







Class PZ8

Book .C836

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> Ja

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**















# The Jewel Series

---

**THE DIAMOND STORY BOOK.** Compiled by PENRHYN W. COUSSENS. Illustrations in color by Ethel Green.

**THE EMERALD STORY BOOK.** *Stories of Spring, Nature, and Easter.* By ADA and ELEANOR SKINNER. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE RUBY STORY BOOK.** *Tales of Courage and Heroism.* Retold by PENRHYN W. COUSSENS. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE SAPPHIRE STORY BOOK.** *Tales of the Sea.* Collected and retold by PENRHYN W. COUSSENS. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE TOPAZ STORY BOOK.** *Stories and Legends of Autumn, Hallow'en, and Thanksgiving.* Compiled by ADA M. and ELEANOR L. SKINNER. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE TURQUOISE STORY BOOK.** *Stories and Legends of Summer and Nature.* By ADA M. and ELEANOR L. SKINNER. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE PEARL STORY BOOK.** *Stories and Legends of Winter, Christmas and New Year's Day.* Compiled by ADA M. and ELEANOR L. SKINNER. Frontispiece in color by Maxfield Parrish.

**THE GARNET STORY BOOK.** *Tales of Cheer both Old and New.* Compiled by ADA M. and ELEANOR L. SKINNER. Frontispiece in color by Dugald S. Walker.

**THE JADE STORY BOOK.** *Stories from the Orient.* Compiled by PENRHYN W. COUSSENS. Frontispiece in color by Dugald Stewart Walker.









*Drawn by Dugald Stewart Walker*



# THE JADE STORY BOOK

*Stories from the Orient*

BY

PENRHYN W. COUSSENS

*Author of "The Diamond Story Book," "The Ruby Story Book," "The Sapphire Story Book." Editor of "One Thousand Books for Children," "A Child's Book of Stories," "Poems Children Love," etc.*

FRONTISPIECE BY  
DUGALD STEWART WALKER



NEW YORK  
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

1922



PZ 8  
C 896  
Ja

Copyright, 1922, by  
DUFFIELD & COMPANY

10  
2

Printed in the United States of America

©Cl. A659842

APR 27 1922

no 1



May 4, 1928

TO MY  
DEAREST PAL  
MY WIFE







# CONTENTS

*Arranged Alphabetically*

	PAGE
PREFACE .....	ix
ADVENTURES OF JUAN, THE ..... <i>Tagalog</i>	298
CRANE AND THE CRAB, THE ..... <i>India</i>	111
DYED JACKAL, THE ..... <i>India</i>	244
EMPRESS JANQWI AND THE MAGICIANS .. <i>China</i>	260
FAITHFUL RAJPOOT, THE ..... <i>India</i>	16
FEAST OF THE LANTERNS, THE ..... <i>China</i>	303
FOUR FRIENDS, THE ..... <i>Persia</i>	292
FOX AND THE CRAFTY CRAB, THE ..... <i>China</i>	67
HE WISHED TO LIVE FOREVER..... <i>Japan</i>	102
HOW THE BIRDS SAVED THE EMPEROR'S LIFE ..... <i>China</i>	3
IN UNION IS STRENGTH ..... <i>China</i>	323
INGRATITUDE ..... <i>India</i>	70
JACKAL, DEER AND THE CROW, THE..... <i>India</i>	89
LION AND THE HARE, THE..... <i>India</i>	116
LUMAWIG ON EARTH ..... <i>Igorot</i>	316



	PAGE
MR. SIN, THE CARP.....	<i>China</i> 206
MYSTERIOUS GARDEN, THE.....	<i>India</i> 357
PAPER BAG, THE.....	<i>Japan</i> 77
PESTLE AND MORTAR OF JADE, THE.....	<i>China</i> 338
PIGEON-KING AND MOUSE-KING.....	<i>India</i> 98
PRINCE AHMED.....	<i>Persia</i> 141
PRINCE VARNA.....	<i>Persia</i> 250
PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM AND THE SULTAN OF THE GENII.....	<i>Persia</i> 218
PRINCESS MOONLIGHT.....	<i>Japan</i> 52
PUNCHKIN .....	<i>India</i> 30
RASALU, THE FAKIR AND THE GIANTS....	<i>India</i> 365
RAJAH RASALU.....	<i>India</i> 271
ROSAMOND, THE SWIFT OF FOOT.....	<i>Oriental</i> 84
STORY OF BANTUGAN, THE.....	<i>Moro</i> 326
STORY OF CALIPH STORK, THE.....	<i>Oriental</i> 119
TALE OF TWO MERCHANTS, THE.....	<i>Persia</i> 23
WHY DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS.....	<i>Visayan</i> 247
WIDOW'S SON, THE.....	<i>Mindanao</i> 198



## PREFACE

"THE JADE STORY BOOK" contains tales gathered from the folklore of Far Eastern countries—India, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands and Persia. Most of those from India are adapted from "The Hitopadesa," which is also known as "The Book of Good Counsels," and "The Criterion of Wisdom." It may also be called "The Father of All Fables."

These Fables were originally compiled in Sanscrit, and later, many centuries later, (about the year 600 A. D.), they were rendered into Persic. About two hundred and fifty years afterwards they were translated into the Arabic, Hebrew and Greek languages. They are perhaps best known in India today under the title of "Anvari Suhaili." The translation from which these particular stories are adapted is that from the original Sanscrit made by Sir Edwin Arnold.



The Igorot, Tagalog, Visayan, Mindanao and Moro stories are used by kind permission of A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers of "Philippine Folk Tales," edited by Mabel Cook Cole.

Several of the Persian stories are taken from "The Arabian Nights" and others, from Persia, India, China and Japan, are adapted from various sources, not least of which is "Gesta Romanorum." One of them, "The Story of Caliph Stork," is from the collection by Wilhelm Hauff.

The author has on other occasions seized the opportunity to emphasize the fact that fairy tales and fables are really necessary to the child, who, without them, is being defrauded of that which belongs to him. They stimulate the youthful imagination and provide a good foundation for the further development of the mind.

Most fairy stories not only amuse, but their unfolding shows the child that good invariably triumphs over evil, and the moral is that one who is kind, polite, generous, unselfish and brave wins in the end. Surely this is worth while.



## PREFACE

The first part of this book is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The second part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The third part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The fourth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The fifth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The sixth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The seventh part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The eighth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The ninth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The tenth part is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English.

# THE JADE STORY BOOK

The author has on other occasions seized the opportunity to emphasize the fact that the tales and fables are truly necessary to the child, who without them is being deprived of the essential imagination and good foundation for the further development of the mind. Most of the stories are not only amusing but also instructive. They show the child that good is better than evil, and the moral is that we should be good and kind to all. The author has endeavored to select the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The book is intended for the use of children and is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The author has endeavored to select the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English. The book is intended for the use of children and is a selection of the best of the Chinese stories which have been translated into English.







## HOW THE BIRDS SAVED THE EMPEROR'S LIFE

THERE was once an Emperor of China whose palace was the most wonderful in the world, being built entirely of priceless porcelain. In the garden were the most beautiful flowers, on some of which were little golden bells which tinkled in the wind so that you could not help looking at them.

It was a really wonderful garden, and so large that even the Head Gardener himself did not know where it ended. If you should reach the end of the garden you would come to a magnificent forest in which were great trees and deep lakes. The banks sloped down to the water, which was as clear as crystal. Overhanging the lake were the boughs of some of the trees, which were so large that ships could sail beneath them. In one of these trees there lived a Nightingale which sang so beautifully that a poor fisherman, who had a great deal to do, even stopped his work to listen to the bird singing. "How



beautiful it is!" he said, but he had to attend to his duties and then forgot about the bird. But each night it was the same; the fisherman could not resist the temptation and he left his work to listen to the bird.

The Emperor's palace and garden were so magnificent that many travelers from foreign countries wrote books describing their beauty; but every scholar who wrote said that the finest thing of all was the singing of this Nightingale.

These books were read by many people all over the world, and at last some of them reached the Emperor, who sat in his chair of solid jade and read and read and read. He was very much pleased that so many people who were scholars should write so much about his palace and garden, but he was surprised to find that in each book the Nightingale was spoken of as the finest and most wonderful thing of all.

"It is very strange," said the Emperor, "I've never heard this Nightingale and it does seem unusual that I should know about it for the first time from reading books written by travellers."



He called his First Lord to him and said, "In all of these books there is mention of a very remarkable bird which is called 'The Nightingale.' The writers all say that it is the most glorious thing in my kingdom. How is it that no one has ever told me about it?"

"Why, I don't know anything about it myself," said the First Lord, "but I will go and find it."

The First Lord didn't know where it was, so he ran all over the palace and asked everybody there, but none of them had ever heard of the Nightingale. Then he returned to the Emperor and said it must be an invention of those who had written the books.

"Your Royal Highness must know that not all that is written is true, and that much of it is invented," said he.

"But the last book I read," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the great ruler of Japan, so that it must be true, and I insist upon your bringing the Nightingale here this evening; if you do not, every one in this palace shall be trampled under foot."

"All right, your Majesty," said the First



## 6 THE JADE STORY BOOK

Lord; and he ran up and down the stairs, through halls and corridors, and as he told the people what would happen to them if the Nightingale were not brought there that evening they all followed him, because they had no wish to be trampled under foot, and all were most curious to know about this wonderful Nightingale which it seemed that everybody in the world knew about except those who lived in the palace.

At last they met a poor little girl in the kitchen who said, "Why, I know the Nightingale, and I have often heard her sing. Every night when I go home to my Mother I am so tired that I sit and rest for a little while in the wood, and then I hear the Nightingale sing, and it is so wonderful that it always brings tears to my eyes."

"Then," said the First Lord, "little kitchen maid, if you can lead us to this Nightingale you shall have leave to see the Emperor at dinner this evening, for she is invited by His Majesty to come and sing to him." Then they all went into the garden where the Nightingale lived, and on the way they heard the mooing of a cow.



"Oh, this must be the Nightingale! How wonderful that such a little bird has such a tremendous voice!" said they.

"That is not a bird singing, that is a cow mooing," said the little kitchen maid. "We have a long way to go yet."

A little farther on they heard some frogs croaking in the marsh. The Chinese Chaplain was with them and he said, "How sublime! That is just like the ringing of a church bell."

"Why," said the little kitchen maid, "those are frogs croaking, but very soon we shall hear her."

Just then the Nightingale began to sing.

"Hark!" cried the little girl. "Listen!" and pointing to a little bird sitting up in the branches, said, "There she is."

"It doesn't seem possible that so very common looking a bird as that can sing," said the First Lord. "It must be that she has lost her brilliant plumage because there are so many distinguished people here."

Then the little kitchen maid called out, "Little Nightingale, our gracious Emperor invites you to sing before him this evening!"



"It will give me great pleasure to do so," said the Nightingale; and then she began to sing so gloriously that they were all entranced. The First Lord said, "I have never heard anything so beautiful before. His Majesty will be delighted."

The Nightingale, thinking the First Lord was the Emperor, said, "Shall I sing again for your Majesty?"

"My dear little bird," said the First Lord, "His Most Gracious Highness has sent me to invite you to his palace this evening so that he may listen to your charming song."

"It's much better out here in the forest," replied the Nightingale, but when she heard that the Emperor wished her to go to the palace, she gladly offered to go with them.

At the palace everything was splendidly prepared. The many lights made the porcelain walls and floors glitter, and the gorgeous tinkling flowers helped to make the place look very beautiful. The people moving back and forth caused the little golden bells to tinkle all the time. In the center of the great hall, in which was the Emperor's throne, was a golden perch, put there for



the Nightingale. The whole court was present, and the little kitchen maid, who had shown the First Lord where the bird could be found, was allowed to stand behind the door where she could see and hear everything. All were dressed in their best clothes and everyone looked toward the little bird, whom the Emperor requested to commence singing.

And how the Nightingale did sing! Very soon the tears came into the Emperor's eyes and ran down his cheeks. At this the Nightingale sang even more beautifully, and the heart of everyone was touched. The Emperor was so delighted that he said she should wear the golden necklace around her neck, but the Nightingale said that she had already received a sufficient reward, for she had brought tears to the eyes of the Emperor.

Even the servants, who were always most difficult to please, said that they were greatly touched. This in itself proved how successful was the Nightingale's concert.

The Emperor requested her to stay at the court, and he gave her a large golden cage and allowed her to go out twice every



day. He provided her with twelve servants, each of whom held a silken string which was fastened to her leg, and you may be sure that she found but little pleasure flying about, hampered in this way.

Very soon everyone in the city was talking about the wonderful bird, and even the tradesmen's children were all named after her, although none of them could sing a note.

Some time after this the Emperor received a large parcel on which was written "The Nightingale."

"This must be another book about our famous bird," said the Emperor.

But he was mistaken, for it was a mechanical toy, an artificial Nightingale which looked something like a real bird but was covered with jewels. When it was wound up it could sing the piece the real bird sang, and moved its tail up and down. Around its neck was a collar on which was written: "The Nightingale of the Emperor of Japan cannot be compared with that of the Emperor of China."

"How wonderful!" said everyone, and the man who had brought the clock-work bird



was given the title of "Bringer of the Imperial First Nightingale."

They sang together, but it did not sound well, for the real Nightingale sang her own song, and the clock-work bird sang waltzes.

"It isn't its fault!" said the bandmaster. "It keeps very good time and is quite after my style."

Then the artificial bird had to sing alone. It was very pleasant to listen to, and it was also pretty to look at, as the jewels with which it was covered sparkled so. It sang the same piece many times without becoming tired, and then the Emperor thought that the real Nightingale should sing again. But she was not to be found; the window was open and without anybody seeing her go, she had flown away to her beloved forest.

The Emperor was very angry when it was discovered that the real bird had gone away, and everyone agreed that it was a very ungracious thing for her to have done. But they all said that the bird sent by the Japanese ruler was the better of the two, and especially did the bandmaster praise it. He said that one knew just what to expect from the



artificial bird, but the real one would sing the most unusual tunes. The bird they had now could be opened, and the inside shown and explained, but if this were done to the other it would die.

Everyone agreed that what the bandmaster said was correct, and the Emperor commanded that all the people of the city should be allowed to listen to the bird's beautiful music on a certain day of the following week.

So on the day appointed the bandmaster showed the jeweled bird to the people, and after they had heard it sing everyone said that its music was wonderful, that is all but the poor fisherman who had heard the real one, and he said: "This one looks very pretty and is quite pleasant to listen to, but its singing does not compare with that of the other."

The Emperor banished the real bird from the kingdom, and the artificial one was put on a golden perch by the side of his bed, and was given the title of Imperial Night-singer.

Several months passed away when one



evening, as the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside snapped, and the music stopped. The Royal Physician was summoned, but could do nothing. Then the Royal Clockmaker was called, and after examining it very carefully he took out the works, which he found to be almost worn out. It took him quite a long time to put these back again, but at last he got it into something like order, although he said it must not be used more than once a year, and then only for a very short time.

Some time after this the Emperor became very ill, and as the physicians said that he could not live for more than a few days, his successor was chosen.

The poor Emperor lay all alone in his great bed, and as everyone believed him to be dead the courtiers left him to pay their respects to the new ruler. But he was only in a trance, and when he came out of this he felt very lonely indeed, for there was no one to speak to him. He turned his head and saw the artificial bird by his bedside. A great longing for music came over him,



and he cried: "Sing, golden bird! Please sing!"

But there was no one to wind it up, and he was too weak to do this himself. It was so quiet, and he felt so terribly lonely and sad that he was sure he was going to die.

Suddenly there came through the open window the sound of such beautiful music that new life came to the sick man. He raised his head, and saw, sitting upon the bough of a large tree, the real bird whom he had banished from his kingdom.

"What divine singing!" said the Emperor. "You have given me new life in return for my unkindness in banishing you from my kingdom. What can I do to reward you?"

"I need no more reward than the sight of the tears which came to your eyes when I first sang to you," said the Nightingale. "That is something which I can never forget. But now you must sleep, and to-morrow, when you will feel much stronger, I can promise you such music as you would not believe possible." The Emperor smiled happily, and fell at once into a deep, calm sleep.



He was awakened in the morning by the sun, which was shining brightly. So much better did he feel that he was able to get out of bed and walk to the open window, and there his eyes beheld a wonderful sight.

Upon every bough of the tree in front of him were perched many birds, and in the center of them sat the poor fisherman, who held to his lips a reed instrument. On seeing the Emperor at the window he gave a sign, and there came forth from the throats of the assembled birds such a glorious burst of melody that tears of thankfulness flowed from the Emperor's eyes; he could scarcely believe that such wonderful music was possible.

No longer was he a sick man. The bird chorus had brought back to him the health and strength which all the doctors, with their medicines, had not been able to do. In his gratitude to the birds he gave them the tree for their very own, and the poor fisherman he appointed bandmaster-in-chief.



## THE FAITHFUL RAJPOOT

ONE morning a soldier presented himself at King Sudraka's palace gate, and asked the porter to secure an audience for him.

Having gained admittance to the King's presence, he bowed and said:

"Your Highness, I am Vira-vara, a Rajpoot, who seeks employment."

"What pay do you ask?" inquired the King.

"Fifty pieces of gold a day," replied the soldier.

"And what will you do in return for so much money?" said the King.

"I have two strong arms, and this sabre, which shall be devoted to your Majesty's service," answered the Rajpoot.

"You ask too much," said the King, "and I am afraid I cannot retain you, but I will confer with my Ministers about you."

Then the King spoke to his Ministers, who agreed that the stipend asked was very large,



but advised that he be given four days' pay, and to see what the soldier should do to earn it. So this was done.

The King watched very closely to see how Vira-vara spent his pay, and found that half of it went towards the support of the Temple, a fourth was devoted to relieving the poor, and the remaining fourth only did he reserve for his own sustenance. This division he made at the beginning of each day, and then he would stand on guard with his sabre at the palace gate, from whence he would retire only upon receiving the royal permission.

One very, very dark night King Sudraka thought he heard the sound of someone outside the palace gate sobbing as though stricken with deepest grief. He called for his guard, and Vira-vara at once appeared.

"Did you hear a sound of weeping?" asked the King.

"I thought I did, your Majesty," replied the Rajpoot.

"Then go and find out the cause," said the King.

The soldier at once departed on his mis-



sion, but as soon as he had gone the King repented him of sending him out alone into a night so dark that a hole might be pierced in it with a needle, so he took his scimitar, and followed his guard beyond the city gates.

Vira-vara had not gone far when he almost stumbled over a woman who was weeping bitterly. By the dim light of a torch, which he had hurriedly picked up after leaving the King's presence, he could see that she was a very beautiful and splendidly dressed lady.

"Why do you thus lament?" asked he.

"I am the Fortune of the King Sudraka," answered she. "For a long while I lived happily in the shadow of his arm, but on the third day he will die, and therefore do I shed these bitter tears."

"Can anything be done, dear lady, that will prolong your stay here?" asked the Rajpoot.

"Only one thing," replied the Spirit, "but that I do not like to tell you."

"Tell me what it is, and I swear to do it, out of loyalty to my kind Master," said the faithful guard.



“Then,” said the Spirit Lady, “if you will cut off the head of your firstborn son, who has on his body the marks of greatness, and offer his head as a sacrifice to the all-helpful Goddess Durga, then shall I continue to be the guardian angel of the Rajah, even though he should live another hundred years.”

Having said this, she disappeared, and Vira-vara went to his own house and awoke his wife and son.

These two listened attentively while he repeated to them the words of the vision and then the son said: “I feel honored in that I may be the means of saving the King’s life; kill me quickly, for it is well that I can give my life to such a good cause.”

To this the Mother agreed, saying, “It is well, and worthy of our blood; how else should we deserve the King’s pay?”

Then they went to the temple of the Goddess Durga, and having paid their devotions and asked the favor of the deity on behalf of the King, Vira-vara struck off the head of his son, and laid it as an offering upon the shrine.



But the task had been too great for the Rajpoot. "Life without my boy is something I cannot bear to think of," said he; "my service to the King is now ended." Thereupon he plunged his sword into his own breast, and fell dead.

The sight of her husband and son, both lying dead at her feet, was too much for the grief-stricken mother, so she seized the blood-stained weapon, and with it slew herself.

Now all this was seen and heard by King Sudraka, who was just entering the gate of the temple, but so quickly did it happen, that he was unable to stop it. He hastened to where the bodies lay, and exclaimed: "Woe is me!"

Kings may come, and kings may go;  
What was I to bring these low?  
Souls so noble, slain for me,  
Were not, and will never be!

Sorrowful indeed was he as he gazed upon the remains of his three faithful subjects. "Having lost these," he said, "what do I



care for myself or my kingdom," Then he drew his scimitar, intending to take his own life.

But at that moment there appeared to him the Goddess, who is mistress of all men's fortunes. She stayed his uplifted hand, and said:

"Son, forbear, do not this rash deed; think of your kingdom."

The Rajah prostrated himself before her, and cried: "O Goddess! I am finished with life and wealth and country! Have pity on me, and let my death restore these faithful ones to life; I must follow in their path."

"Your affection finds favor in my sight, and is pleasing to me, Son," said the Goddess. "As a reward the Rajpoot, his wife and son shall be restored to life, and many years shall they live in your service."

With this assurance the King returned to his palace, and very soon he saw Vira-vara return and take up his station at the palace gate.

The Rajah sent for him and asked if he had discovered the cause of the weeping.

Now:



He is brave whose tongue is silent on the  
trophies of his sword;  
He is great whose quiet bearing marks his  
greatness well assured.

So the Rajpoot merely said: "It was a  
woman weeping, your Highness, and she dis-  
appeared on my approach."

The next day the King summoned his  
ministers and told them all that had hap-  
pened, and he made the faithful guard his  
Grand Vizir.



