, and after he had seen them, he expressed his wonder and delight, saying, "My daughter, do you call this a country house? The finest and largest cities would soon be deserted if all country houses were like yours. I am no longer surprised that you take so much delight in it, and despise the town. Now let me see the garden, which I am sure is answerable to the house." The princess opened a door which led into the garden, and conducted him, to the spot where the singing tree was. There the sultan heard music different from all he had ever heard before. Stopping to find where the musicians were, he could see nobody far or near, but still distinctly heard the music, which delighted him beyond measure. "My daughter," said he to the princess, "where are the musicians? Are they underground or invisible in the air? Such excellent performers will lose nothing by being seen; on the contrary, they would please the more."

"Sire," answered the princess, smiling, "they are not musicians, which make this music, but the leaves of the tree your Majesty sees before you. If you will give yourself the trouble to go a little nearer you will be convinced, for the voices will be the more distinct." The sultan went nearer, and was so

charmed with the sweet sounds that he could never have been tired hearing them. "Daughter," said he, "tell me, I pray you, whether this wonderful tree was found in your garden by chance, or was a present made to you, or have you procured it from some foreign country? It must certainly have come from a great distance, otherwise I should have heard of it. What name do you call it by?" "Sire," replied the princess, "this tree has no other name than that of the singing tree, and is not a native of this country. Its history is connected with the yellow water and the speaking bird, which your Majesty will see presently, and, if it please you, I will relate to you the story of these rarities."

When the sultan came to the yellow water, his eyes were fixed so steadfastly upon the fountain that he could not take them off for a long time. Then they went towards the hall, and the sultan heard a great number of singing birds in the trees around, filling the air with their songs and warblings. He asked why there were so many there, and none on the other trees in the garden.

"The reason, sire," answered the princess, "is that they come from all parts to accompany the song of the speaking bird, which your Majesty may see in a cage in one of the windows of the hall we are approaching. If you attend, you will perceive that his notes are sweeter than those of any of the other birds, even the nightingale's."

The sultan went into the hall, and as the bird continued singing, the princess raised her voice, and said, "My slave, here is the sultan; pay your compliments to him." The bird left off singing that instant. At the same moment all the other birds ceased. Then the speaking bird said, "God save the sultan. Long may he live!" The banquet was served near the window where the bird was placed, and the sultan replied, as he was taking his seat, "Bird, I thank you; you are the sultan and king of birds."

As soon as the sultan saw the dish of cucumbers set before him, he reached out his hand and took one, but when he cut it

he was greatly surprised to find it stuffed with pearls. "What is this?" said he; "and why are these cucumbers stuffed with pearls, since pearls are not to be eaten?" He looked at the princes and princess, expecting them to tell him the meaning of the strange dish, but the bird, interrupting him, said, "Can your Majesty be in such great astonishment at cucumbers stuffed with pearls, which you see with your own eyes, and yet so easily believe that the queen, your wife, was the mother of a dog, a cat, and a piece of wood?" "I believed these things," replied the sultan, "because the nurses told me so." "Those nurses, sire," replied the bird, "were the queen's two sisters. They were jealous of her happiness in being your wife and queen, and through spite they told you those lies. If you question them, they must confess their crime. The two brothers and the sister whom you see before you are your own children. Their cruel aunts exposed them on the canal, hoping they would be drowned, but they were saved by the superintendent of your gardens, who adopted and brought them up as his own children."

"Bird," cried the sultan, "I believe what you tell me. The inclination which drew me to them at first makes me certain that they are my own kin. Come then, my sons, come, my daughter, let me embrace you, and give you the first marks of a father's love and tenderness." The sultan then rose, and after having embraced the two princes and the princess, and mingled his tears with theirs, he said, "It is not enough, my children; you must embrace each other, not as the children of the superintendent of my gardens, to whom I have been so much obliged for preserving your lives, but as my own children of the royal family of Persia, whose glory I am sure you will maintain." After the princes and princess embraced one another, the sultan sat down again with them, and finished his meal in haste. When he had done he said, "My children you see in me your father; to-morrow I will bring the queen your mother; therefore prepare to receive her."

Soon afterwards he mounted his horse and returned to his

capital. The first thing he did, as soon as he alighted and entered his palace, was to command the grand vizier to seize the queen's two sisters. They were taken from their houses separately, and condemned and put to death. Then the Sultan Khoonooshah, followed by all the lords of his court, went on foot to the door of the great mosque, and after he had taken the queen out of the prison in which she had suffered for so many years, he embraced her and said to her, with tears in his eyes, "I come to entreat your pardon for the injustice I have done you, and to make you all the amends I can. I have punished your cruel sisters who so wickedly deceived me, and I hope soon to present to you two noble princes and a lovely princess, our children. Come and take your former rank, and all the honors which are your due." This was done and said before great crowds of people, who flocked from all parts at the first news of what was passing, and immediately spread the joyful intelligence through the city.

Next morning early the sultan and the queen went with all their court to the house built by the superintendent of the gardens, where the sultan presented the Princes Bahman and Perviz and the Princess Periezadeh to their rejoicing mother. "These," said he, "are the two princes, your sons, and this is the princess your daughter; they are worthy of both me and you." The tears flowed plentifully down the cheeks of all, but especially of the queen, from her exceeding joy at having her children restored to her, and having two such princes for her sons, and such a princess for her daughter.

The Princes Bahman and Perviz and the Princess Periezadeh were then brought in a grand procession to the palace of the sultan, and nothing was seen or heard all the day or evening but rejoicings and illuminations both in the palace and in all parts of the city. And the rejoicings continued many days and extended throughout the empire of Persia.

STORY OF ABOU HASSAN THE WAG, OR THE
SLEEPER AWAKENED.

There was, in the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, a merchant of Bagdad, and he had a son named Abou Hassan. This merchant died, leaving to his son his vast wealth. Then Abou Hassan divided his property into two equal portions, one of which he laid aside, and the other he resolved to spend in pleasure. He took as friends a number of merchants' sons and others, and spent his time with them in enjoying himself, giving grand suppers to his companions, until all the money he had for this purpose was gone.

Then he discontinued his feasts, and as soon as he did so his companions deserted him. Whenever they saw him they avoided him, and if by chance he met any of them, and tried to stop them, they always excused themselves on some pretense or other.

Abou Hassan was very angry at this conduct of his friends, and going to his mother and telling her about it, he said, "Mother, I have found that none of my companions deserve my friendship. I therefore give them up, and promise you I will never keep their company any more." He resolved to be as good as his word, and so he made a vow never to associate with any of those whom he knew, but only with strangers, and that he would not associate with any person for more than one night. And so, every day, towards evening, he went and sat at the end of the bridge of Bagdad, and as soon as he saw a stranger, he saluted him politely, and invited him to sup and lodge with him that night. In the morning he sent the guest away, and after that he would not notice him if he met him.

Thus he continued for a whole year, when one afternoon, a little before sunset, as he sat upon the bridge according to custom, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid came by; but he was so disguised that Abou Hassan did not know him. He was dressed like a merchant, and was followed by a tall, stout slave. Abou

Hassan, who was looking out for a guest, rose up as he approached, and, after saluting him in a polite manner, said, "Sir, I welcome you to Bagdad. I beg you to do me the honor to take supper with me, and lodge at my house for this night, after the fatigue of your journey." He then told him about his custom of entertaining the first stranger he met with. The caliph was amused at Abou Hassan's whim, and he wished to know the cause of it, so he accepted the invitation.

Abou Hassan treated the caliph as his equal, conducted him home, and led him into a room very neatly furnished, where the cloth was laid, and the supper ready. Abou sat down opposite his guest, and he and the caliph began to eat heartily of what they liked best. When they had done eating, Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, and brought up dessert of all the various sorts of fruits then in season, — grapes, peaches, apples, pears, — and also several kinds of pastry. As soon as it grew dark, wax candles were lighted, and Abou Hassan, after requesting his mother to take care of the caliph's slave, set down bottles and glasses. Abou Hassan filled a glass of wine, and holding it in his hand, said to the caliph, "Now taste this wine, sir; I think you will find it good." "I am sure of that," replied the caliph, laughing; "you know how to choose the best."

The caliph and Abou Hassan remained together till the night was pretty far advanced, when the caliph said, "I beg of you to let me know how I may serve you, and you shall see I will not be ungrateful. Though I am but a merchant, it may be in my power to do you a favor, either myself, or through some friend." Abou Hassan replied, "I thank you for your kindness, and as you are so obliging, I must tell you there is one thing that annoys me much. The imaum [minister] of the mosque in the district in which I live, and four of his friends, try to be masters over me and the whole neighborhood. Whenever they hear music or any sport going on in a house, they get the people fined, and worry them in every way. I should like to be caliph but for one day, instead of our sovereign lord and master,

Haroun Alraschid, Commander of the Faithful. I would punish the imaum and his four friends with a hundred strokes each on the soles of their feet, to teach them not to disturb and abuse their neighbors in future."

The caliph was much amused at this idea of Abou Hassan's, and while Abou was talking, he took the bottle and two glasses, and filling his own first said, "Here is a cup of thanks to you." Then filling the other, he put into it, unknown to Abou, a little sleeping powder, which he had about him, and giving the glass to Abou Hassan, said, "I beg you to drink this for my sake." Abou Hassan took the glass, and drank it off at once. Scarcely had he set the empty glass upon the table, when the powder began to operate, and he fell into a sound sleep. The caliph then commanded the slave who waited for him to take Abou Hassan and carry him directly to the royal palace, and to undress him and put him into his own state bed. This was immediately done.

The caliph next sent for the grand vizier. "Giafar," said he, "I have sent for you to instruct you, and to prevent your being surprised to-morrow when you come to the council chamber, at seeing this man seated on my throne in the royal robes. I wish you to address him with the same respect you pay to myself. Do whatever he bids you do, the same as if I commanded you. Tell all the lords and officers within the palace to pay him the same honor as to myself, and be sure to wake me before Abou Hassan, because I wish to be present when he awakes."

The vizier did as the caliph commanded, and in the morning the caliph, as soon as he had dressed, went into the room where Abou Hassan lay, and hid himself in a little closet, from which he could see all that passed. The officers and servants who were to wait on Abou Hassan went in at the same time, and took their places, ready to perform their duties, as if the caliph himself had been going to rise. As it was just daybreak, and time to prepare for morning prayer before sunrise, the officer who stood nearest to the head of the bed put a sponge steeped in vinegar to

About Hassan's nose, and he immediately awoke. The moment he opened his eyes, he saw a large room, splendidly furnished, with a finely painted ceiling, adorned with vases of gold and silver, the floor covered with rich carpets, and many slaves bowing down before him. Casting his eyes on the covering of the bed, he saw it was cloth of gold, embossed with pearls and diamonds, and near the bed, on a cushion, was a robe of tissue embroidered with jewels.

At the sight of this splendor, Abou Hassan was amazed. He looked upon all he saw as a dream, yet he wished it to be a reality. "So," said he to himself, "I am caliph ! But," added he, thinking for a moment, "it is only a dream, the effect of the wish I made to my guest last night." Then he turned himself about and shut his eyes to sleep. At the same time the vizier, bowing himself to the ground, said, "Commander of the Faithful, it is time for your Majesty to rise to prayers; the morning begins to advance." These words surprised Abou Hassan very much. He clapped his hands before his eyes, and lowering his head, said to himself, "What means all this ? Where am I ? To whom does this palace belong ? What can these viziers, officers, and slaves mean ? Am I in my right senses or in a dream ?"

When he took his hands from his eyes, and lifted up his head, the sun shone full in at the window. At that instant Mesrour, chief of the household, came in, bowed himself before Abou Hassan, and said, "Commander of the Faithful, your Majesty will excuse me for telling you that you used not to rise so late. It is time for you to ascend your throne and hold your council as usual; all the great officers of state are already in the council hall awaiting your presence."

About Hassan now found that he was neither asleep nor in a dream, but he was embarrassed and confused and did not know what to do. At last, looking at Mesrour, he said to him in a serious tone, "Do you know to whom you speak, and whom you call Commander of the Faithful ? I do not know you, and

you must mistake me for somebody else." "My lord and master," answered Mesrour, "is not your Majesty the Commander of the Faithful, monarch of the world from east to west? Mesrour, your poor slave, has not forgotten you, after so many years that he has had the honor and happiness to serve and pay his respects to your Majesty."

Abou Hassan burst out laughing at these words, and fell backwards upon the bolster. This amused the caliph so much that he would have laughed as loud himself, but he did not wish to spoil the sport he and his household were going to have.

Abou Hassan, when he had tired himself laughing, sat up again, and calling the slave that stood nearest to him, said, "Come here and bite the end of my finger, that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake." The slave, knowing that the caliph saw all that passed, and being anxious to please him, went, and putting Abou's finger between his teeth, he bit it so hard that he gave him great pain. Snatching his hand quickly back Abou then said, "I find I am awake; I feel, and hear, and see, and therefore I know that I am not asleep. But by what miracle have I become caliph in a night's time!"

Abou Hassan now beginning to rise, the chief of the officers gave him his hand, and helped him to get out of bed. As soon as his feet were set on the floor, the chamber rang with the salutations of those present, who all cried out together, "Commander of the Faithful, God give your Majesty a good day." "O heaven!" cried Abou Hassan, "what a strange thing this is! Yesterday I was Abou Hassan, and to-day I am the Commander of the Faithful. I cannot understand this sudden and surprising change." Then the slaves began to dress him, and when they had done, they led him through all the attendants, who were ranged on both sides, to the council chamber door, which was opened by one of the officers. Mesrour walked before him to the foot of the throne, where he stopped, and then the officers, taking him by the arms, helped him to ascend the throne, upon which Abou Hassan sat down.

The caliph, in the mean time, came out of the closet, and went into another, which looked into the hall, and from this he could see and hear all that passed in council. As soon as Abou Hassan seated himself, the grand vizier bowed down at the foot of the throne, and rising, said, "Commander of the Faithful, God shower down blessing on your Majesty in this life, and receive you into his paradise in the other world." Abou Hassan then fully believed that he was caliph, as he wished to be, and, without any further questions as to how he had become so, immediately began to exercise his power. So looking very gravely at the vizier, he asked him what he had to say. "Commander of the Faithful," replied the grand vizier, "the lords, viziers, and other officers of your council, are waiting outside till your Majesty gives them leave to pay their respects." Abou Hassan ordered the door to be opened. Then the viziers, lords, and principal officers of the court, all dressed magnificently, entered the hall, and going to the foot of the throne, paid their respects to Abou Hassan, bowing their heads down to the carpet and saluting him with the title of Commander of the Faithful.

When this ceremony was over, the grand vizier, standing before the throne, began to make his report of affairs. But before the grand vizier had finished his report, Abou Hassan noticed the police judge, or *cadi*, whom he knew by sight, sitting in the hall. "Stop," said he to the grand vizier, interrupting him, "I have an order to give to the *cadi*." The *cadi*, hearing his name mentioned, rose from his seat, and went to the foot of the throne, where he bowed down with his face to the ground. "Go immediately," said Abou Hassan, "to the mosque, seize the *imaum* and the four old men, his friends, and give each of them a hundred lashes. After that, mount them all five, clothed in rags, on camels, with their faces to the tails, and lead them through the whole city, with a crier before them, who shall cry with a loud voice: 'This is the punishment of all those who interfere in other people's affairs.' Make them also leave that district, and never set foot in it more. And while your officer is

conducting them through the town, return and give me an account of the carrying out of my orders." The *cadi*, bowing himself a second time, retired to execute the order.

Abou Hassan, then addressing the grand vizier, said, "Go to the treasurer for a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, and carry it to the mother of one Abou Hassan. She lives in the same quarter to which I sent the *cadi*. Go, and return immediately." The grand vizier, after bowing himself before the throne, went to the treasurer who gave him the money. Then he ordered a slave to take it, and to follow him to Abou Hassan's mother, to whom he gave it, saying, "The caliph makes you this present." She received it with the greatest surprise.

During the grand vizier's absence, the *cadi* made the usual report of his office, which lasted till the vizier returned. As soon as he came into the council chamber, and told Abou Hassan that he had executed his orders, Abou made a sign to the viziers and other officers that the council was over, and that they might all retire. This they did, making the same salutation at the foot of the throne as when they entered.

Abou Hassan now descended from the caliph's throne, and was conducted with much ceremony into a magnificent hall. In this hall was a table covered with gold plates and dishes, filled with all kinds of delicious meats. Seven young ladies, dressed in the richest habits, stood round the table, each with a fan in her hand, to fan Abou Hassan when at dinner.

When he entered this stately hall Abou Hassan was charmed. At every step he took he could not help stopping to examine the wonders that met his eyes, and he turned first to one side, and then to the other, which gave the caliph, who was watching him, very great pleasure. At last he sat down at the table, and presently all the ladies began to fan the new caliph.

When the ladies saw that Abou Hassan had done eating, one of them said to the slaves who waited, "The Commander of the Faithful will go into the hall where the dessert is laid; bring some

water." Then the slaves, one taking a gold basin, another a ewer of the same metal, and a third a towel, kneeled before Abou Hassan, and presented them to him to wash his hands. As soon as he had done he got up and, preceded by the chief officer, went into another hall, as large as the former, adorned with paintings by the best artists, and furnished with gold and silver vessels, carpets, and other rich furniture. There the sultan's musicians began to play as soon as Abou Hassan appeared. In this hall there was a table in the middle covered with dried sweetmeats, the choicest and most exquisite fruits of the season, raised in pyramids, in seven gold basins, and seven other beautiful ladies standing round it, each with a fan in her hand.

Abou Hassan went directly to the table and sat down. Then he ordered the ladies to lay aside their fans, and sit down and eat with him, telling them that it was not so hot but he could spare them the trouble of fanning. After they had partaken of the delicious fruits, the day now beginning to close, Abou Hassan was conducted into a fourth hall, much more magnificently furnished, and lighted with wax in seven gold candlesticks, which gave a splendid light. In this hall there was a sideboard set out with seven large silver flagons, full of the choicest wines, and by them seven crystal glasses of the finest workmanship.

As soon as Abou Hassan entered he went to the table, sat down, and was a long time admiring everything which surrounded him. He then wished to continue his conversation with the ladies, and he clapped his hands for the musicians to cease, which they at once did. Taking by the hand the lady who stood next to him, he made her sit down by him, and, presenting her with a cake, asked her name. "Commander of the Faithful," said the lady, "I am called Cluster of Pearls." "No name," replied Abou Hassan, "could be more fitting for you, for your teeth exceed the finest pearls. Cluster of Pearls, since that is your name, oblige me with a glass of wine from your hand." The lady went to the sideboard, filled a glass of wine, and putting into it a little of the same powder the caliph had used the night before, she

presented it to Abou Hassan, saying, "Commander of the Faithful, I beg your Majesty to take this glass of wine, and before you drink it, do me the favor to hear a song I have composed to-day, which I think will please you."

When the lady concluded her song, Abou Hassan drank off his glass, and turned his head towards her to speak to her. But in a moment, dropping his head on the cushions, he fell asleep and slept as soundly as on the day before, when the caliph gave him the powder. One of the ladies stood ready to catch the glass, which fell out of his hand. Then the caliph, who was all along a spectator of what passed, came into the hall, overjoyed at the success of his plan. He ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in his own clothes, carried back to his own house, and placed in his bed.

Abou Hassan slept till very late the next morning. When he awoke, opened his eyes, and found himself at home, he was in the utmost surprise. "Cluster of Pearls," cried he, "where are you? Come here." He called so loud that his mother, who was in her own apartment, heard him, and running to him, said, "What ails you, son? what has happened to you?" At these words Abou Hassan lifted up his head, and looking at his mother, said, "Good woman, who is it you call son?" "Why, you," answered his mother; "are not you Abou Hassan, my son? It is strange that you have forgotten yourself so soon." "I your son!" replied Abou Hassan. "You know not what you say. I am not Abou Hassan, but the Commander of the Faithful." "Pray, son," said the mother, "let us leave off this discourse. Let us talk of something else. I will tell you what happened yesterday to the imaum of the mosque and four of his friends. The cadi came and seized them, and gave each of them I know not how many strokes, while a crier proclaimed that that was the punishment of all those who troubled themselves about other people's business. He afterwards led them through all the streets, and ordered them never to come into our quarter again."

As soon as Abou Hassan heard this he cried out, "It was by

my order they were punished, and I tell you I am the Commander of the Faithful."

The mother then began to fear that her son had lost his senses, and in this thought she said, "I pray God to have mercy upon you, and to give you sense to talk more reasonably. What would the neighbors say to hear you rave in this manner?"

These words only enraged Abou Hassan the more. He was so angry that he lost all the respect due from a son to his mother. Getting up hastily, and laying hold of a cane, he rushed towards her in great fury, and said, "Tell me directly who I am." "I do not believe, son," replied she, looking at him tenderly, and without fear, "that you are so abandoned by God as not to know your mother. You are indeed my son Abou Hassan, and are much in the wrong to take to yourself the title which belongs only to our sovereign lord, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, especially after the noble and generous present of a thousand pieces of gold that he sent us yesterday!"

At these words Abou Hassan grew quite mad. "Well," cried he, "you must be convinced when I tell you that I sent you those thousand pieces of gold, as I was Commander of the Faithful. Why, then, do you say that I am your son? But you shall not go unpunished." After these words, in the height of his madness he beat her with his cane. The poor mother, who could not understand her son, called out for help so loud that the neighbors ran in to her assistance. Abou Hassan continued to beat her, at every stroke asking her if he was the Commander of the Faithful, to which she always answered tenderly that he was her son. The neighbors severely reprov'd Abou Hassan for his conduct, but he said to them, "Begone! I know neither her nor you. I am not Abou Hassan, I am the Commander of the Faithful, and will make you feel it to your cost."

Then the neighbors, feeling certain that he was mad, seized him, and took him to the hospital for mad people, where he was put in a cell. His mother went every day to visit him, and wept at the hardships he endured, for they punished him

whenever he talked about being the Commander of the Faithful. At last he began to think that he was not the caliph. Sometimes he would say to himself, "If I was Commander of the Faithful, why should the grand vizier and all those lords, who bowed themselves at my feet, forsake me? How came I to be dressed in my own robes? Certainly I ought to look upon all as a dream."

Abou Hassan was occupied with these thoughts one day when his mother came to see him. "Well, my son," said she, wiping her tears, "how do you do, and how do you find yourself?" "Indeed, mother," replied Abou Hassan, very calmly, "I acknowledge my error. I have been deceived by a dream, but by so extraordinary a one, and so like the truth, that while I am speaking I can hardly believe but that what happened me was matter of fact. I am convinced now, however, that I am not the Commander of the Faithful, but Abou Hassan, your son." "My son," cried she with pleasure, "to hear you talk so reasonably gives me the greatest joy. But I must tell you my opinion of your adventure. I fear that the stranger you brought home the evening before your illness to sup with you was the cause of your trouble." Then she went immediately to the keeper of the hospital, who came and examined Abou Hassan and, finding him recovered, released him.

Soon after returning home Abou Hassan again began his former practice of inviting a stranger to supper every night. On the first day he had not been long at the bridge, when he saw the same merchant, followed by the same slave. Believing that all his misfortunes were caused by this man, he shuddered at the sight of him. "God preserve me," said he to himself; "if I am not deceived, there is again the magician who enchanted me." He trembled with fear and resolved not to look again at him till he had passed.

The caliph had taken care to learn all that happened to Abou Hassan, and he was glad that he had returned to his usual manner of living. He saw Abou Hassan at the same moment that Abou

saw him, and when he came near him, he looked him in the face. "Ho, brother Abou Hassan," said he, "is it you? I am glad to see you." "I am not glad to see you," replied Abou Hassan; "they called me a madman, and beat me in the madhouse, and all this I have suffered through you. Depart from me and go thy way." The caliph was not to be turned from his purpose by this rude behavior. He knew well the rule Abou Hassan had made never to invite any person to supper a second time, but he pretended to be ignorant of it. "Ah, brother Abou Hassan," said he, "I do not intend to part with you thus, since I have had the good fortune to meet with you a second time. You must show me the same hospitality again that you showed me a month ago, when I had the honor to take supper with you." Abou Hassan, notwithstanding his resolution, could not refuse the request of the caliph, whom he still took for a merchant. "I will consent," said he, "on condition that thou swear to me by the inscription on the seal of Solomon that thou wilt not permit thy genies to make sport of me." "Well," replied the caliph, "since you will have it so, I promise you."

As soon as Abou Hassan entered his house, he called for his mother and desired his guest to sit down upon a sofa. In a little while supper was served, and they both began to eat. When they had done, Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, set on a dessert of fruit and wine, and then withdrew. Abou Hassan first filled out his own glass and then the caliph's, and after they had talked for some time, the caliph said, "It is a great pity that so good a man as you should lead a single life." "I prefer the easy, quiet life I live," replied Abou Hassan, "to having a wife that would not please me. I should require beauty, accomplishments, the art of pleasing, and wit in conversation, but where is such a woman to be found except in the caliph's palace?" "Let me alone," said the caliph in reply, "since you have the same good taste as every other honest man, I warrant you I will find you a wife that shall please you." Then taking Abou Hassan's glass, and putting a pinch of the

same powder into it, he filled it up, and presenting it to him, said, "Come, let us drink beforehand the fair lady's health who is to make you happy. I am sure you will like her." Abou Hassan took the glass, and, laughing and shaking his head, said, "Be it so, since you desire it; I will drink the health of the lady you promise me, though I am very well contented as I am, and do not rely on your keeping your word." As soon as he drank off his glass he fell into as deep a sleep as before, and the caliph ordered the same slave to take him and carry him to the palace.

When they arrived at the palace, the caliph ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in the same robes in which he had acted as caliph, and to be laid on a sofa in the fourth hall, from which he had been carried home asleep a month before. He also ordered all the viziers, officers, ladies, and musicians to be there by daybreak, and to take care to act their parts well when Abou Hassan should awake. He then retired to rest, telling Mesrour to awake him first, that he might conceal himself in the closet as before.

At daylight Abou Hassan awoke, and at the same moment the fifes, flutes, and other instruments commenced to play. Abou Hassan was greatly surprised to hear the music, but when he opened his eyes, and saw the ladies and officers about him, and the magnificent chamber which he had visited in his first dream, his surprise increased. When the concert stopped and all the officers waited, in respectful silence, Abou Hassan bit his finger, and cried loud enough for the caliph to hear him, "Alas! I am fallen again into the same dream that happened to me a month ago, and must expect again the punishment and grated cell at the madhouse. He was a wicked man that I had at my house last night. He is the cause of this, and the hardships I must again undergo." Thus speaking, he resolved to sleep again, and to regard all he saw as a dream. But they would not give him time to do so, and one of the officers taking him by one arm, and a second by the other, they lifted him up, and carried him into the middle of the hall. Here they seated him, and, all taking hands, danced

and skipped round him while the music played and sounded loudly in his ears.

Abou Hassan commanded silence, and inquired whether he were indeed the caliph. They told him that he had never been out of that hall since the time he fell asleep in it. He then uncovered his shoulders, and showed the marks of the blows he had received in the madhouse. "Look," said he, "and judge whether these strokes could come to me in a dream, or when I was asleep. I can tell you they were real blows; I feel the smart of them yet, and that is sure proof. Now if I received these strokes in my sleep, in this hall, it is the most extraordinary thing in the world."

Abou Hassan then called to one of the officers that stood near him, and said, "Come here and bite the tip of my ear, that I may know whether I am asleep or awake." The officer obeyed, and bit so hard that he made him cry out loudly with pain. The music struck up at the same time, and the officers and ladies all began to sing, dance, and skip about Abou Hassan, and made such a noise that he was certain they were making game of him. Then he thought he would join in the joke, and so he threw off his caliph's dress, leaped up in his shirt and drawers, and danced with the rest, jumping, and cutting capers. The caliph could not contain himself any longer, but burst into loud laughter, and putting his head into the room, cried, "Abou Hassan, Abou Hassan, have you a mind to kill me with laughing?"

As soon as the caliph's voice was heard everybody was silent, and Abou Hassan, turning round, recognized his guest of the previous night, and knew him to be the caliph. He understood at once all that had happened to him. "Ha! ha!" said he, looking at him with a smile, "you pretend to be a merchant. You have made me beat my mother, and lose my senses, and have been the occasion of all my misfortunes. I beg of you to tell me what you did to disturb my brain in this manner."

"You will remember," said the caliph, "the evening that you invited me to supper, you told me that the only thing you wished

for was to be caliph for four-and-twenty hours. I saw in this wish of yours a source of some harmless amusement to me and to my court, and I resolved to procure for you the fulfillment of your wish. By means of a powder which I put, without your knowledge, in the glass I presented to you, I had you conveyed to my palace. You know the rest. I am sorry that my sport has caused you so much suffering, but I will do all I can to make up for it. Thou art my brother; ask what thou wilt and thou shalt have it."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "no matter how great my sufferings may have been, they are all forgotten, since my sovereign lord and master had a share in them. The only favor I beg is that I may be permitted to visit you, to enjoy the happiness of admiring your virtues." The caliph ordered a rich robe to be brought, and presented to Abou Hassan and he appointed him to an office in the palace, and directed the treasurer to give him a purse of a thousand gold pieces.

After this the caliph often had Abou Hassan at court, and took him to visit his queen, Zobeide, to whom he related his story. Now Zobeide soon saw that every time he came with the caliph he had his eyes always fixed upon one of her lady attendants, called Nouzatalfuad. "Commander of the Faithful," said she one day, "you do not see that every time Abou Hassan attends you in your visits to me, he never keeps his eyes off Nouzatalfuad, and pays her great attention. If you approve of it, we will make a match between them." "Madam," replied the caliph, "I have already promised Abou Hassan a wife, but it is better that he should choose for himself." Abou Hassan, who was present at the time, threw himself at the caliph's and Zobeide's feet, and rising up, said, "I cannot receive a wife from better hands, but dare not hope that Nouzatalfuad will give her consent." At these words he looked at the lady, who was also present, and who showed by her respectful silence, that she was willing to obey the caliph and her mistress Zobeide.

The marriage was celebrated in the palace, with great rejoicings, which lasted several days. Zobeide made her attendant many presents, and the caliph did the same to Abou Hassan. The bride was conducted to the apartment the caliph had allotted to Abou Hassan, who received her with the greatest happiness. They were charmed with each other. Indeed, Nouzatalfuad was just such a wife as Abou Hassan had described to the caliph. After their marriage, they gave costly entertainments, sparing no expense for the amusement of their friends, until, at the end of the first year of their marriage, they had spent all the presents given by the sultan and Zobeide, as well as Abou Hassan's own private fortune.

Being in great need of money and not wishing to ask any from the sultan or Zobeide, Abou Hassan resolved to play a pleasant trick on the caliph and on Zobeide, and to obtain from them the means of carrying on his usual mode of living. "I will tell you what I propose," said he to Nouzatalfuad. "I will pretend to be dead, and you shall place me in the middle of my chamber, laid out, as if ready to be carried to burial. When you have done this, you must weep, tear your clothes and hair, and go all in tears to Zobeide. The princess will of course inquire the cause of your grief, and when you tell her, she will pity you, give you money to defray the expense of my funeral, and a piece of good brocade in place of that you will have torn. As soon as you return with the money and the brocade, I will rise, lay you in my place, and go and act the same part with the caliph, who, I dare say, will be as generous to me as Zobeide will have been to you."

Nouzatalfuad highly approved of the plan, and so she laid out her husband as he directed. Then she pulled off her headdress, and, with a dismal cry and lamentation, beating her face and breast with all the marks of grief, she ran across the court to Zobeide's apartments. The princess, amazed to see her in such extraordinary grief, asked what had happened. Instead of answering, she continued her sobs, and at last, pretending to

strive to check them, said, with words interrupted with sighs, "Alas! my most honored mistress, what greater misfortune could have happened to me! Abou Hassan! poor Abou Hassan! whom you gave me for a husband, is no more!" Zobeide was extremely grieved at hearing this. She then commanded her women to fetch a hundred pieces of gold and a rich brocade, and to give them to Nouzatalfuad, who thanked the princess very much for her kindness.

As soon as she got out of the princess's presence, she dried up her tears, and returned with joy to Abou Hassan. "Come, husband," said she, laughing, "now do you hasten and see if you can manage the caliph as well as I have managed Zobeide." "It would be odd indeed," replied he, "if I, who made this plot myself, could not carry it on as well as you. But let us lose no time; lie down in my place, and see if I do not come off with as much success."

Abou Hassan wrapped up his wife as she had done with him, and, like a man in the greatest grief, ran to the caliph. He presented himself at the door, and the officer opened it. He entered, holding with one hand his handkerchief before his eyes, to hide the pretended tears, striking his breast with the other, and uttering exclamations expressing extraordinary grief. The caliph, always used to seeing Abou Hassan with a merry face, inquired with much uneasiness the cause of his grief. "Commander of the Faithful," answered Abou Hassan, with sighs and sobs, "may you long reign! A greater misfortune could not have happened to me than what I now lament. Alas! Nouzatalfuad! my wife! alas! alas!"

The caliph, who now understood that Abou Hassan came to tell him of the death of his wife, was much distressed, and said to him with an air which showed how he regretted her loss, "God be merciful to her! She was a good woman, and we gave her to you with an intention to make you happy; she deserved a longer life." Having said this, he ordered his treasurer, who was present, to give Abou Hassan a purse of a hundred pieces of gold, and

a piece of brocade. Abou Hassan immediately cast himself at the caliph's feet, and thanked him for his present. He then went to his apartment, well pleased with having found out so quick and easy a way of supplying the necessity which had given him so much uneasiness. Nouzatalfuad, as soon as she heard the door open, sprang up, ran to her husband, and asked him if he had imposed on the caliph as cleverly as she had imposed on Zobeide. "You see!" said he, showing her the stuff, and shaking the purse.

The caliph was so impatient to sympathize with Zobeide on the death of her favorite companion, that he rose up as soon as Abou Hassan was gone. "Follow me," said he to the vizier; "let us go and share with the princess the grief which the death of Nouzatalfuad must have caused her."

Accordingly they went to Zobeide's apartment. They found her sitting on a sofa, much distressed, and still in tears. "Madam," said the caliph, "I wish to tell you how much I sympathize with you in your grief at the loss of Nouzatalfuad, your faithful attendant." "Commander of the Faithful," replied Zobeide, "I do not lament my attendant's death, but that of Abou Hassan, her husband." "Madam," said the caliph, "you are deceived; Nouzatalfuad is dead, and Abou Hassan is alive, and in perfect health."

Zobeide, somewhat offended at this answer of the caliph, replied, "Permit me to repeat that it is Abou Hassan who is dead, and that Nouzatalfuad, his widow, is living. It is not an hour since she went from here, having told me of her loss. All my women, who wept with me, can bear witness that I made her a present of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade. The grief which you found me in was on account of the death of her husband."

At these words of Zobeide, the caliph cried out in a fit of laughter, "This, madam, is a strange mistake; but," said he, seriously, "you may depend upon it that Nouzatalfuad is dead." "I tell you no, sir," replied Zobeide; "it is Abou Hassan that is

dead." Upon this the caliph became angry, and he ordered the vizier to go at once and find out the truth and bring him word.

As soon as the vizier was gone, the caliph, addressing Zobeide, said, "You will see in a moment which of us is right." "For my part," replied Zobeide, "I know very well that I am right, and you will find it to be Abou Hassan who is dead." "And for myself," returned the caliph, "I am so sure that it is Nouzatalfuad that I will stake my garden of pleasures against your palace of paintings, though the one is worth much more than the other." "I accept the wager," said Zobeide, "and will abide by it." The caliph declared the same intention, and both awaited the vizier's return.

While the caliph and Zobeide were disputing so earnestly, Abou Hassan, who had expected something of this kind, was watching for what might happen. As soon as he noticed the vizier through a window, at which he sat talking with his wife, and saw that he was coming directly to their apartment, he bade his wife make haste to act the part they had agreed on. He had barely time to wrap up Nouzatalfuad, and lay upon her the piece of brocade which the caliph had given him, before the vizier entered the apartment. Seeing Nouzatalfuad laid out, and Abou Hassan shedding tears over her, the vizier immediately returned to the caliph and said, "Commander of the Faithful, it is Nouzatalfuad who is dead, and Abou Hassan is as much grieved as when he appeared before your Majesty." The caliph, not giving him time to finish his story, interrupted him, and addressing Zobeide, "Well, madam," said he, "have you yet anything to say against so certain a truth? Will you still believe that Nouzatalfuad is alive, and that Abou Hassan is dead? And will you not own that you have lost your wager?" "How, sir?" replied Zobeide; "I am not blind or mad! With these eyes I saw Nouzatalfuad in the greatest grief. I spoke to her myself, and she told me that her husband was dead. My women also heard her cries and saw her tears. Let me, I pray you, send my nurse,

in whom I can place confidence, to Abou Hassan's, to know whether or not I am in error." The caliph consented, and the nurse set out on her inquiry.

Now Abou Hassan, who again watched at the window, saw the nurse at a distance, and, guessing that she was sent by Zobeide, called his wife, and told her that the princess's nurse was coming to know the truth. "Therefore," said he, "make haste, and do to me as we have agreed on." Accordingly, Nouzatalfuad covered him with the brocade Zobeide had given her, and laid him out as if dead. The nurse, soon entering the room, saw Nouzatalfuad in tears, and seated at the head of her husband, beating her breast, with all the expressions of deep grief.

Then the nurse made all the haste she could to Zobeide, and gave the caliph and the princess a true account of what she saw, declaring that it was Abou Hassan who was dead. The caliph was now much astonished and puzzled, and he said, "It seems to me a strange thing that no one can be believed more than another. Therefore, I propose we go ourselves to find out the truth, for I see no other way to settle this question." So saying, the caliph arose, and the princess and her attendants followed.

Abou Hassan, who saw them coming, told his wife of it. "What shall we do?" cried she; "we are ruined!" "Not at all; don't be afraid," said Abou Hassan. "Let us do as we have agreed, and all will turn out well. At the rate they are coming, we shall be ready before they reach the door."

Abou Hassan and his wife then covered themselves as well as they could, and placing themselves, one beside the other, in the middle of the chamber, each under a piece of brocade, they waited quietly for the arrival of the caliph and Zobeide. On entering the chamber, followed by all their people, the caliph and the princess were much surprised at the spectacle which presented itself to their view. Zobeide at last broke silence. "Alas!" said she to the caliph, "it is too true my dear Nouzatalfuad is dead, as it seems, for grief at having lost her husband." "Allow

rather, madam," replied the caliph, "that Nouzatalfuad died first, and that the poor Abou Hassan died of grief at seeing his wife dead." "No," replied Zobeide, "Abou Hassan died first, because my nurse saw his wife alive, and lamenting her husband's death." At last the caliph, thinking upon all that had passed, and vexed at not being able to come at the truth, cried out, "I will give a thousand pieces of gold to the person who shall find which of the two died first."

The caliph had scarcely spoken these words, when he heard a voice, under the brocade which covered Abou Hassan, say, "Commander of the Faithful, I died first; give me the thousand pieces of gold." And at the same time Abou Hassan, freeing himself from the brocade which covered him, threw himself at the caliph's feet. His wife uncovered herself in the same manner, and ran to throw herself at the feet of Zobeide. Zobeide set up a loud cry of fright and alarm. At last recovering herself, she was overjoyed at seeing her Nouzatalfuad alive.

The caliph laughed until he was almost senseless, and then he said, "O Abou Hassan, thou hast not ceased to be a wag, and to do wonders and strange acts." "Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "I will tell you the whole truth. I and the wife you gave me have been too extravagant in our entertainments to our friends, and we have spent all the money which your kindness supplied us with. This morning we found our purses quite empty, and knowing your Highness's fondness for a pleasant joke, we invented this plan to supply our need. We humbly beg you will forgive us."

The caliph and Zobeide were very well satisfied with the explanation of Abou Hassan, and they forgave him the deception practiced on them. "Follow me, both of you," said the caliph; "I will give you the thousand pieces of gold that I promised you, for the joy I feel that neither of you is dead." "Commander of the Faithful," said Zobeide, "content yourself with causing the thousand pieces of gold to be given to Abou Hassan. As to his wife, that is my business." Then she gave a thousand pieces of

gold to Nouzatalfuad in proof of the joy she felt that she was still alive.

Thus did Abou Hassan and Nouzatalfuad gain the friendship and favor of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and of Zobeide, and the caliph gave Abou Hassan an ample salary, enough for all his wants, and he and his wife were prosperous and happy the remainder of their lives.

STORY OF ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In one of the large cities of China there once lived a tailor, named Mustapha. He was very poor. He could hardly, by his daily labor, support himself and his wife and son. This son, who was called Aladdin, was a very careless and idle fellow. He was disobedient to his father and mother, and would go out early in the morning, and stay out all day, playing in the streets with idle children of his own age. When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use the needle, but all his efforts to keep the boy at work were useless, for no sooner was his back turned than Aladdin was gone for the day. His son's idleness so much troubled Mustapha that at last he fell sick and died.

Aladdin now gave himself entirely over to his idle habits. He was never out of the streets. One day as he was playing with his idle companions, a stranger, passing by, stood to observe him. This stranger was an African magician. After looking at Aladdin for some time, he inquired of his playmates who he was, and when he had learned all he wanted to know, he went up to him, and, taking him aside from his comrades, said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "but he has been dead a long time." At these words the African magician threw his arms about Aladdin's neck, and kissed him several times, with tears in his eyes, and said, "I am your uncle. Your father was my brother. I knew you at first

sight, you are so like him." Then he gave Aladdin a handful of money, saying, "Go, my boy, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived so long, and ended his days."

Aladdin ran to his mother, overjoyed at getting the money. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" "No, child," replied his mother, "you have no uncle by your father's side or mine." "I have just now come," said Aladdin, "from a man who says he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead, and gave me money, sending his love to you, and promising to come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in." "Indeed, child," replied the mother, "your father had no brother, nor have you an uncle."

The next day the magician paid a visit to Aladdin's mother, and he sat down and began to talk with her. "My good sister," said he, "do not be surprised at your never having seen me all the time you have been married to my brother Mustapha. I have been forty years absent from this country, which is my native place, and during that time have traveled in the Indies, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and afterwards crossed over into Africa, where I took up my abode. At last, as is natural for a man, I wished to see my native country again, and my dear brother, and finding I had strength enough to undertake so long a journey, I made the necessary preparations, and set out. Nothing ever grieved me so much as hearing of my brother's death."

The magician, seeing that the widow wept at the remembrance of her husband, changed the conversation, and, turning towards her son, asked him, "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?" At this question the youth hung down his head, and his mother answered, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father, when alive, strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed, and since his death, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, as you saw him."

After these words she burst into tears, and the magician said,

“ This is not well, nephew, you must think of helping yourself, and getting your livelihood. There are many sorts of trades; perhaps you do not like your father’s, and would prefer another; I will endeavor to help you. If you have no mind to learn a trade, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens, and then with the money you make of them you can lay in fresh goods, and live in an honorable way.”

The widow, after his promises of kindness to her son, no longer doubted that the magician was her husband’s brother. She thanked him for his good intentions, and after having advised Aladdin to make himself worthy of his uncle’s favor, she served up supper, at which they talked of several matters. Soon afterwards the magician took his leave.

Early next morning he called again, and said he would take Aladdin to spend that day in the country, and on the next he would purchase the shop. He then led him out at one of the gates of the city, to some magnificent palaces, near each of which were beautiful gardens. At every building he came to, he asked Aladdin if he did not think it fine, and the youth answered, crying out, “ Here is a finer house, uncle, than any we have yet seen.” In this manner the cunning magician led Aladdin into the country until they came to a place between two mountains divided by a narrow valley. “ We will go no farther now,” said the magician to Aladdin. “ I will show you here some extraordinary things, but I must strike a light, and while I do so, do you gather all the loose dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with.”

Aladdin found so many dried sticks that he soon collected a great heap. The magician then set them on fire, and when they were in a blaze, he threw in some perfume, at the same time uttering several magical words which Aladdin did not understand. He had scarcely done so when the earth opened just before the magician, and they saw a stone with a brass ring fixed in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician caught hold of him, and told him that under the stone

was a treasure which would be his. "No person but yourself," said he, "is permitted to lift this stone, or enter the cave; so you must do what I command, for it is a matter of great importance to you and me." "Well, uncle, what is to be done?" said Aladdin; "command me, I am ready to obey." "Take hold of the ring, and lift up that stone," said the magician. "Indeed, uncle," replied Aladdin, "I am not strong enough; you must help me." "You have no need for help," answered the magician; "if I help you we shall not get the treasure. Take hold of the ring, and lift it up; you will find it will come easily." Aladdin did as the magician bade him, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase about three or four feet deep, leading to a door. "Descend these steps, my son," said the magician, "and open that door. It will lead you into a palace, divided into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large brass cisterns full of gold and silver, but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your robe, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls, so much as with your clothes, for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall, you will find a door which opens into a garden, planted with fine trees loaded with fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the oil, put it in your waistband and bring it to me." After these words the magician drew a ring off his finger, and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "It is a charm which will protect you against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended the steps, and, opening the door, found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them, crossed the garden without stopping, took

down the lamp from the niche, and, after throwing out the wick and the oil, put it in his waistband. He stopped in the garden to observe the trees, which were loaded with fruit of different colors. Some were entirely white, some clear and transparent as crystal, some pale red, others green, blue, and purple, and others yellow. The white were pearls, the clear and transparent, diamonds, the red, rubies, the green, emeralds, the blue, turquoises, the purple, amethysts, and the yellow, sapphires. Aladdin, though ignorant of their value, filled his pockets with them, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

He then returned through the three halls, and soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the magician awaited him. As soon as Aladdin saw him, he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand, to help me out." "Give me the lamp first," replied the magician, "it will be troublesome to you." "Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up." The magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he would help him up, and Aladdin, who had encumbered himself with so much fruit that he could not well get at it, declared he could not give it to him till he was out of the cave. Angry at his refusal, the magician threw a little incense into the fire, and said two magical words. Then instantly the stone which had closed the mouth of the staircase moved back into its place, with the earth over it, in the same manner as it lay at the arrival of the magician and Aladdin.

This proved to Aladdin that the man was not his uncle, but one who had intended to do him evil. The truth was that the magician had learned from his books of magic the secret and the value of the wonderful lamp, the owner of which would be made richer than any earthly ruler. This was why he came to China. His book of magic also told him that he must not take the lamp himself, but must receive it from the hands of another person. For this reason he employed young Aladdin, and hoped to make him obedient to his word and will. When he found that his attempt had failed, he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the town,

lest any person who had seen him leave in company with Aladdin should make inquiries after the youth.

Aladdin, being suddenly enveloped in darkness, cried, and called out to his uncle that he was ready to give him the lamp, but his cries could not be heard. He then descended to the bottom of the steps to get into the palace, but the door, which had been opened by enchantment, was now shut by the same means. Aladdin was now in despair. He sat down on the steps without any hopes of ever seeing light again, and in expectation of a speedy death. In his great distress he said, "There is no strength or power but in God;" and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Immediately an enormous genie appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring; I, and the other slaves of the ring." At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of so terrible a figure, but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place." He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself above ground, and there was no sign of opening or disturbance of the earth. Returning thanks to God, he made the best of his way home. When he got within his mother's door, the joy to see her and his weakness for want of food made him so faint that he remained for a long time as dead. As soon as he recovered, he told to his mother all that had happened to him, and they were both very angry at the conduct of the cruel magician.

Aladdin slept very soundly till late the next morning, when the first thing he said to his mother was that he wanted something to eat, and wished she would give him his breakfast. "Alas! child," said she, "I have not a bit of bread to give you; but I have a little cotton, which I have spun; I will go and sell it, and buy something for our dinner." "Mother," replied Aladdin, "keep your cotton for another time, and give me the lamp I brought home with me yesterday. I will go and sell it, and the

money I shall get for it will buy us breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper, too."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp, and said to her son, "Here it is, but it is very dirty; if it was a little cleaner I believe it would bring something more." She then took some sand and water to clean it, but she had no sooner begun to rub it than in an instant a genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said in a loud voice, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother fainted at the sight of the genie, but Aladdin, who had seen such a figure in the cave, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hand, and said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared immediately, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, which contained the most delicious food, six large white bread cakes on two plates, and many other good things to eat and drink. All these the genie placed upon a carpet, and then disappeared.

When Aladdin's mother recovered from her swoon she was much surprised at seeing the tray and all it contained. "Child," said she, "who has sent these things?" "It is no matter, mother," answered Aladdin, "let us sit down and eat; when we have done, I will tell you." Accordingly, both mother and son sat down, and ate with the better relish as the table was so well furnished. After their meal was finished, Aladdin told his mother what had happened. On learning that the rubbing of the lamp had caused the genie to appear, she advised her son never to touch it again. "Take it out of my sight," said she, "and put it where you please. I had rather you would sell it than run the risk of being frightened to death again by touching it. If you take my advice you will part with the ring also, and not have anything to do with genies, who, as our prophet has told us, are only devils."

"Mother," replied Aladdin, "the lamp may be useful to you

and me. That wicked magician would not have made so long a journey to get this wonderful lamp if it were not of great value. And since we have honestly come by it, let us make good use of it, without any great show, or causing envy and jealousy among our neighbors. But as genies frighten you so much, I will take the lamp out of your sight, and put it where I may find it when I want it. The ring I cannot part with, for without that you never would have seen me again." Aladdin's mother replied that he might do what he pleased; for her part, she would have nothing to do with genies, and would never say anything more about them.

By the next night they had eaten all the provisions the genie had brought, and the following morning Aladdin, putting one of the silver dishes under his vest, went out to sell it. The merchant to whom he brought it examined the dish, and, as soon as he found that it was good silver, asked Aladdin how much he wanted for it. Aladdin, who had never been used to such traffic, told him he would trust to his honor. The merchant took a piece of gold out of his purse and gave it to him. Though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate, Aladdin was glad to get it. On his way home he called at a baker's, bought some bread, changed his money, and on his return gave the rest to his mother, who went and purchased provisions enough to last them some time. In this way they lived, till Aladdin had sold the twelve dishes.

When all the money was spent Aladdin again took out the lamp and rubbed it as before. The genie immediately appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I am hungry," said Aladdin; "bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and, instantly returning with a tray containing the same number of covered dishes as before, set them down and again vanished. When this new supply of provisions was consumed, Aladdin sold the dishes, and in this way he and his mother con-



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

ALADDIN SUMMONS THE GENIE.

(153)

tinued to live until an event occurred which brought about a very great change in their situation.

One day as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard a public crier commanding the people to shut up their shops and houses, and keep within doors, while the Princess Buddir al Bud-door, the sultan's daughter, went to the bath and returned. Aladdin felt a strong desire to see the princess, who was a lady of great beauty. He therefore concealed himself behind the door of the bath, and the princess, as she passed in, took off her veil, thus giving him an opportunity of having a full view of her face. The moment he saw her he fell deeply in love with her, and as soon as she entered the bath, he quitted his hiding place and went home. His mother, seeing that he was more thoughtful than usual, asked if anything had happened, or if he was ill. He then told her his adventure, and declared that he was resolved to ask the sultan to give the princess to him in marriage.

Aladdin's mother listened with surprise and anxiety to what her son told her. "Alas, child," said she, "what are you thinking of? You must be mad to talk thus." "I assure you, mother," replied Aladdin, "I am not mad, but in my right senses. I am resolved to demand the princess in marriage, and I do not despair of success. I have the slaves of the lamp and of the ring to help me, and you know how powerful they are. And I have to tell you that those stones which I got from the trees in the gardens of the underground palace, are jewels of immense value, and fit for the greatest monarchs. None of the precious stones the jewelers of Bagdad have are to be compared to mine for size and beauty. I am sure that the offer of them will secure the favor of the sultan, and it is you who must carry them to him as a present from me. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look, when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

When the dish was brought and the jewels placed in it, their richness and brightness and beauty dazzled the eyes of mother and son. Encouraged by the sight of them, the mother

consented to go early next morning to the palace of the sultan. Aladdin rose before daybreak, awakened his mother, and urged her to set out at once, so as to get admittance, if possible, before the grand vizier and the great officers of state went in to take their seats in the divan, where the sultan always attended in person.

She made haste accordingly, taking with her the china dish, in which they had put the jewels wrapped in two fine napkins. When she came to the gates, the grand vizier and lords of the court were just gone in, but notwithstanding that the crowd of people was great, she got into the divan, a spacious hall, the entrance to which was very magnificent. She placed herself just before the sultan, and the great lords, who sat in council, on his right and left hand. Several important matters were attended to, according to their order, until the time the divan generally broke up, when the sultan, rising, returned to his apartment, accompanied by the grand vizier. The other viziers and ministers of state then retired, as also did all those whose business had called them thither.

Aladdin's mother, seeing the sultan retire, and all the people depart, resolved to go home, and on her arrival said, with much simplicity, "Son, I have seen the sultan, and I am certain that he has seen me too, for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased, for indeed I was fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done; I will go again to-morrow; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy."

The next morning she went to the palace as early as the day before, but she found the gates of the divan shut. She went six times afterwards and placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as on the first morning. On the sixth day, however, after the divan broke up, when the

sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier, "I have for some time noticed a woman, who attends every day, with something wrapped up in a napkin; she always stands from the beginning to the end of the audience, and tries to place herself just before me. If this woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say."

On the next audience day, when Aladdin's mother went to the divan, and placed herself in front of the sultan as usual, the grand vizier immediately called an attendant, and, pointing to her, bade him bring her before the sultan. The old woman, when she reached the sultan, bowed her head down to the carpet which covered the platform of the throne, and remained so till he bade her rise, and when she had done so, he said to her, "Good woman, I have seen you stand many days, from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?"

After these words, Aladdin's mother bowed down a second time, and when she arose, she said, "King of kings, I beg of you to pardon the boldness of my request, and to assure me that you will not be offended." "Well," replied the sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you; speak boldly." She then told him the errand on which her son had sent her, and the event which led to his making so bold a request in spite of her advice. The sultan listened, without showing the least anger, but, before he gave her an answer, asked what she had in the napkin. She took the china dish which she had set down at the foot of the throne, untied it, and presented it to the sultan.

Great were his amazement and surprise when he saw so many large and valuable jewels. He remained for some time lost in admiration. At last, when he had recovered himself, he received the present from her hand, saying, "How rich! how beautiful!" After he had admired and handled them, one after another, he turned to his grand vizier, and, showing him the dish, said, "Behold! admire! wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld such jewels before." The vizier was charmed. "Well," con-

tinued the sultan, "what sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess my daughter? And ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great a price?" "I own," replied the grand vizier, "that the present is worthy of the princess, but I beg your Majesty to grant me three months before you finally decide. I hope that before that time my son will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, who is an entire stranger to your Majesty." The sultan granted his request, and he said to the old woman, "Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I cannot permit my daughter to marry for three months. At the end of that time come again." Aladdin's mother returned home much more pleased than she had expected to be, and told her son with joy the answer she had received from the sultan's own mouth.