## THE TALE OF TWO MERCHANTS OF EGYPT AND BAGDAD.

ONCE upon a time there were two wealthy merchants, one of whom lived in Egypt and the other in Bagdad. Although they had never yet seen one another they had transacted much business together by means of messengers, who passed frequently between them. Both were men of honor and good repute, and each came to think of the other as a real friend. If anything unusual should happen in the land of Egypt, the merchant of that country would send word of it to the other in Bagdad, who, in like manner, would in turn send news of events in his own land. So, without either of them having seen the other, much kindness was shown on both sides.

One night, as the merchant of Bagdad lay upon his bed, he said to himself: "My correspondent in Egypt has shown much friendship toward me, and as I have never



seen him I will pay him a visit." So he hired a ship and went to Egypt, where his friend met him, and received him with great pleasure.

At the house of the Egyptian the merchant of Bagdad met a girl of wondrous beauty, and so smitten was he with her charms that he fell sick and pined away.

"My friend," said the other, "What is the matter with you that you neither eat nor drink?"

"There is a woman of your household upon whom my heart has fixed itself," returned his comrade, "and unless I may marry her, I shall die." Thereupon the Egyptian summoned all the household before him, save only the girl in question, but the man from Bagdad said: "I care little for any of these; she whom I love is not among them." Then this girl was brought before him, and he said that to her alone must he owe his life.

"My friend," said the other, "I brought up this girl with the intention of making her my wife, and through her I shall obtain much wealth. But, so great is my friendship for you that I give her to you with all



the riches which would have fallen to my share.”

So the sick merchant, overjoyed at his good fortune, received both the lady and her wealth, and returned with her to Bagdad.

After a while ill-fortune came to the merchant of Egypt, and he was without home or money. Then said he: “I will go to my friend of Bagdad, from whom I am sure to receive aid.”

So he went to Bagdad, and as he reached that city during the night, he did not like to awaken his friend, thinking that, poorly dressed, desolate and destitute as he was, he might not know him, so he decided to wait until the next day. Happening to look toward a burial-ground, he saw that the doors of the mosque there were open, so here he determined to remain for the night.

He had not been in the mosque long before two men entered. They were quarrelling, and soon began to fight, and in the end one killed the other, and fled.

The alarm was spread, and went through the whole city. “Where is the murderer?” was the general cry.



The thought came to the Egyptian that to die would bring an end to his troubles, and so he said to the searchers: "I am he." Then they laid hands on him, and led him away to prison. In the morning he was taken before the judge, who sentenced him to death.

Now among those who went to witness the execution was the merchant whom he had befriended, and who knew him at once. He was horrified at the sad plight of his friend.

"What!" cried he, "Shall he be done to death while I live?" Then he raised his voice and shouted: "Hold! Do not destroy an innocent man. I am the murderer, and not he."

He was at once arrested, and both were taken to the place of execution. The sentence was about to be carried out when there came another interruption, this time from the real murderer, who happened to be present.

Seeing these two men about to die for a crime which he had committed, he was filled with remorse. He said to himself: "I will not permit innocent blood to be shed; if I do,



the vengeance of God will sooner or later overtake me, and it is better to suffer a short pain in this world than to be in everlasting torment in the next."

So he cried out, "Slay not the guiltless, for neither of these men has done murder. I only am the criminal; let them go."

The people were filled with amazement, and the three men were at once taken to the judge, who was much astonished at this unusual occurrence. The matter was explained to him, and then, addressing the Egyptian, he said:

"Friend, why did you confess yourself the murderer?"

"My lord," answered he, "I will tell you the reason. In my own land I was, until recently, a man of wealth, and had all that riches could buy, but through no fault of mine I lost all this, and am now destitute. I was ashamed at my condition, and saw, in this confession, an end to my misfortunes. I am willing to die, and beseech you to order my death."

The judge then turned to the merchant of Bagdad and said: "And you, my friend;



why did you acknowledge yourself to be the murderer?"

The merchant replied: "My lord, this man is my benefactor. I have enjoyed his hospitality, and while at his home he bestowed upon me a wife, whom he had educated for his own, and who possessed great wealth. When, therefore, I saw my friend being led to his death, I proclaimed myself the murderer, hoping thus to take his place. For his love I would willingly perish."

It was now the turn of the third man, who was the real criminal. The judge asked him what he had to say for himself, and he answered:

"When I confessed, I told the truth. The burden which would have been mine had I allowed these two innocent men to suffer death for a crime that was my own would have been too heavy for me to bear, and I preferred to pay the penalty."

For some time the judge considered the stories of the three men, then he said to the last one to speak:

"As you have declared the truth and thereby saved the lives of two innocent men, I



pardon you. Study to amend your future life, and go in peace."

The decision of the judge was praised by all the people, who were quick to acknowledge the generosity of the merchant who would have given his life to save his friend, and the honorable manner in which the guilty person had rescued from death the two who were innocent.



## PUNCHKIN

ONCE upon a time there was a Rajah who had seven daughters. They were all good, beautiful and clever girls, but especially so was the youngest, whose name was Balna. The Rajah's wife died when they were very little children, so these seven Princesses grew up without having a loving mother to watch over and care for them.

As soon as they were old enough, the Rajah's daughters took turns every day to cook their father's dinner, while he was busily engaged with his ministers in directing the affairs of his country.

About this time the Prime Minister died, leaving a widow and one daughter, and every day, when the Princesses were getting the Rajah's dinner ready, the widow and her daughter would come and beg for some fire from the hearth. Balna would say to her sisters: "Let us send that woman away; why



does she want our fire, when she has her own house? If we continue to allow her to come here, we shall some day be sorry for it."

But the other sisters rebuked her, and so the widow continued to take some fire from the hearth, but while no one was looking, she would throw some mud into the dishes which were being prepared for the Rajah's dinner.

One of the reasons that the daughters always prepared the food for their father was that there should be no danger of his being poisoned by his enemies, so when he found the mud mixed with his dinner he thought it was because they were careless; he knew they would not do such a thing on purpose. He loved them all very much, and hadn't the heart to reprove them, even though his meals were spoiled for several days.

This happened so often that it puzzled him, and so he made up his mind one day to hide, and watch his daughters cooking; so, going into the room next to the kitchen, he saw everything through a hole in the wall.

His daughters carefully washed the rice



and prepared the curry, and when these were ready, they put each dish on the fire. Very soon the widow came to the door, and begged for a few sticks from the fire with which to cook her own dinner. Balna was angry with her, as usual, and said: "Why don't you keep fuel in your own house, instead of coming here every day and taking ours? Sisters, don't give her any more wood; let her use her own."

But the others said: "The poor woman is doing us no harm, so let her take a little wood and fire." Balna replied, "Perhaps some day she will do us harm, and then we shall all be sorry for it."

Then the Rajah saw the Prime Minister's widow go to the hearth, and as she took the wood, throw some mud into each of the dishes.

This made him very angry, and he ordered that the woman be brought before him.

This was done, but the widow spoke to him so very cleverly, saying that she had done this thing only that she might gain an audience with him, and so cunningly did she speak that she actually pleased him well



with her words, and instead of punishing her, the Rajah married her; so she and her daughter came to the palace to live.

The new Ranee hated the seven poor Princesses, and wanted to get rid of them, so that her daughter might have all their riches. She was very unkind to them, and made them as miserable as she could, giving them only bread to eat and water to drink, and very little of either. This was very hard for the seven poor Princesses, who had always been used to the best of everything, and each day they would sit by their dead mother's tomb, and say:

“Oh, mother, cannot you see how unhappy and miserable your poor children are, and how our cruel stepmother is starving us?”

One day, while they were thus engaged, a beautiful pomelo tree grew up out of the grave, covered with fresh ripe pomelos, and the children certainly enjoyed the delicious fruit. And each day after this, instead of eating the poor food their stepmother provided for them, they would go to their mother's grave and eat the pomelos which grew there on the tree.



The stepmother was astonished that the seven girls should eat nothing and yet be well, so she told her daughter to watch them.

Next day the Prime Minister's daughter followed them, and saw the Princesses gather and eat the pomelos.

Balna saw the girl watching them, and said to her sisters: "Let us drive that girl away, or else she will tell her mother all about it, and then we shall be worse off than ever."

But they said: "Do not be unkind, Balna. The girl would never be so cruel as to tell her mother. Let us instead ask her to come and have some of the fruit." So they called to her, and gave her some of the pomelos.

As soon as she could, however, she left the Princesses, and went to her mother, and told her all about the pomelo tree. She said she had eaten some, and they were the nicest she had ever tasted.

This made the cruel Ranee very angry, and the next day she told the Rajah that she had a very bad headache, and would have to stay in bed.



The Rajah was much upset, and asked what he could do for her.

She replied that there was only one thing that would cure her, and that was to boil a fine pomelo tree, root and branch, that grew on his dead wife's grave, and to put some of the water in which it had been boiled on her forehead. So the Raja did as the Ranee desired, and then she declared that she was quite well.

Next day the Princesses went as usual to their mother's grave, and when they found that the pomelo tree had disappeared, they wept bitterly.

As they sat there crying they saw by the tomb a small tank filled with a rich cream-like substance, which hardened into a thick white cake. They ate some of this, and liked it. Next day the same thing happened, and so it went on for many days.

The cruel stepmother said to her daughter: "I don't understand this; I have had the pomelo tree destroyed, and yet the Princesses are as well as ever, although they never eat the dinner I give them. You must watch them again."



Next day, while the Princesses were eating the cream-cake, along came their step-mother's daughter. Balna saw her first, and said: "Here comes that girl again. Let us sit around the edge of the tank and not allow her to see it, for if we give her some of the cake she will go and tell her mother, and that will be very unfortunate for us."

But instead of following her advice the other sisters gave the girl some of the cake, and she went straight home and told her mother all about it.

This made the Ranee more angry than before, and she sent her servants to pull down the tomb and fill the little tank with the ruins. The next day she pretended to be very ill indeed, and told the rajah that she was at the point of death.

This grieved him greatly, and he asked her if there were any remedy he could get for her. She replied that only one thing could save her life, but this she knew he would not do. He said that whatever it was, he would do it.

Then she told him that if he would save her life, he must kill his seven daughters,



and put some of their blood on her forehead and on the palms of her hands; that their death would be her life.

This made the Rajah very sad, but he had promised, and feared to break his word, so with a heavy heart he went to seek his daughters, whom he found crying by the ruins of their mother's grave.

Knowing that he could not kill them he spoke kindly to them, and told them to come out into the jungle with him. There he made a fire, and cooked some rice, which they ate.

It was a hot afternoon and all the Princesses fell asleep, and then the Rajah stole away and left them, saying to himself, "It is better that my poor daughters die here rather than be killed by their stepmother."

Then he shot a deer, and returning home, put some of its blood on the forehead and hands of the Ranee, who thought that he had really killed his daughters, and said she felt quite well.

When the seven Princesses awoke and found themselves all alone in the thick jungle, they were frightened, and called out as



loud as they could, hoping to make their father hear; but he was too far away by that time.

It so happened that this very day the seven young sons of a neighboring Rajah chanced to be hunting in the same jungle, and as they were returning home, after the day's sport was over, the youngest Prince said to his brothers: "Stop, I think I hear someone crying and calling out. Let us go in the direction of the sound, and find out what it is."

So the seven Princes rode through the wood until they came to the place where the seven Princesses sat crying and wringing their hands. At the sight of them the young Princes were very much astonished, and still more so on learning their story. They then decided that each should take one of the unfortunate young ladies home with him and marry her.

The eldest Prince took the eldest Princess home with him and married her.

The second took the second; the third took the third; the fourth took the fourth; the fifth took the fifth; the sixth took the



sixth, and the seventh, the handsomest of all the Princes, took the beautiful and clever Balna.

There was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom when the seven young Princes married the seven beautiful Princesses.

About a year later Balna had a little son, and his uncles and aunts were so fond of him that he was in great danger of being spoiled. None of the other Princesses had any children, so Balna's son was acknowledged their heir by all of them.

They lived very happily for some time, when one day Balna's husband decided to go out hunting, and away he went. They waited a long time for his return, but he never came back.

His six brothers went in search of him, but none of them returned. And the seven Princesses grieved greatly, for they feared that their kind husbands had been killed.

One day, not long after this, as Balna was rocking her baby's cradle, and whilst her sisters were working in the room below, there came to the palace door a man in a long black cloak, who said he was a Fakir, and



had come to beg. The servants would not let him enter the palace, saying that the Rajah's sons had all gone away, and they feared that they were dead, and their widows must not be interrupted by his begging. But he said, "I am a holy man and you must let me in." Then the stupid servants let him walk through the palace; they did not know that he was no Fakir, but a wicked Magician named Punchkin.

He wandered through the palace, looking at the beautiful things there, and at length reached the room where Balna sat singing to her little boy. The Magician thought her more beautiful than all the other beautiful things he had seen, and he asked her to go home with him and to marry him. But she said: "I fear my husband is dead, but my little boy is still very young; I will stay here and teach him to grow up to be a clever man, and when he is old enough he shall go out into the world and seek news of his father. Heaven forbid that I should ever leave him, or marry you."

This made the Magician very angry, so he turned her into a little black dog, and



led her away, saying, "Since you will not come with me of your own free will, I will make you." So the poor Princess was dragged away, unable to escape or to let her sisters know what had become of her.

As Punchkin went through the palace gate the servants asked him where he got that pretty little dog, and he replied that one of the Princesses had given it to him, so they allowed him to depart.

Very soon the six elder Princesses heard their nephew cry, and when they went upstairs were much surprised to find him all alone, and Balna nowhere to be seen. They questioned the servants, and when they heard of the Fakir and the little black dog they guessed what had happened and sent in every direction, but neither the Fakir nor the dog was to be found. They could do nothing, and gave up all hopes of ever seeing their kind husbands and their sister and her husband again, and so devoted themselves to the care and teaching of their little nephew.

Time went on, and Balna's son was fourteen years old. Then his aunts told him the whole story. No sooner had he heard



this than he was seized with a great desire to go in search of his father and mother and uncles, and if he could find them alive to bring them home again. On learning his determination his aunts were much alarmed, saying, "We have lost our husbands and our sister and her husband and you are now our only hope; if you go away, what shall we do?" But he replied, "Do not be discouraged; I will soon return, and if it is possible will bring my mother and father and uncles with me." So he set out on his travels, but for several months could learn nothing that would help him in his search.

After journeying many hundreds of weary miles, and having become almost hopeless of hearing anything further of his parents and uncles, he reached a country that was full of rocks and stones and trees, and there he saw a large palace with a high tower, near which was a Malee's little house.

As he was looking about the Malee's wife saw him, and ran out of the house and said: "My dear boy, who are you that dare venture to this dangerous place?"

He answered, "I am a Rajah's son, and I



am in search of my father and mother and my uncles, whom a wicked enchanter bewitched."

Then said the Malee's wife: "This country and this palace belong to a great Magician, who is all-powerful, and if anyone displeases him he turns them into stones and trees. All the rocks and trees you see here were once living people, and the enchanter turned them into what they now are. Some time ago a Rajah's son came here, and soon afterwards came his six brothers, and all of them were turned into stones and trees; and these are not the only unfortunate ones, for up in that tower lives a beautiful Princess whom the Magician has kept prisoner there for twelve years, because she hates him and will not marry him."

The young Prince said to himself, "At last I have found what I seek; these must be my parents and uncles." So he told his story to the Malee's wife, and begged her to help him. This she agreed to do, and advised him to disguise himself, lest the Magician should see him and turn him into stone. So she dressed him up in a saree,



and pretended that he was her daughter.

One day, not long after this, as the Magician was walking in his garden he saw a little girl (as he thought) playing about, and asked her who she was. She told him she was the Malee's daughter, and the Magician said, "You are a very pretty little girl, and to-morrow you shall take a present of flowers from me to the beautiful lady who lives in the tower."

This delighted the young Prince, who went immediately to inform the Malee's wife.

Now it happened that when Balna was married her husband had given her a small gold ring on which her name was engraved, and she had put it on her little son's finger when he was a baby, and later on it was enlarged, so that he was still able to wear it. The Malee's wife advised him to fasten this ring to the bouquet he was to present to his mother, and she would surely recognize it.

This the young Prince did the next day when he took the flowers to the imprisoned Princess. Balna knew the ring at once, and



believed the story her son told her of his long search. She told him how the Magician had kept her shut up in the tower for twelve long years because she refused to marry him, and had kept her so closely guarded that there was no hope of release. She begged him to advise her what to do, and at the same time refused to allow him to endanger his own life by attempting to rescue her.

Balna's son was a very clever boy, and he said: "Dear mother, have no fear; the first thing to do is to find out how far the Magician's power extends, in order that we may be able to free my father and uncles. You have been angry with him for twelve long years, now speak kindly to him. Say that you have given up all hopes of seeing your husband again, and that you are willing to marry him. Then try to find out where his power lies, and if it is possible to put him to death."

So the next day Balna sent for Punchkin, and spoke to him as her son had suggested. The Magician was overwhelmed with joy at



this change, and asked that the wedding take place as soon as possible.

But she said that before she married him she must learn to know him better, they having been enemies for so long, and a closer acquaintance with him was necessary in order to strengthen their friendship. "And do tell me," she said, "if you are quite immortal. Can death never come to you?"

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," she replied, "if I am to be your wife, I want to know all about you, so that if any calamity threatens you, I may help to overcome, or perhaps avert it."

"Certainly I am not as others," said he. "Far, far away, thousands of miles from here, is a desolate country covered with heavy jungles, in the midst of which grows a circle of palm trees, in the center of which stand six jugs full of water, piled one above the other, and below the sixth is a cage which contains a little green parrot. On this parrot my life depends, for if this parrot is killed I must die. But it is impossible that the parrot should come to any harm, both because of the inaccessibility of the country,



and because I have many thousands of genii surrounding the palm trees, who kill anyone attempting to approach the place."

All this Balna told her son, at the same time imploring him to make no attempt to kill the parrot.

But the young Prince replied: "Dear Mother, if I do not find that parrot, neither you nor my uncles can be liberated. Do not fear; I shall return in good season. In the meantime, keep the Magician in good humor, and put off the marriage with him in any way you can. Before he finds out the reason for the delay I will return." With this he went away.

He travelled many weary miles through a very desolate country, and at last came to a thick jungle. Being very tired, he sat down under a tree and fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a rustling sound, and looking about him, saw a large serpent making its way to an eagle's nest which was in the tree beneath which he was, and in the nest were two young eagles. He at once drew his sword and killed the serpent. At this moment a rushing sound was heard in



the air, and the two old eagles, who had been hunting food for their little ones, returned. They saw the dead serpent and the young Prince standing over it, and the mother eagle said to him: "For many years our young ones have been devoured by that cruel serpent, and you have now saved the lives of our children; whenever you may need our help, send to us, and as for these little eagles, take them, and let them be your servants."

Then was the Prince glad. He told them of the spot he wished to reach, and so the two eaglets crossed their wings, on which he mounted, and they carried him far away over the thick jungles until he reached the circle of palm trees, in the midst of which stood the six jugs full of water. It was the hottest part of the day, and all round the trees the genii were fast asleep. There were many thousands of them, so that it would have been impossible for anyone to walk through their ranks, but they had not thought that an attempt to reach the spot could be made from above. Down swooped the strong-winged eaglets, and down jumped the



Prince. In the twinkling of an eye he had overthrown the six jugs full of water, seized the little parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak, and mounted again into the air. Of course, this awoke the genii, who filled the air with their howls and screeches when they found the treasure gone.

Away flew the eaglets, and when they had reached their home in the tree the Prince said to the old eagles, "Here are your little ones, who have done me good service. If I ever need your help again I will not fail to ask you for it." He then continued his journey on foot until he arrived at the Magician's palace, at the door of which he sat down and began playing with the parrot.

Punchkin saw him, and came to him at once, and said: "My boy, where did you get that parrot? I pray you, give it to me."

The Prince answered, "This parrot is a great pet of mine, and I cannot give it away."

Then the Magician asked him to sell it to him if he would not give it, but this the Prince said he would not do.

Then was Punchkin filled with fear, and



said he would give him anything he might ask for it.

The Prince answered, "Liberate at once the Rajah's seven sons whom you turned into rocks and stones."

"I will do it at once," said the Magician. And with a wave of his wand Balna's husband and his brothers resumed their natural shapes.

"Now give me the parrot," implored Punchkin.

"Just wait a minute," said the Prince. "You will first restore to life all whom you have thus imprisoned."

This the Magician did immediately, and then, in a trembling voice, cried, "Give me my parrot."

And now the whole garden was alive with people. Where there had been rocks and stones now stood Rajahs, Punts, Sirdars, men on horseback, pages and servants.

"Give me my parrot!" cried Punchkin. But the only reply the boy made was to break off one of its wings, and as he did so the Magician's right arm fell off.

With his left arm outstretched Punchkin



cried, "Give me my parrot!" Off came the second wing, and the Magician's left arm fell to the ground.

On his knees he begged, "Give me my parrot!" Then the Prince pulled off the right leg, and the Magician's right leg fell off. The parrot's left leg came off, and at once Punchkin's left leg fell down.

And now there remained only the Magician's body and head, but still he cried, "Give me my parrot!"

"Take your parrot, then," said the boy, and with this he wrung the bird's neck and threw it at what was left of the Magician. As the parrot's neck was wrung, Punchkin's head twisted around, and with a groan, he fell dead.

Then they released Balna from the tower, and all of them returned to their own palace; and it can be imagined with what joy the seven husbands and seven wives and their nephew met again.



## PRINCESS MOONLIGHT

MANY years ago there lived a poor old bamboo-cutter, whose great sorrow it was that Heaven had sent no child to cheer his wife and himself in their old age. Every morning he went into the woods in search of the lithe bamboo, which he would split lengthwise or cut into joints, and these he would take home with him, and his wife would turn them into useful or ornamental articles for the household, and sell them.

While working at his task one day in a small grove of the slender trees that he had discovered, he was surprised by a soft, bright light which suddenly flooded the spot in which he was, and he was astonished to see that all this brilliance came from one bamboo.

Marvelling at the beautiful sight, he went to this bamboo stem, in the hollow of which was a tiny, but exceedingly beautiful, little girl, about three inches in height.