On the very day that the three months ended, the mother of Aladdin again went to the palace, and stood in the same place in the divan. The sultan knew her at once, and ordered his vizier to bring her up to him. The vizier at once did so. After bowing down before the sultan, Aladdin's mother said, "Sire, I come at the end of the three months to ask of you the fulfillment of the promise you made to my son." The sultan little thought that the request of Aladdin had been made in earnest, or that he would hear any more of the matter. He, therefore, did not know what answer to give to Aladdin's mother. But his vizier advised him to ask Aladdin to do something which he thought it was impossible for him to do. The sultan then said to Aladdin's mother, "Good woman, it is true that sultans ought to keep their word, and I am ready to keep mine by making your son happy in marriage with the princess, my daughter; but I cannot do so without some further proof that your son is able to support her in royal state. You may tell him, therefore, that I will fulfill my promise as soon as he shall send me forty gold trays, full of the same sort of jewels you have made me a present of, and carried by forty black slaves, led by the same number of young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. When he does

this, I shall bestow the princess, my daughter, upon him. Go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Aladdin's mother bowed down before the sultan's throne, and retired. On her way home, she laughed within herself at her son's foolish hope. "Where," said she, "can he get so many large gold trays, and such precious stones to fill them? It is out of his power."

When she came home she told Aladdin the conditions on which the sultan consented to the marriage. "He expects your answer immediately," said she; and then she added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long enough!" "Not so long, mother, as you think," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle, and will be no hindrance to my marriage with the princess. I will prepare at once to satisfy his request."

Aladdin then retired to his own apartment, summoned the genie of the lamp, and ordered him to immediately prepare the gift, before the sultan closed his morning audience. The genie vanished, and in a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by the same number of white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a gold basin, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then said to his mother, "Pray lose no time. Before the sultan and the divan rise, I would have you return to the palace with this present for the princess."

As soon as the magnificent procession, with Aladdin's mother at its head, began to march from Aladdin's house, the whole city was filled with crowds of people eager to see so grand a sight. The graceful bearing and elegant form of the slaves, their grave walk at equal distance from one another, the luster of their jeweled girdles, and the brilliancy of the precious stones in their turbans, excited the greatest admiration in the spectators. Nothing so beautiful was ever seen in the sultan's palace, and the richest robes of the lords of his court were not to be compared to the costly dresses of these slaves.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their approach, had

given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle, but went into the divan in regular order, one part turning to the right, and the other to the left. After they had all entered, and formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet. They then bowed themselves down, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and the white slaves did the same. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts. Aladdin's mother then advanced to the foot of the throne, and said to the sultan, "Sire, my son knows this present is much below the notice of Princess Buddir al Buddoor, but he hopes that your Majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess."

The sultan, overpowered at the sight of such magnificence, replied to the words of Aladdin's mother, "Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to receive him. The more haste he makes to come and accept the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me." As soon as Aladdin's mother retired, the sultan rose from his throne, and ordered that the princess's attendants should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, where he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace, and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent apparel, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see that he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the mean time Aladdin's mother reached home, and showed by her manner the good news she brought. "My son," said she, "you may rejoice. The sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin, delighted with this good news, retired to his chamber. There he rubbed his lamp, and the genie appeared. "Genie," said he, "convey me at once to a bath, and supply me with the richest and most magnificent robe ever worn by a monarch."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie transported him to a bath of the finest marble of all sorts of colors, where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a magnificent and spacious hall. He was then well rubbed and washed with various scented waters. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear as that of a child, and when he returned to the hall, he found, instead of his own poor clothes, a suit, the magnificence of which astonished him. The genie helped him to dress, and carried him back to his own chamber, where he asked him if he had any other commands. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a horse that surpasses in beauty the best in the sultan's stables, with a saddle, bridle, and other trappings to correspond. Bring me also twenty slaves, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks, all as richly dressed as those who carried the present to the sultan. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, as richly dressed as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor's, each carrying a complete dress fit for any princess. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste."

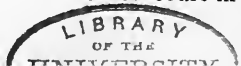
As soon as Aladdin gave these orders, the genie disappeared, but immediately returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten carrying each a purse of ten thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapt in silver tissue. Aladdin presented the six women slaves to his mother, telling her they were her slaves, and that the dresses they brought were for her use. Of the ten purses, he took four, which he gave to his mother, telling her those were to supply her with necessaries. The other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to scatter the gold pieces among the people as they went to the sultan's palace.

Then, mounting his charger, Aladdin began his march, and though he never was on horseback before, he appeared with a

grace the most experienced horseman might envy. The vast concourse of people through whom he passed made the air echo with their cheers, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among them.

On Aladdin's arrival at the palace, the sultan was surprised to find him more magnificently robed than he himself had ever been. He was also surprised at his good looks and elegant manner, which were so different from what he expected in the son of one so humble as Aladdin's mother. He received him with joy, and when Aladdin would have knelt at his feet the sultan held him by the hand, and made him sit near his throne. He shortly after led him, amidst the sounds of trumpets, and all kinds of music, to a magnificent entertainment. The sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves, and the great lords of the court, according to their rank and dignity, sat at different tables. After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief judge, and commanded him to draw up a contract of marriage between the Princess Buddir al Buddoor and Aladdin. When the contract was drawn, the sultan asked Aladdin if he would stay in the palace and have the marriage ceremony performed that day. "Sire," said Aladdin, "I beg you to permit me first to build a palace worthy to receive the princess your daughter. I pray you to grant me sufficient ground near your palace, and I will have it completed with the utmost speed." The sultan granted Aladdin's request, and again embraced him, after which Aladdin took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and always lived at court.

As soon as he returned home, Aladdin retired to his chamber, took the lamp, and summoned the genie, who immediately appeared. "Genie," said he, "build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its walls be gold and silver bricks laid alternately. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that they shall exceed everything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be an inner and outer court in



front of the palace, and a spacious garden, but above all, let there be a treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Let there be also kitchens and storehouses, and stables full of the finest horses, with grooms, attendants, and slaves. Go and carry out my wishes."

When Aladdin gave these commands to the genie, the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genie presented himself, and carried Aladdin in a moment to the palace he had made. The genie led him through all the apartments, where he found officers and slaves, dressed according to their rank and the services they were to perform. The genie then showed him the treasury, which was opened by a treasurer. Here Aladdin saw large vessels of different sizes, piled up to the top with money, ranged all around the chamber. The genie then led him to the stables, where there were some of the finest horses in the world, and grooms busy in dressing them. They next went to the storehouses, which were filled with all sorts of provisions.

When Aladdin had examined every portion of the palace, he said, "Genie, I now want a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the sultan's palace to mine. Lay one down immediately." The genie disappeared, and what Aladdin desired was done in an instant. The genie then returned, and carried Aladdin to his own home.

When the sultan's porters came to open the gates, they were amazed to find what had been an unoccupied garden filled up with a magnificent palace, and a splendid carpet extending to it all the way from the sultan's palace. They told the strange news to the grand vizier, and soon it was carried to the sultan, who exclaimed, "It must be Aladdin's palace, which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders can be done in only one night."

Aladdin, on being conveyed by the genie to his own home, requested his mother to go to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, and tell her that the palace would be ready for her in the evening. She went, attended by her women slaves, in the same order

as on the previous day. Shortly after her arrival at the princess's apartment, the sultan himself came in, and was surprised to find her, whom he had known only as a poor woman, now more richly dressed than his own daughter. This gave him a higher opinion of Aladdin, who took such care of his mother, and made her share his wealth and honors. Shortly after his mother's departure, Aladdin, mounting his horse, left his old home forever, and went to the palace in the same pomp as on the day before. He did not forget to take with him the wonderful lamp, to which he owed all his good fortune, nor to wear the ring which had been of such use to him. The sultan entertained Aladdin with the utmost magnificence, and at night, on the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the princess took leave of the sultan her father, and went to her own palace. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred state ushers, and the same number of black slaves, in two files, with officers at their head. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side, which, together with the illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, made the night as bright as day. In this order, the princess, accompanied by Aladdin's mother, and attended by her women slaves, proceeded on the carpet which was spread from the sultan's palace to that of Aladdin. On her arrival Aladdin was ready to receive her at the entrance, and led her into a large hall, lighted with a vast number of wax candles. Here a grand feast was served up. The dishes were of heavy gold, the vases, basins, and goblets were gold also, and of beautiful workmanship, and all the ornaments of the hall were of like splendor. Astonished to see such magnificence, and so many costly things collected in one place, the princess said to Aladdin, "I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as my father's palace, but the sight of this hall is sufficient to show me that I was mistaken."

In this magnificent palace Aladdin and the princess lived for many years in great happiness, when the African magician, who had for a long time dismissed from his mind all thought of the

lamp, at last resolved to find out what had become of the tailor's son. He therefore made a journey to the capital of China, and soon after his arrival there he learned about the wealth of the Prince Aladdin, and the splendid palace in which he lived. When he saw the palace he felt certain that it was the genie, the slave of the lamp, that had built it. He then made use of his magic to find where the lamp was,—whether Aladdin carried it about with him, or kept it in the palace. To his great joy he found that it was somewhere in the palace, but his magic could not tell him in what particular part. “Very good,” said he, “I shall have the lamp, and I shall make Aladdin return to his former mean condition.”

The next day he learned from the superintendent of the khan, or lodging house, where he stayed, that Aladdin had gone on a hunting excursion, which was to last for eight days. The magician wanted to hear no more. He had his plans formed. He went to a coppersmith, and bought a dozen copper lamps, handsome and well polished. Putting them into a basket which hung on his arm, he went towards Aladdin's palace. As he came near, he began crying, “New lamps for old lamps, who will change old lamps for new ones?” A crowd of children collected, and hooted at him, thinking him a madman to offer new lamps for old ones. The magician paid no heed to their hooting, but still continued crying, “Who will change old lamps for new ones?” He repeated this so often, walking backwards and forwards in front of the palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves to know what he cried. The slave returned laughing so heartily that the princess rebuked her. “Madam,” answered the slave, laughing still, “who can help laughing, to see an old man with a basket on his arm, full of fine lamps, asking to change them for old ones?”

Another female slave hearing this, said, “Now you speak of lamps, there is an old one upon a shelf of the Prince Aladdin's dressing room, and whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the pleas-

ure of trying if this old man is so silly as to give a new lamp for an old one, without taking anything for the change." The princess, who knew not the value of this lamp, and the interest that Aladdin had to keep it safe, commanded a slave to take it and make the exchange. The slave obeyed, went out of the hall, and, calling the African magician, showed him the old lamp, and said, "Give me a new lamp for this." The magician was quite certain that it was the lamp he wanted. There could be no other such in the palace, where every utensil was of gold or silver. He snatched it eagerly out of the slave's hand, and, thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered him his basket, and bade him choose which he liked best. The slave picked out one, and carried it to the princess.

Immediately the magician hastened down the least-frequented streets, and having no more need for his lamps or basket, he left them in a spot where nobody saw him. Then he walked till he came to one of the city gates, and, going through the suburbs, at length reached a lonely place, where he stopped till it became quite dark. Here he pulled the lamp out of his breast, and rubbed it. Instantly the genie appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to carry me immediately, and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, to Africa." The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of the other genies, the slaves of the lamp, immediately conveyed him and the whole palace to the spot where he had been ordered to carry it.

Early next morning, when the sultan, according to custom, went to admire Aladdin's palace, his amazement was great to find that it was not to be seen. He could not understand what had become of it, or how so large a palace could vanish so soon, and not leave the least trace behind. He ordered the grand vizier to be sent for without delay.

The grand vizier who, in secret, bore no good will to Aladdin, gave it as his opinion that the palace had been built by magic, and that Aladdin had made his hunting excursion an excuse for its removal with the same suddenness with which it had been erected. He induced the sultan to send a body of soldiers, and have Aladdin seized as a prisoner.

On his son-in-law being brought before him, the sultan would not hear a word from him, but ordered him to be put to death. But the order caused so much discontent among the people, whose love Aladdin had gained by his charities, that the sultan, fearing a rebellion, was obliged to grant him his life. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he said to the sultan, "Sire, I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have lost your favor." "Your crime," answered the sultan, "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you." The sultan then took Aladdin into the apartment from which he was accustomed to look at and admire his palace, and said, "You ought to know where your palace stood; tell me what has become of it." Aladdin, utterly amazed at the loss of his palace, was speechless. At last recovering himself he said, "It is true, I do not see the palace. It is vanished, but I had no hand in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, you may punish me as you please." "I give you the time you ask," answered the sultan, "but at the end of the forty days, forget not to present yourself before me."

Aladdin went out of the sultan's palace in great distress of mind. For three days he rambled about the city, asking all whom he met if they had seen his palace, or could tell him anything of it. On the third day he wandered into the country, and as he was approaching a river, he accidentally stumbled, and in grasping at a rock to save himself from falling, he rubbed his ring so hard that immediately the same genie appeared whom he had seen in the cave where the magician had left him. "What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey thee as thy

slave, and the slave of all those that have that ring on their finger; I and the other slaves of the ring.”

Aladdin, agreeably surprised at an offer of help so little expected, replied, “ Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or carry it back to where it first stood.” “ I cannot do all that you have commanded,” answered the genie; “ I am the slave only of the ring, and not of the lamp.” “ I command thee, then,” replied Aladdin, “ by the power of the ring, to carry me to the spot where my palace now stands.” These words were no sooner out of his mouth than the genie transported him to Africa, into the midst of a large plain. There his palace stood, at no great distance from a city, and the genie, placing him exactly under the window of the princess’s apartment, left him.

Now it happened that shortly after Aladdin had been transported by the slave of the ring to the neighborhood of his palace, one of the attendants of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor looking through the window, saw him and instantly told her mistress. The princess, who could not believe the joyful tidings, hastened herself to the window, and, seeing Aladdin, immediately opened it. The noise of opening the window made Aladdin turn his head that way, and seeing the princess, he saluted her with the greatest delight. “ To lose no time,” said she, “ I have sent to have the private door opened for you; enter, and come up.” The door, which was just under the princess’s apartment, was soon opened, and Aladdin conducted into the chamber. It is impossible to describe the happiness of both at seeing each other. After embracing, and shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, “ I beg of you, princess, to tell me what has become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my dressing chamber.”

“ Alas !” answered the princess, “ I was afraid our misfortune might have been owing to that lamp, and what grieves me most is, that I was the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning

I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "you have explained all by telling me we are in Africa. I desire you only to tell me if you know where the old lamp is." "The magician carries it carefully wrapt up in his bosom," said the princess, "and this I can assure you, because he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph." "Princess," said Aladdin, "I think I have found the means to regain possession of the lamp, on which all my prosperity depends. To carry out my plan it is necessary for me to go to the town. I shall return by noon, and will then tell you what must be done by you. In the mean time, I shall disguise myself, and I beg that the private door may be opened to me at the first knock."

When Aladdin went out of the palace, he looked round him on all sides, and seeing a poorly dressed man, hastened after him, and, when he overtook him, begged him to change clothes, which the man agreed to. When they had made the exchange, Aladdin entered the city, and going to a drug store, bought a small quantity of a certain powder. Then returning to the palace, he entered at once by the private door. As soon as he came into the princess's room, he said to her, "Princess, I shall require your help in carrying out my plan. You must overcome your dislike to the magician, and ask him to oblige you by taking luncheon with you in your apartments. Before he leaves, invite him to exchange drinks with you, which he, pleased at the honor you show him, will gladly do. Then give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we will obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do all our bidding, and restore us and the palace to the capital of China."

The princess obeyed her husband's instructions. She invited the magician to an entertainment in her apartment, and she tried all she could to please him. She asked him to drink with her, taking care to give him the drugged cup. He drank it to the very last drop, when he fell backwards lifeless on the sofa. Then

the door was opened, and Aladdin admitted. The princess rose from her seat, and ran to embrace him, but he stopped her, and said, "Princess, retire to another apartment, and let me be left alone, while I endeavor to transport you back to China as speedily as you were brought here."

When the princess, her women, and slaves had gone out of the room, Aladdin shut the door, and going directly to the dead body of the magician, he opened his vest, took out the lamp which was carefully wrapped up, and rubbed it. The genie immediately appeared, and then Aladdin said, "Genie, I command thee to transport this palace instantly to the place from which it was brought here." The genie bowed his head in token of obedience, and disappeared. Immediately the palace was transported into China, and its removal was felt only by two little shocks, one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short space of time.

On the morning after the restoration of Aladdin's palace, the sultan was looking out of his window, and mourning over the fate of his daughter, when he thought he saw the palace again. Looking more closely he was convinced that it was his son-in-law's palace he saw. He at once ordered his horse to be saddled, which he mounted that instant, thinking that he could not make haste enough to the place.

Aladdin rose that morning by daybreak, and dressing himself most magnificently, went up into the hall of twenty-four windows, from which he saw the sultan approaching. Hastening down, he received him at the foot of the great staircase and led him into the princess's apartment. The happy father embraced her with tears of joy. After an explanation of all that had happened, he restored Aladdin to his favor, and expressed regret for the harshness with which he had treated him.

Now, the magician, who was thus twice defeated in his attempts to ruin Aladdin, had a younger brother, who was as skillful a magician as himself. They communicated with each other once a year, however far apart might be their places of

residence. The brother, not having received as usual his annual communication, consulted his books of magic, and by this means found that his brother had been poisoned in the capital of the kingdom of China, and that the person who had poisoned him was of low birth, though married to a sultan's daughter. He resolved to have revenge, and with this object he at once departed for China. After crossing plains, rivers, mountains, deserts, and a long tract of country, he at length arrived there, and took lodging at a khan. By his magic he soon discovered that Aladdin was the person who had been the cause of the death of his brother. He also found that there was in the city a woman named Fatima, who had the power of performing miracles. As he thought that this woman might be of use to him, he made more inquiries as to who the woman was, and what sort of miracles she performed. "What," said the person whom he questioned, "have you never seen her? She is the wonder of the whole town for her fasting and holy life. Except on Mondays and Fridays she never stirs out of her little cell, and when she comes into the town she does a great deal of good; for there is not a person who is sick but she cures with a touch of her hand."

Finding out where this woman lived, the magician went at night and killed her. Then he dyed his face so as to resemble hers, and dressing himself in her clothes, he went straight to the palace of Aladdin. As soon as the people saw him, they thought he was the holy woman, and they gathered about him in a crowd. Some begged his blessing, others kissed his hands, while others, suffering from disease, stopped for him to lay his hands upon them, which he did, muttering some words in form of prayer, so that everybody took him for Fatima. He came at last to the square before Aladdin's palace. The noise was so great that the princess heard it, and asked what was the matter. One of her servants told her that it was a great crowd of people collected about the holy woman to be cured of their ailments by the touch of her hands.

The princess, who had often heard of this holy woman, but had never seen her, wished to have some conversation with her, so she ordered some of her attendants to have the person brought into the palace. When the pretended Fatima entered, the princess said, "My good mother, I have one thing to request, which you must not refuse me; it is to stay with me, that I may learn to lead a good life from your example." "Princess," said the false Fatima, "I beg you not to ask what I cannot consent to without neglecting my prayers." "That shall be no hindrance to you," answered the princess, "I have a great many apartments unoccupied; you shall choose which you like best, and have as much time for your religious exercises as if you were in your own cell."

The magician, who really wished to remain in the palace, where he thought it would be easy for him to carry out his evil design, made no further objection. He was conducted to the suite of rooms which was to be occupied by him. After some time the princess again sent for him, and he was brought into the great hall of the palace, in which she was seated. "My good mother," said she, "I am overjoyed to see so holy a woman as yourself, who will confer a blessing upon this palace. But now I am speaking of the palace, pray how do you like it? And before I show it all to you, tell me first what you think of this hall."

The false Fatima looked at the hall from one end to the other. When he had examined it well, he said to the princess, "As far as I can judge, this hall is truly admirable; it wants but one thing." "What is that, good mother?" asked the princess; "I always believed it wanted nothing, but whatever it wants shall be supplied." "Princess," said the false Fatima, "forgive the liberty I take, but my opinion is, that if a roc's egg were hung up in the middle of the dome, this hall would have no equal, and your palace would be the wonder of the world." "My good mother," said the princess, "what is a roc, and where may I get a roc's egg?" "Princess," replied he, "it is

a bird of vast size, which inhabits the top of Mount Caucasus; the person who built your palace can get you an egg."

The princess thanked the false Fatima for what she believed her good advice, and she talked with her upon other matters, but could not forget the roc's egg. She resolved to request Aladdin to get one, and so in the course of that evening she said to him, "I have always believed that our palace was the most magnificent and complete in the world, but I will tell you now what it wants, and that is a roc's egg hung up in the middle of the dome." "Princess," replied Aladdin, "it is enough that you think it wants such an ornament; you shall see that there is nothing which I would not do for your sake."

Aladdin left the princess that moment, and went up into the hall of four-and-twenty-windows. Then pulling out of his bosom the lamp, which he now always carried about him, he rubbed it. The genie immediately appeared, and Aladdin said, "Genie, I command thee in the name of this lamp, bring a roc's egg to be hung up in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace." The moment Aladdin uttered these words the hall shook as if ready to fall, and the genie said in a loud and terrible voice, "Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the lamp have done everything for you, but you must command me to bring my master, and hang him up in the middle of this dome? This attempt deserves that you, the princess, and the palace, should be immediately reduced to ashes, but you are spared because the request does not come from yourself. Its true author is the brother of the African magician. He is now in your palace, disguised in the dress of the holy woman Fatima, whom he has murdered. It is he that told your wife to make this dangerous demand. His purpose is to kill you, therefore take care of yourself." After these words the genie disappeared.

Aladdin resolved at once what to do. He returned to the princess's apartment, and, without mentioning what had happened, sat down, and complained of a great pain in his head. On hearing this, the princess told him how she had invited the

holy Fatima who could cure all diseases, to stay with her, and that she was now in the palace. At the request of Aladdin the princess immediately sent for the supposed woman. When the pretender appeared, Aladdin said, "Come here good mother, I am glad to see you. I am tormented with a violent pain in my head and I hope you will not refuse to cure me." So saying he arose, but held down his head. The false Fatima advanced toward him, with his hand all the time on a dagger concealed in his girdle under his gown. Aladdin, seeing the dagger, snatched the weapon out of the magician's hand, pierced him to the heart, and then pushed him down on the floor.

"My dear prince, what have you done?" cried the princess, in surprise, "You have killed the holy woman." "No, my princess," answered Aladdin, "I have not killed Fatima, but a villain who would have killed me if I had not prevented him. This wicked man is the brother of the magician who attempted our ruin. He killed the true Fatima and disguised himself in her clothes with intent to murder me." Aladdin then informed her how the genie had told him these facts, and how narrowly she and the palace had escaped destruction through the magician's proposal about the roc's egg.

Thus was Aladdin saved from the evil designs of the two magicians. Within a few years afterwards the sultan died at a good old age, and as he had no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor succeeded him, and she and Aladdin reigned together many years in great happiness and prosperity.

STORY OF PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM AND THE SULTAN OF THE GENIES.

There was once a sultan of Bussorah, who was very rich and very much loved by his people. He had only one cause of unhappiness, and that was that he had no children. He therefore gave large alms to pious dervises, that they might pray to God

to send him a son. Their prayers were heard, and a son was born to him and his queen, whom he named Zeyn Alasnam.

After his son's birth, the sultan called together a number of learned men and magicians, to find out from them what would be the young prince's fortune in life. They said that he would live long, and be very brave, but that all his courage would be little enough to carry him through the difficulties and troubles he would meet. The sultan was not uneasy at this prediction. "My son," said he, "is not to be pitied, since he will be brave. It is fit that princes should have a trial of misfortunes, for by this they are better qualified to reign."

He caused Zeyn to be educated with great care, that he might become an accomplished prince. But in a few years, while his son was yet young, the sultan fell sick of a disease which his physicians could not cure. Seeing that he was near death, he sent for the prince, and gave him good advice as to how he should rule when he should be sultan.

But soon after his father's death Prince Zeyn began to show that he was unfit to govern a kingdom. He kept bad company, and he appointed his youthful companions to the chief offices of government. In this way he lost the respect of the people, and spent all the money in his treasury.

The queen his mother, a wise princess, tried to correct her son's conduct, telling him that if he did not soon take another course, the people would rebel against him, and deprive him of his crown and of his life. This very nearly happened. The people began to complain against the government, and they would have revolted, only that the sultan, before it was too late, gave heed to his mother's advice. He dismissed his foolish companions, and put in their places older and wiser men, who knew how to manage affairs of state.

But all his money was now wasted, and he repented that he had made no better use of it. He was so grieved that his mother could not comfort him. One night he saw in a dream a venerable old man coming towards him, who, with a smiling countenance

said, "Zeyn, there is no sorrow that is not followed by joy, no misfortune that does not bring some happiness. If you wish to see the end of your troubles, set out for Grand Cairo where great good luck awaits you."

The young sultan spoke of his dream to his mother, who only laughed at it. "My son," said she, "would you leave your kingdom and go into Egypt on the faith of a dream, which may be a deception?" "Why not," answered Zeyn, "do you think all dreams are deceptions? No, no, some of them are from Heaven. My teachers have told me so. The old man who appeared to me had something heavenly about his person. He was such a one as our great prophet, Mohammed, is represented, and I believe it was the prophet himself, who, pitying my distress, wishes to relieve it. I rely on the promise he has made me, and am resolved to follow his advice." The queen endeavored to prevent him from doing so, but it was of no use. He begged her to undertake the government in his absence, and setting out one night privately from his palace, he took the road to Cairo, alone and unattended.

After much fatigue he arrived at that famous city. Coming to the gate of a mosque, he lay down to rest and fell asleep. In his sleep he saw the same old man, who said to him, "I am pleased with you, my son, because you have believed me. I have not caused you to make this long journey with any other purpose than to try you. I find you have courage. You deserve that I should make you the richest and happiest prince in the world. Return to Bussorah, and you shall find immense wealth in your palace. No king ever possessed so rich a treasure."

Prince Zeyn was not pleased with this dream. "Alas," said he to himself, when he awoke, "how much was I mistaken. That old man, whom I took for our prophet, is a deception. My mother was right. It is fortunate that I told no one but her the object of my journey. I should become a jest to my people, if they knew it."

Accordingly he set out again for his kingdom, and as soon as

he arrived there the queen asked him whether he returned well pleased. He told her all that had happened, and was so much vexed for having been so foolish that the queen, instead of reproving or laughing at him, comforted him. "Do not be grieved, my son," said she; "if it be God's will that you should have riches, you will have them without any trouble. Be contented. All that I recommend to you is to be virtuous, and shun vain pleasures, which have already nearly ruined you. Try to make your people happy, and you will make yourself happy."

Sultan Zeyn promised that he would for the future follow his mother's advice, and the advice of the wise viziers she had chosen to assist him in the government. But the very night after he returned to his palace he had another dream in which he saw the old man, who said to him, "The time of your good fortune is come, brave Zeyn; to-morrow morning, as soon as you get up, take a little pickax, and dig in your father's closet; there you will find a rich treasure."

As soon as the sultan awoke he got up, ran to the queen's apartment, and with much eagerness told her his new dream. "Really, my son," said the queen, smiling, "this is a very strange old man. Have you a mind to believe him again? However, the task he puts on you now is not so bad as your long journey." "Well, mother," answered the sultan, "I must own that I believe in this dream. The old man has told me the place where these treasures are. I would rather search and not find than blame myself as long as I live for having, perhaps, missed great riches, by being too unwilling to believe."

Having spoken thus he left the queen's apartment, caused a pickax to be brought him, went alone into the late sultan's closet, and immediately began to break up the floor. He removed more than half the square stones it was paved with, but yet saw not the least appearance of what he was searching for. Ceasing work to take a little rest, he thought within himself, "I am much afraid my mother has cause enough to laugh at me." However, he took heart, and went on with his labor,

when on a sudden he discovered a white slab, which he took up, and under it he found a staircase of white marble. He immediately lighted a lamp, and went down the stairs into a room, the floor of which was laid with tiles of chinaware, and the roof and walls of which were crystal. The room contained four golden tables, on each of which were ten urns of porphyry. He went up to one of the urns, took off the cover, and found that it was full of pieces of gold. He looked into all of the forty, one after another, and found them also full of gold.

The queen, as may be imagined, was amazed when the sultan gave her an account of what he had discovered. "O my son!" said she, "take heed you do not lavish away all this wealth foolishly, as you have already lavished the royal treasure." "No madam," answered Zeyn, "I will in future live in such a manner as shall be pleasing to you."

Then the queen requested her son to conduct her to the wonderful underground treasury, which the late sultan her husband had made with such secrecy that she had never heard of it. Zeyn led her to the closet, down the marble stairs, and into the chamber where the urns were. She noticed everything very closely, and in a corner spied a little urn of the same sort of stone as the others. The prince had not before seen this urn. He at once opened it and found that it contained a golden key. "My son," said the queen, "this key certainly belongs to some other treasure; let us search well; perhaps we may discover the use it is for."

They then examined the chamber with the utmost care, and at length found a keyhole in one of the panels of the wall. The sultan immediately tried the key, and it opened the door, which led into another chamber. In this chamber there were nine pedestals of massive gold, on eight of which stood as many statues, each of them made of a single diamond, and from them darted such a brightness that the whole room was lighted up. The ninth pedestal had upon it what was still more wonderful, for it was covered with a piece of white satin, on which were written these words:

“Dear son, it cost me much toil to procure these eight statues; but though they are beautiful, you must understand that there is a ninth in the world, which is more beautiful and valuable than them all. It is worth more than a thousand such as these. If you desire to be the owner of it, go to the city of Cairo in Egypt. One of my old slaves, whose name is Mobarec, lives there. You will easily find him. Visit him, and tell him all that has happened to you. He will conduct you to the place where that wonderful statue is, which you will obtain with safety.”

The young sultan having read these words, said to the queen, “I will set out for Grand Cairo. I am sure, mother, you will not object.” “No, my son,” answered the queen, “I am not against it. I am certain that you are under the protection of our great prophet. He will not permit you to perish in this journey.” The prince made ready and set out, taking with him a few attendants.

Nothing remarkable happened on the way. When he arrived at Cairo, he inquired for Mobarec. The people told him that he was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the city, that he lived like a great lord, and that his house was open, especially for strangers. Zeyn went to the house, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a slave who asked, “What is it you want, and who are you?” “I am a stranger,” answered the prince, “and hearing much of the Lord Mobarec’s generosity, I have come to take up my lodging with him.” The slave desired Zeyn to wait while he went to inform his master, who at once ordered him to request the stranger to walk in. Returning to the door, the slave told the prince he was welcome.

Zeyn went in, crossed a large court, and entered a hall magnificently furnished, where Mobarec received him very civilly. The prince then said to Mobarec, “I am the son of the late sultan of Bussorah, and my name is Zeyn Alasnam.” “That sovereign,” said Mobarec, “was formerly my master, but I never knew of any children he had; what is your age?” “I am

twenty years old," answered the sultan. "How long is it since you left my father's court?" "Almost two-and-twenty years," replied Mobarec. "But how can you make me sure that you are his son?" "My father," replied Zeyn, "had a secret chamber under his closet, in which I have found forty porphyry urns full of gold." "And what more is there?" asked Mobarec. "There are," answered the prince, "nine pedestals of massive gold, on eight of which are as many diamond statues. On the ninth there is a piece of white satin, on which my father has written what I am to do to obtain another statue, more valuable than all those together. You know where that statue is, for it is said on the satin that you will conduct me to it."

As soon as he had spoken these words, Mobarec fell down at his feet, and, kissing one of his hands several times, said, "I bless God for having brought you here. I now know you to be the sultan of Bussorah's son. I will conduct you to the place where the wonderful statue is, but you must first rest here a few days. This day I am entertaining the great men of the city at a banquet. Will you come and be merry with us?" "I shall be very glad," replied Zeyn, "to be admitted to your feast." Mobarec immediately led him into a grand hall where the company was, seated him at the table, and went on his knees when serving him. The great men present were surprised, and whispered to one another, "Who is this stranger, to whom Mobarec pays so much respect?"

When they had dined, Mobarec, addressing the company, said, "My friends, this young stranger is the son of the sultan of Bussorah, my late master. His father purchased me, and died without making me free, so I am still a slave, and all I have belongs to this young prince, his sole heir." Here Zeyn stopped him and said, "Mobarec, I declare, before all these guests, that I make you free from this moment, and that I give up all right to your person, and all you possess." Mobarec bowed down to the ground, and returned the prince most hearty thanks.

The next day Zeyn said to Mobarec, "I have taken rest enough. I came to Cairo not for pleasure. My purpose is to obtain the ninth statue. It is time for us to set out in search of it." "Sir," said Mobarec, "I am ready to comply with your request, but you know not what dangers you must meet before you get the statue." "Whatever the danger may be," answered the prince, "I have resolved to make the attempt. I will either perish or succeed. All that happens in this world is by God's direction."

Mobarec, seeing that he was resolved to go, ordered his servants to make preparations for the journey, and as soon as all was ready they started. They traveled many days, and at length, having come to a delightful spot, they alighted from their horses. Mobarec then said to the servants that attended them, "Do you remain here till we return;" and he said to Zeyn, "Now, sir, let us go on by ourselves. We are near the dreadful place where the ninth statue is kept. You will presently need all your courage."

They soon came to a vast lake. Mobarec sat down on the brink of it, saying to the prince, "We must cross this lake." "How can we," answered Zeyn, "when we have no boat?" "You will see one appear in a moment," replied Mobarec; "the enchanted boat of the sultan of the genies will come for us. But you must keep strict silence. Do not speak to the boatman, though he seem strange to you. Whatever extraordinary circumstance you observe, say nothing, for I tell you that if you utter one word when we are embarked, the boat will sink." "I shall take care to be silent," said the prince; "you need only tell me what I am to do, and I will strictly comply."

While they were talking, he saw on a sudden a boat in the lake, made of red sandalwood. It had a mast of fine amber, and a blue satin flag. There was only one boatman in it, who had the head of an elephant and the body of a tiger. When the boat came up to the prince and Mobarec, the boatman took them in, one after the other, with his trunk, and carried them over the

lake in a moment. He then took them up with his trunk, set them ashore, and immediately disappeared with his boat.

“Now we may talk,” said Mobarec. “The island we are in belongs to the king of the genies. Look around you, prince; can there be a more delightful spot? See the fields adorned with all sorts of flowers and plants; admire those beautiful trees, whose branches bend down to the ground; hear those songs from a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries.” Zeyn was delighted with the beauties he saw, and he saw new beauties as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came before a palace built of emeralds, surrounded by a wide moat, on the banks of which were trees so tall that they shaded the whole building. The gate was of massive gold, and was approached by a bridge formed of one single shell of a fish, thirty feet long, and eighteen in breadth. At the head of the bridge stood a company of very tall genies, who guarded the entrance into the castle with great clubs of steel.

“Let us go no farther at present,” said Mobarec; “these genies might destroy us, and in order to prevent their coming near us we must perform a magical ceremony.” Then Mobarec laid on the ground two large mats, on the edges of which he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Afterwards he sat down on one of the mats, and Zeyn on the other, and then he said to the prince, “I shall now, sir, summon the sultan of the genies, who lives in the palace that is before us. If our coming into this island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a dreadful monster, but if he approves of our coming, he will show himself in the shape of a handsome man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your mat, for you would certainly perish should you stir from it. You must say to him, ‘Lord of the genies, I wish your Majesty may protect me, as you always protected my father; and I most humbly beg of you to give me the ninth statue.’”

Immediately after Mobarec ceased speaking, their eyes were dazzled by a long flash of lightning, which was followed by a clap

of thunder. The whole island was covered with a thick darkness, a furious storm of wind blew, a dreadful cry was heard, and the island felt a shock, as if of an earthquake. Then the sultan of the genies appeared in the shape of a very handsome man, yet there was something terrific in his air.

As soon as King Zeyn bowed down before him and spoke as he had been taught by Mobarec, the sultan of the genies, smiling, said, "My son, I loved your father, and every time he came to pay me his respects, I presented him with a statue, which he carried away with him. I have no less kindness for you. I wrote for your father, some days before he died, that which you read on the piece of white satin. I promised him to take you under my protection, and to give you the ninth statue, which in beauty surpasses those you have already. I had begun to perform my promise to him, for it was I you saw in a dream in the shape of an old man. I caused you to open the underground place where the urns and the statues are deposited. I know what brought you here; you shall obtain what you desire, on certain conditions. You must return with Mobarec, and you must promise to come again to me, and to bring with you a young maiden who has reached her fifteenth year, and who has never had a wish to be married. She must also be perfectly beautiful, and you must not even desire as you are bringing her here to make her your queen. I will give you a looking-glass, which will clearly reflect no other image than that of the young maiden you are in search of. Now promise me to observe these conditions, and keep your promise like a man of honor; otherwise, I will take away your life, notwithstanding the kindness I have for you." Zeyn Alasnam gave the promise required, and vowed that he would faithfully keep his word.

The sultan of the genies then gave him a looking-glass, saying, "My son, you may return when you please; there is the glass you are to use." Zeyn and Mobarec took leave of the sultan of the genies, and went towards the lake. The boatman with the elephant's head brought the boat, and ferried them over the lake

as he had done before. They joined their servants, and returned with them again to Cairo. The young sultan rested a few days at Mobarec's house, and then said to him, "Let us go to Bagdad, to seek a maiden for the sovereign of the genies." "Why, are we not at Grand Cairo?" said Mobarec. "Shall we not find beautiful maidens here?" "You are right," answered the prince; "but how shall we find where they are?" "Do not trouble yourself about that," answered Mobarec; "I know a very wise old woman, who will help us in the matter."

The old woman found means to show King Zeyn a number of beautiful maidens of fifteen years of age; but when he had viewed them, and tried his looking-glass, the glass always appeared dim. All the maidens in the city who were in their fifteenth year underwent the trial, one after another, but the glass never remained bright and clear. When they saw that the maiden was not to be found in Cairo, they went to Bagdad, and there they hired a magnificent palace, and soon made acquaintance with the chief people of the city.

There lived at Bagdad at this time an imaum much noted for his charity. His name was Boubekir Muezin. Mobarec went to him and gave him a purse of five hundred gold pieces, in the name of Prince Zeyn, to distribute among the poor. On the next day, Boubekir Muezin waited on Prince Zeyn to return to him his thanks. On hearing the purpose of his visit to Bagdad, he told him of a maiden, the daughter of a former vizier of Bagdad, who, he thought, would be found suitable, according to the conditions proposed. He offered to ask her from her father, if the prince would accompany him to her father's mansion. The prince did so, and the vizier, as soon as he was told who the prince was, and the reason of his visit, called his daughter, and made her take off her veil. Never had the young sultan of Bussorah beheld such a perfect and striking beauty. Then he pulled out his glass, and it remained bright and clear.

When he saw that he had at length found the person he wanted, he entreated the vizier to grant her to him. The vizier con-

sented, and immediately a judge was sent for, and the marriage contract was drawn and signed. After this ceremony, Zeyn conducted the vizier to his house, where he treated him magnificently, and gave him rich presents. Next day Mobarec brought the bride to Zeyn's house, and said to him, "Let us not stay any longer at Bagdad, but return to Cairo; remember the promise you made the sultan of the genies." "Let us go," answered the prince; "I must take care to perform it exactly, yet I must confess, my dear Mobarec, that if I obey the sultan of the genies, it is not without regret. The lady I have married is so charming that I am tempted to carry her to Bussorah, and place her on the throne." "Dear prince," answered Mobarec, "I entreat you to keep your promise to the sultan of the genies." "Well then, Mobarec," said the prince, "you must take care to conceal the lovely maiden from me; let her never again appear in my sight."

Mobarec then made all ready for their departure. They returned to Cairo, and from there set out for the island of the sultan of the genies. When they arrived, the lady said to Mobarec, "Where are we? Shall we be soon in the kingdom of the prince my husband?" "Madam," answered Mobarec, "it is time to tell you the truth. Prince Zeyn married you only to get you from your father; he did not promise to make you queen of Bussorah, but to give you to the sultan of the genies, who asked of him a maiden of your loveliness and purity." At these words, she began to weep bitterly. "Take pity on me," said she; "I am a stranger; you will have to answer to God for your conduct towards me."

Her tears were, however, of no avail. She was presented to the sultan of the genies, who, having looked at her with attention, said to Zeyn, "Prince, I am satisfied with your behavior; the maid you have brought me is beautiful and good, and I am pleased with the restraint you have put upon yourself to fulfill your promise to me. Return to your kingdom, and when you enter the underground room, where the eight statues are, you

shall find the ninth which I promised you. I will make my genies carry it there." Zeyn thanked the king of the genies, and returned to Cairo with Mobarec, but did not stay long in Egypt, for his impatience to see the ninth statue made him hasten his departure. He could not, however, think without regret of the maiden he had married, and he blamed himself for having deceived her. "Alas!" said he, "I have taken her from a tender father, to give her to a genie. Oh, beautiful lady! you deserve a better fate."

Sultan Zeyn, disturbed with these thoughts, at length reached Bussorah, where his people made extraordinary rejoicings for his return. He went directly to give an account of his journey to his mother, who was delighted to hear that he had obtained the ninth statue. "Let us go, my son," said she, "let us go and see it, for it is certainly in the underground chamber, as the sultan of the genies said you should find it there." The young sultan and his mother then went down into the room of the statues. Great was their surprise when, instead of a statue of diamonds, they saw on the ninth pedestal a most beautiful lady, whom the prince knew to be the maid he had given to the sultan of the genies. "Prince," said the maid, "you are surprised to see me here. You expected to find something more precious, and I suppose you now regret having taken so much trouble; you expected a better reward." "Madam," answered Zeyn, "I declare to you that more than once I had nearly broken my word with the sultan of the genies, to keep you to myself. Whatever be the value of a diamond statue, I love you above all the diamonds and wealth in the world."

Just as he had done speaking, a clap of thunder was heard, which shook the palace. Zeyn's mother was alarmed, but the sultan of the genies immediately appearing, she was no longer afraid. "Madam," said he to her, "I protect and love your son. I wished to try whether at his age he could control himself. This lady is the ninth statue I intended for him; it is more precious than the others. Live," said he to the young prince,

“live happily, Zeyn, with this your wife, and if you would have her true and constant to you, love her always, and love her only.”

Having spoken these words, the sultan of the genies vanished, and Zeyn, delighted with his young wife, caused her the same day to be proclaimed queen of Bussorah, over which they reigned together in happiness all their lives.

STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU.

There was once a sultan of India, who, after a long reign, reached a good old age. He had three sons and one niece. The eldest son was called Houssain, the second Ali, and the youngest Ahmed. His niece was called Nouronnihar. She was the daughter of a favorite brother of his who died young. She was brought up in her uncle's palace from her childhood, and was remarkable for her cleverness and her beauty.

When Nouronnihar came of age, the sultan wished her to marry a neighboring prince, but he found that all the three princes, his sons, loved her and wished to marry her. This grieved him very much on account of the trouble and discord it would cause among his sons. He spoke to each of them apart, telling them it was impossible for one princess to be the wife of three persons, and he tried to make them consent to abide by the decision of the princess herself in favor of some one of them. But he could not get them to agree to this, so he sent for them all together, and he said, “I have a way of settling this matter which I think will please you all. I propose that you travel separately into different countries, so that you may not meet each other, and I promise my niece in marriage to him who shall bring me the greatest curiosity. I will give each of you a sum of money for the purchase of the thing you shall search after, and for the payment of your traveling expenses.”

The three princes consented to this proposal, each hoping that fortune would prove favorable to him. The sultan then gave them the money he promised, and early next morning they all went out at the same gate of the city, each dressed like a merchant, attended by an officer dressed as a slave, and all well mounted and equipped. They went the first day's journey together, and at night, when they were at supper, they agreed to travel for a year, and to meet that day twelve months at the khan where they were then stopping, the first who came to wait for the rest, so that as they had taken leave of the sultan together, they might return in company. The next morning by break of day, after they had embraced and wished each other good success, they mounted their horses, and each took a different road.

PRINCE HOUSSAIN AND THE CARPET.

Prince Houssain, the eldest brother, took the way towards the Indian coast. After three months traveling, sometimes over deserts and barren mountains, and sometimes through populous and fertile countries, he arrived at Bisnagar, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and the residence of its king. He lodged at a khan where foreign merchants usually put up, and he soon learned that there were four principal markets, where merchants of all sorts kept their stores. These markets were situated on a large extent of ground, in the center of the city, in the middle of which stood the king's palace, surrounded by three courts, the gates of which were each distant six miles from the other.

Prince Houssain went to one of the markets on the next day. It was a large place, divided into several vaulted avenues, and shaded from the sun, but well lighted. The stores were all of the same size, and all who dealt in the same sort of goods lived in one avenue.

After Prince Houssain had passed through that quarter, street

by street, a merchant, seeing him go by, much fatigued, invited him to sit down in front of his shop. He was not seated long when a man appeared with a piece of carpet on his arm, about six feet square, and crying it for sale at forty purses. The prince called to the crier, and, after examining the carpet, told him he could not understand why so small a piece of carpet should be set at so high a price, unless it had something very extraordinary in it, which he knew nothing of. "You have guessed right, sir," replied the crier, "it has something very extraordinary in it; whoever sits on this piece of carpet may be carried in an instant wherever he wishes to be." "If the carpet," said the prince to the crier, "has the power you say, I shall not think forty purses too much." "Sir," replied the crier, "I tell you the truth, and with the leave of the master of this store we will go into the back warehouse, and spread the carpet, and sit down upon it. Then when you form a wish to be carried to your apartment at the khan, if we are not there in an instant, it shall be no bargain."

They then went into the merchant's back shop, where they both sat down on the piece of carpet, and as soon as the prince formed his wish to be carried into his apartment at the khan, he in an instant found himself and the crier there. After this proof of the power of the carpet, he counted to the crier forty purses of gold, and gave him twenty pieces for himself.

Prince Houssain was overjoyed that he had so soon found so rare a curiosity. He felt sure that it would gain him the possession of Nouronihar, as his younger brothers, he thought, could not find anything to be compared with it. It was in his power, by sitting on this carpet, to be at the place of meeting that very day, but as he would have to wait there for his brothers, he preferred to make a longer stay in Bisnagar. He passed his time in viewing the wonders of the city. Among the objects which were most worthy of admiration, he visited a temple built entirely of brass. Its greatest ornament was a statue the height of a man, of massive gold, the eyes of which were two rubies, set so

that it seemed to look at those who viewed it, on whatever side they turned.

When Prince Houssain had seen all the wonders of Bisnagar, he desired to be nearer home, and so he took the carpet and spread it, and he and his officer sat down upon it. In a moment after expressing their wish, they were carried to the khan at which the brothers were to meet, and there the prince passed for a merchant till the arrival of the others.

PRINCE ALI AND THE IVORY TUBE.

Prince Ali, the second brother, after he parted with Houssain and Ahmed, joined a caravan going to Persia, and in four months arrived at Shiraz, the capital of that kingdom. On the next morning after his arrival, while the merchants of the caravan were opening their bales of merchandise, Prince Ali took a walk into that quarter of the town where they sold precious stones, goods in gold and silver, brocades, silks, fine linens, and other choice and valuable articles, for which Shiraz was celebrated.

Among the criers who passed backwards and forwards with samples of several sorts of goods, there was one who held in his hand an ivory tube about a foot long and an inch thick. The crier cried out that the price of the tube was forty purses. The prince thought he was mad, and asked him what he meant by asking forty purses for what seemed to be a thing of no value. The crier replied, " Sir, you are not the only person that takes me for a madman on account of this tube. You shall judge for yourself whether I am or not, when I tell you its power. By looking through this tube you can see whatever object you wish to see." The crier then handed the tube to the prince, and he looked through it, wishing at the same time to see the sultan his father. Immediately he saw him, sitting on his throne, in the midst of his council. Next he wished to see the Princess Nou-

ronnihar, and instantly he beheld her laughing and talking with her women attendants who were about her.

Prince Ali needed no other proof to satisfy him that this tube was the most valuable article in the world, so he took the crier to the khan where he lodged, counted him out the money, and received the tube. He was overjoyed at his purchase. He felt certain that his brothers would not be able to get anything so rare and admirable, and that he would win the Princess Nouronihar. He thought now only of returning home, and when the caravan was leaving Shiraz, he joined the party of merchants with whom he had before traveled. He arrived happily without any accident or trouble at the place appointed, where he found Prince Houssain, and both waited for their brother Prince Ahmed.

PRINCE AHMED AND THE APPLE.

Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarcand, and the day after his arrival in that city, he went into the market place. Here he heard a crier, who had an artificial apple in his hand, cry it at five-and-thirty purses. The prince stopped the crier, and said to him, "Let me see that apple, and tell me what virtue it possesses, to be worth so much money as you ask for it." "Sir," replied the crier, giving it into his hand, "this apple is not very remarkable, judged by its appearance, but if you consider what it can do, you will say it is most valuable, and that he who possesses it is master of a great treasure. It cures all sick persons of every disease, and even if the patient is dying, it will restore him to perfect health merely by smelling it." "If one may believe you," replied Prince Ahmed, "the apple is wonderful, and is indeed most valuable, but how am I to know that what you say is true?" "Sir," replied the crier, "What I tell you is known to the whole city of Samarcand. Ask these merchants you see in the stores and hear what they say. Several of them will tell you that they would not be alive to-day if they had not made use of this apple."

While the crier was talking to Prince Ahmed many persons gathered round, and one of them said that he had a friend dangerously ill, whose life was despaired of. Here was an opportunity to show what the apple could do, so Prince Ahmed told the crier that he would give him forty purses for it if it cured the sick person by smelling it. "Come, sir," said the crier to Prince Ahmed, "let us go and make the trial, and the apple shall be yours." They immediately went to the sick man, who, the moment he smelled the apple, was perfectly cured, and got up and walked about, as well as ever. At once the prince counted out the money to the crier, and took the apple.

He then spent some time in seeing all that was worth seeing in and around Samarcand, and principally the valley of Sogd, which is considered by the Arabians to be one of the four paradises of the world, because of the beauty of its fields, gardens, and palaces. Soon afterwards he joined a caravan that was about to set out for India, and he arrived safely at the khan where the Princes Houssain and Ali waited for him.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU.

When Prince Ahmed joined his brothers, they embraced with tenderness, and complimented one another on the happiness of meeting together in safety at the same place they had set out from. Houssain, the eldest brother, then said, "Brothers, we shall have time enough hereafter to describe our travels. Let us come to that which is of the greatest importance for us to know, and not conceal from each other the curiosities we have brought, but show them, that we may ourselves judge which of them our father will think the best. The curiosity I have brought from the kingdom of Bisnagar is the carpet on which I sit. It looks nothing more than an ordinary piece of carpet, but its power is wonderful. Whoever sits on it, and wishes to be carried to any

place, no matter how distant, is immediately carried there. It was on it that I and my attendant came here from Bisnagar, and we performed the journey in the twinkling of an eye. I paid forty purses for it, and I think you will allow that it is value for the money. I expect now that you will tell me whether what you have brought is to be compared with this carpet."

Prince Ali next spoke. "I must own, brother," said he, "that your carpet is a most surprising curiosity. But you will allow that there may be other rarities at least as wonderful. Here is an ivory tube, which appears to the eye no more a curiosity than your carpet. It cost me forty purses, and I am as well satisfied with my purchase as you are with yours; for on looking through this tube you can see whatever object you wish to behold. I would not have you take my word for proof," added Prince Ali, presenting the tube to Houssain; "there it is; make trial of it yourself."

Houssain took the ivory tube from Prince Ali, and looked through it, at the same time expressing a wish to see the Princess Nouronihar. Ali and Ahmed kept their eyes fixed upon him, and were extremely surprised to see his face suddenly show signs of extraordinary alarm and trouble. Prince Houssain did not give them time to ask what was the matter, but cried out, "Alas! princes, what was the good of our long and fatiguing journeys, with the hope of being rewarded by obtaining the charming Nouronihar, when in a few moments that lovely princess will breathe her last! I have just seen her in bed, surrounded by her women, all in tears, who seem to expect her death. Take the tube, see for yourselves the miserable state she is in, and mingle your tears with mine." Prince Ali took the tube and saw the princess as Houssain had described; then he gave the tube to Ahmed, who, when he saw that the Princess Nouronihar's end was so near, addressed his two brothers, and said, "Princes, the Princess Nouronihar, whom we all equally love, is indeed just at death's door, but if we make haste and lose no time, we may preserve her life. This apple which you see, cost the same sum as the

carpet and the tube. It has a wonderful power. Its smell will restore a sick person to perfect health, whatever be the disease. I have tried it, and can show you its wonderful effect on the Princess Nouronihar, if we hasten to assist her." "If that be all," replied Prince Houssain, "we cannot make more haste than by carrying ourselves instantly into her chamber by means of my carpet. Come, lose no time, sit down; it is large enough to hold us all."

Without delay the Princes Ali and Ahmed sat down by Houssain, and, all expressing the same wish, they were in a moment transported into the Princess Nouronihar's chamber. The presence of the three princes, who were so little expected, alarmed the princess's women and guards, who could not understand how three men should be so suddenly among them, for they did not know them at first. The guards were ready to fall upon them, as people who had got into a part of the palace where they were not allowed to come; but they soon found their mistake. Prince Ahmed quickly rose off the carpet, went to the bedside of the princess, and put the apple to her nostrils. She instantly opened her eyes, and sitting up, asked to be dressed, just as if she had awakened in the morning out of a sound sleep. Her women informed her that she was obliged to the three princes her cousins, and particularly to Prince Ahmed, for the sudden recovery of her health. She immediately expressed her joy at seeing them, and thanked them all together, but afterwards Prince Ahmed in particular. As she desired to dress, the princes contented themselves with telling her how great a pleasure it was to them to have come soon enough to save her from the danger she was in, and then they retired.

While the princess was dressing, the princes went to see the sultan their father. When they came to him, they found that he had been informed of their unexpected arrival, and by what means the princess had been so suddenly cured. He received and embraced them with the greatest joy, both for their return and for the wonderful recovery of the princess his niece, whom he

loved as if she were his own daughter. The princes then presented to him the curiosities they had brought,— Prince Houssain his carpet, Prince Ali his ivory tube, and Prince Ahmed his apple, and they begged of him to declare to which of them he would give the Princess Nouronihar, according to his promise:

The sultan of India, having heard all that the princes had to say in favor of their curiosities, remained for some time silent, considering what answer he should make. At last, addressing them, he said, “ I would declare for one of you, my sons, if I could do it with justice. It is true, Ahmed, the princess my niece is obliged to your wonderful apple for her cure, but let me ask you whether you could have cured her if you had not known by Ali’s tube the danger she was in, and if Houssain’s carpet had not brought you to her so soon ? Your tube, Ali, made you and your brothers aware of the illness of your cousin, but you must grant that the knowledge of her illness would have been of no service without the apple and the carpet. And as for you, Houssain, your carpet would have been of little use if you had not known of her illness by Ali’s tube, or if Ahmed had not used his apple. Therefore, as the carpet, the ivory tube, and the apple have no preference over each other, but on the contrary, as each had an equal share in her cure, I cannot grant the princess to any one of you. But I will try another plan to settle this matter, and I will do it to-day. Let each of you get a bow and arrow, and go to the plain where the horses are exercised. I will soon join you, and I will give the Princess Nouronihar to him who shoots the farthest.”