“As I have found you here where lies my daily work,” said the old man, “I must look upon you as a child sent from Heaven.” So, very carefully he took the exquisite little creature home to his wife, and both of them were filled with joy because there was now a child, come to them in a most marvelous manner, upon whom they could devote the love of their old age.

And with the child came good fortune, for from this time the old man found gold and precious stones in the notches of the bamboos when he cut them up, so that before long he was rich enough to retire, and he built a fine house in which they all lived very happily.

The bamboo child was no ordinary child, for in a very few months she was quite grown-up, and so beautiful was she that the old people treated her like a princess, and allowed no one to see her or wait upon her but themselves. Her very presence made them happy, and no trace of sorrow could exist where she was. And wherever she might be a beautiful, soft light made the place radiant. And so they called her Prin-



cess Moonlight, because they thought that only a daughter of the Moon God could give forth such a soft, bright light.

Of course, the fame of so lovely a Princess spread far and wide, and many were the suitors who sought to win her hand. Not only from that country, but from foreign lands did they come, and the house was constantly surrounded by those who hoped to catch even a glimpse of her through the windows, or as she walked in the garden. But to none of them would the old man grant permission to address his adopted daughter, and at last all but five of them lost hope, and departed to their homes.

These five were very determined knights, whose ardor became the greater as their quest became the more difficult. They stood outside the garden walls in sunshine and rain, eating only such food as was brought to them. They wrote letters and verses to the Princess, telling her of the great love for her which prevented them from returning to their own homes, and even from taking rest and sleep. But no word did they receive from the Princess.



Winter and Spring passed, and Summer came, and still the knights watched and waited. They besought the old man to intercede for them, but he answered that he was not her real father, and that he could not order her to obey him, and also that he would not ask her to do anything she did not wish to do.

At length the five knights returned to their homes, where they tried to forget the Princess Moonlight, but this they could not do, so they again came to the bamboo-cutter's house, and this time they asked the old man to tell them if the Princess were determined never to see any man. They begged him to say that their love for her was boundless, and ask for an opportunity to plead their cause.

Now, the old man would gladly have seen his lovely foster-daughter married to one of these suitors, and he felt sorry for them, so he said to the Princess:

“Dear one, you know that I love you quite as much as though you were my real child, and that there is nothing I would not do to make you happy. I cannot live many more years, for I am already old, and it



would be a great satisfaction to me to know that you are happily married before the time comes for me to die. Will you not consent to see these five brave knights, one at a time, and make up your mind which of them you will marry?"

The Princess replied that she could not love her own father any more than she loved him, and that her greatest wish was to please him. Still, she did not feel that she could see the five knights, even though assured that they were worthy, but would make one more trial of their love, and if they were successful in this, then would she grant their request. Each of them was to prove his love by bringing to her from a distant country something that she wished to possess.

The bamboo-cutter then went out to the five knights, and told them what the Princess had said, and all of them were satisfied, because the test given to each one would prevent jealousy between them.

So the next day Princess Moonlight sent word to the first knight that she wished him



to bring her the stone bowl which had belonged to Buddha in India.

The second knight was to go to the Mountain of Horai, in the Eastern Sea, and to bring her a branch of the wonderful jewel-tree that grew on its topmost height.

The third knight was to search through China for the fire-rat, and to bring her its skin.

The fourth knight was to find the dragon whose right eye was a many-colored stone, and to bring the eye to her.

The fifth knight was to find the swallow which carried a shell in its stomach, and which lived in the Aegean Sea, and to bring her the shell.

These tasks seemed to the old man to be so impossible of accomplishment that he didn't like to take the messages, but the Princess refused to make any change in them, so he gave them to the knights word for word.

The knights were so disheartened by the tests given them, that they returned to their homes, resolved to forget the beautiful Princess, but each found himself unable to do



this, so before long they had all sent word that they were starting out on their respective quests.

Now travel in those days was not easy, but full of danger and difficulty, and the first knight lacked the courage to go to India. So he went to a temple in one of the large cities of Japan, and bribed the head priest to let him take away a stone bowl which was on the altar there. He wrapped this up very carefully, and after waiting for two years, took it to the old bamboo-cutter.

The Princess received the package, and unwrapped it, but saw at once that it was a sham, and not the bowl of Buddha, because it did not shine as the true one would have done. So she returned it to the knight, and refused to see him.

The second knight, with twelve skilled jewelers, went to an island he knew of, and there they designed a gold and silver branch which he was sure would satisfy the Princess. To hold this branch he had his goldsmiths make a beautiful box, and when sufficient time had elapsed he took it to the bamboo-cutter, asking him to tell the Prin-



cess that here was the branch of the wonderful jewel-tree that grew on the topmost height of Mount Horai.

Princess Moonlight opened the box and took out the jeweled branch, but she saw at once that it was not what the knight stated it to be. And even as she was looking at it, the old man was summoned to the door by the twelve jewelers who had designed and made the beautiful thing, but who had not been paid for their work. The Princess overheard their conversation with her foster-father, and then directed that they be well paid for what they had done. They then went away, after thanking the Princess for her kindness. But the knight returned to his home, a sadly disappointed man.

The task of the third knight was to get the skin of the fire-rat, whose virtue was that no fire could harm it. Now he had a friend who lived in China, and to him he wrote, offering him a very large sum of money if he would procure that which he desired.

This friend was very willing to accept the knight's money, but wished to earn it



without putting himself to any more trouble than was necessary, so he waited for quite a while, and then sent him the skin of an ordinary rat, also a message which told him of the hardships he had undergone in order to procure it.

This skin the third knight took to the bamboo-cutter, saying that he would wait outside the gate for the Princess's answer.

The Princess took the package from the old man, and said she would test the skin by putting it in the fire before consenting to see the knight. This she did, and of course the skin just crackled and burned up at once, so she knew it was a fraud.

Thus the third knight failed to see her.

The task of the fourth knight was to find the dragon whose right eye was a many-colored stone, but instead of seeking it himself he called several of his retainers together, and ordered them to search through China and Japan, and not to return unless they brought it with them.

But they, having no idea of obeying what they considered to be an impossible order,



merely used this as an excuse for taking a pleasant holiday.

The knight waited a year and no word came to him, so he decided to go himself. Taking five servants with him, he hired a ship, and started for China.

When but a few days out they ran into a fearful storm, and before this abated, the ship was driven on shore.

The knight now blamed the Princess for the disaster, and his love turned to anger. It seemed to him that she had sent him on a mission of great danger, knowing it to be impossible to accomplish the task which she had set him. So he determined to give up all thought of winning the Princess Moonlight.

The fifth knight was no more successful than was the fourth, so he, too, gave up the attempt.

Reports of the wondrous beauty of the Princess Moonlight had reached the Emperor, so he sent a messenger to her, summoning her to the royal palace. But the messenger was no more successful in seeing her than the five knights had been, in spite



of the fact that it was the Emperor's order. The Princess told the bamboo-cutter that she would vanish from the earth rather than go to the palace.

So the messenger at last returned, and when the Emperor heard that she would disappear from sight in preference to obeying his order, he made up his mind to go and see her himself. He therefore sent word to the bamboo-cutter of his intention, forbidding him to say anything about his visit to his foster-daughter.

The next day he set out with his retinue, which he left at a certain spot, and rode on alone. He reached the house and the bamboo-cutter opened the door for him.

The Emperor went straight to the apartment of the Princess, and never had he even imagined such wondrous beauty as he saw when his eyes beheld the Moon Daughter. He at once fell madly in love with her, and begged her to come to the Court, and share his throne.

But she refused, and said that if he attempted to force her to go to the Palace, she would turn into a shadow, and this she did,



even as he looked at her. This filled him with fear, and he promised to leave her free if she would resume her former shape, to which she then returned.

Then the Emperor left, but night and day he thought only of the beautiful Princess Moonlight.

Soon after this the bamboo-cutter and his wife noticed that the Princess would sit on her balcony and gaze ardently at the moon, after which she would burst into tears. They asked her the reason for this, and she told them that she did not belong to this world, but came from the moon. And on the fifteenth day of this very month her real parents would send for her and she would have to go. It was the thought of leaving her kind foster-parents, and the home in which she had been so happy, that made her weep. This made the old people and the Princess's attendants very sad, for they all loved her, and the thought of losing her was a great blow to them.

The news soon reached the Emperor, who at once made plans to keep the Princess Moonlight on earth. When the fifteenth day



of the month came, he had a guard of many thousands of warriors stationed all around the house, and also on the roof, for it was his intention to make prisoners of the envoys of the moon, and to prevent the taking away of the Princess, whom the bamboo-cutter and his wife had hidden in an inner room.

Orders were given that no one should sleep, and the strictest watch was to be kept. But the Princess said that all of these measures were useless, for nothing could prevent her people from carrying out their purpose. She told the bamboo-cutter and his wife how very sorry she would be to leave them, and that it was not her wish to leave them. It made her sad to think that she would not be able to make a return for all the love and kindness they had shown her.

The harvest moon arose, and flooded the earth with her beautiful golden light, and still nothing happened. The darkness of night had begun to make way for the gray dawn, and hope came to the anxious watchers; hope that the Princess would not be taken away after all. Then suddenly a dark cloud



seemed to leave the moon, and soon the sky was entirely obscured. It kept on its downward course until it reached within a few feet of the roof, and then stopped. Then did the watchers see a brilliant chariot, in which were beings who radiated light, as did the Princess.

From the chariot stepped one who had the look of a king, and who trod the air as easily and as gracefully as though he were on hard ground.

In a voice so clear that it was distinctly heard by every one of the awed watchers, he said:

“Princess Moonlight, many moons ago you committed a grave fault, and for punishment were sent down to earth to live for a time. The bamboo-cutter and his wife have taken good care of you, and to them we have given wealth. The time has come for you to return to your own people, so come at once from this lowly dwelling.”

Then, through the walls of the house was the Princess seen, shining, bright and of wonderful beauty. She kissed the old man and his wife, and spoke words of comfort to



them, saying that her heart was full of love for them, and that she was leaving them against her own will. The Emperor also she bade good-by. Then she was transported through the air to the chariot, which mounted, swiftly towards the moon.

And now came the morning light, and no trace of the moon-chariot was left to those who gazed upwards with tearful eyes, and with a full heart the Emperor ordered his warriors to return.

Sorrowful as were the old bamboo-cutter and his wife, yet were they full of gratitude for having known the love of a daughter, who, while not with them in the body, would always dwell with them in spirit.



## THE FOX AND THE CRAFTY CRAB

A FOX was one day walking along the bank of a river when he met a Crab. "Good morning, Mr. Crab," said he. "Don't you ever get tired of creeping over the ground?"

"No," replied the Crab, "because it is as natural for me to crawl as it is for you to run; and I can cover the ground very quickly, too, when it is necessary."

The Fox laughed at him, and said, sneeringly: "I think you are very slow and very stupid. I have only four legs, while you have twice as many, and yet I can run ten times as fast and as far as you can."

Then the Crab said: "But see how much bigger you are; if you were as small as I am, you would probably not travel any more quickly than I do. Perhaps I am very slow and very stupid, but if you will allow me to hang a weight on that fine tail of yours, to hold it down, I challenge you to as long a race as you care to run."



The Fox thought he might just as well teach the stupid Crab a lesson, so, in a voice filled with contempt, he said: "When you ask me to race with you, even with any handicap you like, you show how little understanding you have. You have many legs and no sense, while I have four legs and am known to be the wisest inhabitant of the forest. Even human beings refer to me as the slyest of the sly."

But again the Crab offered to race with him if he would but allow him to hang a weight on his tail, so that it would stay down. The Fox laughed at him, saying that he was foolish to think that he could win a race between them under any conditions; but as the Crab repeated the offer, the Fox at last consented.

So the Crab said: "When I have secured it to your tail, I will say 'Ready!' and that will be the signal to start, then go as fast as you like."

With this the Crab went behind the Fox, and firmly gripped his tail with his pincers. Then he called out, "Ready!"

The Fox began to run; he ran until he



## THE FOX AND THE CRAB 69

was tired, and then stopped to rest. To his surprise he heard the Crab say: "Well, Mr. Fox, with all your boasting, you haven't beaten me yet!"

"This is very strange," said the Fox to himself, "but if I am tired, I know the Crab must be a great deal more so." He started off again, and ran until he was almost out of breath. Feeling sure that the Crab was now far behind, he lay down on the ground, panting.

If he had been surprised to hear the Crab's voice when he stopped before, how much more so was he now, when the Crab said: "Ha, ha! Mr. Braggart, you seem to be winded. Come, let us go on with the race." He got upon his feet, and the Crab, who had released his grip from the Fox's tail, crawled up in front of him, looking just as fresh as when they began the race.

The Fox looked at him, and then, without a word, slunk away, his head bowed in shame.



## INGRATITUDE

ONCE upon a time a certain king had as his Chief Counsellor a man who was proud and oppressive to those under him.

Not far from the royal palace, in which this man dwelt, was a forest well stocked with game. By his order various pits were dug there, and covered with leaves, for the purpose of catching wild beasts.

One day, while riding in the forest, he was so overcome by the thought of his own greatness, that he exclaimed aloud: "There is no man in all this empire more powerful than I am."

Scarcely had the braggart spoken than he fell into one of the pitfalls that he had ordered to be made and he immediately disappeared from view.

When his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the hole, he was horrified to find that he had as fellow prisoners a lion,



a monkey, and a serpent. He was stricken with terror, and cried out at the top of his voice.

Not far from the pit was lying asleep a poor man called Guido, who had come with his ass to the forest to gather firewood, by the sale of which he made a poor living. The noise made by the great man awakened him, and he hastened to give what aid he could to whoever might be in trouble.

The cries guided him to the mouth of the pit and there he was promised a great sum of money by the Prime Minister if he would rescue him from his perilous position.

Guido told him that his living depended upon the collecting of faggots, and if he neglected this for a single day, he would be thrown into great difficulties. The captive again promised him a large reward, so Guido went back to the city, and returned with a long cord, which he let down into the pit, telling the great man to bind it around his waist, and he would then pull him out.

But before he could do this, the lion leaped forward, and seizing upon the cord, was drawn up in his stead, and showing



signs of the greatest pleasure, ran off into the wood.

Guido again let down the rope, and this time the monkey, who had noted the lion's success, jumped over the man's head and, shaking the cord, was in like manner set at liberty, and hastened to his own haunts.

A third time Guido lowered the rope, and this time the serpent, twining around it, was drawn up, and showing signs of gratitude to the peasant, escaped.

"Oh, my good friend," exclaimed the Counsellor, "the beasts are gone, now draw me up quickly, I beseech you." This Guido did, and afterwards succeeded in pulling up his horse, which had fallen into the pit with him. Then without another word, the man who had been saved mounted his horse, and rode back to the palace.

When Guido returned to his home his wife saw that he had come without wood, and inquired the cause. He told her all that had happened, and the great reward he was to receive, and then his wife's countenance brightened.

Early the next morning Guido went to



the palace, but to his surprise the Prime Minister not only denied all knowledge of him, but had him beaten for his presumption, and this so severely that the porter who carried out his orders left him half dead.

As soon as Guido's wife heard of this she saddled their ass, and going to the palace, carefully placed her husband upon its back, and took him home, where he lay sick for a long time. This illness took all of their savings, but as soon as he was able he returned to his usual occupation in the forest.

One day, while thus employed, he saw afar off ten asses laden with packs, and a lion following close on them. They were coming towards him, and when close enough Guido noticed that the beast was the same which he had freed from the pit.

The lion signified with his foot that Guido should take the loaded asses, and go home. This he did, and the lion followed. Having reached his own door, the noble beast fawned upon him, and wagging his tail as if in triumph, ran back into the woods.

Guido was very honest, and even though he was poor he made no attempt to open the



packages until he had caused notice to be given throughout the city that if any asses had been lost, the owners should come to him.

He waited for some time, but as no one came to demand them he undid the packs, and to his great joy found them to be full of money.

The next time Guido went to the forest he forgot to take the axe with which to chop the wood, but there appeared before him the monkey he had liberated, and the grateful animal, with his teeth and nails, cut the wood for him.

The following day he went to collect firewood as usual, and as the head of his axe had become loose, he sat down to tighten it. While thus engaged he saw the serpent, whose escape he had aided, gliding towards him, carrying in its mouth a stone of three colors, white, black, and red. It opened its mouth, dropped the stone into Guido's lap, and departed.

Guido took the stone to a well-known dealer in jewels, who at once offered him a considerable sum of money for it, but this



he refused. He kept the stone and through its magic qualities gained wealth and military command.

In time the fame of this wonderful stone reached the Emperor, who desired to see it. Guido accordingly took it to the palace, and his Majesty was so struck by its beauty that he wished to purchase it.

Guido had no desire to part with the stone, and the Emperor, noticing his unwillingness to sell it, threatened him with banishment from the kingdom if he refused.

Then Guido said: "My lord, I will sell the stone; but let me say one thing—if the price be not given, it shall be returned to me." He then named a price so high that he hoped the Emperor would not give it. But the ruler was determined to have it at any cost, and so the stone changed hands.

Full of admiration, the Emperor exclaimed: "Tell me where you procured this beautiful stone."

Then Guido narrated from the beginning the Prime Minister's accident and later ingratitude. He told how severely he had been injured by his order, and the benefits



he had received from the lion, the monkey, and the serpent.

The Emperor was greatly touched by the story, and sending for his Chief Counsellor, asked him if what Guido said was true.

The Prime Minister was unable to reply, and the Emperor said: "You wretched monster of ingratitude! Guido saved you from great danger, and in return you nearly destroyed him. Even the beasts of the forest rendered him good for the help he gave them, but you returned only evil for good. For this I will strip you of all your wealth and dignities, and bestow them upon your benefactor, and you shall be cast into prison."

The Prime Minister was so hated by the people for his cruelty and oppression that there was general rejoicing in the land at this judgment of the Emperor.

---

This story was used by King Richard the Lion Hearted of England in reproving such nobles and princes as refused to engage in the Crusades, thus showing their ingratitude to God.



## THE PAPER BAG

THERE were once two brothers, the elder of whom, named Musai, was honest and kind, but poor. He was just the opposite of his younger brother, called Chô, who was cruel, stingy, dishonest and rich.

Musai was in need of seed-rice and silkworms' eggs. The past season had been an unfortunate one for him, and it was necessary for him to have these. Knowing that his brother had an abundance of good rice-seed and splendid eggs, he begged him to lend him some.

Now, Chô hated to lend anyone anything, but he didn't see how he could very well refuse his brother's request, so he picked out some musty rice-seed and dead eggs, and gave them to him, feeling sure that they were worthless.

Musai thanked him for his kindness, and took them home. He put plenty of mulberry



leaves with the eggs, so that the silkworms should have plenty of food when they should arrive. And strange to say the worms came, and throve splendidly, much to Chô's disappointment, because he was too mean to wish good-fortune to visit anyone but himself.

He took it as a personal insult that the dead eggs he had let his brother have should hatch so well, so one day, when Musai was out, he went to his home, and cut every silkworm in two.

When Musai returned, he was filled with dismay on seeing all of his silkworms killed, but he didn't think of suspecting his own brother. He had placed a good supply of mulberry leaves for them only the day before, and each piece of worm came to life, and throve.

Now he had twice as many silkworms as before, and they spun double the amount of silk that he had expected; so his brother Chô had really done him a good turn when he tried to ruin him.

Musai began to prosper, much to the disgust of Chô, who proceeded to cut all of his own silkworms in half, thinking that of



course the same good fortune would be his. But instead of coming to life again the worms died, which meant the loss of much money for him. This made him very jealous of his brother.

The musty rice-seed which he had given his brother, and which Musai had planted, also turned out well, for it flourished better than any of his own had done. This only added to his jealousy.

The time to cut and harvest the rice approached, when clouds of birds came and devoured it. Musai hastened to drive them away, and this he did again and again, but each time they returned.

Chasing them away was very tiring work, so he finally pursued them to a distant field, and then they disappeared. Here he lay down to rest, and soon fell asleep.

There came to him a dream in which he was surrounded by a band of merry children. They danced and sang and played games.

In the last of these the eldest of the children lifted up a stone which lay near Musai's head and from beneath it drew a paper bag. With this in his hand he went to the



center of the ring, and asked each child in turn, "What would you like to have out of the bag?"

One child answered, "A kite." The bag was shaken, and out came a beautiful kite, string, tail and all. The next one said she would like a doll. The bag was again shaken and there was one, beautifully dressed, ready for her to hold in her arms.

Each child in turn was asked what he or she desired, and the bag granted every wish. At last they went home, but before leaving the field the boy who had taken the magic bag from beneath the stone carefully replaced it.

Soon Musai awoke, and so clear was the dream to him that he turned around to look for the stone, and there it was, close by his head. "How very strange," he thought. Then, without really expecting to find anything, he raised the stone, and underneath it was the paper bag.

Holding this carefully in his hand, he returned to his home, and there he did as he had seen the children do in his dream. He called out "Gold," or "Silver," or whatever



he thought of, shook the bag, and out came that which he had named.

Musai now became rich and prosperous. He told his brother how this good fortune had come to him in a dream, and this made Chô more jealous of him than before.

Chô made up his mind to get another such paper bag for himself, so he took some of Musai's rice-seed, planted it, and waited impatiently for it to grow.

In due time it ripened, and now he waited for the birds to come and eat the rice. To his delight they came, and he lost no time in driving them away, pursuing them to the field where Musai had slept and dreamed.

He lay down, intending to follow his brother's example, but found that he could not go to sleep, try as hard as he might. He had not been there long before a group of children came to the field and began to play and enjoy themselves. After a while they all sat down in a ring, and Chô, who pretended to be asleep, watched carefully out of one half-opened eye to see what they would do next.

He saw the eldest one come to the stone



close to his head and lift it up, but there was no paper bag beneath it.

The boy was surprised, and said: "I believe this lazy old farmer has taken our bag," and then he seized Chô's nose, and gave it a good pull.

Chô then jumped up, and the boy repeated what he had said. The children wouldn't believe him when he declared that he had touched neither the stone nor the bag, and they shouted and jeered at him.

But this was not the hardest thing that happened to him; for his nose, which the boy had pulled, began to grow. Larger and larger it became, until at last it reached the ground.

In his anger he struck right and left at the children, and ran from the field, holding his nose from the ground as well as he could.

He went to his brother's house and told him what had occurred. Then a change came over him, and he felt ashamed of himself. He remembered how jealous he had been of Musai, and how he had tried to ruin him by killing his silkworms. He was



humble, confessed everything, and asked his brother to forgive him.

Musai spoke kindly to him, and said that this punishment had come to him on account of his envy and jealousy, which bring happiness to no one.

Then he took the paper bag, and gently rubbed Chô's nose with it. Gradually this became shorter and shorter, until at last it resumed its former shape.

This was a lesson that Chô was not allowed to forget, because whenever after this he attempted to do anything mean or dishonest, his nose would become sore, and in his terror lest it should grow again, he trained himself to live as a kindly, well-disposed man should do.



## ROSAMOND THE SWIFT OF FOOT

A CERTAIN king had an only daughter, who, while yet a child, was famed for her marvellous beauty and dignity of bearing. Her name was Rosamond, and in addition to her charm of face and figure, she excelled all others at athletic games. When only ten years of age so swift a runner was she that her equal at this sport could not be found.

When she became of marriageable age her father issued a proclamation that whoever could surpass her in speed should marry her, and become heir to the throne; but if he were to fail in the race, his life would be forfeit.

The penalty for lack of speed in the race was heavy, but many were those who made the attempt, hoping that they might succeed, only to perish as a result.

Now there was a poor man called Abibas,



a wanderer with no place he could call home, who heard of the king's proclamation, and he said to himself: "I am poor and have but little to lose; if I may overcome this princess and marry her I shall not only enrich myself, but will be able to assist my relatives and what friends I have." So he resolved to accept the challenge.

But this man was wiser than the others, for he took the three following precautions: First, he framed a curious garland of roses, of which he discovered the princess was very fond. Then he procured a piece of the finest silk, knowing that this would attract the attention of most young women. And, lastly, he secured a silken bag in which he placed a gilded ball on which was written: "Whosoever plays with me shall never tire of play." With these three things hidden within his blouse he went to the palace gate and declared his desire to enter the race for the hand of the princess.

It happened that the maiden herself was standing at a window close by and heard Abibas express his wish to run against her. Seeing that he was poor, with clothes thread-



bare and torn, she despised him, and said, "What poor wretch is this with whom I have to contend?" However, the king had to stand by the words of his proclamation, so preparations for the race were made.

Abibas soon saw that unless he should be able to take the attention of the princess away from the race he would be defeated. She was in the lead, so he took the garland of roses, which he had hidden, and skilfully threw it in front of her.

As he had foreseen, the maiden stopped to pick it up and put it on her head. The roses were indeed beautiful and gave forth a delightful perfume. She was charmed by their fragrance, and paused to admire them.

Abibas took advantage of this, and increasing his speed, rapidly passed her. This caused her to cry out in anger: "Never shall the daughter of a king be wed to such a clown as you." She threw the garland from her and rushed onward like a whirlwind.

It was not long before she caught up with him, and extending her hand, she struck him upon the shoulder, saying: "Stop, fool-



ish one, do you hope to marry a princess?"

As she was on the point of passing him Abibas drew forth the piece of silk, and threw it at her feet.

Rosamond was attracted by the beautiful color and texture of the material, and could not resist the temptation to stop and pick it up. Then she tied it round her waist, and by this time her adversary was considerably in advance of her.

She saw the consequence of her foolishness, and throwing away the piece of silk, flew on at such a pace that she soon overtook Abibas, whom she struck upon the arm, at the same time saying, "Fool, you shall *not* marry me."

They were not far from the goal, and in a few seconds the race would be over. The princess had almost won when Abibas threw at her feet the bag containing the gilded ball.

Rosamond could not help stopping to pick it up, and it was impossible for her not to open the bag to see what was inside. This she did, and then she read the inscrip-



tion, "Who plays with me shall never tire of playing."

The wise Abibas came first to the goal, and by the terms of the king's proclamation he married the princess.



## THE JACKAL, DEER, AND CROW

IN a forest called \*Champak-Grove lived two friends, a Deer and a Crow. The Deer was roaming among the trees one day, when he was observed by a Jackal.

“Ho! Ho!” said the Jackal to himself, “If I can only win the confidence of this Deer, it may be that he will make a very fine meal for me.” So he approached the Deer, and wished him a very good morning.

“Who are you?” said the Deer.

“I’m Small-wit, the Jackal,” replied the other. “I live here all alone in the wood, and it is very lonely without anyone to talk to. It makes me very happy to know you, and I hope you will look upon me as your friend.”

“Very well,” said the Deer, so off they went together.

\*The Champak is a bushy tree bearing a profusion of blossoms which resemble stars. It gives forth a delightful perfume.



It was beginning to grow dark when the Crow, whose name was Sharp-sense, saw the two coming home together. He asked the Deer who his companion was.

"It is a Jackal who wishes to know us," answered the Deer.

"You must be careful with whom you become friendly," said Sharp-sense. "You know——

'To folks by no one known house-room deny:—

The Vulture housed the Cat, and thence did die.'

"How was that?" asked the Deer and the Jackal.

"I will tell you," replied the Crow.

"On the banks of the River Ganges is a cliff called Vulture-Crag, upon which was a large fig-tree. It was hollow, and inside it dwelt an old Vulture who had lost both eyes and talons, and who was kept alive with food given him by the friendly birds that roosted in the tree.

"One day, when the parent birds were



away, a Cat came, thinking to make a meal of the young birds, of which there were several. The nestlings were so much afraid of the Cat that they made noise enough to arouse the Vulture.

“‘Who is there?’ croaked he.

“The Cat, seeing the Vulture, thought his end was surely come. He knew he couldn’t get away, so had to use his wits. Drawing nearer, he said:

“‘Honored sir, I wish you a very good morning.’

“‘Who are you?’ asked the Vulture.

“‘I am a Cat.’

“‘Go away at once, Cat, or I will kill you,’ said the Vulture.

“The Cat then begged the Vulture to listen to what he had to say, and afterward decide whether he should live or die.

“To this the Vulture consented, and so the Cat began:

“‘I live near the River Ganges, eating no flesh and doing many things by way of penance. The birds that often visit me have said so much in your praise that I have come here, hoping to learn wisdom from



you. It is not possible that you, who must know the law of strangers, could think of slaying me. Without doubt you know what the book says about the householder:—

Bar not thy door to the stranger, be he  
 friend or be he foe,  
 For the tree will shade the woodman while  
 his axe doth lay it low.

“Also:—

Greeting fair, and room to rest in; fire,  
 and water from the well—  
 Honor him for thine own honor—better is  
 he than the best.

“Then there is the rebuke:—

Pity them that ask thy pity; who art thou  
 to stint thy hoard,  
 When the beauteous moon shines equal on  
 the lowly and the lord!

“To all of which the Vulture said: ‘Your words have much weight, but cats are very fond of meat, and as there are young birds here I told you to go.’

“Then the Cat bowed his head to the



ground, showing his humility. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have overcome temptation, practised penance, and know the Scriptures. Always do I keep away from injuring others, for——

He who does and thinks no wrong—  
 He who suffers, being strong—  
 He whose harmlessness men know—  
 Unto Heaven such doth go.'

"At length he won the old Vulture's confidence, and went with him into the hollow tree and lived there. And day after day he stole some of the nestlings, and devoured them.

"The parent birds missed their young ones and sought everywhere for them, and the Cat soon saw that he would have to leave, so he slipped away from the hollow, and escaped.

"A little later the birds found the bones of the nestlings in the dwelling-place of the Vulture, and of course concluded that it was he whom they had helped who had so basely rewarded them. So they called a meeting of all the birds of the forest, told them what



had happened, and the poor old Vulture was sentenced to death, and accordingly was executed."

"Now you have my story," said Sharp-sense, the Crow, "and this is why I warn you not to become friendly with people about whom you know nothing."

Then said the Jackal, "When you first met the Deer neither of you knew anything about the other; how is it, then, that you are such friends now? I know I am only Small-wit, the Jackal, but the Deer is my friend, and I hope you will be also."

"Don't let us talk so much," said the Deer, "let us all be friends and live happily together."

"All right," said Sharp-sense, "just as you say."

In the morning each of them started early for his own feeding-ground, returning in the evening, as was their custom. One day the Jackal said to the Deer, "Come with me, and I will show you where there is a field full of sweet young wheat."

The Deer went with him, and he certainly enjoyed the feast which he found ready. But



the owner of the field saw him, set a snare, and the next day the Deer was caught in it.

Very soon Small-wit (who had been watching all the time) came along, and said to himself, "Oho! my scheme worked well. The Deer will furnish me with some very fine meals."

Just then the Deer saw him and called out, "Friend, please gnaw the strings and set me free."

But Small-wit only walked around the snare, examining it carefully. "It certainly will hold," said he to himself.

To the Deer he said, "These strings are very strong, and this is a fast day for me, so I cannot bite them. To-morrow I will do what I can for you." With this he went away.

Very soon the Crow, who had been looking for his friend, came along, and seeing his sorry plight, asked him how this all happened.

The Deer replied that this came through disregarding the advice of a friend.

"Where is that rascally Jackal," asked the Crow.



"He is waiting somewhere to taste my flesh," answered the Deer.

With a deep sigh the Crow exclaimed, "You smooth-tongued, traitor Jackal, what an ill deed you have done!"

The Crow stayed through the night with his poor friend, trying to think of some way to free him, and at last he hit upon a plan which proved to be successful.

Early in the morning the master of the field, carrying a club in his hand, came to see if the snare had caught the Deer. Sharp-sense, as soon as he saw him approaching, said to his friend, "Look as though you were dead; stiffen out your legs and lie very still. I will make believe that I am pecking your eyes out. When I utter a loud croak you jump up quickly and run away as fast as you can."

The Deer did as he was told, and when the farmer reached the snare, with the Deer in it quite dead, as he thought, he pulled up the net, and so released the captive. Then the Crow uttered a loud croak; up sprang the Deer and made off.

The husbandman was in a great rage at



## JACKAL, DEER, AND CROW 97

thus being outwitted, and threw his club at the fleeing Deer with all his might. But instead of hitting the Deer, it struck Smallwit, the Jackal, who was hiding close by, and killed him.



## PIGEON-KING AND MOUSE-KING

A FOWLER, seeking to snare some birds, set a trap with which he might catch them. He fixed a net, scattered grains of rice about, and then hid himself in a place where he could watch.

Very soon "Speckle-neck," King of the Pigeons, accompanied by his followers, flew that way. Of course he saw the rice-grains, and thought it very unusual that they should be lying on the ground in so lonely a spot as this was. He did not like the look of it, and so decided to take counsel with his followers before permitting them to eat the rice.

They were all hungry, and the younger ones did not wish to wait while the older and wiser pigeons took counsel together, but this they had to do. At length one of them laughed at the others, and taunted them with being afraid without any reason, and dared them to at once eat the rice which they all



wanted. At this they all settled on the ground, and soon were caught in the net.

They then began to abuse the pigeon who had dared them, saying that it was through him they were all caught. But King Spreckle-neck said they were all to blame, and the thing to do now was to find some way of escape, and not to waste precious time by quarreling. He thought carefully for a few moments, and then said.

“Many small things added together make a large one. Let us all rise under the net at the same instant and between us we will fly off with it.”

They decided to try this means of escape, and it happened just as the King said. They rose together, and flew away with the net. The fowler, who had hidden himself at some distance, saw the pigeons flying away with his net and hastened to stop them, but was too late, and soon they were out of sight.

The pigeons, seeing that they were safely away from the fowler, asked the King what they should do next.

Speckle-neck said, “A friend of mine named ‘Golden-skin,’ King of the Mice,



lives near by. We will go to him, and he will cut these bonds." They accordingly directed their flight to the hole of Golden-skin.

They soon arrived at the home of the Mouse-king, and Speckle-neck called to his friend to come out. Golden-skin came to the entrance, and told his friend how pleased he was to see him. "But what does this mean?" he exclaimed, looking at the pigeons all tangled up in the net.

Speckle-neck told him what had happened to them, and without a word the Mouse-king began to gnaw at the strings which held his friend. But the worthy Pigeon-king bade him to release the others first, and leave him until the last.

To this Golden-skin objected, but King Spreckle-neck said that he could not bear to see those who depended upon him in such distress. Such heroism made the Mouse-king's fur bristle up for pure pleasure.

"Nobly spoken!" said he. "Such tenderness for those who are dependent upon you makes me proud to be your friend." With this, he



set himself to the great task of cutting all their bonds, and in time all were free.

The Mouse-king then entertained them as hospitably as he could. The Pigeon-king and his followers thanked him for his great kindness, and Golden-skin embraced them all, after which he returned to his hole and the pigeons departed.

You may be sure that the young pigeons decided that the older ones were wiser in counsel than they, and to be more careful when "daring" their fellows.



## HE WISHED TO LIVE FOREVER

A LONG time ago there lived in Japan a man named Opulo who was quite rich. There was really nothing about which he need worry, but one day the thought came to him that he might fall sick and die. Probably the only reason for this was because he didn't have to earn his living, and so had very little to occupy his time.

"It seems to me," said he to himself, "that a man ought to live a much longer life than he does. I am very comfortable here, with all I want to eat and drink, and plenty of money to spend, so why should I not enjoy life for hundreds of years without sickness or worry?"

He had heard of men in times gone by who had lived as long as that, and recalled the story of a certain Princess who had reached the age of five hundred years. Then he thought of that powerful Chinese King,



Shiko, who built the great wall of China and many wonderful palaces, but who, in spite of his greatness and the luxury in which he lived, was never happy because he knew that some time he must die and give it all up.

This great ruler had heard that in a country called Horazai, far away across the seas, there lived certain hermits who possessed the secret of the "Draught of Life," and that whoever should drink of this wonderful elixir would never die. So he ordered Jofuku, a courtier in whom he placed great confidence, to set out for the land of Horazai, and to bring back with him a phial of this magic fluid.

The Emperor had his finest junk made ready for a long voyage, and loaded it with rich gifts for the hermits. The courtier sailed away, but was never heard of again. Mount Fuji was supposed to be Horazai, and ever since then Jofuku has been worshipped as their god.

The story of the Emperor Shiko made such an impression on Opulo that he made up his mind to seek the hermits who held



the secret of this marvelous water of life, and if possible to become one of them; so he started out on his quest.

He traveled, and traveled, climbing to the peaks of the highest mountains, and wandering through unknown regions, but meeting with no success.

At last it seemed to him that he was wasting time, so he decided to go straight to the shrine of Jofuku, to whom he would pray for assistance in his search.

He went to the temple devoted to this deity, and every day for a month he knelt there, and made his entreaty.

At the end of this time, while kneeling before the shrine, he was suddenly enveloped in a cloud, and when this cleared away he saw Jofuku himself standing before him.

Opulo bowed his head to the ground, and Jofuku said to him, "Your request is selfish and therefore hard to grant. You imagine that you would like to become a hermit such as those you seek, and so partake of the Elixir of Life. A hermit's life is a hard one and not suited to an idle man who is used to enjoy every possible comfort. To



be a hermit one must obey strict rules; he must eat only fruit and berries, and cut himself off from the ways of the world, so that he may become pure and free from unworthy desire.

“You, Opulo, have always been a lazy man, and have been too fond of good living. Do you think you could go barefoot and wear only one thin dress during the cold of winter? No, the life of a hermit is not for you!

“But there is something else I will do for you, and that is to send you to the Island of Continual Life, where death is unknown.”

Then Jofuku gave Opulo a small bird made of paper, and told him to sit upon it.

This the wondering Opulo did, and the bird began to grow. Soon it was large enough for him to ride on comfortably. With wings outspread it rose high up in the air, and away it flew.

The flight through the air was swift; on and on they went for hundreds and hundreds of miles without a stop, until at last they came to an island, and there the bird alighted.



Opulo stepped to the ground and the bird grew smaller and smaller. At last it became the same size as when Jofuku gave it to him, so he folded it up and put it in his pocket.

He walked on until he came to a town, where he found a place to lodge. Everything, of course, was strange to him; the streets and buildings were different from what he had been used to, and all the people looked prosperous.

Opulo told the owner of the house in which he obtained lodgings that he intended to live there permanently, so the worthy man kindly promised to help him all he could. He found a suitable house for him, and servants to attend to his comfort, so Opulo took up his residence in the land of Continual Life.

It was a strange country indeed in which he now lived. No one ever died there, nor even became sick, so doctors were unknown. But the people were not happy and contented; they had heard of a place called Paradise, but it was only a legend to them. They knew that one could not reach this wonderful land without dying, and death



was something they longed for, but which never came to them.

Ordinary people have a dread of death, but these were very different, for they looked upon it as something very much to be desired. How they wished it could come to them, so that they could enter the happy land of Paradise!

To Opulo everything seemed to be upside down. He had come here hoping to live forever, and found the inhabitants wishing more than anything else that they could die. They had tried everything they could think of to bring this about, but without success. No one could even make himself ill, try as hard as he might; he couldn't even raise a corn on his toe.

But Opulo was happy, for he had found what he sought. He assured himself that he would never tire of living, and was the only contented man on the island.

He changed from his former mode of living, and instead of doing nothing, he set himself up in business. And now that he had something to do, time passed very quickly.



Strange to say, after having lived there for two hundred years life began to be somewhat dull and monotonous. He wanted a change, for it was the same thing day after day, and year after year. He began to think that perhaps the other people were not so foolish when they wanted to die!

It would be fine if he could see his own country again; things would never be any different where he was now, and how wearisome it was getting to be!

Now he wanted to die, but couldn't, and it was no use trying to.

One day he happened to think that his prayers to Jofuku had resulted in bringing him to this country. He would pray to Jofuku to take him away from it. Why did he not think of this before?

So he prayed, and to his surprise the paper bird came into his hand. It grew and grew as it had done before in the temple of Jofuku, and soon it was large enough for him to mount. It spread its wings, and they went flying through the air.

On and on they flew, stopping neither for rest nor food, and at length they reached the



Japan Sea. Then he suddenly thought of the valuable business he had left behind. Why hadn't he sold it, and taken the proceeds with him?

As soon as this thought came to him a storm came on. It rained hard, and of course the paper bird became wet, and being paper, it crumpled up and fell into the sea.

Now he was in danger of being drowned, and he was afraid. Not long ago he would have welcomed death. He called aloud to Jofuku to save him, but there was no reply.

He swam and swam, doing his best to keep from sinking. Then right in front of him he saw a huge fish, its mouth wide open, ready to devour him.

In his fright he screamed so loudly for Jofuku to save him that he awakened himself. For, behold, he had fallen asleep during his long prayers before the shrine, and all of this had come to him in a dream.

Then he heard a voice, and before him stood a messenger, who said:

"As you have prayed, so has Jofuku permitted you in a dream to see the land of Continual Life. You were not contented



there and wished to return to your own country that you might die. And even your desire for death was not real, for when the fish was there to swallow you, you called on Jofuku to save you. There is only one thing for you to do; return to your home and live an industrious life, be helpful to yourself and to others, and thus will you be happy and live to a good old age. And be sure that any selfish desire you may have, even if it be granted, will never bring you happiness."



## THE CRANE AND THE CRAB

THERE was a small lake in Malwa called Lily-Water, and on its bank one day stood a Crane who seemed to be lost in thought.

It was the dry season and the water was low in the pond, in which were a good many fish. Now the Crane was very fond of fish, and he was trying to figure out a plan whereby he could satisfy his appetite.

At last he went to the water's edge, and there he sat down. He assumed a most dejected look, and appeared to be so miserable that a Crab, who had been watching him, asked him why he was so down-hearted.

"It is because I am thinking of all who live in this pond that I am so sad," said the Crane.

"Why should that be the reason?" asked the Crab.

"I will tell you," said the Crane. "This morning I heard the fishermen who live



near here say that they meant to catch every fish that swims in this water. Now I love a dish of fish myself, and the few that I should take would make but little difference among so many. And although if the fish in this pond are all captured there would be none left for me to subsist upon, it breaks my heart to think of the fate that is in store for them. Therefore am I so sad."

Now some of the fishes overheard what the Crane said to the Crab, and they at once called a general meeting. One of them said: "In this case the Crane's interests are the same as ours, because, while we furnish the food which keeps him alive there are many of us left, but when the fishermen capture us we shall die. Let us therefore confer with the Crane."

This they decided to do, and so they went to him in a body.

"Good Crane," they said, "what course is there for safety?"

"The only thing to do is to go elsewhere," said the Crane. "This can easily be done, for if you wish I will carry you one by one to another pool."



## THE CRANE AND THE CRAB 113

This the trembling fishes begged him to do, that is, all but one of them, who said:

“It is most unusual that a crane should take any thought for fishes, and I think that you mean to eat us, one by one.”

“That I do not,” said the Crane. “If you do not believe what I say, send one of your number with me, and he shall come back and tell you that I am to be trusted.”

They thought this was all right, and so selected their sharpest fish, one whom they considered could not be outwitted, and handed him over to the Crane.

The Crane took him in his bill and let him go in the other pool, and he showed the fish all over it. Then he carried him back to the others who were entirely satisfied, and said they were ready to go with him.

Then the Crane took them, one after another, and having eaten them, returned to report that he had safely deposited each in the pond.

At last only the Crab was left, and he asked to be taken, too. Now the Crane coveted the tender flesh of the Crab, and perhaps the latter saw a greedy look in his



eyes. At any rate, when the Crane went to take hold of him with his beak, he said: "You cannot carry me like that, for I should certainly fall."