The three princes had no objection to the decision of the sultan. They each provided themselves with a bow and arrow, and went to the plain appointed, followed by a great number of people. As soon as the sultan arrived, Prince Houssain, being the eldest, took his bow and arrow, and shot first. Prince Ali shot next, and his arrow went further than that of Houssain. Prince Ahmed then shot, but nobody could see where his arrow fell, and though he and all the people who were present searched

for it, they could not find it. It was evident that he had shot the farthest, but as his arrow could not be found, the sultan decided in favor of Prince Ali, and he and the Princess Nouronihar were married a few days afterwards with great magnificence.

Prince Houssain's grief was so great that he left the palace, and, giving up all right to the crown, became a dervise. Prince Ahmed was also much grieved, but he did not retire from the world like his elder brother. He was still greatly troubled about his arrow, and he resolved to find out where it had gone. With this object he went to the place where the arrows of Houssain and Ali were picked up, and proceeding straight forward from there, he looked carefully on both sides as he advanced. He went so far that at last he began to think his labor was in vain, yet he felt compelled to proceed, and he did so till he came to some steep, craggy rocks which prevented further progress. At the foot of these rocks he found an arrow, which, to his great astonishment, he saw was the very arrow he had shot. "Certainly," said he to himself, "neither I, nor any man living, could shoot an arrow so far. There must be some mystery in this."

He then began to look about, and in a few minutes he saw an iron door which seemed to be locked. But on pushing against the door, it opened, and the prince saw a staircase down which he walked, with his arrow in his hand. At first he thought he was going into a dark place, but immediately he was surrounded by light, and he found that he was in front of a magnificent palace. At the same instant, a lady of majestic air and great beauty, dressed in rich robes sparkling with jewels, appeared before him. She was attended by a troop of maidens, all magnificently dressed. As soon as Ahmed saw her, he hastened to pay his respects, but the lady, addressing him first, said, "Enter, Prince Ahmed; you are welcome."

After these words, the lady led Prince Ahmed into a noble hall. She then sat down on a sofa, and when the prince, at her request, seated himself near her, she said, "You know, as the

Koran states, that the world is inhabited by genies as well as men. I am Perie Banou, the daughter of one of the most powerful of these genies. I know about your love and your travels. The artificial apple, which you bought at Samarcand, the carpet which Prince Houssain purchased at Bisnagar, and the tube which Prince Ali brought from Shiraz, were of my contrivance. You seemed to me to be worthy of a happier lot than to marry the Princess Nouronihar, and, that you might have it, I caused your arrow to fly out of sight, and to strike against the rocks near which you found it. It is in your power now to make yourself happy."

As the fairy Perie Banou said these words in an affectionate tone, the prince replied, "Should I have the fortune of making you the partner of my life, I shall think myself the happiest of men." "Then," answered the fairy, "you shall be my husband, and I will give orders for the preparation of our marriage and our wedding feast this evening. In the mean while I will show you the apartments of my palace."

The fairy then led Ahmed through the grand rooms of the palace, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels, together with the richest furniture arranged in the most elegant fashion. At last he entered the hall where the cloth was laid for the feast. It was adorned with a great number of wax candles perfumed with amber. A large sideboard was set out with all sorts of gold plate, so finely wrought that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold. In this hall the prince and the fairy Perie Banou were married, and then they sat down to the feast, which was accompanied by a concert of music, the finest that the prince had ever heard. The fairy served Prince Ahmed with most delicious meats, the like of which he had never before tasted. After the dessert, which was of the choicest fruits and preserves, the fairy Perie and Prince Ahmed rose and went to a dais, at the end of a hall, where they sat upon cushions of fine silk, beautifully embroidered. Then a great number of genies and fairies danced before

then, and at last divided themselves into two rows, through which the prince and the Perie passed to their chamber.

Every day spent with the fairy Perie was a continued feast, for every day she provided new delicacies, new concerts, new dances, new shows, and new amusements of every kind. These were all so pleasing to Prince Ahmed that in a thousand years among human beings he could not have experienced equal enjoyment.

At the end of six months, the prince felt a great desire to visit the sultan his father, and know how he was. He mentioned his wish to Perie Banou, but she was much alarmed, lest this was an excuse to leave her, and she begged him not to go. "My queen," replied the prince, "I did not make the request with any intention of displeasing you, but through respect for my father, who, as I have reason to think, believes that I am dead. But as you do not like that I should go, I will deny myself the pleasure, for there is nothing I would not do to please you."

In the mean while, the sultan of India was deeply distressed at the absence of the two princes his sons. He was soon, however, informed of the resolution Prince Houssain had taken to forsake the world, and as he knew that he was alive and well he was not so troubled about him. But he did not know where Prince Ahmed was, and therefore he gave orders that a search should be made for him throughout all his dominions. He sent messengers to the governors of all the provinces of India, with directions to stop the prince should he be found, and compel him to return to his father's court.

But all was of no use. Ahmed could not be found and nobody could tell where he was. At last the grand vizier advised the sultan to ask the help of a sorceress. The sultan consented, and a sorceress was sent for. When she came before the sultan, he said to her, "Canst thou tell me by thy art and skill what is become of Prince Ahmed, my son? If he be alive, where is he? What is he doing? May I hope ever to see him again?" "Sire," replied the sorceress, "if you will allow me till to-morrow, I will endeavor to satisfy you." The sultan granted her

the time, and promised to reward her well. The sorceress returned the next day, and said to the sultan, "Sire, I have not been able to find out anything more than that Prince Ahmed is alive, but as to where he is I cannot discover." The sultan was obliged to remain satisfied with this answer, which somewhat relieved his anxiety, as it made him believe that his son was not dead.

Prince Ahmed, meanwhile, kept to his resolution not again to ask permission to leave the fairy Perie Banou, but she saw by his frequent talk about his father that he still wished to see him. She therefore resolved to grant him the permission she knew he so much desired, and one day she said to him, "Prince, as I am now fully satisfied that I can depend on your love, I grant you leave to visit the sultan your father on condition that your absence shall not be long. You can go when you please, but let me give you some advice how you shall conduct yourself. Do not inform your father of our marriage, or of the place of our residence. Beg of him to be content with knowing that you are happy, and that the object of your visit is to make him easy in his mind regarding you." She then ordered twenty horsemen to attend him on his journey. For himself a magnificent horse was brought out, with saddle and bridle of gold and silver, ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. Prince Ahmed mounted this horse, and after bidding farewell to the fairy Perie, he set out, accompanied by the twenty horsemen.

As it was no great distance, the prince soon arrived at his father's capital. The people received him joyfully and followed him in crowds to the palace. His father embraced him with great affection, complaining at the same time of the grief his long absence had caused him. "Sire," replied Prince Ahmed, "I was pained to have to give up the Princess Nouronihar to my brother Ali, and I felt that my arrow, though it could not be found, had gone beyond his. I resolved to find it, and I therefore left my attendant, and returned alone to look for it. After having gone several miles I saw an arrow, and I knew it to be

the same which I had lost. Far from blaming you for declaring in favor of my brother Ali, I never doubted that there was a mystery in what had happened. But as to this mystery, I beg you will not be offended if I remain silent, and that you will be content to know from my own mouth that I am happy. To tell you this, and to relieve your anxiety, is what brought me here. I must now return, and the only favor I ask is your leave to occasionally visit you and inquire after your health." "Son," answered the sultan, "I have no wish to inquire into your secret. I tell you that your presence has given me a pleasure I have not felt for a long time. You shall always be welcome when you can come to visit me."

Prince Ahmed stayed three days at his father's court, and on the fourth returned to the fairy Perie Banou, who received him with great joy. At the end of a month after the prince's return, the fairy, no longer doubting his love for her, proposed herself that he should pay another visit to his father. "It is a month," she said, "since you have seen the sultan your father. I think you should not be longer in renewing your visits. Go to him tomorrow, and after that, visit him once a month, without waiting for my permission."

Prince Ahmed went the next morning with the same attendants as before, but much more magnificently mounted and dressed, and was received by the sultan with the same joy and satisfaction. For several months he constantly paid him visits, and every time in a richer and more brilliant style. At last the sultan's viziers, who judged of Prince Ahmed's power by the splendor of his appearance, began to try to make the father jealous of his son. They told him that he ought to discover where the prince resided, and how he could afford to live so magnificently. He seemed, they said, to come to court only to insult his father by his display of grandeur, and to gain the people's favor, so as to get the throne himself.

When they said these things to the sultan, he answered, "I do not believe my son Ahmed would act as you think, but I am

obliged to you for your advice." He said this that they might not know that he was disturbed in his mind about what they told him. He was, however, so much alarmed that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched. With this object he sent privately for the sorceress, who came by a secret door into his own room. "You told me the truth," said he, "when you informed me that my son Ahmed was alive. He now comes to my court every month, but I cannot learn from him where he resides. I believe you can discover this secret. He is with me at the present time, and will depart in the morning, without taking leave of me or any of my court. I wish you to watch him so as to find out where he goes, and bring me information." The sorceress left the sultan, and learning by her art the place where Prince Ahmed had found his arrow, she went immediately there, and concealed herself near the rocks so as not to be seen.

Next morning Prince Ahmed set out by daybreak, without taking leave of either the sultan or any of his court. The sorceress saw him coming, and watched him and his attendants till she suddenly lost sight of them in the rocks. When she thought that the prince and his attendants must have far advanced into whatever place they inhabited, she came out and searched around the spot where she had lost sight of them, but could find nothing. She then returned to the palace and told the sultan, but at the same time said to him that she did not despair of obtaining the information he wished. Knowing the time when Prince Ahmed would again visit his father, she went the day before to the foot of the rock, and waited there to carry out the plan she had formed.

The next morning, as Prince Ahmed went out as usual at the iron gate, with his attendants, on his journey to the capital, he saw a woman lying with her head on the rock, and complaining as if she was in great pain. He pitied her, turned his horse, and said, "Good woman, I will assist you, and take you where you shall be soon cured. Rise, and let one of my people carry you behind him."

At these words the sorceress moved as if trying to rise, pre-

tending that her illness prevented her. Two of the prince's attendants helped her up, and placed her behind one of their companions. They then followed the prince, who turned back to the iron gate, which was opened by one of his horsemen. When he came into the outer court of the fairy's palace, he sent to tell her that he wanted to speak with her. The fairy came with great haste, and Prince Ahmed, not giving her time to ask any questions, said, "My princess, I wish you to have pity on this good woman. I recommend her to your care, and am sure that from inclination, as well as because of my request, you will not abandon her."

The fairy, who had her eyes fixed on the pretended sick woman all the time the prince was speaking, ordered two of her female attendants to conduct her into an apartment of the palace, and take as much care of her as they would of herself. While the attendants were doing this, the fairy went up to Prince Ahmed, and whispering in his ear, said, "Prince, I commend your good nature, which is worthy of you, but believe me, this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be. I am much mistaken if she is not sent here to cause you great trouble. But do not be uneasy. I will save you from all the snares that shall be laid for you. Go and pursue your journey." These words of the fairy did not in the least alarm Prince Ahmed. "My princess," said he, "as I do not remember that I ever did anybody an injury, I cannot believe any one can have a thought of injuring me; but even so, I shall not forbear doing good whenever I have an opportunity." So saying, he took leave of the fairy, and set forward again for his father's capital, where he soon arrived, and was received as usual by the sultan.

In the mean time, the two attendants of Perie Banou had conveyed the sorceress into an elegant apartment, richly furnished. When they put her into bed, the quilt of which was embroidered brocade, and the coverlet, cloth of gold, one of the women went out, and returned soon with a china cup in her hand containing a certain liquor, which she presented to the sorceress, while the

other helped her to sit up. "Drink this," said the attendant; "it is the water of the fountain of lions. You will find the good effect of it in less than an hour's time."

The two attendants returned in an hour's time, and found the sorceress seated on the sofa. When she saw them she cried out, "Oh, wonderful liquor! it has cured me, and being thus cured as by a miracle, I would not lose time, but finish my journey."

The two attendants then conducted the sorceress through several apartments into a large hall, the most richly and magnificently furnished of all the palace. Perie Banou was seated in this hall, upon a throne of massive gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, and pearls of an extraordinary size, and attended by a great number of beautiful fairies, richly dressed. At the sight of so much splendor, the sorceress was so astonished that she could not open her lips to thank the fairy, as she had intended. But Perie Banou saved her the trouble, and said, "Good woman, I am glad I had an opportunity to oblige you, and that you are able to finish your journey. I will not detain you. But perhaps you may wish to see my palace. Follow my women, and they will show it you." The old sorceress, who had not power or courage to say a word, bowed down with her head on the carpet that covered the foot of the throne, took her leave, and was then conducted by the two fairies through the same apartments which were shown to Prince Ahmed at his first arrival. They at last led her to the iron gate, opened it, and wished her a good journey.

After the sorceress had gone a little way, she turned to observe the door, that she might know it again, but she could not see it. Then she went away to the sultan, and after describing to him all that she had witnessed in the fairy's palace, she said, "What does you Majesty think of these unheard-of riches of the fairy? Perhaps you will rejoice at the good fortune of Prince Ahmed, your son. For my part, I shudder when I think of the misfortunes that may happen to you, as the fairy may put it into the head of your son to dethrone his father, and seize the crown of

the Indies." The sultan ordered her to follow him into the council chamber. After he had informed his viziers of all he had learned, and of his fears of the influence of the fairy over his son, one of them said, "The author of this mischief is in your Majesty's power. You ought to put him under arrest; I will not say take away his life, but make him a close prisoner." Then the sorceress asked leave to speak, and she said, "If you arrest the prince, you must also arrest his attendants. But they are all genies. Will they not at once disappear, by the power they possess of making themselves invisible, and will they not go instantly to the fairy, and give her an account of the insult offered to her husband? And can it be supposed that she will let it go unrevenged? Would it not be better to turn the prince's position to your advantage, by putting on him some hard task? If he performs it, he will benefit you, and if he will not perform it, you will have an excuse for arresting him. Request the prince to get you a tent which can be carried in a man's hand, and yet be large enough to shelter your whole army." When the sorceress finished her speech, the sultan asked the viziers if they had anything better to propose, and finding them all silent, he determined to follow her advice.

Next day, when the prince came into his father's presence, the sultan said to him, "My son, I am glad to hear of your marriage with a fairy who is worthy of your love. I make one request,—that you will obtain her assistance to do me a great service. You know to what expense I am put to provide mules, camels, and other beasts of burden, to carry the tents of myself and of my army. Now I am certain that you could easily procure from the fairy, your wife, a tent that might be carried in a man's hand, and which would serve for my whole army. Pray oblige me by persuading her to do me the service I ask."

Prince Ahmed, hearing this request, was at a loss to think what answer to make. At last he replied, "Though I do not know how you have found it out, I cannot deny that the information you have received is correct. I have married the fairy.

As to what you speak of, I shall mention to her your desire, and if I do not again come to visit you, it will be a sign that I have not succeeded in obtaining my request."

When Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy palace, the Perie Banou at once saw that there was some trouble on his mind, and she asked the cause of the change she noticed in him. After much pressing, Ahmed told her that the sultan had found out about his abode and his marriage, though he could not tell by what means. The fairy reminded him of the old woman on whom he had taken pity, and said that she was the spy, and had told the sultan all she had seen and heard. "But," said she, "there is something else which is the cause of your grief and vexation." "Perie Banou," said Prince Ahmed at last, "it is so. My father doubts my loyalty to him, and he has demanded of me to get for him from you a tent large enough to shelter himself, his officers, and his army, when he goes to war, and small enough for a man to carry in his hand." "Prince," replied the fairy, smiling, "what your father requests is a trifle. I can do him more important service, and I shall always take pleasure in performing whatever you desire." Perie Banou then sent for one of her female attendants, and said to her, "Noorjehaun," for that was her name, "bring me the largest tent in my treasury." Noorjehaun went out of the chamber, and in a few minutes returned with a small case concealed in the palm of her hand, and presented it to her mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed. When he saw the small case which the fairy called the largest tent in her treasury, he thought she was joking him, and seeing this, Perie Banou exclaimed, "What, prince! do you think I jest with you? You will see that I am in earnest. Noorjehaun," said she, taking the tent out of Prince Ahmed's hands, "go and set it up, that he may judge whether the sultan his father will think it large enough."

Noorjehaun went out immediately with it from the palace, and, after carrying it to some distance, set it up. The prince found it large enough to shelter two armies, each as large as that

of his father. "You see," said the fairy, that the tent is larger than your father may need, but you are to observe that, when set up, it becomes, without being touched, larger or smaller, according to the size of the army it is to cover." Noorjehaun then took down the tent again, reduced it to its first size, and brought it and put it into the prince's hands. Next day he mounted his horse and went with the usual attendants to the sultan his father.

The sultan, who thought that the tent he asked could not be got, was greatly surprised at the prince's speedy return. He took the tent, and after wondering at its smallness, he had it set up in the great plain not far from the palace. When he found it large enough to cover with ease his whole army he was much astonished. He expressed his thanks to his son, and desired him to return his thanks to the fairy, and, to show what value he set upon it, he ordered the tent to be carefully laid up in his treasury. But in his secret heart he felt greater jealousy than ever of his son, fearing that by the fairy's assistance he would deprive him of his throne. Therefore he went to consult the sorceress again, and she advised him to request the prince to bring him some of the water of the fountain of lions.

The sultan resolved to do this, and so in the evening, when the prince came to pay his respects, he addressed him in these words: "Son, I have already expressed to you how thankful I am for the present of the tent, which I esteem the most valuable article in my treasury; but you must do one thing more for me. I am informed that the fairy your wife makes use of a certain water called the 'water of the fountain of lions,' which cures all sorts of diseases, even the most dangerous. Now I am sure my health is dear to you, and I do not doubt that you will ask her for a bottle of that water, and bring it to me, that I may use it when I have need of it. Do me this service, and complete the duty of a good son towards a tender father."

Prince Ahmed, who believed that his father would have been satisfied with so useful a tent as that he had brought, and that he would not put any other task upon him which might cause the

fairy's displeasure, was thunderstruck at this new request. After a long silence, he said, "I assure your Majesty that there is nothing I would not do to prolong your life, but I cannot promise to bring the water. All I can do is to assure you that I will request it of her, though I am as sorry to have to trouble her as I was when I asked for the tent."

The next morning Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy Perie Banou, and, after informing her of his father's new request, said, "But, my princess, I only tell you this as a plain account of what passed between me and my father. I leave you to your own pleasure, whether you will grant or refuse this his new demand. It shall be as you please." "No, no," replied the fairy, "I will satisfy the sultan; and whatever advice the sorceress may give him, for I see that he listens to her counsel, he shall find no fault with you or me. There is much wickedness in this demand, as you will understand by what I am going to tell you. The fountain of lions is situated in the middle of the court of a great castle, the entrance to which is guarded by four fierce lions, two of which sleep, while the other two are awake. But let not that frighten you. I will supply you with means to pass by them without danger."

The fairy Perie Banou was at that moment at work with her needle, and as she had by her several clews of thread, she took up one, and presenting it to Prince Ahmed, said, "First take this clew of thread; I will tell you presently the use of it. In the second place, you must have two horses. One of them you must ride yourself. The other you must lead, and it must be loaded with a sheep cut into four quarters, that must be killed to-day. In the third place, you must be provided with a bottle, which I will give you, to bring the water in. Set out early to-morrow morning, and when you have passed the iron gate of this palace throw before you the clew of thread, which will roll till it reaches the gates of the castle. Follow it, and when it stops, as the gates will be open, you will see the four lions. The two that are awake will, by their roaring, wake the other two. Be not

alarmed, but throw each of them a quarter of the sheep, and then clap spurs to your horse, and ride to the fountain. Fill your bottle without alighting, and return with the same speed. The lions will be so busy eating that they will let you pass unmolested."

Prince Ahmed set out the next morning at the time appointed by the fairy, and followed her directions exactly. As soon as he arrived at the gates of the castle, he distributed the quarters of the sheep among the four lions, and, passing quickly to the fountain, filled his bottle, and came safely away. When he had got a little distance from the castle gates, he turned about, and seeing two of the lions coming after him, he drew his sword, and prepared himself for defense. But immediately he saw one of them turn out of the road at some distance, showing by his head and tail that he did not come to do him any harm, but only to go before him, and he saw that the other stayed behind to follow. He therefore put his sword again into its scabbard. Guarded in this manner he arrived at his father's capital, and the lions never left him till they had conducted him to the gates of the sultan's palace. They then returned the way they had come, though not without alarming the people, who fled or hid themselves to avoid them; but the lions walked gently and made no attempt to attack any one.

A number of officers came to attend the prince while he dismounted, and conduct him to the apartment of the sultan, who was just then conversing with his viziers. The prince approached his father, laid the bottle at his feet, and rising, said, "I have brought you, sire, the water which your Majesty so much desired, but at the same time I wish you such health that you may never have occasion to make use of it." The sultan was again much surprised to see his son so soon back with what he had demanded of him, and he said to him, "Son, I am much obliged to you for this valuable present, and for the great danger to which you have exposed yourself on my account. But I have one thing yet to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more. This



Drawn by R. B. Birch.

PRINCE AHMED AND THE LIONS.



request is, to bring me a man not above a foot and a half high, whose beard is thirty feet long, who carries upon his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundredweight, and who can speak."

Next day the prince returned to Perie Banou, and told her of his father's new demand, saying, "This is much more difficult to obtain than the others, for I cannot imagine that there is such a man in the world. Without doubt my father seeks my ruin, but if there are any means, I beg you will tell me how I may come off with honor this time also." "Do not alarm yourself, prince," replied the fairy; "you ran a risk in fetching the water of the fountain of lions for your father, but there is no trouble or danger in finding this man. He is my brother Schaibar. Though we both had the same father, he is of so violent a temper that he gets angry at the slightest offense; yet he is very good-natured and friendly to any one who shows him a kindness. I will send for him, but prepare yourself not to be alarmed at his extraordinary figure and appearance." "What! my queen," replied Prince Ahmed, "do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be ever so ugly or deformed, I shall love and honor him on your account."

The fairy then ordered a gold chafing dish to be lighted under the porch of her palace, and taking some incense, she threw it into the fire, whence there arose a thick cloud of smoke. Some moments afterwards she said to Prince Ahmed, "Prince, there comes my brother; do you see him?" The prince immediately saw Schaibar, who, as he came forward, looked fiercely at him, and asked Perie Banou who that man was. She replied, "His name is Ahmed; he is a son of the sultan of India, and my husband. I did not invite you, brother, to my wedding, because you were at the time in a distant country, but on my husband's account I have taken the liberty now to call for you." At these words, Schaibar, looking at Prince Ahmed, said in an agreeable tone, "It is enough that he is your husband, to cause me to do for him whatever he may desire." "The sultan his father," rejoined Perie Banou, "wishes to see you, and he will be your

guide to the sultan's court." "He has only to lead the way; I will follow him," replied Schaibar.

Next morning, Schaibar set out with Prince Ahmed to visit the sultan. When they arrived at the gates of the capital, the people, as soon as they saw the fierce-looking little man with the great bar of iron on his shoulder, ran and hid themselves in their shops and houses and shut their doors. Schaibar and Prince Ahmed went along till they came to the palace, and the guards ran away too, so that the prince and he advanced without any obstacle to the council hall, where the sultan was seated on his throne surrounded by his viziers and ministers. Schaibar haughtily approached the throne, and, without waiting for Prince Ahmed to introduce him, thus addressed the sultan: "Thou has sent for me. What dost thou wish?" The sultan, instead of answering, put his hands before his eyes, terrified at so dreadful a sight. Schaibar, enraged at this reception, lifted up his bar of iron, and crying out, "Wilt thou not speak then?" let it fall directly on his head, and crushed him to the earth. He did this before Prince Ahmed had time to interfere. He next destroyed the advisers of the sultan who were the enemies of Prince Ahmed, sparing only the grand vizier, at Prince Ahmed's earnest request.

Schaibar then left the hall, and went into the middle of the court, with the bar of iron on his shoulder. "I know," cried he, looking at the grand vizier, "that there is a certain sorceress who stirred up the sultan to demand my presence here. Let her be brought before me." The grand vizier immediately sent for her, and the moment she appeared, Schaibar crushed her with his bar of iron, saying, "Now you are punished for giving wicked advice, and pretending sickness. But this is not enough," continued Schaibar; "Prince Ahmed, my brother-in-law, must be acknowledged as sultan of India." All those who were present cheerfully assented, and they made the air resound with cries of "Long live Sultan Ahmed," and in a short time the whole city echoed with the same shouts. Schaibar next made the prince put on the robes of the sultan, after which he had him

installed. He then went for his sister, Perie Banou, conducted her to the city in great pomp, and caused her to be acknowledged as queen of India.

Prince Ahmed gave to Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronihar a kingdom for themselves. Afterwards he sent an officer to Houssain to tell him of what had happened, and to make him an offer of a kingdom. But Houssain requested the officer to convey his thanks to the prince his brother, and to say that the only favor he desired was permission to remain in the place he had chosen for his retreat.

STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day, when the weather was very hot, he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being much fatigued, he took off his load and sat upon it, near a large house.

He was much pleased that he had stopped at this place, for he heard from within a concert of instrumental music accompanied by the sweet notes of nightingales and other birds. The music, and the smell of several sorts of meats, made the porter believe that there was a feast, with great rejoicings, within. His business seldom leading him that way, he knew not to whom the house belonged, but he went to some of the servants, whom he saw standing at the gate in fine dress, and asked the name of the owner. "How?" replied one of them; "do you live in Bagdad, and not know that this is the house of Sindbad the Sailor, the famous voyager, who has sailed round the world?"

The porter lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, loud enough to be heard, "Almighty Creator of all things, what a difference between Sindbad and me! I can scarcely get coarse barley bread for myself and my family, whilst happy Sindbad has immense riches, and leads a life of constant pleasure. What has he done

marcel

once upon a time

to get from Thee a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched?"

Just then a servant came out of the house, and, taking the porter by the arm, bade him come in, as Sindbad his master wanted to speak to him. The servant brought him into a great hall, where a number of people sat round a table covered with all sorts of good things for eating. At the upper end sat a venerable gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of attendants, all ready to wait upon him. This person was Sindbad. The porter, who became nervous at the sight of so many people and so grand a banquet, trembled as he saluted the company. Sindbad politely bade him welcome, requested him to draw near, and, seating him at his right hand, helped him plentifully to the various excellent dishes that were upon the table.

Now Sindbad had heard through the window the porter's complaint, and this was the reason why he had him brought in. When the repast was over, he asked what was his name and employment, and said, "I wish to hear again what you have been saying in the street." At this request Hindbad hung down his head in confusion, and replied, "My lord, I confess that my fatigue put me out of humor and caused me to utter some foolish words, which I beg you to pardon." "Do not think that I am so unjust," said Sindbad, "as to be angry at such a complaint. But I must correct your error concerning myself. You suppose, no doubt, that I have got without labor and trouble the wealth which I now possess. But do not mistake; I did not reach this happy condition without enduring, for several years, more trouble of body and mind than can easily be imagined. Yes, gentlemen," he added, addressing himself to the whole company, "I assure you that my sufferings have been extraordinary, and my experiences of such a nature as to cure the greatest miser of his love of riches; and as an opportunity now offers, I will, with your leave, give an account of the dangers I have met, which I think will be interesting to you."

SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE.

My father was a wealthy merchant. He left me a large estate, which I wasted in extravagant living. I then saw my error. I had been making bad use of my time, which is of all things the most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently heard from my father, "A good name is better than precious ointment;" and again, "Wisdom is good with an inheritance." Struck with these thoughts, I resolved to walk in my father's ways, and I joined with some merchants, and embarked with them on board a ship we had fitted out at Bussorah.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the Indies, through the Persian Gulf. At first I was troubled with seasickness, but speedily recovered, and was not afterwards subject to that complaint. In our voyage we touched at several ports, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, while under sail, we were becalmed near a small island. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted those of us who were so inclined to land. Of this number I was one.