The Crane told him not to fear, that he would be perfectly safe. But the Crab thought to himself: "If he once got hold of a fish, I doubt very much if he would really let it go into the pond. He shall carry me, but in such a way that I shall be safe." So he said:

"Friend Crane, you cannot hold me tight enough in your bill, so I will hold on to you with my claws, and you can carry me that way."

The Crane thought that would be all right, and so the other held on to his neck with his claws, and off they went.

They soon reached the spot where the Crane had eaten the fish, and the Crab saw that it was covered with fishbones.

"This is not the pond," said the Crab; "please take me to it at once."

"You will never see another pond," replied the Crane, who thought that it would be the easiest thing in the world to shake the



## THE CRANE AND THE CRAB 115

Crab from his neck. "I am now going to eat you, just as I have eaten every one of the fish, whose bones you can see if you look."

"Do you think I am as stupid as those fish?" asked the Crab. Then he gave the Crane's neck such a squeeze with his claws that the Crane almost died.

"That is just to remind you of what will happen if you don't take me to the pond at once," said the Crab.

The Crane now trembled with fear, and flew at once to the edge of the pond, and there, before entering the water the Crab tightened his grip so that the Crane's neck was cut clear through.



## THE LION AND THE HARE

IN a large forest there lived a Lion who was very fierce. Such terror did he inspire among the other animals of the jungle, and so many of them did he kill for his daily food, that they held a public meeting to see what could be done about it.

After much parleying they drew up a respectful petition to the Lion in these words:

“Your Majesty, why do you thus create havoc among us? If it please you, we will ourselves furnish you daily with a beast for your Majesty’s meal.”

This petition they duly presented to the Lion, who said: “If this arrangement is more agreeable to you, I will be satisfied.” So, from that time a beast was allotted to him each day, they casting lots among themselves to see who should be selected.

Thus it became the turn of a wily old



## THE LION AND THE HARE 117

Hare to supply the royal table, and as he walked slowly along to keep his appointment he said to himself, "If I have to die I will take my time, and will go to my death as leisurely as possible."

Now that day the Lion was very hungry, and he became very angry at being kept waiting for his meal, so when he saw the Hare walking along as though he had all day to spare he roared at him, "How dare you so delay your coming?"

"Sire," replied the Hare, "It is not my fault that I am late. On the way here I was detained by another lion, who made me promise to return to him when I shall have told your Majesty that he awaits you."

Of course, such insolence on the part of another lion made this one more angry than before, as the old Hare had intended it should, and he exclaimed in a rage, "Show me instantly where this impertinent villain of a lion lives."

Then the Hare led the way until he came to a deep well, when he stopped and said, "Now, my Lord, come here and see him."

So the Lion approached, and saw his own



reflection in the water. Thinking that he was looking at the other lion, he flung himself furiously upon his own image, and so was drowned. You may be sure the old Hare lost no time in spreading the news of their enemy's end to his friends of the jungle.



## THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK

### I.

Caliph Chasid, of Bagdad, was resting comfortably on his divan one fine afternoon. He was smoking a long pipe, and from time to time he sipped a little coffee which a slave handed to him, and after each sip he stroked his long beard with an air of enjoyment. In short, anyone could see that the Caliph was in an excellent humor. This was, in fact, the best time of day in which to approach him, for just now he was pretty sure to be both affable and in good spirits, and for this reason the Grand Vizier Mansor always chose this hour in which to pay his daily visit.

He arrived as usual this afternoon, but, contrary to his usual custom, with an anxious face. The Caliph withdrew his pipe for a moment from his lips and asked, "Why do you look so anxious, Grand Vizier?"

The Grand Vizier crossed his arms on his



breast and bent low before his master as he answered:

“Oh, my lord! Whether my countenance be anxious or not I know not, but down below in the court of the palace is a pedler with such beautiful things that I cannot help feeling annoyed at having so little money to spare.”

The Caliph, who had wished for some time past to give his Grand Vizier a present, ordered his black slave to bring the pedler before him at once. The slave soon returned, followed by the pedler, a short, stout man with a swarthy face, and dressed in very ragged clothes. He carried a box containing all manner of wares—strings of pearls, rings, richly mounted pistols, goblets, and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier inspected everything, and the Caliph chose some handsome pistols for himself and Mansor, and a jeweled comb for the Vizier's wife. Just as the pedler was about to close his box, the Caliph noticed a small drawer, and asked if there was anything else in it for sale. The pedler opened the drawer and showed them a box containing a black powder, and a



scroll written in strange characters, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read.

"I got these two articles from a merchant who had picked them up in the street at Mecca," said the pedler. "I do not know what they may contain, but as they are of no use to me, you are welcome to have them for a trifle."

The Caliph, who liked to have old manuscripts in his library, even though he could not read them, purchased the scroll and the box, and dismissed the pedler. Then, being anxious to know what might be the contents of the scroll, he asked the Vizier if he did not know of anyone who might be able to decipher it.

"Most gracious lord and master," replied the Vizier, "near the great Mosque lives a man called Selim the learned, who knows every language under the sun. Send for him; it may be that he will be able to interpret those mysterious characters."

The learned Selim was summoned immediately.

"Selim," said the Caliph, "I hear you are a scholar. Look well at this scroll and see



whether you can read it. If you can, I will give you a robe of honor; but if you fail, I will order you to receive twelve strokes on your cheeks, and five-and-twenty on the soles of your feet, because you have been falsely called Selim the learned."

Selim prostrated himself and said, "Be it according to your will, oh master!" Then he gazed long at the scroll. Suddenly he exclaimed: "May I die, oh, my Lord, if this isn't Latin!"

"Well," said the Caliph, "if it is Latin, let us hear what it means."

So Selim began to translate: "Thou who mayest find this, praise Allah for his mercy. Whoever shall snuff the powder in this box, and at the same time pronounce the word 'Mutabor!' can transform himself into any creature he likes, and will understand the language of all animals. When he wishes to resume the human form, he has only to look three times toward the east, and to repeat the same word. Be careful, however, when wearing the shape of some beast or bird, not to laugh, or thou wilt certainly



forget the magic word and remain an animal forever.”

When Selim the learned had read this the Caliph was delighted. He made the wise man swear not to tell the matter to anyone, gave him a splendid robe, and dismissed him. Then he said to the Vizier, “That’s what I call a good bargain, Mansor. I am longing for the moment when I can become some animal. To-morrow morning I shall expect you early; we will go into the country, take some snuff from my box, and then hear what is being said in air, earth, and water.”

## II.

Next morning Caliph Chasid had barely finished dressing and breakfasting when the Grand Vizier arrived, according to orders, to accompany him on his expedition. The Caliph stuck the snuff-box in his girdle, and, having desired his servants to remain at home, started off with the Grand Vizier only in attendance. First they walked through the palace gardens, but they looked in vain for some creature which would tempt them



to try their magic power. At length the Vizier suggested going further on to a pond which lay beyond the town, and where he had often seen a variety of creatures, especially storks, whose grave, dignified appearance and constant chatter had often attracted his attention.

The Caliph consented, and they went straight to the pond. As soon as they arrived they remarked a stork strutting up and down with a stately air, hunting for frogs, and now and then muttering something to itself. At the same time they saw another stork far above in the sky flying toward the same spot.

"I would wager my beard, most gracious master," said the Grand Vizier, "that these two long-legs will have a good chat together. How would it be if we turned ourselves into storks?"

"Well said," replied the Caliph; "but first let us remember carefully how we are to become men once more. Bow three times toward the east and say 'Mutabor!' and I shall be Caliph and you my Grand Vizier



again. But for Heaven's sake don't laugh or we are lost."

As the Caliph spoke he saw the second stork circling round his head and gradually flying towards the earth. Quickly he drew the box from his girdle, took a good pinch of the snuff, and offered one to Mansor, who also took one, and both cried together "Mutabor!"

Instantly their legs shriveled up and grew thin and red; their smart yellow slippers turned to clumsy stork's feet. Their arms to wings; their necks began to sprout from between their shoulders and grew a yard long; their beards disappeared, and their bodies were covered with feathers.

"You've got a fine long bill, Sir Vizier," cried the Caliph, after standing for some time lost in astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet I never saw such a thing in all my life!"

"My very humble thanks," replied the Grand Vizier, as he bent his long neck; "but if I may venture to say so, your Highness is even handsomer as a stork than as a Caliph. But come, if it so pleases you, let



us go near our comrades there and find out whether we really do understand the language of storks."

Meantime the second stork had reached the ground. It first scraped its bill with its claw, stroked down its feathers, and then advanced towards the first stork. The two newly made storks lost no time in drawing near, and to their amazement overheard the following conversation:

"Good-morning, Dame Longlegs. You are out early this morning!"

"Yes, indeed, dear Chatterbill! I am getting myself a morsel of breakfast. May I offer you a joint of lizard or a frog's thigh?"

"A thousand thanks, but I have really no appetite this morning. I am here for a very different purpose. I am to dance to-day before my father's guests, and I have come to the meadow for a little quiet practice."

Thereupon the young stork began to move about with the most wonderful steps. The Caliph and Mansor looked on with surprise for some time; but when at last she balanced herself in a picturesque attitude on one leg, and flapped her wings gracefully up and down,



they could hold out no longer; a prolonged peal burst from each of their bills, and it was some time before they could recover their composure. The Caliph was the first to collect himself. "That was the best joke," said he, "I've ever seen. It's a pity the stupid creatures were scared away by our laughter, or no doubt they would have sung next!"

Suddenly, however, the Vizier remembered how strictly they had been warned not to laugh during their transformation. He at once communicated his fears to the Caliph, who exclaimed, "By Mecca and Medina! It would indeed prove but a poor joke if I had to remain a stork for the remainder of my days! Do just try and remember the stupid word, for it has slipped my memory."

"We must bow three times eastwards and say 'Mu—mu—mu——'"

They turned to the east and fell to bowing till their bills touched the ground, but, oh, horror—the magic word was quite forgotten, and however often the Caliph bowed and however touchingly his Vizier cried "Mu—mu——" they could not recall it, and the



unhappy Chasid and Mansor remained storks as they were.

### III.

The two enchanted birds wandered sadly on through the meadows. In their misery they could not think what to do next. They could not rid themselves of their new forms; there was no use in returning to the town and saying who they were; for who would believe a stork who announced that he was a Caliph; and even if they did believe him, would the people of Bagdad consent to let a stork rule over them?

So they lounged about for several days, supporting themselves on fruits, which, however, they found some difficulty in eating with their long bills. They did not much care to eat frogs or lizards. Their one comfort in their sad plight was the power of flying, and accordingly they often flew over the roofs of Bagdad to see what was going on there.

During the first few days they noticed signs of much disturbance and distress in the streets, but about the fourth day, as they sat



on the roof of the palace, they perceived a splendid procession passing below them along the street. Drums and trumpets sounded; a man in a scarlet mantle, embroidered in gold, sat on a splendidly caparisoned horse surrounded by richly dressed slaves; half Bagdad crowded after him, and they all shouted, "Hail, Mirza, the Lord of Bagdad!"

The two storks on the palace roof looked at each other, and the Caliph Chasid said, "Can you guess now, Grand Vizier, why I have been enchanted? This Mirza is the son of my deadly enemy, the mighty magician Kaschnur, who in an evil moment vowed vengeance on me. Still I will not despair! Come with me, my faithful friend; we will go to the grave of the Prophet, and perhaps at that sacred spot the spell may be loosed."

They rose from the palace roof, and spread their wings toward Medina.

But flying was not an easy matter, for the two storks had had but little practice as yet.

"Oh, my Lord!" gasped the Vizier, after a couple of hours, "I can go on no longer; you really fly too quick for me. Besides, it



is nearly evening, and we shall do well to find some place in which to spend the night."

Chasid listened with favor to his servant's suggestion, and perceiving in the valley beneath them a ruin which seemed to promise shelter, they flew toward it. The building in which they proposed to pass the night had apparently been formerly a castle. Some handsome pillars still stood amongst the heaps of ruins, and several rooms, which yet remained in fair preservation, gave evidence of former splendor. Chasid and his companion wandered along the passages seeking a dry spot, when suddenly Mansor stood still.

"My lord and master," he whispered, "if it were not absurd for a Grand Vizier, and still more for a stork, to be afraid of ghosts, I should feel quite nervous, for someone, or something close by me, has sighed and moaned quite audibly."

The Caliph stood still and distinctly heard a low weeping sound, which seemed to proceed from a human being rather than from any animal. Full of curiosity, he was about to rush toward the spot from which the sounds



of woe came, when the Vizier caught him by the wing with his bill, and implored him not to expose himself to fresh and unknown dangers. The Caliph, however, under whose stork's breast a brave heart beat, tore himself away with the loss of a few feathers, and hurried down a dark passage. He saw a door which stood ajar, and through which he distinctly heard sighs, mingled with sobs. He pushed open the door with his bill, but remained on the threshold, astonished at the sight which met his eyes. On the floor of the ruined chamber—which was but scantily lighted by a small barred window—sat a large screech owl. Big tears rolled from its large, round eyes, and in a hoarse voice it uttered its complaints through its crooked beak. As soon as it saw the Caliph and his Vizier—who had crept up meanwhile—it gave vent to a joyful cry. It gently wiped the tears from its eyes with its spotted brown wings, and to the great amazement of the two visitors, addressed them in good human Arabic.

“Welcome, ye storks! You are a good sign of my deliverance, for it was foretold



me that a piece of good fortune should befall me through a stork."

When Caliph had recovered from his surprise, he drew up his feet into a graceful position, bent his long neck, and said: "O, screech owl! From your words I am led to believe that we see in you a companion in misfortune. But, alas! Your hope that you may attain your deliverance through us is but a vain one. You will know our helplessness when you have heard our story."

The screech owl begged him to relate it, and the Caliph accordingly told him what we already know.

#### IV.

When the Caliph had ended, the owl thanked him and said: "You must hear my story, and own that I am no less unfortunate than yourselves. My father is the King of the Indies. I, his only daughter, am named Lusa. That magician, Kaschnur, who enchanted you, has been the cause of my misfortunes, too. He came one day to my father and demanded my hand for his son Mirza.



My father—who is rather hasty—ordered him to be thrown downstairs. The wretch not long after managed to approach me under another form; one day when I was in the garden I asked for some refreshment, and he brought me—in the disguise of a slave—a draught which changed me at once to this horrid shape. Whilst I was fainting with terror he transported me here, and cried to me with his awful voice: ‘There shall you remain, lonely and hideous, despised even by the brutes, till the end of your days, or till someone of his own free will asks you to be his wife. Thus do I avenge myself on you and your proud father.’

“Since then many months have passed away. Sad and lonely do I live like any hermit within these walls, avoided by the world and a terror even to animals; the beauties of nature are hidden from me, for I am blind by day, and it is only when the moon sheds her pale light on this spot that the veil falls from my eyes and I can see.” The owl paused, and once more wiped her eyes with her wing, for the recital of her woes had drawn fresh tears from her.



The Caliph fell into deep thought on hearing this story of the Princess. "If I am not much mistaken," said he, "there is some mysterious connection between our misfortunes, but how to find the key to the riddle is the question."

The owl answered: "Oh, my Lord! I too feel sure of this, for in my earliest youth a wise woman foretold that a stork would bring me some great happiness, and I think I could tell you how we might save ourselves." The Caliph was much surprised, and asked her what she meant.

"The magician who has made us both miserable," said she, "comes once a month to these ruins. Not far from this room is a large hall where he is in the habit of feasting with his companions. I have often watched them. They tell each other all about their evil deeds, and possibly the magic word which you have forgotten may be mentioned."

"Oh, dearest Princess!" exclaimed the Caliph. "Say, when does he come, and where is the hall?"

The owl paused a moment and then said:



"Do not think me unkind, but I can only grant your request on one condition."

"Speak, speak!" cried Chasid; "command, I will gladly do whatever you wish!"

"Well," replied the owl, "you see I should like to be free too; but this can only be if one of you will offer me his hand in marriage."

The storks seemed rather taken back by this suggestion, and the Caliph beckoned to his Vizier to retire and consult with him.

When they were outside the door the Caliph said: "Grand Vizier, this is a tiresome business. However, you can take her."

"Indeed!" said the Vizier; "so that when I go home my wife may scratch my eyes out! Besides, I am an old man, and your Highness is still young and unmarried, and a far more suitable match for a young and lovely princess."

"That's just where it is," sighed the Caliph, whose wings drooped in a dejected manner; "how do I know she is young and lovely? I call it buying a pig in a poke."

They argued on for some time, but at length, when the Caliph saw plainly that his Vizier



would rather remain a stork to the end of his days than marry the owl, he determined to fulfill the condition himself. The owl was delighted. She owned that they could not have arrived at a better time, as most probably the magicians would meet that very night.

She then proceeded to lead the two storks to the chamber. They passed through a long dark passage till at length a bright ray of light shone before them through the chinks of a half-ruined wall. When they reached it the owl advised them to keep very quiet. Through the gap near which they stood they could with ease survey the whole of the large hall. It was adorned with splendid carved pillars; a number of colored lamps replaced the light of day. In the middle of the hall stood a round table covered with a variety of dishes, and about the table was a divan on which eight men were seated. In one of these bad men the two recognized the pedler who had sold the magic powder. The man next him begged him to relate all his latest doings,



and amongst them he told the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

“And what kind of word did you give them?” asked another old sorcerer.

“A very difficult Latin word; it is ‘Mutabor.’”

## V.

As soon as the storks heard this they were nearly beside themselves with joy. They ran at such a pace to the door of the ruined castle that the owl could scarcely keep up with them. When they reached it the Caliph turned to the owl, and said with much feeling: “Deliverer of my friend and myself, as a proof of my eternal gratitude, accept me as your husband.” Then he turned towards the east. Three times the storks bowed their long necks to the sun, which was just rising over the mountains. “Mutabor!” they both cried, and in an instant they were once more transformed. In the rapture of their newly given lives master and servant fell laughing and weeping into each other’s arms. Who



shall describe their surprise when they at last turned round and beheld standing before them a beautiful lady exquisitely dressed!

With a smile she held out her hand to the Caliph, and asked: "Do you not recognize your screech owl?"

It was she! The Caliph was so enchanted by her grace and beauty that he declared being turned into a stork had been the best piece of luck which had ever befallen him. The three set out at once for Bagdad. Fortunately, the Caliph found not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse in his girdle; he was, therefore, able to buy in the nearest village all they required for their journey, and so at last they reached the gates of Bagdad.

Here the Caliph's arrival created the greatest sensation. He had been quite given up for dead, and the people were greatly rejoiced to see their beloved ruler again.

Their rage with the usurper Mirza, however, was great in proportion. They marched in force to the palace and took the old magi-



cian and his son prisoners. The Caliph sent the magician to the room where the princess had lived as an owl, and there had him hanged. As the son, however, knew nothing of his father's acts, the Caliph gave him his choice between death and a pinch of the magic snuff. When he chose the latter the Grand Vizier handed him the box. One good pinch, and the magic word transformed him to a stork. The Caliph ordered him to be confined in an iron cage, and placed in the palace gardens.

Caliph Chasid lived long and happily with his wife, the princess. His merriest time was when the Grand Vizier visited him in the afternoon; and when the Caliph was in particularly high spirits he would condescend to mimic the Vizier's appearance when he was a stork. He would strut gravely, and with well-stiffened legs, up and down the room, chattering, and showing how he had vainly bowed to the east and cried "Mu—mu——" The Caliphess and her children were always much entertained by this performance; when the Caliph went on



nodding and bowing, and calling "Mu—mu——" too long, the Vizier would threaten laughingly to tell the Caliphess the subject of the discussion carried on one night outside the door of Princess Screech Owl.



## PRINCE AHMED

THERE was a sultan of India, who, after a long reign, had reached a good old age. He had three sons and one niece, the chief ornaments of his court. The eldest son was called Houssain, the second Ali, the youngest Ahmed. The name of his niece, their cousin, was Nouronihar. This niece, the daughter of a favorite brother who had died young, had been brought up in the palace from her childhood, and was remarkable for her wit and beauty. The sultan, on her arriving at the proper age, was consulting about a neighboring prince with whom she might form an alliance, when he found that all the three princes, his sons, loved their cousin, and wished to marry her. This discovery caused him great grief—not from any disappointment of his own plans for his niece, but from the discord which this mutual passion for their cousin would cause to his sons.



He spoke to each of them apart, and showed the impossibility of one princess being the wife of three brothers, and the troubles they would create if they persisted in their purpose. He did all he could to persuade them to abide by a declaration of the princess in favor of one of them; or that all should agree to resign their claims to her hand, that she might marry a stranger. But as he found them equally obstinate, he sent for them all together, and said, "My sons, since I have not been able to persuade you in this matter, and as I have no wish to use my authority to give the princess your cousin to one in preference of another, I have thought of a plan which will please you all, and preserve harmony among you, if you will but hear me and follow my advice. I think it would not be amiss if you were to travel separately into different countries, so that you might not meet each other; and I promise my niece in marriage to him who shall bring me the most extraordinary rarity. I will give each of you a sum suited to your rank, and for the purchase of the rarity you shall search after."



The three princes cheerfully consented to this proposal, as each flattered himself fortune might prove favorable to him, and give him possession of the Princes Nouronihar. The sultan gave them the money he promised, and issued orders for the preparations for their travels. Early next morning they all went out at the same gate of the city, each dressed like a merchant, attended by a trusty officer habited as a slave, and all well mounted and equipped. They proceeded the first day's journey together; and at night when they were at supper, they agreed to travel for a twelvemonth, and that day a year later to meet again at the khan where they were stopping; so that as they had all three taken leave together of the sultan, 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, the eldest brother, who had heard of the extent, power, riches, and splendor of the kingdom of Bisnager, bent his course towards the Indian coast; and



after three months' travelling with different caravans, sometimes over deserts and barren mountains, and sometimes through populous and fertile countries, arrived at Bisnagar, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and the residence of its king. He lodged at a khan appointed for foreign merchants, and soon learned that there were four principal bazaars where merchants of all sorts kept their shops, on a large extent of ground, in the centre of the city.

Prince Houssain went to one of these bazaars on the next day. It was large, divided into several vaulted avenues, and shaded from the sun, but yet very light. The shops were of the same size and proportion; and all who dealt in the same sort of goods lived in one avenue.

The number of shops stocked with all kinds of merchandise—as the finest linens from several parts of India; silks and brocades from Persia; porcelain from Japan—surprised him very much; but when he came to the shops of the goldsmiths and jewellers, he was in a kind of ecstasy at beholding such quantities of wrought gold and silver, and



was dazzled by the lustre of the pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones exposed for sale.

After Prince Houssain had passed through that quarter, street by street, a merchant, perceiving him go by much fatigued, invited him to sit down in front of his shop. He had not been seated long before a crier appeared, with a piece of carpet on his arm, about six feet square, and offered it at forty purses. The prince called to the crier, and when he had examined the carpet, told him that he could not comprehend how so small a piece of carpet, and of so indifferent an appearance, could be held 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; “whoever sits on this piece of carpet may be transported in an instant wherever he desires to be.”

“If the carpet,” said he to the crier, “has the virtue you attribute to it, I shall not think forty purses too much.”

“Sir,” replied the crier, “I have told you the truth, and with the leave of the master



of this shop we will go into the back warehouse, where I will spread the carpet, and when we have both sat down, and you have formed the wish to be transported into your apartment at the khan, if we are not conveyed thither, it shall be no bargain."

On this proposal they went into the merchant's back-shop, where they both sat down on the carpet; and as soon as the prince had formed his wish to be transported into his apartment at the khan, he in an instant found himself and the crier there. After this convincing proof of the virtue of the carpet, he counted to the crier forty purses of gold, and gave him twenty pieces for himself.

In this manner Prince Houssain became the possessor of the carpet, and was overjoyed that at his arrival at Bisnagar he had found so rare a curiosity, which he never doubted must of course gain him the possession of Nouronihar, as his younger brothers could not meet with anything to be compared with it. By sitting on this carpet, it was in his power to be at the place of meeting that very day; but as he would be obliged to wait there for his brothers until



the time they had agreed on, he chose to make a longer abode in this capital.

When Prince Houssain had seen all the wonders of the city, he wished to be nearer his dear Princess Nouronihar, and having paid all the charges, and returned the key of his apartment to the owner of the khan, he spread the carpet, and as soon as he had formed his wish he and the officer whom he had brought with him were transported to the inn at which he and his brothers were to meet, and where he passed for a merchant till their arrival.

Prince Ali, the second brother, who had designed to travel into Persia, after he had parted with his brothers, joined a caravan, and in four months arrived at Shiraz, the capital of that empire.

On the next morning after his arrival, while the merchants opened their bales of merchandise, Prince Ali took a walk into that quarter of the town where is the bazaar of the jewellers, in which they sold precious stones, gold and silver works, 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, he was not a little surprised to see one who held in his hand an ivory tube, about a foot in length, and about an inch thick, which he cried at forty purses. At first he thought the crier mad, and asked him what he meant by asking forty purses for that tube which 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 yourself whether I am or not, when I have told you its peculiar power. By looking through this tube, you will see whatever object you wish to behold."

The crier presented him the tube, and he looked through, wishing at the same time to see the sultan his father, whom he immediately beheld in perfect health, sitting on his throne, in the midst of his council. Next, as there was nothing in the world so dear to him, after the sultan, as the Princess Nouronihar, he wished to see her; and instantly



beheld her laughing, and in a gay humor, with her women about her.

Prince Ali wanted no other proof to persuade him that this tube was the most valuable article, not only in the city of Shiraz, but in all the world; and believed that if he should neglect to purchase it, he would never meet with an equally wonderful curiosity. He said to the crier, "I am very sorry that I have entertained so wrong an opinion of you, but I hope to make amends by buying the tube, and I will give you the price you ask."

On this the prince took the crier to the khan where he lodged, counted him out the money, and received the tube.

Prince Ali was overjoyed at his purchase; he persuaded himself that, as his brothers would not be able to meet with anything so rare and admirable, the Princess Nouronihar must be the recompense of his fatigue and travels. He now thought only of visiting the court of Persia, and of seeing whatever was curious in Shiraz, and when the caravan took its departure he joined the party of merchants with whom he had trav-



elled, and arrived happily without any accident or trouble at the place appointed, where he found Prince Houssain, and both waited for Prince Ahmed.

Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarcand, and the day after his arrival, went as his brothers had done, into the market, where he had not walked long before he heard a crier, who had an artificial apple in his hand, offer it at forty purses. He stopped the crier, and said to him, "Let me see that apple, and tell me what virtue it possesses, to be valued at so high a rate."

"Sir," replied the crier, giving it into his hand, "if you look at the mere outside of this apple, it is not very remarkable; but if you consider its properties, you will say it is invaluable, 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 help him immediately, and restore him to perfect health; and this merely by the patient's smelling it."

"If one may believe you," replied Prince Ahmed, "the virtues of this apple are wonderful, and it is indeed invaluable; but how



am I to know that there is no error in the high praises you bestow on it?"

"Sir," replied the crier, "the truth is known by the whole city of Samarcand. Ask all these merchants you see here, and hear what they say. You will find several of them will tell you they had not been alive this day had they not made use of this excellent remedy."

While the crier was detailing to Prince Ahmed the virtues of the artificial apple, many persons gathered round them, and confirmed what he declared; and one amongst the rest said he had a friend dangerously ill, whose life was despaired of, which was a favorable opportunity to show the apple's power; on which Prince Ahmed told the crier he would give him forty purses for the apple if it cured the sick person by smelling it.

"Come sir," said the crier to Prince Ahmed, "let us go and make the experiment, and the apple shall be yours."

The experiment succeeded; and the prince, after he had counted out to the crier forty purses, received the apple. He then spent



his time in seeing all that was curious at and about Samarcand; and having joined the first caravan that set out for the Indies, he arrived in perfect health at the inn, where the Princes Houssain and Ali waited for him.

When Prince Ahmed joined his brothers they embraced with tenderness, and complimented each other on the happiness of meeting together in safety at the same place they had set out from. Houssain, as 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 to which of us the sultan our father may give the preference. I will tell you that the rarity which I have brought from the kingdom of Bisnagar is the carpet on which I sit. It looks but ordinary, and makes no show, but its virtues are wonderful. Whoever sits on it, and desires to be transported to any place, be it ever so far distant, is immediately carried thither. On my return here I made use of no other conveyance



than this wonderful carpet, for which I paid forty purses. I expect now that you should tell me whether what you have brought is to be compared with this carpet."

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

Houssain took the ivory tube, and wished to see the Princess Nouronihar, when Ali and Prince Ahmed, who kept their eyes fixed on him, were extremely surprised to see his countenance suddenly express extraordinary alarm and affliction. Prince Houssain did not give them time to ask what was the matter, but cried out, "Alas! princes, to what



purpose have we undertaken such long and fatiguing journeys, with the hopes of being recompensed by the hand of the charming Nouronnihar, when in a few moments that lovely princess will breathe her last! I saw her in bed, surrounded by her women, all weeping and seeming to expect her death. Take the tube, behold yourselves the miserable state she is in, and mingle your tears with mine."

Prince Ali took the tube out of Houssain's hand, and after he had seen the same object with the deepest grief presented it to Ahmed, who also beheld the sad sight which so much concerned them all.

When Prince Ahmed had taken the tube out of Ali's hands, and saw that the Princess Nouronnihar's end was so near, he addressed himself to his two companions, and said, "Brothers, the Princess Nouronnihar, whom we all equally loved, is indeed just at death's door; but provided 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; but it has this surprising power—its smell will restore to life



a sick person, whatever be the malady. I have made the experiment, and can show you its wonderful effect on the person of the Princess Nouronihar if we hasten to assist her."

"If that be all," replied Prince Houssain, "we cannot make more despatch than by transporting ourselves instantly into her chamber by means of my carpet. Come, lose no time, sit down, it is large enough to hold us all."

As soon as the order was given, the Princes Ali and Ahmed sat down by Houssain, and as their interest was the same, they all framed the same wish, and were transported instantaneously 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 comprehend by what enchantment three men should be among them; for they did not know them at first; and the guards were ready to fall on them, as people who had got into a part of the palace where they were



not allowed to come; but they quickly found out their mistake.

Prince Ahmed no sooner saw himself in Nouronihar's chamber than he rose off the carpet, and went to the bedside, and put the apple to her nostrils. The princess instantly opened her eyes, and sitting up, asked to be dressed, as if she had awakened out of a sound sleep. Her women presently 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 contribute each in any degree towards relieving her from the imminent danger she was in, and what ardent prayers they had offered for the continuance of her life; after which they retired.

While the princess was dressing, the princes went to throw themselves at the sultan their father's feet; but when they



came to him, they found he had been previously informed of their unexpected arrival by the chief of the princess's guards, and by what means the princess had been so suddenly cured. The sultan received and embraced them with the greatest joy, both for their return and the wonderful recovery of the princess, his niece, whom he loved as if she had been his own daughter. After the usual compliments the princes each presented the rarity which he had brought: Prince Houssain his carpet, Prince Ali his ivory tube, and Prince Ahmed the artificial apple; and after each had commended his present, as he put it into the sultan's hands, they begged of him to pronounce their fate, and declare to which of them he would give the Princess Nouronihar, according to his promise.

The Sultan of the Indies having heard all that the princes had to say in favor of their rarities remained some time silent, considering what answer he should make. At last he broke silence, and said to them in terms full of wisdom, "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 artificial apple for her cure; but let me ask you, whether you could have contrived to cure 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, revealed to you and your brothers the illness of your cousin; but you must grant that the knowledge of her illness would have been of no service without the artificial apple and the carpet. And as for you, Houssain, your carpet was an essential instrument in effecting her cure; but consider, it would have been of little use if you had not been acquainted with her illness by Ali's tube, or if Ahmed had not applied his artificial apple. Therefore, as the carpet, the ivory tube, and the artificial 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; and the only fruit you have reaped from your travels is the happiness of having equally contributed to restore her to health.

"As this is the case," added the sultan,



“I must resort to other means to determine the choice I ought to make; and as there is time enough between now and night, I will do it to-day. Go and procure each of you a bow and arrow, and repair to the plain where the horses are exercised. I will soon join you, and will give the Princess Nouronnihar to him who shoots the farthest.”

The three princes had nothing to object to the decision of the sultan. When they were dismissed from his presence, they each provided themselves with a bow and arrow, and went to the plain appointed, followed by a great concourse of people.

As soon as the sultan arrived, Prince Housain, as the eldest, took his bow and arrow, and shot first. Prince Ali shot next, and much beyond him, and Prince Ahmed last of all; but it so happened that nobody saw where his arrow fell; and notwithstanding all the search made by himself and the spectators, it was not to be found. So the sultan determined in favor of Prince Ali, and gave orders for preparations to be made for the wedding of him and Nouronnihar, which



was celebrated a few days after with great magnificence.

Prince Houssain would not honor the feast with his presence. His love for the princess was so sincere and ardent that he could scarcely support with patience the mortification of seeing her marry Prince Ali, who, he said, did not deserve her better nor love her more than himself. In short, his grief was so great that he left the court, and renounced all right of succession to the crown, to turn dervish, and put himself under the discipline of a famous holy man, who had gained great reputation for his holy life.

Prince Ahmed, from the same motive, did not assist at Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronihar's nuptials any more than his brother Houssain, yet did not renounce the world as he had done. But as he could not imagine what had become of his arrow, he resolved to search for it. With this intent he went to the place where the Princess Houssain's and Ali's were picked up, and proceeding straightforward thence, 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, till he came to some steep craggy rocks, which completely prevented any further progress.

At the very foot of these rocks he perceived an arrow, which, to his great astonishment, he found to be the same 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; and perhaps fortune, to make amends for depriving me of what I thought the greatest happiness of my life, may have reserved a greater blessing for my comfort."

On looking about, the prince beheld an iron door, which seemed to be locked; but on his pushing against it, it opened, and revealed a staircase, which he walked down with his arrow in his hand. At first he thought he was going into a dark place, but presently he was surrounded by light, and beheld a splendid palace, the admirable structure of which he had not time to look at; for at the same instant a lady of majestic air, and of a beauty heightened by the richness of the jewels which adorned her person,



advanced, attended by a troop of ladies, who were scarcely less magnificently dressed than their mistress.

As soon as Ahmed perceived the lady, 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 grand hall. She then sat down on a sofa; and when the prince, at her entreaty, had seated himself by her, she continued, "You know that the world is inhabited by genii as well as men; I am Perie Banou, the daughter of one of the most powerful of these genii. I am no stranger to your loves or 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 worthy of a better fate than to marry the Princess Nouronihar; and that you might attain to 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 to avail yourself of the favorable



opportunity which presents itself to make you happy."

As the fairy Perie Banou pronounced the last words with a different tone, and after looking tenderly at the prince, sat with downcast eyes and a modest blush on her cheeks, it was not difficult for him to comprehend what happiness she meant; and he replied, "Could I have the pleasure of making you the partner of my life, I should think myself the happiest of men."

"Then you shall be my husband," answered the fairy, "and I will be your wife. Our fairy marriages are contracted with no other ceremonies than a mutual consent. I will give orders for the preparation of our wedding feast this evening; and in the meanwhile I will show you my palace."

The fairy led Ahmed through the apartments of the palace, where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels intermixed with pearls, agate, jasper, and the most precious marbles, together with the richest furniture disposed in the most elegant profusion. At last he entered the hall where the cloth was laid for the feast. It



was adorned with an infinite number of wax candles perfumed with amber. A concert accompanied the feast, formed of the most harmonious instruments that were ever heard. After the dessert, which consisted of the choicest fruits and sweetmeats, the fairy Perie Banou and Prince Ahmed rose and repaired to a dais, provided with cushions of fine silk, curiously embroidered. Presently a great number of genii and fairies danced before them, and at last divided themselves into two rows, through which the prince and Perie Banou passed toward their chambers and, after bowing, retired.

Every day spent with the fairy Perie was a continual feast, for every day she provided new delicacies, new concerts, new dances, new shows, and new diversions, which were all so gratifying to the senses that Ahmed, if he had lived a thousand years among men, could not have experienced equal enjoyment.

The fairy's intention was not only to give the prince convincing proofs of her love, but to let him see that he could meet with nothing at his father's court comparable to



the happiness he enjoyed with her. She hoped by those means to attach Prince Ahmed entirely to herself.

At the end of six months, Prince Ahmed felt a great desire to visit the sultan his father, and know how he was. He mentioned his wish to Perie Banou, who was much alarmed lest this was only an excuse to leave her, and entreated him to forego his intention.

“My queen,” replied the prince, “I did not make the request with any intention of displeasing you, but from a motive of respect towards my father, who, as I have reason to presume, believes that I am dead. But since you do not consent that I should go and comfort him by the assurance of my life, I will deny myself the pleasure, as there is nothing to which I would not submit to please you.”

The fairy heard the prince say this with extreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile the Sultan of the Indies, in the midst of the rejoicings on account of the nuptials of Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronihar, was deeply afflicted at the



absence of the other two princes his sons. He was soon informed of the resolution Prince Houssain had taken to forsake the world, and as he knew that he was alive and well, he supported his absence more patiently. He made the most diligent search after Ahmed, and despatched messengers to all the provinces of his kingdom, with orders to the governors to stop him, and oblige him to return to court; but all the pains he took had not the desired success; and his affliction, instead of diminishing, increased. "Vizier," he one day said, "thou knowest I always loved Ahmed the most of all my sons. My grief is so heavy at his strange absence that I shall sink under it. If thou hast any regard for my life I beg thee to assist me, and find out where he is."

The grand vizier, anxious to give his king some ease, proposed to send for and consult a sorceress, of whom he had heard many wonders. The sultan consented, and the grand vizier, on her arrival, introduced her into the presence of the ruler.

The sultan said to the sorceress, "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 recompense her richly.

The sorceress returned the next day and said to the sultan, "Sire, I have not been able to discover anything more than that Prince Ahmed is alive, but as to where he is I cannot tell."

The Sultan of the Indies was obliged to remain satisfied with this answer, which in a small degree relieved his anxiety about the prince.

Prince Ahmed still adhered to his resolution not again to ask permission to leave the fairy Perie Banou, but he frequently talked about his father, and she perceived that he retained his wish to see him. At length, being assured of the sincerity of his affection for herself, she resolved to grant him the permission which he so ardently desired. One day she said to him, "Prince, as I am



now fully convinced that I can depend on the fidelity of 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 first let me give you some advice how you shall conduct yourself. Do not inform your father of our marriage, neither of my quality, nor the place of our residence. Beg of him to be satisfied with knowing that you are happy, and that the sole end of your visit is to make him easy respecting your fate."

After Prince Ahmed had expressed to Perie Banou his sincere gratitude, the fairy summoned twenty horsemen, well mounted and equipped, to attend him. When all was ready, Prince Ahmed took his leave of the fairy. A charger, which was most richly caparisoned, and as beautiful a creature as any in the sultan's stables, was brought to him, and he set forward on his journey.

As it was no great distance, Prince Ahmed soon arrived at his father's capital. The people received him with shouts and followed him in crowds to the palace. The sultan embraced him with great joy, complaining



at the same time, with a fatherly tenderness, of the affliction his long absence had occasioned.

“Sire,” replied Prince Ahmed, “I could not bear to resign the Princess Nouronihar to my brother Ali, and I felt that my arrow, though it could not be found, had gone beyond his. The loss of my arrow dwelt continually on my mind, and I resolved to find it. I therefore returned alone to look for it, and I sought all about the plain where Houssain’s and Ali’s arrows were found, and where I imagined mine must have fallen, but all my labor was in vain. I had gone in the same direction about a league, a distance that the strongest archers could not reach with their arrows, and was about to abandon my search and return home, when I found myself drawn forward against my will. After having gone four leagues, to the end of the plain, where it is bounded by rocks, I perceived an arrow. I ran, took it up, and knew it to be the same which I had shot. Far from blaming your majesty for declaring in favor of my brother Ali, I never doubted but there was a mystery in what



had happened to my advantage. But as to the revealing of this mystery, I beg you will not be offended if I remain silent, and that you will be satisfied to know from my own mouth that I am happy and content with my fate. To tell you this, and to relieve your anxiety, was the motive which brought me hither. I must now return, and the only favor I ask is your leave to come occasionally to pay you my duty, and to inquire after your health."

"Son," answered the Sultan of the Indies, "I wish to penetrate no further into your secrets. I can only tell you that your presence has restored to me the joy I have not felt for a long time. You shall always be welcome when you can come to visit me."

Prince Ahmed stayed but three days at his father's court and on the fourth returned to the fairy Perie Banou, who received him with the greater joy, as she did not expect him so soon. 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 his respects to the sultan. "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 to-morrow, and after that visit him once a month, without speaking to me or waiting for my permission. I readily consent to such an arrangement."

Prince Ahmed went the next morning with the same attendants as before, but much more magnificently mounted, equipped, and dressed, and was received by the sultan with the same joy and satisfaction. For several months he constantly made these visits, and always in a richer and more brilliant equipage.

At last the sultan's counsellors, who judged of Prince Ahmed's power by the splendor of his appearance, sought to make the sultan jealous of his son. They represented that it was but common prudence to discover where the prince had retired, and how he could afford to live so magnificently, since he had no revenue assigned for his expenses; that he seemed to come to court only to insult him, by affecting a more splendid display than himself; and that it was to be feared he might court the people's favor



and dethrone him. They represented the danger to be greater, as the prince could not reside far from the capital, for on every visit his attendants were different, their habits new, and their arms clean and bright, as if just come from the maker's hands; and their horses looked as if they had only been walked out. "These are sufficient proofs," they said, "that Prince Ahmed does not travel far, so that we should think ourselves wanting in our duty did we not make our humble remonstrances, in order that, for your own preservation and the good of your people, your majesty may take such measures as you shall think advisable."

When the courtiers had concluded these insinuations, the sultan said, "I do not believe my son Ahmed would act as you would persuade me; however, I am obliged to you for your advice, and do not doubt that it proceeds from your loyalty to my person."

The Sultan of the Indies said this that his courtiers might not know the impression their words had made on his mind. He was, however, so much alarmed by them, that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed



watched. For this end he sent privately for the sorceress, who was introduced by a secret door into his study. "You told me the truth," said he, "when you assured me 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 are capable of discovering his secret. He is at this time with me, and will depart in the morning, without taking leave of me or any of my court. I require you to watch him so as to find out where he retires, and bring me information."

The sorceress left the sultan, and learning by her art the place where Prince Ahmed had found his arrow, went immediately thither, and concealed herself near the rocks so as not to be seen.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by daybreak, without taking leave either of the sultan or any of his court, according to custom. The sorceress saw him coming, and watched him and his attendants till she suddenly lost sight of them in the rocks. The steepness of the rocks formed a strong barrier to men, whether on horseback or on foot,



so that the sorceress judged that the prince and his retinue had suddenly retired either into some cavern or some underground place, the abode of genii or fairies. When she thought the prince and his attendants must have advanced far into whatever concealment they inhabited, she came out of the place where she had hidden herself, and explored the spot where she had lost sight of them, but could perceive nothing. The sorceress was obliged to be satisfied with the insufficient discovery she had made, and returned to communicate it to the sultan; but at the same time informed him that she did not despair of obtaining the information he wished.

The sultan was much pleased, and to encourage her presented her with a diamond of great value, telling her it was only a forerunner of the ample recompense she should receive when she had performed the important service which he left to her management. The sorceress, knowing the time when Prince Ahmed would again visit his father, went shortly before that time to the foot of the rock where she had lost sight



of him and his attendants, and waited there to execute the project she had formed.

The next morning as Prince Ahmed went out as usual at the iron door, with his attendants, on his journey to the capital, he saw a woman lying with her head on a 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 convey you where you shall not only have all possible care taken of you, but where you will find a speedy cure. Rise, and let one of my people take you behind him."