While we were enjoying ourselves, eating and drinking, and recovering from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled, and shook us terribly. The trembling was noticed on board the ship, and they called to us to reëmbark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island proved to be the back of a sea monster. The nimblest got into the vessel, others took to swimming, but I was still upon the monster's back when it disappeared into the sea, and I had time only to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile the captain, having rescued some of those that swam, resolved to take advantage of the favorable gale that had just risen. So he hoisted his sails and pursued his voyage, and it was impossible for me to reach the ship.

I was at the mercy of the waves all the rest of the day and the following night. By this time I found my strength gone, and

despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged, so that I could not have got up only for some roots of trees which I found within reach. When the sun rose, though I was very feeble, both from exposure and want of food, I crept along searching for herbs fit to eat. I had the good luck to find some, and also a spring of excellent water, which helped much to recover me. After this I went farther into the island, and at last reached a plain, where I saw some horses feeding. Going towards them, I soon heard the voice of a man, and presently he appeared, and asked me who I was. I related to him my adventure, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. I partook of some provisions which they offered me. I then asked them what they were doing in such a desert place. They answered that they were grooms belonging to the king of the island, and that every year they brought the king's horses there for pasturage. They also said that they were to return home on the next day, and if I had been one day later, I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was a great distance off, and it would have been impossible for me to get there without a guide.

Next morning they returned to the capital of the island, taking me with them, and they introduced me to the king. He asked me who I was, and why I had come into his country. After I had told him, he said he was very sorry for my misfortune, and he ordered that I should be supplied with everything I needed.

Being a merchant, I went among men of my own class, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, thinking that I might hear news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return. I took care also to frequently pay my respects to the king, and I talked with the great men that were around him. They put many questions to me about my country, and I asked them about everything which I thought worth knowing.

As I was one day at the quays, the ship arrived in which I had embarked at Bussorah. I at once knew the captain, and I went and asked him for my bales of goods. "I am Sindbad," said I, "and those bales marked with that name are mine." When the captain heard me speak he cried out, "Whom can we trust in these times! With my own eyes I saw Sindbad perish, as the passengers on board also did, yet you tell me you are that Sindbad. What impudence is this! and what a false tale to tell, in order to get what does not belong to you!" "Have patience," replied I; "do me the kindness to hear what I have to say." After I had had some talk with him he was satisfied that I was no cheat, for there came people from his ship who knew me and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. At last he recollected me himself. "Heaven be praised," said he, "for your happy escape! I cannot express the joy it gives me. Here are your goods,—take and do with them as you please."

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented them to the king. He was pleased at my good luck, accepted my present, and in return gave me one much more valuable. Then I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for products of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, from which I came to this city, with the value of one hundred thousand pieces of gold.

Sindbad stopped here, and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert, which the story had interrupted. When it was evening, he gave a purse of one hundred gold pieces to the porter, saying, "Take this, Hindbad, return home, and come back to-morrow to hear more of my adventures." The porter went away, much pleased at the honor done him, and the present he had received. The account of what had happened was very agreeable to his wife and children, who returned thanks for what Providence had sent them by the hand of Sindbad.

Hindbad put on his best clothes next day, and returned to the

house of Sindbad, who welcomed him heartily. When all the guests had arrived, dinner was served, and as soon as it was over, Sindbad, addressing the company, said, "Gentlemen, be pleased to listen to the story of my second voyage. It deserves your attention more than the first."

SINDBAD'S SECOND VOYAGE.

I intended, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long before I grew weary of an idle life, and I went to sea again with a company of merchants.

We had a good ship, and we traded from island to island, with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with fruit trees, but we could see neither man nor beast. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. While some amused themselves gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my provisions, and sat down near a stream between two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I was ready to die with grief, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I blamed myself a hundred times for not being content with the profits of my first voyage, that might have been enough for me the rest of my life. But all this was of no use, and my repentance came too late. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from which I looked about on all sides for something that could give me hope of escape. When I gazed towards the sea I saw only sky and water, but looking over the land, I noticed at a distance something very large and round and white. Coming down from the tree, I took what provisions I had left, and went towards it.

As I approached I thought it to be a white dome, of vast height, and when I came up to it I touched it, and found it to

be very smooth. I went round about it to see if it was open on any side, but it was not, and I could not climb to the top, it was so smooth. It was at least a hundred feet round. While I was gazing at this strange object, the sky all of a sudden became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was astonished at the sudden darkness, but much more so when I found that it was caused by a bird of monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered then that I had often heard sailors speak of a wonderful bird called the roc, and I thought that the great dome must be its egg; and so it was.

As I saw the bird approach I crept close to the egg. She came and sat upon it, stretching out her legs behind, each of which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I unwound my turban from my head, folded it and twisted it into a rope, and tied myself with it to one leg of the bird, in the hope that she would carry me with her out of the desert island. She remained all night on the egg, but as soon as it was daylight she flew away, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. She afterwards descended slowly to the ground, and I speedily untied myself from her leg. I had scarcely done so when the roc took up a serpent of great length in her bill and flew away.

The spot where the bird left me was surrounded on all sides by mountains that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that there was no way of getting out of the valley. Here was a new danger. When I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I thought I had gained nothing by the change. As I walked through the valley I saw that it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of great size. I took pleasure in looking at them, but I soon saw objects that were not so agreeable, namely a great number of serpents, so large that the smallest of them could swallow an elephant. They retired in the daytime to caves, where they hid themselves from their enemy, the roc, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself

at times in such places as were most convenient. When night came I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. The entrance, which was low and narrow, I stopped up with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing around me, made me so afraid that I could not sleep. When day appeared the serpents went away, and I came out of the cave, trembling. I walked upon diamonds without feeling any wish to take them. At last I sat down, and after eating a little more of my provisions, I fell fast asleep in spite of my fear. But in a short time I was awakened by something that dropped on the ground with a great noise. I found that it was a large piece of raw meat, and at the same time I saw several other pieces fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always regarded as false what I heard sailors and others tell of the valley of diamonds, and of how merchants got the diamonds from the valley, but now I found that it was the truth. The merchants come to the tops of the mountains, and throw down into the valley large pieces of meat, to which the diamonds stick. Then the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce upon these pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the tops of the rocks, to feed their young. The merchants then run to the nests, drive off the eagles, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I now, therefore, saw the means of getting out of the valley. I collected the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I carried my provisions. Then I took the biggest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me, and laid myself upon the ground with my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle. In a short time one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began shouting to frighten the eagles, and when they had driven away the birds, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much astonished

when he saw me, but instead of inquiring how I came there, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. "You will treat me," said I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself,—more than all the other merchants together." I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, surprised to see me. But when I told them my story they were still more surprised, and after conducting me to their tents, where I opened my bag, they wondered greatly at the size of my diamonds, saying that they had never seen any so large and perfect. I begged the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for each had his own) to take as many as he pleased. But he would take only one, and he said, "I am very well satisfied with this. It is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and it will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

The merchants had been throwing their pieces of meat into the valley for several days, and each of them was satisfied with the diamonds he had got. We therefore left the place next morning, and we took shipping at the first port we reached. We touched at the isle of Roha, where the tree grows that yields camphor. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice oozes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, and is received in a vessel, where it thickens, and becomes camphor. After the juice all comes out the tree withers and dies. In this island is also found the rhinoceros. It has a horn upon its nose about eighteen inches in length. It thrusts its horn into the elephant's body and carries him off upon its head. But the blood of the elephant runs into the eyes of the rhinoceros, and being thus blinded, the animal becomes helpless. Then the roc carries both away for food for her young ones.

At Roha I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. Then we went to other islands, and at last landed at Bussorah, from which I came to Bagdad. I immediately made large pres-

ents to the poor, and lived upon the riches I had gained with so much fatigue.

Thus Sindbad ended the story of his second voyage. He gave Hindbad another purse of gold, and invited him to come the next day to hear the account of his third voyage.

SINDBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE.

I soon again grew weary of idleness, and hardening myself against the thought of danger, I embarked with some merchants on another voyage. We touched at several ports, where we traded. One day a dreadful tempest drove us from our course, and brought us near a harbor in an island, which the captain was very unwilling to enter. But the storm obliged us to take shelter in it. When we had furled our sails, the captain told us that this and some neighboring islands were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us. Though they were but dwarfs, we must not strike any of them, he said, for they were very numerous, and if we should kill one, they would all fall upon us and destroy us.

We soon found that what the captain told us was but too true. A multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high, covered all over with red hair, came swimming towards us, and surrounded our ship. They chattered as they came near, but we did not understand their language. They climbed up the sides of the ship with great speed. They took down our sails, cut the cable, and, hauling the vessel to the shore, made us all get out. Then they dragged the ship to another island, from which they had come. As we advanced, we saw at a distance a vast pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, elegantly built, and very lofty, with a gate of ebony. We opened the gate and entered a large hall, where we saw on one side a heap of human bones, and on the other, a vast number of roasting spits. We trembled with

fear at this sight. But we were much more terrified when a door opened with a loud crash, and there came out a horrible black man, as tall as a palm tree. He had but one eye, and it was in the middle of his forehead, where it blazed as bright as a burning coal. His fore teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse. His upper lip hung down upon his breast. His ears were as large as those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders, and his nails were as long and crooked as the claws of the largest birds. At the sight of this frightful being, we fell to the ground in terror, and lay like dead men.

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch looking at us. When he had watched us for some time, he advanced towards us, and laying his hand upon me, he took me up by the neck, and turned me round, as a butcher would do a sheep's head. After having examined me, and seeing me to be so lean that I had nothing but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, and examined them in the same way. The captain being the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would do a sparrow, and thrust a spit through him. He then kindled a great fire, and roasted and ate him for his supper. Having finished his meal, he returned to his porch, where he lay and fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning. It was not possible for us to enjoy any rest, for we passed the night in the greatest fear. When day appeared the giant awoke, got up, went out, and left us in the palace.

We now resolved to punish the giant, and next night we did so in the following manner. After he had killed and eaten another of our seamen, he lay down on his back, and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snoring, nine of the boldest among us, and myself, took a spit each, and putting the points into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eye all at once, and blinded him. The pain made him yell frightfully. He started up, and stretched out his hands to seize some of us, but

we kept out of his reach. After having tried in vain to catch us, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling with agony. We immediately left the palace, and came to the shore, where, with timber that lay about in great quantities, we made some rafts, each large enough to carry three men. We waited till daylight to get upon them, but day had scarcely appeared when we saw the giant, accompanied by two others almost of the same size, leading him, and a great number more coming before him at a quick pace. We at once got upon our rafts, and put to sea with all the speed we could. The giants, who saw this, took up great stones and, running to the shore, entered the water up to their waists, and threw with so good aim that they sunk all the rafts but mine. All my companions, except the two with me, were drowned.

We now rowed with our best efforts, and got out of the reach of the giants. But on the sea we were at the mercy of the waves and winds, and we spent that day and the following night in the greatest misery. Next morning, however, we had the good fortune to be cast upon an island, where we landed with much joy. We found excellent fruit, which gave us great relief, and renewed our strength. At night we went to sleep on the sea-shore, but we were awakened by the noise made by a serpent of surprising length and thickness. The reptile swallowed up one of my comrades, after having dashed him several times against the ground. The following day, to our great terror, we saw the serpent again, and in the evening we went up into a tall tree, where we resolved to pass the night for safety. Shortly afterwards the serpent came hissing to the foot of the tree, and, gliding up the trunk, seized my comrade, who sat lower than I, and carried him off.

I remained upon the tree till daylight and then came down, more like a man dead than alive, expecting the same fate as that of my companions. However, I did what I could to save myself. I tied a wide piece of wood upon the soles of my feet, crosswise, and I tied one like it upon my left side, and a similar one on my

right side, and a similar one upon the front of my body, and I tied a long and wide one upon the top of my head, crosswise, like that which was under the soles of my feet. Thus I was in the midst of these pieces of wood, and they inclosed me on every side. I bound them tightly, and threw myself with the whole upon the ground; so I lay in the midst of the pieces of wood, which inclosed me like a closet.

When evening arrived, the serpent approached, and when it saw me it drew towards me. But it could not swallow me as I was in that state, with the pieces of wood around me on every side. It went round me, but could not get at me, and I looked at it, like a dead man, through fear and terror. The serpent retired from me, and returned to me, and thus continued to do. Every time that it tried to get at me to swallow me, the pieces of wood tied upon me on every side prevented it. It continued to do this from sunset until sunrise, when it went away in the utmost vexation and rage, upon which I stretched forth my hands and loosed myself from the pieces of wood.

I then arose and walked along the island until I came to the end of it, when I cast a glance towards the sea, and saw a ship at a distance. Taking a great branch of a tree, I made a sign with it, calling out to the people on the vessel. The crew caught sight of me, and the captain sent his boat to take me to the ship. As soon as I came on board, the merchants and seamen flocked about me, to learn how I had got into that desert island. When I told them my story, the oldest among them said that they had often heard that giants dwelt in the island, that they were cannibals, and that serpents were very numerous there. After expressing joy at my escape from so many dangers, they brought me the best of their provisions, and the captain, seeing that I was in rags, gave me one of his own suits.

Looking closely at the captain, I knew him to be the same who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep, and sailed without sending to search for me. I was not surprised that he, believing me to be dead, did not know me.

“Captain,” said I, “look at me, and you may know that I am Sindbad whom you left in the desert island.” He then recognized me and said, “God be praised! I rejoice that you have been saved. Here are your goods, which I have always taken care to preserve.” I received them from him, and thanked him. We continued at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah. From there I returned to Bagdad, with much wealth. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another estate in addition to what I had already.

Thus Sindbad finished the story of his third voyage. He gave another hundred pieces of gold to Hindbad, and invited him to dinner the next day, to hear about his fourth voyage.

SINDBAD'S FOURTH VOYAGE.

After I had recovered from the fatigues of my third voyage, my love of travel soon again prevailed. I therefore provided a stock of goods fit for the traffic I intended to engage in. I went to Persia, traveled over several provinces, and at length arrived at a port, where I embarked. Soon after we set sail, a great storm arose which wrecked our ship. Several of the merchants and sailors were drowned, and the cargo was lost.

I had the good fortune, with some of the merchants and crew, to get upon planks, and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us. There we found fruit and spring water, which preserved our lives. We stayed all night near the place where we had been cast ashore. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we explored the island, and saw some buildings, which we approached. As we drew near, we met a great number of negroes, who seized us and carried us to their houses. I and five of my comrades were carried to one place, where they gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades, not taking notice that the blacks ate none of it themselves, thought only of satisfying their hunger, and ate with greediness.

But I, suspecting some trick, would not taste it. It was well for me that I did not, for in a little time I saw that my companions had lost their senses, and that when they spoke to me they did not know what they said.

The negroes fed us afterwards with rice, prepared with oil of cocoanuts, and my comrades, who had lost their reason, ate of it greedily. I also partook of it, but very sparingly. They gave us the herb at first on purpose to deprive us of our senses, that we might not be aware of the sad fate prepared for us. Then they gave us rice to fatten us, for being cannibals, their intention was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. Accordingly they devoured my comrades, but seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, having eaten very little, they put off my death.

Meanwhile I had much liberty, so that scarcely any notice was taken of what I did, and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape. On the eighth day afterwards I came near the sea, and saw some white people like myself, gathering pepper, of which there was great plenty in that place. The people came to meet me as soon as they saw me, and asked me in Arabic who I was and where I came from. I was overjoyed to hear them speak my own language, and gave them an account of my shipwreck and how I fell into the hands of the negroes. "Those negroes," said they, "eat men, and by what miracle did you escape their cruelty?" I related to them what I have just told, at which they were greatly surprised. I stayed with them till they had gathered as much pepper as they required, and then sailed with them to the island from which they had come. They brought me to their king, who was a good man. He had the patience to hear the story of my adventures, which surprised him. He afterwards gave me clothes and commanded that care should be taken of me. The island was very well peopled, and the capital a place of great trade. I observed one thing which appeared to me very extraordinary. They all rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. One day I went to a workman and gave him a model for mak-

ing the stock of a saddle. When that was done, I covered it myself with velvet and leather and embroidered it with gold. I then went to a smith, who made me a bit, according to the pattern I showed him, and also stirrups. When I had them all completed, I presented them to the king, and put them upon one of his horses. He mounted immediately, and was so pleased with them that he gave me valuable rewards. I made several others for the principal officers of his house, which gained me great friendship and favor.

I paid my respects very frequently to the king, and one day he said to me, "Sindbad, I have one thing to ask of you, which you must grant. I wish you to marry and stay in my kingdom, and think no more of your own country." I dared not refuse the king's request, and he gave me one of the ladies of his court, who was beautiful and rich. The ceremony of marriage being over, I went and dwelt with my wife, and for some time we lived together in perfect happiness.

Soon afterwards it happened that the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I had formed a very close friendship, fell sick and died. I went to see and comfort him in his trouble, and I said to him, "God preserve you and grant you a long life." "Alas," replied he, "how do you think I should obtain the favor you wish me? I have not above an hour to live, for I must be buried to-day with my wife. This is a law in our country. The living husband is interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband."

While he was giving me an account of this barbarous custom, at which I was much horrified, his friends and neighbors came to assist at the funeral. They dressed the corpse of the woman in her richest apparel, with all her jewels, as if it had been her wedding day. Then they placed her on an open bier, and began their march to the place of burial. The husband walked first, next to the dead body. They went to a spot on a high mountain, where they took up a large stone which formed the mouth of a deep pit, and let down the body with all its apparel and jewels.

Then the husband, after bidding farewell to his relatives and friends, was placed on another bier, with a pot of water and seven small loaves, and was let down in the same manner. The ceremony being over, the mouth of the pit was again covered with the stone, and the company returned.

I mention this ceremony especially because I was myself in a few weeks' time in the same dreadful situation. Alas! my own wife fell sick and died. I begged of the king not to subject me, a foreigner, to this inhuman law, but it was of no use. He, and all his court, and the principal persons of the city, tried to soften my sorrow by honoring the funeral with their presence, and at the end of the ceremony I was lowered into the pit with a vessel of water and seven loaves. As I approached the bottom I discovered, by the aid of the little light that came from above, that it was a cavern, and about three hundred feet deep.

I lived for some time upon my bread and water, when one day I heard something move, and breathe or pant as it moved. I followed the sound. It came from an animal of some kind, and the animal often stopped, but always fled and breathed hard as I approached. At last I saw a light, resembling a star, and found that it came through an opening in the rock. Forcing my way through this opening, I came upon the seashore, at which I felt great joy. I then returned to the cave, and took from it a great quantity of jewels and other valuable things which had been buried there with the dead people and their living companions.

Soon afterwards, as I was sitting on the beach, I saw a ship approaching. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to the crew as loud as I could. They heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board. The captain received me with great kindness, took me and my property aboard his ship, and proceeded on his voyage. I arrived safely at Bagdad. Out of gratitude to God for His mercies, I contributed liberally towards the support of the poor.

Here Sindbad made another present of one hundred gold pieces to Hindbad, and requested him to return with the rest of

the company next day at the same hour, to dine with him, and hear the story of his fifth voyage.

SINDBAD'S FIFTH VOYAGE.

All that I had suffered could not cure me of my love for travel, and so I soon resolved to take another voyage. I therefore bought a stock of goods, and set out with them for the city of Bussorah. Shortly after my arrival there, as I was walking along the bank of the river, I saw a very large and handsome ship, which pleased me so well that I purchased it. Then I hired a captain and sailors, and put my goods on board. But as my goods were not enough to load the vessel, I agreed to take with me several merchants and their goods.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and went from island to island, and sea to sea, landing at several ports, and selling and buying. Thus we continued until we arrived one day at an island in which there were no inhabitants. As we approached this island we noticed upon it a large white object resembling a dome. Upon landing we found that it was the egg of a roc. There was a young roc in it, and its beak had begun to appear through the shell. Some of the merchants broke the egg with stones, took out the young bird, killed it, and made a meal of it. I had warned them not to meddle with the egg, but they paid no heed to my words. Scarcely had they finished their meal when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, something like two dark clouds. The master of my ship said it was the parent birds, the male and female rocs, and he advised us to get aboard as quickly as possible. So we made haste to embark, and having loosed the ship, we departed with the greatest speed.

Meanwhile the two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken, and the young one gone. They then flew back in the direction from which they had come, and disappeared for a short time, while

we endeavored to increase our speed in getting away from the island. The rocs soon returned, and we observed that each had in its talons a huge stone. They came directly over our ship, and one of them let drop a stone. It missed us by a little space, owing to the skill of our captain, who quickly steered the vessel to one side. Then the other roc let fall its stone. It hit the ship right in the middle and split it into pieces. Some of the sailors and passengers were crushed to death; the others fell into the sea. I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast to the plank, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore. It seemed to be a beautiful garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green, and others ripe, fruits, and there were also streams of fresh, pure water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent, and drank of the water, which was very pure and good.

When I had gone a little way into the island, I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still. Instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook. Thinking that he was really in need of assistance, I took him upon my back, and having carried him over, I stooped, that he might get off with ease. Instead of doing so, the old man threw his legs nimbly about my neck, and, sitting astride my shoulders, held my throat so tight that I fainted away.

In spite of my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my neck. When I recovered my breath, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so roughly with the other that he forced me to rise up against my will. He

made me carry him under the trees, and compelled me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day, and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me wake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry gourds that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one, and, after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which were plentiful in the island. I put it by in a convenient place, and going there again some days after, I tasted the wine, and found it so good that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden. The old man, seeing the effect which the juice had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the gourd, and he drank it off. He soon began to sing, and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders. By degrees he loosened his legs from about me, and finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion. I then took up a great stone and killed him.

I was very glad to be free from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor to take in water. They were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and you are the first who ever escaped him. He never quits those he once makes himself master of, till he destroys them, and he has killed many men in this island." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. We put out again to sea, and after some days' sail, we arrived at the harbor of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

One of the merchants invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and, recommending me to some people of the town who made their living by gathering cocoanuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he to me, "follow

them, and act as you see them do, but do not separate from them, otherwise you may lose your life." He then gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them. We came to a thick forest of cocoa trees, very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to get to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes, who fled as soon as they noticed us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness. The merchants gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same, and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoanuts at us very fast, and with such gestures as showed that they were angry. We gathered up the cocoanuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes. By this plan we filled our bags with cocoanuts.

Having loaded our vessel with cocoanuts, we set sail, and passed by the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. We then went to the isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my cocoanuts in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with the other merchants pearl fishing. I hired divers, who brought me up some pearls that were very large and pure. Soon afterwards I embarked in a vessel that arrived safely at Bussorah, from which I returned to Bagdad, where I got vast sums for my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms to the poor, and rested from my fatigue.

Sindbad, having finished his stories, gave another purse of a hundred gold pieces to Hindbad. He also bestowed many other favors upon him, and they continued to be friends and companions to the end of their lives.

STORY OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

There once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Their father divided a small property equally between them. Cassim married a rich wife, and

became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood, and bringing it upon asses into the town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach him. He saw soon afterwards a body of horsemen, who he thought might be thieves. To save himself, he left his asses and climbed up a large tree, whose branches were thick enough to conceal him and yet permit him to see all that passed, without being discovered.

The troop, which numbered forty, all well armed, came to the foot of the tree, and there dismounted. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to a shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn. Then each of them took off his saddlebag, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver. One of the troop, who appeared to be the captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was, and, making his way through the shrubs to a rock near the tree, said these words: "Open, Sesame." Instantly a door opened in the rock, and all the troop then entered and the door shut of itself.

The thieves stayed some time within the rock, during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree. At last the door opened again. The captain came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him. Then Ali Baba heard him make the door close by saying these words: "Shut, Sesame." Every man at once went and bridled his horse and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they departed the way they had come.

Ali Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them, and afterwards waited for some time before he descended. Remembering the words the captain of the thieves used to cause the door to open, he thought he would try if his saying the same words would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and, seeing the door, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesame." The door instantly flew wide open. Ali

Baba, who expected to find a dark, dismal cavern, was surprised to see a chamber lighted from an opening at the top of the rock. In this chamber were all sorts of provisions,—rich bales of silk, valuable carpeting, gold and silver bars in great heaps, and money in bags. The sight of all these riches made Ali Baba suppose that this cave must have been occupied by robbers for a long time. He took as many of the bags of gold as he thought his asses could carry, and having loaded them, he laid wood over the bags in such a manner that they could not be seen. After passing in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the door, and said the words, “Shut, Sesame.” Immediately the door closed of itself. He then returned to the town.

When he got home, Ali Baba drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood, carried the bags into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife. He then emptied them upon the floor, and the great heap of gold dazzled his wife’s eyes. He told her the whole adventure from beginning to end, and requested her to keep it secret. She rejoiced very much at their good fortune, and wished to count all the gold, piece by piece. “Wife,” said Ali Baba, “you do not know what you undertake when you try to count the money; you will never have done. I will dig a hole, and bury it. There is no time to be lost.” “You are right, husband,” replied she, “but I would like to know, as near as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig the hole.”

Away she then ran to the house of her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived close by, and requested his wife to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked whether she would have a large or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would fetch it. Now Cassim’s wife was curious to know what sort of grain Ali Baba’s wife wanted to measure, and so, putting some suet at the bottom of the vessel, she brought it to her, with an excuse that she was sorry to have made her wait so long.

Ali Baba's wife then went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filled it, and emptied it upon the sofa, and so continued till she had measured all the gold. She then told her husband how many measures there were, and while he was burying the treasure, she carried the vessel back to her sister-in-law. "Sister," said she, "you see I have not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was surprised to find a piece of gold sticking to it. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has he got all this wealth?" When her husband came home, she said to him, "Cassim, I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim asked her what she meant. Then she told him how she had made the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, after he had married the rich wife, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but neglected him, and now, instead of being pleased, he envied his brother because of his prosperity. He could not sleep all that night, and went to him in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," said he, "I am surprised at you; you pretend to be poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday." Ali Baba saw that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what he had so much reason to conceal. But what was done could not be undone. Therefore, without showing the least surprise or anger, he told his brother all, and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret. "I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily, "but I must know exactly where this treasure is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose. If you do not tell me, I will go and inform against you, and then you will get no more, and lose all you have, and I shall have a share for my information." Ali Baba told him all

he desired, even to the very words he was to use to open the door of the cave.

Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest, with ten mules bearing great chests which he intended to fill. Following the road Ali Baba had pointed out to him, he was not long before he reached the rock. He found out the place by the tree and other marks which his brother had given him. When he reached the entrance of the cave, he said the words, "Open, Sesame." The door immediately opened, and, when he was in, closed upon him. He quickly laid as many bags of gold as he could carry, at the door, but his thoughts were so full of the riches he should possess that he could not think of the words to make it open. Instead of "Open, Sesame," he said, "Open, Barley!" and was much surprised to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never expected this, and he was so alarmed at the danger he was in that he threw aside the bags, and walked up and down the cave, without having the least regard to the riches that were around him.

About noon the thieves came to visit the cave. When at some distance from the rock, they saw Cassim's mules straggling about with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this, they galloped full speed to the cave. They went directly, with their daggers in their hands, to the door, which, on the captain saying the proper words, immediately opened. Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet, at once guessed the arrival of the thieves, and resolved to make an effort for his life. He rushed to the door, ran out, and knocked the leader down, but could not escape the others, who instantly killed him.

The robbers then examined the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, and carried them again to their places, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had taken. Then, to terrify any person who should attempt the same thing, they cut Cassim's body into quarters, and hung two

on one side, and two on the other, within the door of the cave. After doing this, they shut the door, mounted their horses, and rode away.