At these words the sorceress made many feigned efforts to rise, pretending that the violence of her illness prevented her. At the same time two of the prince's attendants, alighting, helped her up, and placed her behind one of their companions. They mounted their horses again, and followed the prince, who turned back to the iron gate, which was opened by one of his followers. When he came into the outward court of the fairy's palace, without dismounting himself, he sent to tell her he wanted to speak with her. The fairy came with all imagin-



able haste, when Prince Ahmed said, "My princess, I desire you would have compassion on this good woman. I recommend her to your care, and am persuaded that you, from inclination, as well as my request, 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 women to take her from the men who supported her, conduct her into an apartment of the palace, and take as much care of her as they would of herself.

Whilst the two women were executing the fairy's commands, she went up to Prince Ahmed, and whispering to him said, "Prince, I commend your compassion, which is worthy of you and your birth; but believe me, this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be. I am much mistaken if she is not sent hither on purpose to occasion you great trouble. But do not be concerned, I will deliver you out of all the snares that shall be laid for you. Go and pursue your journey."

This address of the fairy's did not in the



least alarm Prince Ahmed. "My princess," said he, "as I do not remember I ever did, or designed to do, anybody an injury, I cannot believe any one can have a thought of injuring me; but if they have, 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, who constrained himself as much as possible, to disguise the anxiety arising from the suspicions suggested by his favorites.

In the meantime the two women, to whom Perie Banou had given her orders, conveyed the sorceress into an elegant apartment, richly furnished. When they had 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, full of 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, and



a sure remedy. You will feel the effect of it in less than an hour."

The two attendants returned in an hour's time and found the sorceress seated on the sofa; who, when she saw them open the door of the apartment, cried out, "Oh, the admirable potion! It has wrought its cure; and being thus cured as by a miracle, I would not lose time, but continue my journey."

The two attendants, after they had told the sorceress how glad they were that she was cured so soon, walked before her, and conducted her through several apartments, all more superb than that wherein she had lain, into a large hall, the most richly and magnificently furnished of all the palace.

Perie Banou was seated in this hall, on a throne of massy gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, and pearls of an extraordinary size, and attended on each hand by a great number of beautiful fairies, all richly dressed. At the sight of so much splendor the sorceress was not only dazzled, but so struck, that after she had prostrated herself before the throne, she could not open her



lips to thank the fairy, as she had proposed. However, 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 pursue your journey. I will not detain you; but perhaps you may not be displeased to see my palace. Follow my women, and they will show it to you."

The old sorceress, who had not power or courage to say a word, prostrated herself a second time, with her head on the carpet that covered the foot of the throne, and then was 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 at which Prince Ahmed had brought her in; and after she had taken her leave of them, and thanked them for their trouble, they opened it, and wished her a good journey.

When the sorceress had gone a little way she turned to observe the door, that she might know it again, but all in vain; for it was invisible to her and all other women. Except in this circumstance, she was very well satisfied with her success, and posted away to



the sultan. The sultan, being informed of her arrival, sent for her to come into his apartment.

The sorceress at once related to the sultan the stratagem by which she excited the compassion of Prince Ahmed, her introduction to the Princess Perie Banou, and all the wonders of her fairy abode. Having finished her narrative, she said, "What does your 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 consider the misfortunes which may happen to you, as the fairy, by her attractions and caresses, may inspire your son with the unnatural design of dethroning his father and of seizing the crown of the Indies."

As the sultan was consulting with his councillors when he was told of the sorceress's arrival, he ordered her to follow him into the council chamber. After having informed his councillors 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."

This advice all the other councillors unan-  
imously applauded.

The sorceress asked of the sultan leave to speak, which being granted, she said, "If you arrest the prince, you must also detain his retinue. But they are all genii. Will they not at once disappear by the power they possess of rendering themselves invisible, and transport themselves instantly to the fairy, and give her an account of the insult offered her husband? And can it be supposed she will let it go unrevenged? Would it not be better to turn the prince's alliance to your advantage by imposing on him some hard task, which, if he performs, will benefit you, and which, if he cannot perform, may give you an honorable pretext for your accusations against him? Request the prince to procure 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 had finished her speech, the sultan asked his councillors if



they had anything better to propose; and finding them all silent, determined to follow her advice.

The next day, when the prince came into his father's presence, the sultan thus addressed him, "My son, I congratulate you on your marriage with a fairy, who I hear is worthy of your love. It is my earnest wish that you would use your influence with your wife to obtain her assistance to do me a great service. You know to what a great expense I am put, every time I engage in war, to provide mules, camels, and other beasts of burden to carry the tents of myself and of my army. Now I am persuaded you could easily procure from the fairy, your wife, a tent that might be carried in a man's hand, and which would protect my whole army. Pray oblige me in this matter."

Prince Ahmed, hearing this request, was in the greatest trouble what answer to make. At last he replied, "Though I know not how this mystery has been revealed to you, I cannot deny that your information is correct. I have married the fairy you speak of. But I can say nothing as to the influence I have



over her. However, I will not fail, though it be with great reluctance, to ask my wife the favor you desire. If I should not come again to pay you my respects, it will be the sign that I have not been able to succeed in my petition; but beforehand, I desire you to forgive me, and consider that you yourself have reduced me to this extremity."

"Son," replied the Sultan of the Indies, "your wife would show that her love to you was very slight if, with the power she possesses as a fairy, she should refuse so trifling a request as that I have begged you to make. Go; only ask her. If she loves you, she will not deny you."

All these reasons of the Sultan of the Indies could not satisfy Prince Ahmed; and so great was his vexation, that he left the court two days sooner than usual.

When he returned, the fairy, to whom he always before had appeared with a gay countenance, at once observed his melancholy, and asked the cause of the change she perceived in him. After much pressing, Ahmed confessed that the sultan had discovered his abode and his marriage with the fairy,



though he could not tell by what means. The fairy reminded him of the old woman on whom he had compassion, and said that she was the spy of the sultan, and had told him all she had seen and heard. "But," she said, "the mere knowledge of my abode by the sultan would not so trouble you. There is something else which is the cause of your grief and vexation."

"Perie Banou," said Prince Ahmed at last, "it is even so. My father doubts my fidelity to him, unless I can provide a tent large enough to shelter him, his court, and army when he goes to war, and small enough for a man to carry in his hand."

"Prince," replied the fairy, smiling, "what the sultan your father requests is a trifle. On occasion I can do him more important service. Therefore, I shall always take real pleasure in performing whatever you can desire."

Perie Banou then sent for her treasurer, to whom, when she came, she said, "Noor-Jehaun" (which was her name), "bring me the largest tent in my treasury."

Noor-Jehaun returned presently with a small case concealed in the palm of her



hand, and presented it to her mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed to look at.

When Prince Ahmed saw the small case, which the fairy called the largest tent in her treasury, he fancied she had a mind to banter him. On perceiving this, Perie Banou exclaimed, "What, prince! Do you think I jest with you? You will see that I am in earnest. Noor-Jehaun," said she to her treasurer, 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."

The treasurer went out immediately with it from the palace, and carried it to a great distance, and then set it up. The prince found it large enough to shelter two armies as numerous as that of the sultan his father. "You see, said the fairy, "that the tent is larger than your father may have occasion for; but you must also be informed that it becomes larger or smaller, according to the extent of the army it is to cover, without applying any hands to it."

The treasurer took down the tent, reduced it to its first size, brought it and put it into



the prince's hands. He took it, and without staying longer than till the next day, mounted his horse, and went with the usual attendants to the sultan his father.

The sultan, persuaded that the tent he had asked for was beyond all possibility, was greatly surprised at the prince's speedy return. He took the tent, and after he had admired its smallness he had it set up in the great plain before mentioned, and found it large enough to cover with ease his whole army. Thereupon his amazement was so intense that he could not recover himself.

The sultan expressed great obligation to the prince for so noble a present, desiring him to return his thanks to the fairy; and to show what a value he set on it, ordered it to be carefully laid up in his treasury. But in his secret bosom he felt greater jealousy than ever of his son, considering that by the fairy's assistance he might effect his dethronement. Therefore, yet more intent on his ruin, he went to consult the sorceress again, who advised him to engage the prince to bring him some of the water of the fountain of lions.

In the evening, when the sultan was sur-



rounded as usual by all his court, and the prince came to pay his respects among the rest, he addressed him in these words: "Son, I have already expressed to you how much I am obliged for the present of the tent you have procured me, which I esteem the most valuable article in my treasury; but you must do one thing more, which will be no less agreeable to me. I am informed that the fairy your spouse makes use of a certain water called the water of the fountain of lions, which cures all sorts of diseases, even the most dangerous; and as I am perfectly well persuaded my health is dear to you, I do not doubt but you will ask her for a bottle of that water, and bring it to me as a sure remedy, which I may use when I have occasion. Do me this important service, and complete the duty of a good son towards a tender father."

Prince Ahmed, who had believed that the sultan his father would be satisfied with so remarkable and useful a tent as the one he had brought, and that he would not impose any new task upon him which might hazard the fairy's displeasure, was thunderstruck at



this new request. After a long silence he said, "I beg of your majesty to be assured that there is nothing I would not undertake to procure which may contribute to the prolonging of your life, but I wish it might not be by the means of my wife. For this reason I dare not promise to bring the water. All I can do is, to assure you I will request it of her; but it will be with as great reluctance as I asked for the tent."

The next morning Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy Perie Banou, and related to her sincerely and faithfully all that had passed at his father's court from the giving of the tent, which he told her he received with the utmost gratitude, to the new request he had charged him to make. He added, "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 gratify or reject this new desire. 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 harkens 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 a court of a great castle, the entrance into 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 them without danger."

The fairy Perie Banou was at that time at work with her needle; and as she had by her several balls of thread, she took up one, and presenting it to Prince Ahmed, said, "First take this ball of thread, and I will tell you presently the use of it. In the second place, you must have two horses. One you must ride yourself, and the other you must lead, loaded with a sheep cut into four quarters. 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 gate throw before you the ball of thread, which will roll till it reaches the gates of the castle. Follow it, and when it stops the gates will be open, and 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 they will let you pass unmolested."

Prince Ahmed set out the next morning at the time appointed by the fairy, and followed her directions punctually. When he arrived at the gates of the castle, he distributed the quarters of the sheep among the four lions, and passing through the midst of them with speed, got to the fountain, filled his bottle, and returned safe. When he had proceeded a little distance from the castle gates he turned about; and perceiving two of the lions coming after him, drew his sword, and prepared himself for defence. But as he went forwards, he saw one of them turn out of the road to pass by him, and it showed by its actions that it did not come to do him any harm, but only to go before him. The other followed behind. He therefore put his sword into its scabbard.



Guarded in this manner he arrived at the capital of the Indies; but the lions never left him till they had conducted him to the gates of the sultan's palace; after which they returned the way they had come, though not without alarming the populace, who fled or hid themselves to avoid them, notwithstanding they walked gently and showed no signs of fierceness.

A number of officers came to attend the prince while he dismounted, and conduct him to the apartment of the sultan, who was at that time conversing with his councillors. He approached the throne, laid the bottle at the sultan's feet, kissed the rich carpet which covered the footstool, and rising, said, "I have brought you, sire, the healthful water which your majesty so much wished for; but at the same time I wish you such health as never to have occasion to make use of it."

After the prince had concluded his compliment, the sultan placed him on his right hand, and said, "Son, I am much obliged to you for this valuable present, as also for the great danger you have exposed yourself to on my account; but I have one thing yet



to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more from your obedience, nor from your interest with your fairy wife. This request is, to bring me a man not above a foot and a half high, whose beard is thirty feet long, and who carries on his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundredweight, which he uses as a quarter-staff."

Next day the prince returned to Perie Banou, to whom he related his father's new demand, "which," he said, "I look on to be a thing more difficult than the two first, for I cannot imagine there is or can be such a man in the world. Without doubt he 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 danger in finding this man. He is my brother Schaibar. Though we both had the same parents, he is of so violent a nature that his resentment kindles at the slightest offence; yet, on the other hand, he is so liberal as to oblige any one who shows



him a kindness. I will send for him, but prepare yourself not to be alarmed at his extraordinary figure."

"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 as your nearest relation."

The fairy ordered a gold chafing-dish to be lighted on the porch of her palace. She took some incense and threw it into the fire, when there arose a thick cloud of smoke.

Some moments after the fairy said to Prince Ahmed, "Prince, there comes my brother, do you see him?"

The prince immediately perceived Schaibar, who, as he came forward, looked at the prince with a glance that chilled his soul in his body, and asked Perie Banou, when he first accosted her, who that man was. To which she replied, "His name is Ahmed. He is a son of the Sultan of the Indies, and my husband, brother. I did not invite you to my wedding, because you were engaged in a distant expedition, from which I heard with pleasure you returned victori-



ous; but on my husband's account I have taken the liberty now to call for you."

At these words, Schaibar, gazing at Prince Ahmed with a favorable eye, which, however, diminished neither his fierceness nor savage look, said, "It is enough for me that he is your husband, to engage me to do for him whatever he wishes."

"The sultan his father," replied Perie Banou, "has a curiosity to see you, and I desire he may be your guide to the sultan's court."

"He needs but lead the way; I will follow him," replied Schaibar.

The 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 Schaibar, either hid themselves in their shops and houses, and shut their doors, or they took to their heels, and communicated their fear to all they met. They stayed not to look behind them; insomuch that Schaibar and Prince Ahmed, as they went along, found all the streets and squares desolate, till they came to the palace, where the guards, instead of pre-



venting Schaibar from entering, ran away too. Thus the prince and he advanced without any obstacle to the council-hall, where the sultan was seated on his throne surrounded by his councillors.

Schaibar haughtily approached the throne, and without waiting for Prince Ahmed to present him, thus addressed the sultan: "Thou hast sent for me. What dost thou wish?"

The sultan, instead of answering, put his hands before his eyes to exclude so frightful a sight. Schaibar, enraged at this reception, lifted up his bar of iron. "Wilt thou not speak, then?" he exclaimed, and let it fall directly on the sultan's head, and crushed him to the earth.

He did this before Prince Ahmed had the power to interfere. Then he destroyed all the councillors who were the enemies of Prince Ahmed, and only spared the grand vizier at Prince Ahmed's earnest entreaty. Having completed this dreadful execution, Schaibar left the hall of audience, and went into the middle of the court with the bar of iron on his shoulder. "I know there is a



certain sorceress who stirred up the sultan to demand my presence here," he cried, looking at the grand vizier, standing beside Prince Ahmed. "Let her be brought before me."

The grand vizier immediately sent for her, when Schaibar, as he crushed her with his bar of iron, said, "Learn the consequence of giving wicked advice."

"Vizier!" exclaimed Schaibar, "this is not sufficient. Prince Ahmed, my brother-in-law, must be instantly acknowledged as Sultan of India."

All those who were present cheerfully assented, and 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 ordered the prince clothed in the robes of the sultan, and had him instantly installed. And after having paid him homage, and taken an oath of fidelity, he went for his sister, Perie Banou, conducted her to the city in great pomp, and caused her to be acknowledged as Sultana of India.

Prince Ahmed gave to Prince Ali and the



Princess Nouronihar a very considerable province, with its capital, for their establishment. Afterwards he sent an officer to Houssain to acquaint him with the change, and made him an offer of any province he might choose; but that prince thought himself so happy in his solitude, that he desired the officer to return his brother thanks for the kindness he designed him, assuring him of his submission; but that the only favor he desired was, to be indulged with leave to live retired in the place he had chosen for his retreat.



## THE WIDOW'S SON

IN a little house at the edge of a village lived a widow with her only son, and they were very happy together. The son was kind to his mother, and they made their living by growing rice in clearings on the mountain side and by hunting wild pig in the forest.

One evening when their supply of meat was low, the boy said:

“Mother, I am going to hunt pig in the morning, and I wish you would prepare rice for me before daylight.”

So the widow rose early and cooked the rice, and at dawn the boy started out with his spear and dog.

Some distance from the village he entered the thick forest. He walked on and on, ever on the lookout for game, but none appeared. At last, when he had travelled far and the



sun was hot, he sat down on a rock to rest and took out his brass box to get a piece of betel-nut. He prepared the nut and leaf for chewing, and as he did so he wondered why it was that he had been so unsuccessful that day. But even as he pondered he heard his dog barking sharply, and cramming the betel-nut into his mouth he leaped up and ran toward the dog.

As he drew near he could see that the game was a fine large pig, all black save its four legs, which were white. He lifted his spear and took aim, but before he could throw the pig started to run, and instead of going toward a water course it ran straight up the mountain. The boy went on in hot pursuit, and when the pig paused he again took aim, but before he could throw, it ran on.

Six times the pig stopped just long enough for the boy to take aim, and then started on before he could throw. The seventh time, however, it halted on the top of a large flat rock, and the boy succeeded in killing it.

He tied its legs together with a piece of



rattan and was about to start for home with the pig on his back, when to his surprise a door in the large stone swung open and a man stepped out.

"Why have you killed my master's pig?" asked the man.

"I did not know that this pig belonged to anyone," replied the widow's son. "I was hunting, as I often do, and when my dog found the pig I helped him to catch it."

"Come in and see my master," said the man, and the boy followed him into the stone where he found himself in a large room. The ceiling and floor were covered with peculiar cloth that had seven wide strips of red alternating with a like number of yellow stripes. When the master of the place appeared his trousers were of seven colors, as were also his jacket and the kerchief about his head.

The master ordered betel-nut, and when it was brought they chewed together. Then he called for wine, and it was brought in a jar so large that it had to be set on the ground under the house, and even then the



top came so high above the floor that they brought a seat for the widow's son, and it raised him just high enough to drink from the reed in the top of the jar. He drank seven cups of wine, and then they ate rice and fish and talked together.

The master did not blame the boy for killing the pig, and declared that he wished to make a brother of him. So they became friends, and the boy remained seven days in the stone. At the end of that time he said that he must return to his mother, who would be worried about him. In the early morning he left the strange house and started for home.

At first he walked briskly, but as the morning wore on he went more slowly, and finally when the sun was high he sat down on a rock to rest. Suddenly looking up, he saw before him seven men, each armed with a spear, a shield, and a sword. They were dressed in different colors, and each man had eyes the same color as his clothes. The leader, who was dressed all in red, with red eyes to match, spoke first, asking the boy where he was going. The boy replied that



he was going home to his mother who would be looking for him, and added:

“Now I ask where you are going, all armed ready for war.”

“We are warriors,” replied the man in red, “and we go up and down the world killing whatever we see that has life. Now that we have met you, we must kill you also.”

The boy, startled by this strange speech, was about to answer when he heard a voice near him say: “Fight, for they will try to kill you,” and upon looking up he saw his spear, shield, and sword which he had left at home. Then he knew that the command came from a spirit, so he took his weapons and began to fight. For three days and nights they contended, and never before had the seven seen one man so brave. On the fourth day the leader was wounded and fell dead, and then, one by one, the other six fell.

When they were all killed, the widow's son was so crazed with fighting that he thought no longer of returning home, but started out to find more to slay.



In his wanderings he came to the home of a great giant whose house was already full of men he had conquered in battle, and he called up from outside:

“Is the master of the house at home? If he is, let him come out and fight.”

This threw the giant into a rage, and seizing his shield and his spear, the shaft of which was the trunk of a tree, he sprang to the door and leaped to the ground, not waiting to go down the notched pole that served for steps. He looked around for his antagonist, and seeing only the widow's son he roared:

“Where is the man that wants to fight? That thing? It is only a fly!”

The boy did not stop to answer, but rushed at the giant with his knife; and for three days and nights they struggled, till the giant fell, wounded at the waist.

After that the widow's son stopped only long enough to burn the giant's house, and then rushed on looking for someone else to slay. Suddenly he again heard the voice which had bade him fight with the seven



men, and this time it said: "Go home now, for your mother is grieved at your absence." In a rage he sprang forward with his sword, though he could see no enemy. Then the spirit which had spoken to him made him sleep for a short time. When he awoke the rage was spent.

Again the spirit appeared, and it said: "The seven men whom you killed were sent to kill you by the spirit of the great stone, for he looked in your hand and saw that you were to marry the orphan girl whom he himself wished to wed. But you have conquered. Your enemies are dead. Go home now and prepare a great quantity of wine, for I shall bring your enemies to life again, and you will all live in peace."

So the widow's son went home, and his mother, who had believed him dead, was filled with joy at his coming, and all the people in the town came out to welcome him. When he had told them his story, they hastened to get wine, and all day they bore jarsful to the widow's house.

That night there was a great feast, and the spirit of the great stone, his seven war-



riors, the friendly spirit, and the giant all came. The widow's son married the orphan girl, while another beautiful woman became the wife of the spirit of the stone.



## MR. SIN, THE CARP

SOME years ago there lived in a small town in the province of "The Four Streams" two retired magistrates. Mr. Le, the elder of the two, had been asked to leave the last position he held because it was his custom to levy blackmail whenever he could do so, and he was also charged, let us hope unjustly, with having inflicted torture upon those unfortunate ones who could not, or would not, meet his demands. In fact, he had become so greedy that the people were in a state of rebellion. He was at length made to retire, but not until he had become quite rich.

The other ex-official, Mr. Sin, was quite impulsive. He had been in the habit of worrying the people of his district, and whenever he began to worry anyone, that person had to pay in order to live peacefully. The Chinese are slow to change, but even they will turn in time on a constant worrier.



And so Mr. Sin's superiors requested him to resign, and this he did, but not before he also had become quite wealthy.

Chance led these two worthies to the same town, and as their fates had been so much alike, they decided to set up house together. They were both rich, and so able to make themselves very comfortable indeed.

One day Mr. Sin fell sick of a fever, and though this annoyed Mr. Le, who was expecting some rich friends to dinner, he sent for the doctor, and gave directions that Mr. Sin was to be properly looked after.

When the doctor arrived, his patient was in a high fever, so he at once prescribed a mixture of powdered deer horns and dragon's blood, and pills made from hare's liver, these medicines to be taken at intervals. Before leaving the house he took Ting, Sin's valet, aside, and ordered him on no account to leave his master alone, as he might become delirious at any moment.