In the mean time Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came and her husband did not return. She ran to Ali Baba in great alarm, and said, "I believe, brother-in-law, that you know Cassim is gone to the forest, and upon what business. It is now night, and he has not returned; I am afraid some misfortune has happened to him." Ali Baba told her that she need not be uneasy, for that Cassim would not think it safe to come into the town until the night should be pretty far advanced. She then went home and waited patiently till midnight, but Cassim not yet returning, she now repented her foolish curiosity in prying into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. She spent all the night weeping, and, as soon as it was day, went to them, telling by her tears that her husband had not come home.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to ask him to go to see what had happened to Cassim, but departed immediately with three asses. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock he said the words, "Open, Sesame," and the door opened. At the sight of his brother's body he was struck with horror. He was not long in determining what to do. Going into the cave, he wrapped the body up in a cloth, and placed it on one of the asses, covering it over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, and then bidding the door shut, came away. But he was so cautious as to wait some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever, intelligent, female slave. When he came into the yard, he unloaded the ass, and, taking Morgiana aside, said to her, "You must keep this matter secret. Your master's body is contained in this cloth. We must bury him as if he died a natural

death. Go now and tell your mistress." He then returned to his own house.

Morgiana went next morning to an apothecary's shop and bought some medicine. The apothecary asked who was ill. She replied, with a sigh, "My good master, Cassim himself. He can neither eat nor speak." In the evening she went to the same shop again, and, with tears in her eyes, asked for medicine which they gave to sick people only when at the point of death. "Alas," said she, taking it from the apothecary, "I am afraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the other, and that I will lose my master." Nobody was surprised, therefore, to hear in the evening that Cassim was dead.

The next morning at daybreak, Morgiana went to an old cobbler whom she knew to be always early at his stall, and, bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold in his hand, saying, "Baba Mustapha, bring with you your sewing tackle, and come with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you before you come to where you are wanted."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, and after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief at some distance off, she led him to her master's house, and did not take the bandage off his eyes till he had entered the room where she had put the corpse. "Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste and sew the parts of this body together, and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold." After Baba Mustapha had finished his task, she blindfolded him again, gave him the piece of gold, as she had promised, and led him back to the place where she had first bound his eyes. Then she pulled off the bandage, and let him go, but watched him till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should return and try to find out where he had been. Funeral ceremonies were then performed, and Cassim was buried. Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his goods and furniture to his sister-in-law's house, in which it was agreed that he should in future live. Cassim's warehouse was entrusted entirely to the management of his eldest son.

In the mean time the forty thieves again visited the cave in the forest. Great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and also several of their bags of gold. "We are certainly discovered," said the captain. "The removal of the body, and the loss of some of our money, plainly show that the man we killed had a companion here, and for our own safety we must try and find him. What say you, my lads?" All the thieves approved of the captain's proposal. "Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldest and most skillful, must immediately go into the town, disguised as a traveler and a stranger, and inquire about the man we have killed, and try to find out who he was and where he lived. This is a matter of the greatest importance, and, for fear of any treachery, I propose that whoever undertakes the business, and does not succeed, shall suffer death." Immediately one of the thieves started up, and said, "I agree to this condition, and think it an honor to serve the troop, even at the risk of my life."

This thief then disguised himself, and, taking leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak. He walked up and down till he happened to come to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops. Baba Mustapha was seated with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow, and, seeing that he was old, said, "Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that one of your age can see so well?" "You do not know me," replied Baba Mustapha; "for old as I am, I have good eyes. You will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed the body of a dead man together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now." "A dead body!" exclaimed the thief, pretending to be astonished. "Yes," answered Baba Mustapha. "No doubt you want to hear all about it, but you shall know no more."

The thief felt sure that he had discovered what he was in search of. He pulled out a piece of gold, and, putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, "I do not want to learn

your secret, though I assure you, you might safely trust me with it. The only thing I desire of you is to show me the house where you stitched up the dead body." "Even though I were willing to do that," replied Baba Mustapha, "I assure you I cannot. I was taken to a place from which I was led blindfold to the house, and afterwards brought back again in the same manner. You see, therefore, that I cannot do what you desire." "Well," replied the thief, "you may, however, remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together; perhaps you may know some part, and as everybody ought to be paid for his trouble, here is another piece of gold for you." So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were a great temptation to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time, without saying a word, but at last he pulled out his purse and put them in. "I cannot promise," said he, "that I shall remember the way exactly; but I will try what I can do." He then led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. "It was here," said Baba Mustapha, "I was blindfolded, and I turned this way." The thief tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped in front of Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived. Before taking off the bandage the thief marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand, and then asked the cobbler if he knew whose house that was. Baba Mustapha replied that as he did not live in the neighborhood, he could not tell. The thief, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and left him to go back to his stall, while he himself returned to the forest.

A little while after the thief and Baba Mustapha had parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house upon some errand, and on her return, seeing the mark the robber had made on the door, she stopped to look at it. "What can be the meaning of this mark?" said she to herself; "somebody intends evil to my

master." She then fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side, in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the mean time the thief rejoined his troop in the forest, and told them what he had done. They listened to him with the utmost satisfaction. Then the captain, addressing them, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us set off well armed. But that we may not excite suspicion, let only one or two go into the city together, and all join at our meeting place, which shall be the great square. Meantime, our comrade who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house." They accordingly started off in parties of two each, and got into the town without being suspected, the captain, and he who had visited the town in the morning as a spy, coming in last. The spy led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's door, and when they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But the captain noticed that the next door was marked in the same manner, and showing it to his guide, he asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The spy was so confused that he knew not what answer to make, and he was still more puzzled when they saw five or six doors similarly marked. He could not, therefore, tell the house at which the cobbler had stopped.

The captain, finding that their scheme had proved a failure, went to the place of meeting and told his troop that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave. This they accordingly did, and the spy, not having succeeded, was put to death, as had been agreed.

Another of the gang then offered to try what he could do, and he went to Baba Mustapha and gave him pieces of gold, as the first spy had done. When Baba had shown the house, he marked the door with chalk, but he used red chalk, and he made the mark in a place where he thought it would not be easily noticed. Not long afterwards Morgiana came out. The mark on the door did not escape her eyes. She saw it, and

thinking, as before, that it meant evil to her master, she marked the other doors, using red chalk too. Again the thieves went into the town, and again their scheme proved a failure, for the second spy could not point out the door, being confused, as the first had been, by finding several doors marked. He also was put to death.

The captain now resolved to take upon himself the task of finding the house. Accordingly he went to Baba Mustapha, who did for him what he had done for the other thieves. The captain, however, did not mark the door, but he examined and noticed it carefully, making sure that he should know it again. He then returned to the forest, and when he entered the cave where the troop waited for him, he said, "Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house, and on my way I have thought of a plan which I believe will be successful." He then ordered them to go into the villages about, and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil, and the others empty.

In two or three days the thieves had purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were too narrow, the captain caused them to be widened. Then, putting one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, and leaving open a seam to give them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel. When the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven thieves in jars, and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's house, at the door of which he had intended to knock. But Ali Baba himself was just then sitting there after supper to take a little fresh air. The captain stopped his mules and said, "I have brought some oil a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market, and it is so late that I have not time to search for a place to lodge. Do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged."

Now, though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the thieves in

the forest, and had heard him speak, he did not know him in the dress of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to his slave, Abdalla, and ordered him to put the mules into the stable and feed them. He then bade Morgiana get a good supper for his guest. After the captain had finished supper, Ali Baba said to Morgiana, "Tomorrow I go to the bath before day; take care that my bathing linen be ready, give it to Abdalla, and have some good broth ready for me by the time I return." He then went to bed.

In the mean time the captain of the thieves went into the yard, and, taking off the lid of each jar, gave his people orders what to do. Beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, he said to each man, "As soon as I throw some stones out of the window of the room in which I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will immediately join you." After this, he returned to the house, and Morgiana, taking a light, conducted him to his chamber, where she left him. He put the light out soon afterwards, and laid himself down in his clothes.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and told Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth. But while she was preparing it, the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor were there any candles. Abdalla, seeing her very uneasy, said, "Do not fret, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars."

Thanking Abdalla for his advice, Morgiana took the oil pot, and went into the yard. When she came near the first jar, the thief within said softly, "Is it time?" Though much surprised at finding that there was a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, Morgiana felt the importance of keeping silence, as she suspected that Ali Baba, his family, and herself were in great danger. Without showing the least feeling she answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went quietly in this manner to all the jars, giving to each thief the same answer to the same question, till she came to the jar of oil. By this means Mor-

giana found out that her master, Ali Baba, had admitted thirty-eight thieves, and that the pretended oil merchant was their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned into the kitchen. Then, having lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, set it on a large wood fire, and, as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to destroy the thief within.

When Morgiana had performed this courageous act, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle. Then she put out the lamp, and remained silent, resolving not to go to rest till she had seen through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard, what would happen. Soon the captain of the thieves got up and opened the window. Seeing no light, and hearing no noise, he gave the appointed signal by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars. He then listened, but not hearing anything from which he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow uneasy, and he threw stones a second and a third time. Receiving no answer, and becoming much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, whilst asking the thief, whom he thought alive, if he was in readiness, he smelled the boiled oil, which sent forth a steam. Then he examined all the jars, one after another, and found that all his gang were dead. Greatly terrified at this discovery, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to a garden, and, climbing over the walls, made his escape. Morgiana then went to bed, satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well in saving her master and his family.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, ignorant of what had happened at home. When he returned, he was much surprised to see the oil jars, and to find that the merchant had not taken away the mules. He asked Morgiana the reason of it. "My good master," answered she, "God preserve you and all your family. You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you." She then took him out, and let him see

what was in the jars, after which she told him all she had done, from first observing the mark upon the door, to the destruction of the thieves, and the flight of their captain. On hearing of these brave deeds from the lips of Morgiana, Ali Baba said to her, "God, by your means, has saved me from the snares these thieves laid for my destruction. Therefore I owe my life to you, and, as a proof of my gratitude, I give you your liberty from this moment."

Now Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther end by a great number of large trees. Near these he and the slave Abdalla dug a trench in which they buried the bodies of the thieves. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons, and as he had no need for the mules, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

Meantime, the captain of the thieves returned to the forest. He did not stay long, for he resolved to have revenge on Ali Baba, and by some means bring about his death. With this object he went back to the town, and took lodgings in a khan, pretending that he was a merchant dealing in silks, and giving himself the name of Cogia Houssain. He gradually conveyed a stock of silks and linen from the cave to his lodging, and in order to sell them he hired a store near the place occupied by Ali Baba's son. The two men very soon became acquainted, and they often visited each other as friends. One day they took a walk together, and as they returned, Ali Baba's son took Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived, and, when they came to the house, stopped and knocked at the door.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain in a very friendly manner, and after a little conversation invited him to remain for supper. "Sir," replied Cogia Houssain, "you must excuse me. I can eat no food that contains salt; therefore I should be a very disagreeable guest at your table." "Let that not prevent you from accepting my invitation," said Ali Baba, "for there is no salt ever put in my bread, and I shall take care that there shall be no salt on the meat we shall have for supper." Cogia Houssain

then consented to stay, and Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt in the food she was preparing for their evening meal. Morgiana was surprised at this order. "Who is the strange man," she asked, "who eats no salt with his meat?" "Do not be angry, Morgiana," replied Ali Baba; "he is an honest man, therefore do as I bid you."

Morgiana obeyed, but she wished to see this man who ate no salt. Therefore, when she had finished what she had to do in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla to carry up the dishes. Looking at Cogia Houssain, she knew him at first sight to be the captain of the thieves, and observing him very carefully, she saw that he had a dagger under his garment. "I am not surprised," said she to herself, "that this wicked man, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to kill him; but I will prevent his evil design."

She then retired, and after supper she dressed herself neatly, with a headdress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a dagger with a hilt and guard of silver, and put on a handsome mask on her face. Then she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and amuse our master and his son's friend, as we do sometimes when he is alone." Abdalla took his tabor and played all the way into the hall before Morgiana, who, when she came to the door, made a low bow. "Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of your performance."

Abdalla then began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air, to which Morgiana danced in such a manner as would have created admiration in any company. After she had danced several dances with much grace, she drew the dagger, and, holding it in her hand, began a dance in which she outdid herself by the many different figures, light movements, and the surprising leaps with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she pointed the dagger at the breast of one of the company, sometimes at another, and oftentimes seemed to strike her own. At last she



Drawn by R. B. Birch.

MORGIANA'S DANCE.

snatched the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and, holding the dagger in her right, turned the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and ask for money from the spectators. Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor. His son did the same, and Cogia Houssain, seeing that she was coming to him, pulled out his purse, but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana plunged the dagger into his body.

Ali Baba and his son, shocked at this action, cried out aloud. "Unhappy woman," exclaimed Ali Baba, "what have you done to ruin me and my family?" "It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana; "for see here," continued she, opening the pretended Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger, "what an enemy you had in your house. Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the pretended oil merchant, and the captain of the gang of thieves. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to show his wicked design?"

Ali Baba felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to Morgiana for saving his life a second time. "Morgiana," said he, "I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there. I now make you my daughter-in-law." Then addressing his son, he said, "I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child that when I command you, you will not refuse to take Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain gained your friendship with a design to take away my life. If he had succeeded, there is no doubt he would have killed you also. Consider that by marrying Morgiana you marry the preserver of my family and your own." The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage, and a few days afterwards the wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing.

Ali Baba did not visit the thieves' cave for a whole year, as he thought the two spies, whom he could get no account of, might be alive. At the year's end, when he found that they had not attempted to disturb him, he thought he would make another jour-

ney to the cave. So he mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave he alighted, and tied his horse to a tree. Then he approached the entrance, and when he said the words, "Open, Sesame," the door opened. He entered the cave, and from the condition in which he found it, he was sure that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. He therefore believed that he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was his. After putting as much gold into his saddlebag as his horse could carry, he returned to town. Some time later he took his son to the cave and taught him the secret, which he handed down to his children, who, by using their good fortune with wisdom, lived in great prosperity and happiness.

STORY OF THE MAN WHO REPENTED WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

There was once a rich man, who died leaving no family but a young son. When the son grew up he was foolish and extravagant. He did nothing every day but give parties and entertainments to his companions, and in this way he spent all his money. He then sold the houses and other property his father had left him, and spent the money in the same way, till he was so poor that he had to go and work for his living as a day-laborer.

He remained in this employment for a few years. One day while he was sitting near a wall waiting for some one to hire him, he was saluted by a handsome and well-dressed man who happened to pass by. In reply to the stranger's salute, the youth said, "Have you known me before now?" The man answered, "I have not known thee, my son, at all, but I see the signs of wealth upon thee, though thou art now in this poor condition." The youth replied, "What fate and fortune ordained has come to pass. But have you any business in which to employ me?" Then the man said to him, "I desire to employ thee in an easy

business. I have with me ten companions in one house, and we have no one to attend upon us. Thou shalt receive from us thy food and clothing and thy portion of money if thou come and serve us. Perhaps God will restore thy wealth by our means." The youth replied, "I hear and obey." Then the stranger said to him, "I have one condition to impose upon thee. It is that thou shalt keep secret all that thou seest us do, and not ask the cause of our doings." The young man agreed to this.

The stranger then brought him to a bath and gave him new clothes to put on, and after that he took him to the house where he and his companions lived. When the young man entered, he found it to be a great mansion, with lofty rooms, and large halls, in each of which there was a fountain with birds singing around it. The stranger conducted him into a beautiful chamber, which had walls and ceiling of marble and gold, and carpets of silk. In it there were ten men who sat facing one another, wearing mourning garments, and weeping and wailing. The young man wondered very much at this, and he was about to ask the cause, but remembering the condition imposed upon him, he held his tongue.

The stranger then showed him a chest containing thirty thousand pieces of gold, and told him to use the money in buying what was wanted for the house, and what he might need himself. The young man did so, and continued to attend upon the strangers for some time until one of them died. His companions then dressed the dead man and buried him in the garden behind the mansion. Soon afterwards another of them died and he was buried in the same way, and in a little while another, and before very long they were all dead except the young man and the stranger who had hired him. Then they two remained in the house and lived in it together for several years. At last the stranger fell sick, and when the young man saw that he was near death, he was much grieved, and he said, "O my master, I have served you faithfully for twelve years, and you have been my friend; and now I must lose you. But I beg you to tell me what has

been the cause of your weeping, and the mourning and wailing of your companions who are dead?" The sick man answered, "My son, you have no concern with that, and do not inquire about it. If you desire to be safe from that which happened to us, do not open that door [and he pointed with his hand to a door], for if you do, you will have cause to repent when repentance will be too late." Then the sick man got worse, and soon he died, and the young man buried him in the garden by the side of his companions.

The young man now remained alone in the house, and he resolved not to open the door. But one day, thinking upon the words of the stranger and his caution not to open the door, it occurred to his mind that he might look at it. So he went up to it, and he found that it was a beautiful door, and that the spiders had woven their webs over it, and that it had locks of steel. But while he was looking at it, he again remembered the caution of the dead man, and he went away from the door, again resolving not to open it. In a few days, however, he began once more to think of the door, and going up to it again, he could no longer resist the temptation to open it. "I must open that door," he said, "and see what will happen to me in consequence." And so he broke the locks and opened the door.

Then he saw a narrow passage, and he walked along it for three hours until he came upon the banks of a great river. The young man wondered at this, and he walked along the bank, looking to the right and left. In a few minutes a great eagle appeared in the sky, and it swooped down upon him and seized him in its claws. Then it flew away with him, and, carrying him to an island, far out in the sea, threw him down upon it, and departed. The young man was greatly terrified and did not know what to do, but while he was sitting down, grieving over his case, he saw the sail of a vessel far off. He watched it until it came nearer and nearer and at last it came to the island. Then he went to the water's edge where the vessel was, and he saw that it was a bark of ivory and ebony. The oars were of sandal-

wood and aloes wood, and the whole of it was incased in plates of gold.

In this bark there were ten beautiful maidens, and when they saw the young man they landed and kissed his hands, saying, "Thou art our king." Then one of them went up to him, having in her hand a cloth of silk which contained a royal robe and a crown of gold set with jewels, and she put the robe on the young man, and put the crown upon his head. Then they carried him into the bark and sailed away.

When they came in sight of land, the young man saw on the shore a great number of soldiers clad in coats of mail. As soon as he landed, a beautiful horse was brought to him, having a saddle of gold decked with pearls and other precious stones. He mounted the horse, and banners were set over his head, drums and cymbals were beaten, and the troops divided and marched along beside him. They soon came in sight of a beautiful meadow, in which there were palaces and gardens and trees and rivers and flowers and birds. From these gardens and palaces there came forth an army which filled the meadow, and in front of the army rode a king upon a magnificent horse, with officers following him.

The king rode towards the young man, and, having come up to him, alighted, and the young man did the same. After saluting each other politely they remounted their horses, and the king said to the young man, "Accompany us, for thou art my guest." So the young man went with the king, and they rode on to the palace, where all alighted from their horses. Then they entered the palace, and the king seated the young man on a throne of gold and sat down by his side. And when the king sat down he removed from his face a veil which had covered part of it, and the young man immediately saw that the supposed king was a lady of beauty and loveliness. The young man was greatly surprised, but more so when the lady said to him, "O king, I am the queen of this land. All these troops that thou hast seen are women. There are not any men among them. The men,

in this country, till, and sow, and reap, employing themselves in the cultivation of the land, and the building of houses, and in every kind of art and trade. But as to the women, they are the governors, and the magistrates, and the soldiers."

The young man wondered exceedingly at this. While they were talking, the vizier came in. She was an old, gray-haired woman of venerable appearance, and the queen said to her, "Vizier, bring us a magistrate and witnesses." The old woman immediately went out for that purpose, and the queen, turning to the young man, said to him, "Art thou content for me to be thy wife?" The young man arose and kissed the ground before her, and replied, "O queen, I am not worthy. I am less than the servants who serve thee." But the queen bade him rise, saying, "All these servants and soldiers and wealth and palaces and gardens shall be thine." Then, pointing to a door, she said, "Everything thou seest here thou canst make use of according to thy pleasure, but this door thou must not open, for if thou open it, thou wilt repent when repentance will be too late." Then the vizier and the magistrate and the witnesses, all venerable old women, came in, and the queen ordered them to perform the ceremony of the marriage contract. So they married her to the young man, and after the marriage they had a grand feast. The young man was then a king, and he lived with the queen his wife for seven years, passing the most delightful and agreeable and happy life, and not troubling himself about the door.

But one day he thought he would open it, for he said to himself, "There must be some very valuable treasure inside that door, something far better than anything I have yet seen, else she would not forbid me to open it." So he went and opened the door, but instead of a treasure, he saw the great eagle that had carried him years before from the bank of the river, and laid him down in the island. The moment the bird beheld him, it said, "No welcome to a face that will never be happy." When the young man heard these words he attempted to flee, but the eagle seized him and carried him off. It flew with him

for the space of an hour, and set him down on the bank of the river from which it had first taken him. The young man sat in that place, and when he thought of what had happened to him he wept and wailed. He remained upon the shore of the river for two months, wishing that he could return to the home of his youth. But one night while he was awake, mourning and thinking of what he had lost, he heard a voice calling out, "How great were thy delights! Far, far from thee is the return of what is past. And how many will be thy sighs!" When he heard this he despaired of meeting the queen again, or returning to the palace in which he had so much happiness. He then entered the mansion where the stranger and his ten companions had resided, and he knew that the same had happened to them as had happened to him, and that this was the cause of their weeping and mourning. So grief and anxiety came upon him, and he began to weep and wail as they had done. He never laughed or smiled again during his life, and when he died he was buried in the garden by the side of the stranger and his ten companions.

STORY OF THE BARBER.

In the reign of the Caliph Muntasir Billah, a prince famous for his liberality to the poor, there were ten robbers who committed a great many robberies and murders in Bagdad. The caliph, being informed of this, sent for the chief of police, and ordered him to bring all the ten to him in a boat. The chief of police sent so many people in search of the robbers that they were all taken on the same day.

Now it happened that on that day there was a barber, an old man, walking on the bank of the Tigris, and he saw the ten robbers taken into a boat. If he had noticed the guards who had them in charge he might have seen that they were robbers, but his attention was fixed on the men themselves, and, thinking they were people who intended to spend the day in amusement,

he entered the boat with them, hoping that they would not object to his being one of the company. The boat went down the Tigris, and stopped before the caliph's palace. By this time, the barber had discovered his mistake. When they left the boat, they were surrounded by a new troop of the police guard, who bound them all, and carried them before the caliph. The barber was bound as well as the rest, but he did not speak a word, for it would have been useless for him to speak or make any resistance. By doing that he would have got himself illtreated by the guards, who would not have listened to him. He was with the robbers, and that was enough to make them believe he was one of them.

When they were brought before the caliph he ordered that the heads of the robbers be cut off immediately. The executioner drew them up in file within reach of his arm, the barber happening to be placed last. He then cut off the heads of the ten robbers, beginning at the first. When he came to the barber he stopped, at which the caliph was angry. "Did I not order you," said he, "to cut off the heads of ten robbers, and why have you cut off but nine?" "Commander of the Faithful," he replied, "Heaven preserve me from disobeying your Majesty's orders. Here are ten bodies upon the ground, and as many heads which I have cut off; your Majesty may count them." When the caliph saw that what the executioner said was true, he looked at the barber with amazement, and said to him, "Old man, how came you to be among those robbers?" The barber answered, "Commander of the Faithful, I will make a true confession. This morning I saw those ten persons enter the boat. I embarked with them, thinking that they were going on a holiday excursion."

The caliph could not help laughing at the barber's adventure, and he admired his wisdom and silence in the boat. "Commander of the Faithful," said the barber, "your Majesty need not wonder at my silence on such an occasion. I am remarkable for holding my tongue, and on that account have got the title of Silent, by which I am known from my four brothers." "I am

glad," said the caliph, smiling, "that they gave you a title which you deserve so well. But tell me, what sort of men were your brothers? were they like you?" "By no means," replied the barber, "they were all of them talkative fellows. And in their appearance there was still a greater difference between them and me. The first was blind, the second had but one eye, the third had his ears cut off, and the fourth had harelips. They met with strange adventures which I shall be glad to relate to your Majesty." As the caliph wished to hear the stories, the barber went on as follows:

STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIRST BROTHER.

Commander of the Faithful, my first brother, whose name was Bakbak, was blind, and he made his living by begging from door to door. He had been so long accustomed to walk through the streets alone that he needed nobody to lead him. He had a custom to knock at people's doors, and not answer till they opened to him. One day he knocked at the door of a house, and the master, who was alone, cried, "Who is there?" My brother made no answer, and knocked a second time; the master of the house asked again and again, "Who is there?" but my brother did not answer. The master then came down, opened the door, and asked what he wanted. "Give me something, for Heaven's sake," said Bakbak. "You seem to be blind," replied the master of the house. "Yes, to my sorrow," answered my brother. "Give me your hand," said the master of the house. My brother did so, thinking he was going to give him alms, but he only took him by the hand to lead him up to his chamber. Bakbak thought he was bringing him to dine with him, as many other people had done.

When they reached the chamber, the man let go his hand, and, sitting down, asked my brother again what he wanted. "I have already told you," said Bakbak, "that I want some alms,

as I am blind." "Good blind man," replied the master of the house, "all that I can do for you is to wish that you may regain your sight." "You might have told me that at the door," replied my brother, "and not have given me the trouble to come upstairs." "And why," said the man of the house, "did you not answer at first, when I asked who was there? Why did you give me the trouble to come and open the door?" "What will you do with me then?" asked my brother. "I tell you again," said the man of the house, "I have nothing to give you." Help me downstairs then, as you brought me up," said Bakbak. "The stairs are before you," replied the man of the house, "and you may go down by yourself." My brother attempted to go down, but missing a step about the middle of the stairs, he fell to the bottom and hurt his head and back. He got up with difficulty, and went out, abusing the master of the house, who laughed at his fall.

As my brother went out of the house, two blind men, his companions, who were passing by, knew him by his voice, and asked him what was the matter. He told them what had happened, and said, "I have eaten nothing to-day; I beg you to come along with me to my house, that I may take some of the money that we three have in common, to buy me something for supper." The two blind men agreed, and they went home with him.

Now the master of the house where my brother was so ill-used was a robber, of a cunning and evil disposition. He overheard from his window what Bakbak said to his companions, and he came down and followed them to my brother's house, and went in unknown to them. The blind men being seated, Bakbak said to them, "Brothers, we must shut the door, and take care there is no stranger with us." At this the robber was much alarmed, but seeing a rope hanging down from a beam, he caught hold of it, and hung by it, while the blind men shut the door, and felt about the room with their sticks. When they had done this, and sat again in their places, the robber left his rope, and seated himself softly by my brother, who, thinking he was alone with

his blind comrades, said to them, "Brothers, the last time we counted our money you know we had ten thousand pieces of silver, and that we put them into ten bags. I will show you that I have not touched one of them."

He then put his hand among some old clothes, and, taking out the bags, one after another, gave them to his comrades, saying, "There they are; you may count them if you please." His comrades answered that they did not doubt his word. Then he opened one of the bags and took out ten pieces, and each of the other men did the same. My brother put the bags into their place again, after which one of the blind men said to him, "There is no need to lay out anything for supper, for I have collected as much victuals from good people as will serve us all." At the same time he took out of his bag bread and cheese and fruit, and when he had put all upon the table, they began to eat.

The robber, who sat at my brother's right hand, picked out the best, and ate with them, but though he took great care to make no noise, Bakkak heard him eating, and cried out immediately, "We are undone! there is a stranger among us!" He then stretched out his hand, and, catching hold of the robber by the arm, fell upon him and struck him. The other blind men fell upon him in like manner. The robber defended himself as well as he could, and, being young and strong, and having the use of his eyes, gave furious blows, sometimes to one, sometimes to another. The neighbors, hearing the noise, broke open the door and went in. They had much to do to separate the fighters, but at last succeeded. Then they asked the cause of the quarrel. My brother, who still had hold of the robber, cried out, "This man I have hold of is a thief, and he stole in with us on purpose to rob us of the little money we have." The thief, who shut his eyes as soon as the neighbors came in, pretending to be blind, cried out, "I declare to you that I am their companion, and they refuse to give me my share. They all three have fallen upon me, and I demand justice." The neighbors would not interfere in the quarrel, but took them all before the judge.

When they came before the judge, the robber, without waiting to be questioned, cried out, still pretending to be blind, "Sir, I declare to you that we are all robbers, my three comrades and I, but we have agreed among ourselves to confess nothing unless we are flogged, so that if you wish to know about our crimes you have only to flog us, and you may begin with me." My brother would have spoken, but was not allowed to do so.

The robber, being put under the lash, had the courage to bear twenty or thirty blows. Then, pretending to be overcome with pain, he first opened one eye, and in a little while afterwards the other, and, crying out for mercy, begged the judge to put a stop to the blows. The judge, much surprised at seeing his eyes open, said to him, "Villain, what is the meaning of this miracle?" "Sir," replied the robber, "I will tell you a secret, if you will pardon me, and give me, as a pledge that you will keep your word, the seal ring which you have on your finger."

The judge consented, gave him his ring, and promised him pardon. Then the robber said, "I confess to you, sir, that I and my three comrades can all of us see very well. We pretend to be blind, and by this trick we have gained together ten thousand pieces of silver. This day I demanded of my comrades two thousand five hundred as my share, but they refused because I told them I would leave them, and they were afraid I might discover on them. If you want to make them confess the truth, you must order them three times as many blows as I have had, and you will find that they will open their eyes as well as I have done." "Villains," said the judge to my brother and his companions, "do you pretend to be blind, and cheat people, and commit such crimes?" "He is an impostor," cried my brother, "and we take God to witness that none of us can see."

But all that my brother could say was useless. His comrades and he received each of them two hundred blows. The judge expected them to open their eyes, and thought it was through obstinacy that they did not do what they really could not do. The robber then addressing the judge, said, "I see, sir, that

they will be obstinate to the last. It is better, if you think fit, to pardon them, and to send some person along with me for the ten thousand pieces of silver they have hidden." This was immediately done, and when the money was brought to the judge's house, he gave the robber two thousand five hundred pieces, and kept the rest himself. As for my brother and his two companions, he ordered them to be banished from the city.

When I heard what had happened to my brother, I went to him, and brought him back secretly. I could easily have proved to the judge that he was innocent, and have the robber punished as he deserved, but I dared not do so for fear of bringing myself into danger of being killed by the robber.

STORY OF THE BARBER'S SECOND BROTHER.

Alcouz was the name of my second brother. He was a butcher. He had a very good trade, and had his store always full of the best meat. One day an old man, with a long white beard, came and bought six pounds of meat, gave my brother the money for it, and went away. My brother thought the money so pure and well coined that he put it apart by itself. The same old man came every day for five months, bought the same quantity of meat, and paid for it in the same kind of money, which my brother continued to lay apart.

At the end of five months, Alcouz, wishing to buy a lot of sheep, and to pay for them in this money, opened his chest, but instead of finding money, he was surprised to see nothing in the place where he had left it but a parcel of leaves clipped round. He beat his head, and cried aloud, which at once brought the neighbors about him, who were as much surprised as he when he told them the story. Just at that moment happening to see the old man in the street, he ran out and laid hands on him. "Mus-sulmans," cried he, as loud as he could, "help! hear what a cheat this wicked fellow is," and at the same time he told a

great crowd of people, who came about him, what he had already told his neighbors. When he had done, the old man said to him very quietly, "You had better let me go for fear I may do something worse to you, which I should be sorry to do." "How?" said my brother, "what have you to say against me? I am an honest man in my business, and fear neither you nor anybody." "You will have me speak out, then?" replied the old man, and turning to the crowd, he said to them, "Good people, this fellow, instead of selling mutton as he ought to do, sells human flesh. Go into his shop and see for yourselves if what I say is not true."

The mob ran like madmen into the shop, where they saw, to all appearance, a man hung up dead, as the old man had said; for he was a magician, and deceived the eyes of all the people, as he did my brother when he made him take leaves instead of money. At this sight, one of the crowd gave Alcouz a violent blow with his fist, and said to him, "Wicked villain! dost thou make us eat man's flesh instead of mutton?" At the same time the old man gave him another blow, which beat out one of his eyes. Everybody that could get near struck him, and not content with that, they carried him before a judge. The judge would believe nothing of the story of the money changed into leaves, but called my brother a cheat, and ordered him to receive five hundred blows. He afterwards made him tell where his money was, took it all from him, and banished him forever from the city.

But this was not the end of my brother's misfortunes. In the city to which he went after his banishment, he happened one day to be standing near the gate of a house, when two servants came and collared him, saying, "Heaven be praised that you have come of your own accord to give yourself up! You have alarmed us so much these last three nights that we could not sleep." My brother was much surprised. "Good people," said he, "I know not what you mean; you certainly take me for somebody else." "No, no," replied they, "we know that you

and your comrades are robbers. Let us see if you have not the knife about you which you had in your hand when you ran after us last night." Having thus spoken, they searched him, and found that he had a knife. "Ho! ho!" cried they, laying hold of him, "do you dare now to say that you are not a robber?" "Why," said my brother, "may not a man carry a knife about him without being a robber? If you will listen to my story, instead of having so bad an opinion of me, you will be touched with pity at my misfortunes."

The two servants, however, not only refused to listen to him, but took him before the judge, who asked him why he dared to go into people's houses, and pursue them with a drawn knife. "Sir," replied the unfortunate Alcouz, "I am the most innocent man in the world; be pleased to hear me patiently." "Sir," exclaimed one of the servants, "will you listen to a robber, who enters people's houses to rob and murder them? If you will not believe us, only look upon his back."

While he said so, he uncovered my brother's back, and showed to the judge the marks of the stripes he had formerly received. The judge, without any further inquiry or information, commanded his officers to immediately give him a hundred lashes over the shoulders, and had him afterwards carried through the town on a camel, with one crying before him, "'Thus are men punished who enter people's houses by force.'" After having so treated him, they banished him from the town, and forbade him ever to return. Being informed of this misfortune, I went and brought him to Bagdad privately, and gave him all the assistance I could.

The caliph was pleased to pity the unfortunate Alcouz, and ordered something to be given to the barber for him. But without allowing the servants time to carry out the caliph's order, the barber continued his discourse, and said to him, "My sovereign lord and master, since your Majesty has been pleased to listen to me so far, I beg you to also hear the adventures of my other two brothers."

STORY OF THE BARBER'S THIRD BROTHER.

My third brother was called Alnaschar. He was very lazy as long as our father lived. Instead of working he used to beg, and lived upon what he got. The old man, our father, at his death left five hundred pieces of silver, which we divided equally among us. Alnaschar, who never before possessed so much money, was much puzzled to know what to do with it. He at last resolved to lay it out in glassware, which he might sell at a profit. This he accordingly did, and with his basket of glassware he sat in a public place to sell it, leaning his back against a wall.

Seated thus with his eyes fixed on the basket, he began to think of his plans for the future. "This basket," said he to himself, "cost me a hundred pieces of silver, which was all I had in the world. I shall make two hundred by retailing my glass, and of these two hundred, which I will again lay out in glassware, I shall make four hundred, and going on thus, I shall at last make four thousand pieces of silver. Of four thousand I shall easily make eight thousand, and when I come to ten thousand, I will leave off selling glass, and turn jeweler. I will trade in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones. Then when I am as rich as I can wish, I will buy a fine house, a great estate, slaves, and horses. I will then ask the grand vizier's daughter in marriage. I will dress myself like a prince, and mounted upon a fine horse, with a saddle of gold, and trappings of cloth of gold, finely embroidered with diamonds and pearls, I will ride through the city, attended by slaves, before and behind. I will go to the vizier's palace in view of all the people, who will show me the greatest respect. When I alight at the foot of the vizier's staircase, I will ascend through my own slaves, ranged in files on the right and left, and the grand vizier will receive me as his son-in-law, and give me his right hand, and set me above him, to do me the more honor."

My brother's mind was so full of these thoughts that he quite forgot where he was, and in moving his foot he tossed over the

basket, so that the glass was all thrown down and broken into a thousand pieces. Then he came to himself, and seeing what had happened, he beat his face, tore his clothes, and cried so loud that the people stopped to inquire what was the matter. A lady of rank, passing by upon a mule with rich trappings, was moved to pity at his grief. She immediately turned to her purse bearer who attended her, and said to him, "Give the poor man what you have about you." The slave obeyed, and put into my brother's hand a purse with five hundred pieces of gold. Alnashar was ready to die with joy when he received it. He gave a thousand blessings to the lady, and, departing, went to his house.

While thinking over his good luck, he heard somebody knock at the door. Before he opened, he asked who it was, and, knowing by the voice that it was a woman, he let her in. "My son," said she, "I have a favor to beg of you; the hour of prayer is come; let me pray in your house." My brother granted her request. When she had finished her prayers, she came to my brother and bowed twice to the ground, so low that she touched it with her forehead. Being poorly clad, my brother thought she asked alms, and he offered her two pieces of gold. The old woman stepped back in surprise, as if my brother had insulted her. "Is it possible, sir," said she, "that you take me for a beggar? I don't need your money. I live with a young lady of this city, who is beautiful and very rich, and she lets me want for nothing." My brother was not sharp enough to see the craft of the old woman, who refused the two pieces of gold only that she might catch more. He asked her if she could procure him the honor of seeing that lady. "With all my heart," she replied; "take up your money, and follow me."

My brother, rejoicing at the prospect of seeing a rich and beautiful lady, whom he hoped to make his wife, took his five hundred pieces of gold, and followed the old woman. She walked on to the gate of a great house, where she knocked. A young Greek slave opened the gate. The old woman brought my brother into a handsome hall, where she left him. The

young lady soon entered. Her beauty and rich dress surprised him. He rose as soon as he saw her. The lady, with smiling countenance, invited him to sit down again, and shortly afterwards conducted him into an inner chamber, where she talked with him for some time. She then left him, saying that she would be with him in a moment. He waited for her, but instead of the lady, a great black slave came in with a sword in his hand, and looking at my brother, said to him fiercely, "What is your business here?" Alnaschar was so frightened that he had not the power to answer. The slave then stripped him, carried off his gold, and gave him several wounds with his sword.

My unhappy brother fell to the ground, where he lay without motion, though he still had the use of his senses. The black and the Greek slave having left the room, the old woman, who had enticed my brother into the snare, came and dragged him by the feet to a trapdoor, and threw him into a place underground, among the bodies of several other people who had been murdered. He recovered strength by degrees, so as to be able to walk, and, after two days, opened the trapdoor in the night, and made his escape. He then came to me for help and told me of his adventures.

In a month's time he was perfectly cured of his wounds by medicines that I gave him, and he resolved to have revenge upon the old woman. With this object he took a bag large enough to contain five hundred pieces of gold, and filled it with pieces of glass. He then dressed himself like an old woman, and took a sword under his cloak. He soon met the old woman walking through the town. Going up to her, and speaking in a woman's voice, he said, "Can you lend me a pair of scales? I am newly come from Persia, have brought five hundred pieces of gold with me, and wish to know if they are the right weight." "Good woman," answered the old hag, "You could not have applied to a fitter person. Follow me; I will conduct you to my son, who changes money, and he will weigh them to save you the trouble." My brother followed her to the house to which

she had brought him before, and the Greek slave opened the door.

The old woman took my brother to the hall, where she requested him to wait till she called her son. The pretended son came, and proved to be the villainous black slave. "Come, old woman," said he to my brother, "rise and follow me." Having spoken thus, he went before to conduct my brother to the place where the trapdoor was, which led to the underground passage. Alnaschar got up, followed him, and, drawing his sword, gave him such a blow in the back of the neck that he killed him with the one stroke. Then he threw his dead body into the place underground. The wicked old woman came running in at the noise, and my brother, seizing her, said, "Wretch, do you not know me?" "Alas, sir," answered she, trembling, "who are you? I do not remember that I ever saw you." "I am," replied he, "the person to whose house you came the other day to say your prayers. Wicked woman, do you not remember?" Then she fell on her knees to beg his pardon, but he slew her with his sword.

He now went to look for the lady, and found her in the inner room, "Madam," said he, "how could you live with such wicked people?" Then she told my brother this story:

"I was wife to an honest merchant, and the old woman, whose wickedness I did not then know, used sometimes to come and see me. 'Madam,' said she to me one day, 'we have a wedding at our house, which you will be pleased to see, if you will give us the honor of your company.' I put on my best dress, took with me a hundred pieces of gold, and followed the old woman. She brought me to this house, where the black has since kept me by force, and I have been three years here to my great sorrow." "By the trade which that wicked black followed," replied my brother, "he must have gathered together a vast deal of riches." "There is so much," said she, "that you will be wealthy forever if you can carry them off; follow me, and you shall see them." Alnaschar followed her to a chamber,

where she showed him several chests full of gold, which he beheld with admiration. "Go," said she, "and fetch people to help you carry them all off."

My brother went out, got ten men, and brought them with him, but on his return he was surprised to find the gate open, and the lady and the chests gone, for she, being more active than he, had conveyed them all off and disappeared. However, he resolved not to go away empty-handed, and so he carried off all the furniture of the house, which was a great deal more than enough to make up for the five hundred pieces of gold he had been robbed of. But when he went out of the house, he forgot to shut the gate. The neighbors, who saw him and the men come and go, went and informed the *cadi*, for they looked upon his conduct as suspicious. Early next morning, when my brother came out of his house, twenty of the *cadi's* men seized him. "Come along with us," said they, "our master desires to speak with you."

When brought before him, the *cadi* asked my brother where he got the things which he carried home the day before. My brother then told him the whole story, from beginning to end,—about the old woman coming into his house to say her prayers, why he had killed the black, the slave, and the old woman, and about the escape of the lady, and he begged the judge to leave him part of the furniture for the five hundred pieces of gold of which he had been robbed.

The judge, without promising anything, sent his officers to bring off the whole, and, having put the goods into his own house, commanded my brother to quit the town immediately, and never to return, for he was afraid that if he staid in the city he would complain to the caliph.

Alnaschar at once obeyed. He left that town to go to another, but on the way he met robbers, who stripped him naked and cut off his ears. When the news reached me, I carried him handsome clothes, and brought him secretly into the town, where I took care of him as I did of my other brothers.

STORY OF THE BARBER'S FOURTH BROTHER.

I have now only to tell the story of my fourth brother, called Schacabac. At first he was industrious enough to make profit with the hundred pieces of silver which fell to his share, but a reverse of fortune brought him to poverty. One day, as he passed by a magnificent house where there was a multitude of servants, he went to one of them, and asked him to whom the house belonged. "Good man," replied the servant, "are you a stranger that you ask such a question? Does not all that you see show you that it is the palace of a Barmecide?" My brother, who very well knew the liberality and generosity of the Barmecide family, then begged one of the servants for alms. "Go in," said the servant, "nobody hinders you. Speak to the master of the house; he will give you what you need."

My brother thanked the servant, and entered the palace. He went on till he came into a hall richly furnished, and adorned with beautiful paintings. Here he saw a venerable man with a long white beard, sitting at the upper end on a sofa. He supposed him to be the master of the house, which in fact he was. It was the Barmecide himself, and he said to my brother, in a very civil manner, that he was welcome, and asked him what he wanted. "My lord," answered my brother, "I am a poor man, and I am in need of help. I have not eaten one bit to-day." "Is it true," exclaimed the Barmecide, "that you are fasting till now? Alas, poor man, you must be ready to die for hunger. Ho, boy!" cried he with a loud voice, "bring a basin and water, that we may wash our hands." Though no boy appeared, and my brother saw neither water nor basin, the Barmecide fell to rubbing his hands as if water had been poured upon them, and he bade my brother come and wash with him. Schacabac, thinking from this that the Barmecide lord liked a joke, came forward and did as he was required. He rubbed his hands as if washing them.

"Come on," said the Barmecide to the servants, "bring us

something to eat, and do not let us wait." The servants immediately began to come and go as though they were bringing various kinds of food to the table, and the Barmecide, taking my brother to the imaginary table and sitting down with him, began to move his hands and lips as if eating. Then he said to my brother, "Come, friend, eat as freely as if you were at home. You said you were like to die of hunger, but you seem to have no appetite." "Pardon me, my lord," said Schacabac, who imitated what the Barmecide did, "you see I lose no time." "How like you this bread?" said the Barmecide; "do you not find it very good?" "My lord," replied my brother, who saw neither bread nor meat, "I have never eaten bread so white and so fine." "Eat your fill," said the Barmecide. "I assure you the slave who bakes this bread cost me five hundred pieces of gold." The Barmecide then cried, "Boy, bring us another dish;" and though no boy appeared, the master said, "Come, my good friend, taste this new dish, and tell me if ever you ate better mutton and barley broth." "It is good," replied my brother, "and therefore you see I eat heartily." "You oblige me highly," said the Barmecide. "I beg you, then, to eat it all up, since you like it so well."

A little while afterwards he called for a goose and sweet sauce. He then called for several other good things, of which my brother pretended to eat, but what he boasted of most were chickens stuffed with nuts, which he ordered to be brought up. "I knew you would like this dish," said the Barmecide. "There is nothing in the world finer," replied my brother, "it is most delicious." "Come, bring the hash. I fancy you will like that as well as you did the chickens. Well, how do you relish it?"

"Oh, it is wonderful," replied Schacabac, "for here we taste all at once cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most agreeable herbs, and all these are so well mixed that one does not prevent our tasting the other." "How pleasant! Honor this hash," said the Barmecide, "by eating heartily of it. — Ho!

boy! bring us more hash." "No, my lord, please," replied my brother, "for indeed I can eat no more."

"Come, take it away, then," said the Barmecide, "and bring the fruit." He stayed a moment, as it were to give time for his servants to carry it away and bring the fruit, after which he addressed my brother: "Taste these almonds, they are good and fresh-gathered." Both of them made as if peeling the almonds and eating them. Then the Barmecide invited my brother to eat something else. "Look," said he, "there are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and preserves. Take what you like." Then stretching out his hand, as if he had reached my brother something, he still bade him eat, and said to him, "I think you do not eat as if you were as hungry as you complained of being when you came in." "My lord," replied Schacabac, whose jaws ached with moving and having nothing to eat, "I assure you I am so full that I cannot eat one bit more."

"Well then, friend," said the Barmecide, "we must drink some wine now, after we have eaten so well." "I will drink through respect for you, if you insist upon it," said Schacabac, "but as I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall act contrary to the respect that is due to you; therefore I pray you to excuse me from drinking wine. I will be content with water." "No, no," said the Barmecide, "you shall drink wine," and at the same time he commanded the servants to bring some. Then he made as if he poured out wine, and drank first himself, and pouring out for my brother, presented him the glass, saying "Drink my health, and let us know if you think this wine good." My brother made as if he took the glass, and looked as if the color was good. He then bowed to the Barmecide, to signify that he took the liberty to drink his health, and he appeared to drink with all signs of a man that drinks with pleasure. "My lord," said he, "this is very excellent wine, but I think it is not strong enough." "If you wish to have stronger," answered the Barmecide, "you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this," making as if he poured

out another glass for himself and one for my brother. This he did several times. At last Schacabac, pretending to be intoxicated, and acting the part of a drunken man, lifted up his hand and gave the Barmecide such a box on the ear as made him fall down. He was going to give him another blow, but the Barmecide, holding up his hand to ward it off, cried, "Are you mad?" Then my brother, making as if he had come to himself again, said, "My lord, you have been so good as to admit me into your house, and give me a treat. You should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have made me drink wine, for I told you beforehand that it might cause me to fail in my respect for you. I am very sorry for it, and beg your pardon."

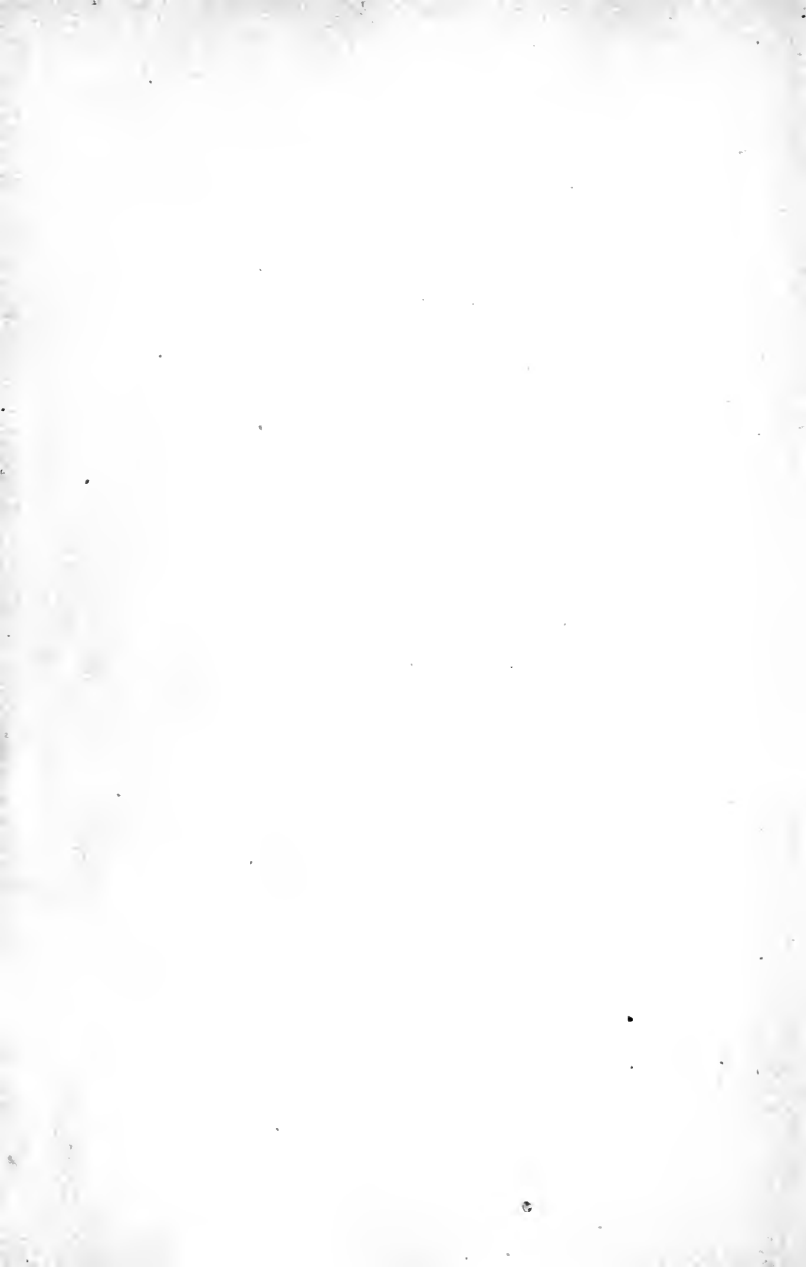
Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Barmecide, instead of being angry, began to laugh heartily. "I have been long," said he, "looking for a man like you. I forgive the blow, and I wish that in future we may be friends, and that you regard my house as your home. You have had the politeness to fall in with my humor, and the patience to keep the jest up to the last. We will now eat in good earnest." He then commanded his servants to cover the table, which was speedily done, and my brother was treated in reality with all those dishes which he had eaten of before only in fancy. When the table was cleared a number of handsome slaves, richly dressed, came and sang agreeable songs and played on musical instruments.

The Barmecide found my brother to be a man of so much good humor and understanding that in a few days he entrusted him with the care of his household. He performed his duty well in that employment for twenty years, at the end of which time the Barmecide died. As he had no children, all his property went to the caliph, and my brother lost his place. He then joined a company of pilgrims going to Mecca, but unfortunately the company was attacked and plundered by robbers. My brother was taken as a slave by one of them, who flogged him for several days to make him pay money for his freedom. "I am your slave," said my brother, "you may dispose of me as you

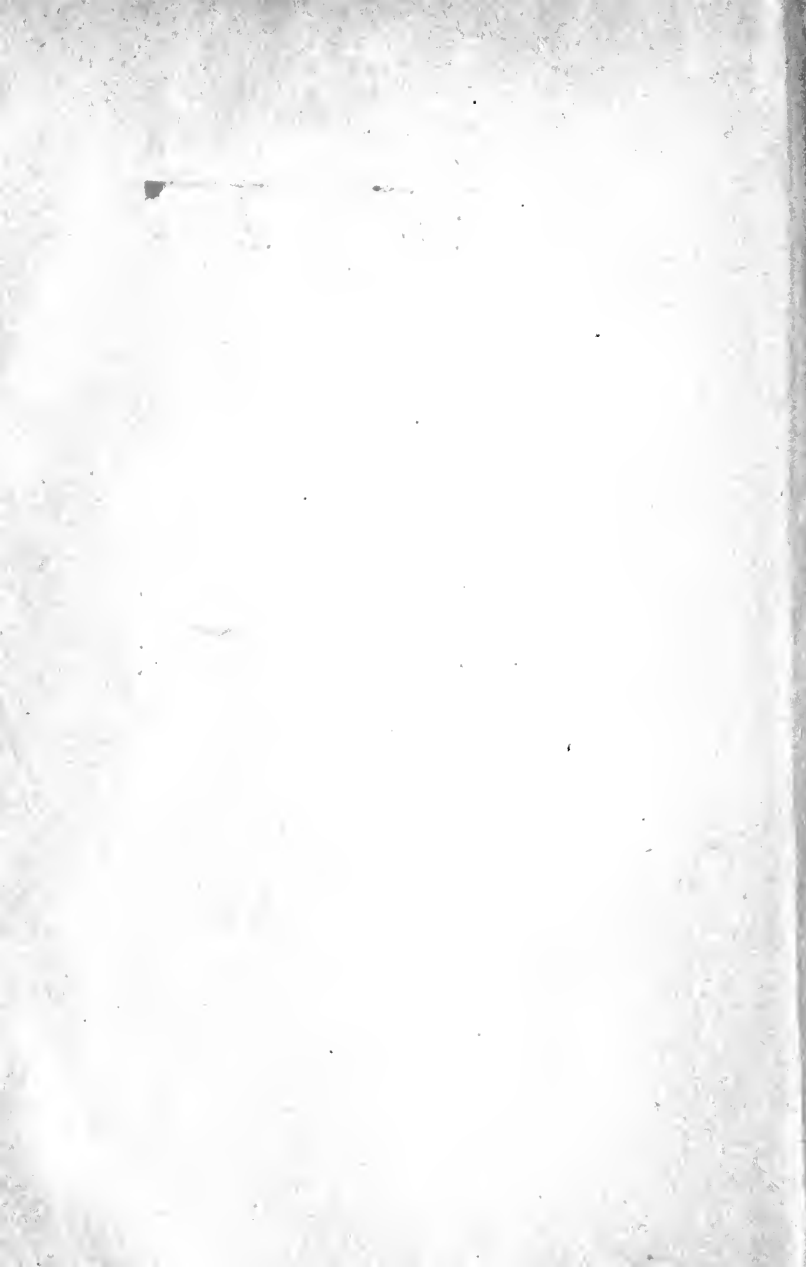
please, but I declare that I am very poor, and not able to buy myself." The robber, vexed at not getting the money he expected, slit my brother's lips, and after he had treated him in this cruel manner, he carried him on a camel to the top of a mountain, where he left him. The mountain was on the road to Bagdad, and the passengers who saw him there informed me where he was. I went there speedily, gave him what help he stood in need of, and brought him back to the city.

The caliph was so pleased with the barber and his stories that he appointed him his own barber, gave him a large salary, and handsome apartments near his own palace, where he lived happily the remainder of his life.











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