Ting promised not to leave his master for an instant, but a little later on he heard sounds of merriment in the servants' quarters, and as Mr. Sin had fallen asleep, he



quietly went out to enjoy himself among his fellows. He had scarcely left the room, however, when Sin became very restless, rolling his aching head from side to side.

"My head burns, and the pillow scorches!" moaned he. "I am suffocating! O for a breath of the fresh air in the fields and woods! Why should I not go and enjoy it? I will!" he exclaimed, and with that he sprang out of bed, ran out of the room and through the front door, and then down the road and into a neighboring field.

"This is delicious!" he said, as he threw himself down. "Now I can breathe, and am myself again."

But soon his tongue again became parched; his skin burned, and pains pierced his head. "Oh," he cried, "the fire-demon has followed me here! If only I could plunge into a river of cold water I should be well." He arose and wandered on until he saw before him a broad, shining river, into which he immediately plunged.

He was an expert swimmer, and he dived to the bottom, then skimmed along the top, his queue floating on the water, and looking



like an eel. "This is happiness," he said; "who would live on land who could live in water?"

Just then he heard close to him a funny sort of chuckle, and turning round, he saw a large fish staring at him with round eyes, and with a peculiar twist of its mouth which Sin could see was caused by laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"You," replied the fish..

"Why do you laugh at me?" he inquired.

"I laughed at what you said," answered the fish. "The idea of a man knowing what the delight of living in water is was so funny that I couldn't help laughing, and it has made me feel very uncomfortable, because I am not used to doing that."

Then Sin asked why a fish should enjoy the water more than a man, and the fish replied that a man would like to swim and dive for a little while, but his ugly limbs, which made him look like a frog, would soon tire. And then, when a man is hungry, he has to seek his food on land, while a fish can find nourishment while gliding



through the water, and that without fatigue and almost without movement.

Then said Sin: "I would give a good deal to be like you."

"Do you mean that you would like to become a fish?"

"I do," said Sin; "and I would give up all the money I squeezed out of the people when I was a magistrate if I could enjoy the river as you do."

"Then come with me," said the fish; and turning round he swam up-stream, going very slowly so that Sin should not lose sight of him.

At length they reached a spot where a huge carp lay, surrounded by attendant fishes. Sin could see he was the king fish by the reverent manner with which the others regarded him.

Sin's guide approached the fish king, and said:

"Your Highness, here is a poor man who wants very much to become a fish, and so I have ventured to bring him into your presence." He then motioned Sin to approach.



"Do you really wish to become a fish?" inquired the king.

"I do, your Majesty," replied Sin. "The gentleman who brought me to you has shown me that only fishes can really appreciate life in the river, and I am sure that the full enjoyment of such must be wonderful."

"Then you shall have your desire," said the king, and turning to one of his attendants, he told him to fetch a large fish's skin.

The messenger soon returned with a skin which proved to be just the right size, and into this Sin was put, leaving out only his hands and feet. It was rather uncomfortable at first, and he felt a gradual change coming over him; his arms grew smaller and smaller, and his hands became like fins; his legs and feet went together and took the form of a tail. Then he felt better, and became anxious to try his new powers, so, thanking his Majesty for his kindness, he began to swim away.

"Just a minute," said the king. "I have some advice to give you. No one knows better than you that men are always trying to catch fish, both by hook and net. Now,



if ever you see a worm dangling in the water in the shape of a hook, leave it alone, or you will be a dead fish; and if you see a net before you, turn around, and swim the other way."

"Many thanks for your instructions, your Majesty," said Sin, and with that he turned down-stream. It took him a little while to get used to his tail and fins, as he still wanted to strike out with his hands and feet, but by degrees he became used to them, and then he swam swiftly with the current. He felt fine, and greatly enjoyed the new experience.

But after a time he became hungry, and looked around for a worm, and this was something new for him. Perhaps it was because he didn't know how to look for food, but it did seem to him that there was nothing eatable about, although he went from one bank to the other; dived down to the bed of the river, and nosed among the refuse there, but all to no purpose. And he became hungrier and hungrier.

At last he saw a worm, but he noticed that it was in the shape of a hook, and remembering the king's instructions he passed by



it, then he came back. He swam to and fro, trying to avoid it, but somehow he couldn't get away from it. The demon of hunger whispered to him, "Eat it; never mind what the old carp said, he knows less than you do. If you are afraid of it, just nibble a little piece off its tail, instead of gulping it all down."

So Sin just pulled off a little piece that was wriggling about, and it tasted so good, that he couldn't resist taking the rest of it, so he greedily swallowed the whole worm.

Quickly was delight turned into pain as the hook, which was hidden in the worm, pierced the roof of his mouth. In terror he tried to swim away, but every movement added to his misery, and soon he found he was being pulled up to the surface. He struggled, but all in vain, and in spite of all he could do, he was drawn out of the water. He looked up, and to his surprise and relief, saw that his captor was one of his own servants.

He spoke to him as well as he could, and said: "Let me go, Chang; I am your master, Sin, and not a fish; take this awful hook out



of my mouth, and put me back into the water at once."

Chang was puzzled, because he had never heard a fish make a noise like this before, but he seized the fish, remarking to himself what a wonderfully fine one it was, and tearing the hook out of its jaws, threw it down in the boat.

"You scoundrel!" shouted Sin. "How dare you treat me like this. I dismiss you from my service at once."

"I have heard tales of birds talking," said Chang, "but may I be beaten if I haven't got hold of a fish that talks." With that he turned to the shore, and then he lifted the fish by its gills, and started toward home.

"Oh, you will kill me!" shouted Sin. "I will have you flayed alive for this."

But Chang took no more notice of the strange noises the fish made, and thought only of the present he would receive for bringing home such a fine fish. Sin was feeling weak from pain, and from being out of the water so long. He thought that surely the old porter would know him when he



should reach the house, so he ceased his efforts for the present.

As soon as they reached the gate the porter congratulated Chang on the fine fish he had caught, and said that Mr. Le had just sent to know whether he had brought in anything.

"Porter," said Sin, "I am your master, and not a fish. This fellow Chang has caused me great pain, and refuses to put me back into the water. I order you to take me to the river at once."

"This is a queer fish that you have got hold of, Chang," said the porter; "I never heard one make a noise like this before. You had better take it at once to Mr. Le."

"What fools these men are," thought Sin. "I see that I must wait until I can explain the matter to Le."

Chang took the fish straight to Mr. Le, and said: "Your Excellency, here is the finest carp I have ever seen."

"Listen to me, Le," said Sin, as loudly as he could. "I am your friend, Sin, and I put on this fish's skin just to see what it is like to be a fish. This scoundrel Chang has tortured me. Please tell him to put me back



into the river, as I wish to take my former shape again."

"This is a very peculiar fish," said Le; "why, he grunts like a pig. Still, he will make a good dish, so take him to the cook."

"Oh!" groaned Sin, "would you eat your old friend, Le?"

But Le didn't understand either, so Chang started for the kitchen. "My only chance now is that the cook will know me," thought Sin.

And now his last hope fled, for as Chang handed the carp to the cook, Sin said as distinctly as he could, "Cook, I am no fish, but Mr. Sin. I have always treated you well, so please take me back to the river."

"This is a noisy carp you have caught, Chang," said the cook, "but he won't grunt much longer. Hand me the chopper."

And now Sin made all the noise he could. He screamed, "Spare me! Spare me, cook." But the cook took no notice of him. Placing him on the kitchen block, he lifted the chopper, and gave him a violent blow on the head.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sin, "what an awful



knock I have given myself. I must have fallen out of bed and struck my head on the floor."

He was now thoroughly awake, but it was some time before he could realize that he was safe in his own room, so real had his experiences seemed. But he at length breathed a sigh of relief, for he knew that it was only a dream.



## PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM AND THE SULTAN OF THE GENII

THERE was a Sultan of Bussorah blessed with great prosperity and happy in the affections of his people. His only source of affliction was, that he was childless. But after many years had passed a son was born to him, whom he named Zeyn Alasnam.

Zeyn was educated with the greatest care. While, however, the prince was yet young, the good sultan fell sick of a disorder, which all the skill of his physicians could not cure, and presently he died.

As soon as the mourning for his father was passed, Prince Zeyn began to show that he was unfit to govern a kingdom. He gave way to all kinds of dissipation and conferred on his youthful but evil associates the chief offices in the kingdom. He lost all the respect of his people and emptied his treasury.

The queen, his mother, tried to correct her



son's conduct, assuring him that if he did not take another course, he would cause some revolution, which perhaps might cost him his crown and his life. What she thus foretold had nearly happened. The people began to murmur against the government, and their murmurs would certainly have been followed by a general revolt if the sultan had not listened to his mother and suffered himself to be prevailed on. He dismissed his youthful advisers and committed the government to discreet aged men.

Zeyn, seeing all his wealth consumed, repented that he had made no better use of it. He fell into a profound melancholy and nothing could comfort him. One night he saw in a dream a venerable old man coming towards him, who with a smiling countenance said: "Know, Zeyn, that there is no sorrow but what is followed by mirth; no misfortune but what in the end brings some happiness. If you desire to see the end of your affliction, set out for Grand Cairo, where great prosperity awaits you."

The young sultan was much struck with his dream, and spoke of it very seriously 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 illusive?"

"Why not, madam?" answered Zeyn; "do you imagine all dreams are worthless? No, no, they often are divinely inspired. The old man who appeared to me had something holy about his person. I rely on the promises he has made me, and am resolved to follow his advice."

The queen endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. The sultan entreated her to undertake the government of the kingdom, and set out one night very privately from his palace and took the road to Cairo, alone and unattended.

After much trouble and fatigue he arrived at that famous city. He alighted at the gate of a mosque, where, being spent with weariness, he lay down. No sooner was he fallen asleep than he saw the same old man, who said to him: "I am pleased with you, my son. You have believed me, and now I want you to know that I have not imposed on you this long journey with any other design than



to try you. I find you have courage and resolution. You deserve 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 his dream. "Alas!" thought he to himself when he awoke, "how much was I mistaken! That old man is no other than the production of my disturbed imagination. My fancy was so full of him that it is no wonder I have seen him again. I had best return to Bussorah. What should I do here any longer? It is fortunate that I told none but my mother the motive of my journey. I should become a jest to my people were they to know it."

Accordingly, he set out 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 concerned for having been so foolish that the queen, instead of adding to his vexation by reproving or laughing at him, comforted him. "Forbear afflicting yourself, my son," said she; "if God has appointed



you riches, you will have them without any trouble. Be contented. Apply yourself to making your subjects happy. By securing their happiness you will establish your own."

Sultan Zeyn vowed that he would for the future follow his mother's advice and be directed by the wise viziers she had chosen to assist him in the government. But the very night after he returned to his palace he saw the old man the third time in a dream, who said to him: "The time of your prosperity is come, brave Zeyn. To-morrow morning, as soon as you are up, take a pick-axe and dig in the late sultan's private room. You will there 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 the new dream of that night. "Really, my son," said the queen, smiling, "this is a very queer old man; but have you a mind to believe him again? At any rate, the task now enjoined on you is not so bad as your former long journeys."

"Well, madam," answered the sultan, "I must own that this third dream has restored my confidence. Last night he exactly pointed



out to me the place where the treasures are. I would rather search in vain than blame myself as long as I live for having, perhaps, missed great riches, by being too unbelieving."

Having spoken thus he left the queen's apartment, caused a pick-axe to be brought to him, and went alone into the late sultan's private room. He immediately began work, and took up more than half the square stones it was paved with, yet saw not the least appearance of what he sought. He ceased working to take a little rest, thinking within himself, "I am much afraid my mother had cause enough to laugh at me."

However, he took heart and went on with his labor, until he discovered a white slab, which he took up, and under it found a staircase of white marble. He immediately lighted a lamp and went down the stairs into a room, the floor whereof was laid with tiles of chinaware, while the roof and walls were of 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, with no



less joy than surprise, perceived it was full of pieces of gold. He looked into all the forty, one after another, and found them full of the same coin, and taking out a handful, he carried it to the queen.

The queen, as may be imagined, was amazed when the sultan gave her an account of what he had discovered. "Oh my son!" said she, "take heed you do not squander all this wealth foolishly, as you have already done the royal treasure. Let not your enemies have so much occasion to rejoice."

"No, madam," answered Zeyn, "I will henceforward live in such a manner as shall be pleasing to you."

The queen desired her son to conduct her to the wonderful underground place, which the late sultan her husband had made with such secrecy that she had never heard of it. Zeyn led her to the private room, down the marble stairs, and into the chamber where the urns were. She observed everything with the eye of curiosity, and in a corner spied a little urn of the same sort of stone as the others. The prince had not before taken notice of it, but, opening it, found inside



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 designed for."

They examined the chamber with the utmost exactness and at length found a keyhole in one of the panels of the wall. The sultan immediately tried the key, and readily opened the door which led into a chamber. In the midst of this room were nine pedestals of massy 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 perfectly light.

"Oh heavens!" cried Zehn, in astonishment, "where could my father find such rarities?"

The ninth pedestal redoubled this amazement, 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 extraordinarily beautiful, you must understand that there is a ninth in the world, which surpasses them all. That alone is



worth more than a thousand such as these. If you desire to be master 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 befallen 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; nor do I believe, madam, that you will now oppose my design."

"No, my son," answered the queen, "I am not against it."

The prince made ready his equipage, but would take only a small number of slaves with him.

Nothing remarkable befell him by the way, but arriving at Cairo he inquired for Mobarec. The people told him 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 was conducted thither, knocked at the



gate, which a slave opened and demanded, "What is it you want, and who are you?"

"I am a stranger," answered the prince, "and having heard much of the lord Mobarec's generosity, am come to take up my lodging with him."

The slave desired Zeyn to wait while he went to acquaint his master, who ordered him to request the stranger to walk in. The slave returned to the gate and told the prince he was welcome.

Zeyn went in, crossed a large court, and entered a hall magnificently furnished, where Mobarec received him very courteously, returning thanks for the honor he did him in accepting a lodging in his house. The prince, having answered his compliment, 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 he had any children. 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 convince me that you are his son?"

"My father," rejoined Zeyn, "had a subterraneous place under his private room in which I have found forty porphyry urns full of gold."

"And what more is there?" said Mobarec.

"Nine pedestals of massive gold," answered the prince, "on eight whereof are as many diamond statues, and on the ninth a piece of white satin, on which my father has written what I am to do to procure another statue, more valuable than all those together. You know where that statue is, for it is mentioned 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 hither. I know you to be the Sultan of Bussorah's son. If you will go to the place where the wonderful statue is, I will conduct you; but you must first rest here for a short time. This day I entertain the great men of the city. Will



you vouchsafe to come and be merry with us?"

"I shall be very glad," replied Zeyn, "to be admitted to your feast."

Mobarec immediately led him under a dome where the company was, seated him at the table, and served him. The merchants of Cairo were surprised and whispered to one another. "Who is this stranger to whom Mobarec pays so much respect?"

When they had dined, Mobarec, directing his discourse to the company, said: "Know, my friends, that 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 that I am still a slave, and consequently all I have of right belongs to this young prince, his sole heir."

Here Zeyn interrupted him. "Mobarec," said he, "I declare, before all these guests, that I make you free from this moment, and that I renounce all right to your person and all you possess. Consider what you would have me do more for you."

Mobarec kissed the ground and returned the prince most hearty thanks.



The next day Zeyn said to Mobarec: "I have taken rest enough. I came not to Cairo for pleasure. My design 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 desires; but you know not what dangers you must encounter to make this precious acquisition."

"Whatsoever the danger may be," answered the prince, "I have resolved to make the attempt. I will either perish or succeed. Do you but bear me company and let your resolution be equal to mine."

Mobarec, finding him determined to go, called his servants and ordered them to make ready his equipage. The prince and he then set out. They travelled many days. At length, being 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."

Then he said to Zeyn: "Now, sir, let us advance by ourselves. You will stand in need of 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 water."

"How can we," asked Zeyn, "when we have no boat?"

"You will see one appear in a moment," replied Mobarec. "The enchanted boat of the Sultan of the Genii will come for us. But you must observe a profound silence. Do not speak to the boatman, and whatever extraordinary circumstance you observe, say nothing; for I tell you beforehand 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."

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



He then again took them up with his trunk, set them ashore, and immediately vanished with his boat.

“Now we may talk,” said Mobarec. “The island we are in belongs to the King of the Genii. Look around you, prince. Can there be a more delightful spot? Behold the fields adorned with all sorts of flowers and plants. Admire those beautiful trees, whose branches bend down to the ground. Hear those harmonious songs from a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries.”

Zeyn could not sufficiently admire the beauties with which he was surrounded, and still found something new as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came before a palace built of emeralds, encompassed by a wide moat, on the banks whereof, at certain distances, were planted such tall trees that they shaded the whole palace. The gate was of massy gold and was approached by a bridge. At the entrance to the bridge stood a company of very tall genii, who guarded the portals of the castle with great clubs of steel.



“Let us at present proceed no farther,” said Mobarec, “or these genii will destroy us; and in order to prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magic ceremony.”

Then Mobarec laid on the ground two large mats, on the edges whereof he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Afterwards he sat down on one of the mats, and Zeyn on the other, and Mobarec said to the prince: “I shall now conjure the Sultan of the Genii, 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 your design, 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 Genii, I wish your majesty may protect me, as you always protected my father; and I most humbly beg you to give me the ninth statue.’”

Mobarec, having thus instructed Prince Zeyn, began his conjuration. Immediately



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, the island felt a shock as if of an earthquake, and the Sultan of the Genii appeared in the shape of a very handsome man, yet there was something terrific in his air.

As soon as King Zeyn had prostrated himself and spoken as he had been taught by Mobarec, the Sultan of the Genii, smiling, answered: "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 obliged your father, some days before he died, to write that which you read on the piece of white satin. I promised him to receive 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 whom 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 the motive that brought you hither. You shall obtain what you desire on certain conditions. You must return with Mobarec, and you must swear to come again to me, and to bring with you a young maiden who has reached her twentieth year, and who has never entertained a wish to be married. She must also be perfectly beautiful; and you so much a master of yourself as not to determine to keep her for your wife, as you are conducting her hither. 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 swear to me to observe these conditions and keep your oath like a man of honor. Otherwise I will take away your life, notwithstanding the kindness I have for you."

Zeyn Alasnam accepted the conditions and swore that he would faithfully keep his word. The Sultan of the Genii then delivered to 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 Genii 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 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 Genii."

"Why, are we not at Grand Cairo?" said Mobarec. "Shall we not there find beautiful maidens?"

"You are in the right," answered the prince; "but how shall we learn where they are?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that," answered Mobarec. "I know a very shrewd old woman, whom I will intrust with the affair, and she will acquit herself well."

Accordingly, the old woman found means to show King Zeyn a considerable number of beautiful maidens of twenty years of age; but when he had viewed them, and came to consult his glass, it always appeared sullied. All the maidens in the court and city who were in their twentieth year underwent



the trial one after another, but the glass never remained bright and clear.

When Zeyn and Mobarec saw there were no maidens to be found in Cairo who did not wish to be married, they went to Bagdad, where 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\* of much repute and noted for his charity. His name was Boubekir Muezin. To him Mobarec went and offered 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; and on hearing the purpose of his visit to Bagdad, told him of a young maiden, the daughter of a former vizier of the Sultan of Bagdad, whom he was assured would fulfil the terms required by Prince Zeyn, and offered to ask her from her father as the wife of the prince if he would go with him to her father's mansion. The prince accom-

---

\* Imaum: The officer in Mohammedan mosques who recites the prayers and leads the devotions.



panied the imaun to the vizier's; and the vizier, as soon as he was acquainted with the prince's birth and design, called his daughter and made her take off her veil. Never had the young Sultan of Bussorah beheld such a perfect and striking beauty. He pulled out his glass, which remained bright and unsullied.

When he perceived he had at length found such a person as he desired, he entreated the vizier to grant her to him. Immediately the cadi was sent for, the contract signed, and the marriage prayer said. After this ceremony, Zeyn conducted the vizier to his house, where he treated him magnificently and gave him considerable presents. Next day he sent a vast quantity of jewels by Mobarec, who conducted the bride home, where the wedding was celebrated with all the pomp that became Zeyn's rank and dignity. When all the company was dismissed Mobarec said to his master: "Let us begone, sir, let us not stay any longer at Bagdad, but return to Cairo. Remember the promise you made the Sultan of the Genii."

"Let us go," answered the prince; "I must



take care to do exactly as I agreed; yet I must confess, my dear Mobarec, that, if I obey the Sultan of the Genii, it is not without reluctance. The damsel I have married is so charming that I am tempted to carry her to Bussorah and place her on the throne."

"Alas! sir," answered Mobarec, "take heed how you give way to your inclination. Whatever it costs you, be as good as your word to the Sultan of the Genii."

"Well, then, Mobarec," said the prince, "do you take care to conceal the lovely maid from me. Let her never appear in my sight—perhaps I have already seen too much of her."

Mobarec made all ready for their departure. They returned to Cairo and thence set out for the island of the Sultan of the Genii. When they arrived, the maid, who had performed the journey in a litter, and whom the prince had never seen since his marriage, said to Mobarec: "Where are we? Shall we soon be in the dominions of the prince my husband?"

"Madam," answered Mobarec, "it is time to undeceive you. Prince Zeyn married you



only in order to get you from your father. He did not intend to make you Sovereign of Bussorah, but to deliver you to the Sultan of the Genii."

At these words she began to weep bitterly, which moved the prince and Mobarec. "Take pity on me," said she. "I am a stranger. You will be accountable to God for your treachery towards me."

Her tears and complaints were of no effect, for she was presented to the Sultan of the Genii, who having gazed on her with attention, said to Zeyn: "Prince, I am satisfied with your behavior. The maiden you have brought me is beautiful and good, and I am pleased with the restraint you have put on yourself to fulfil your promise to me. Return to your dominions, 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 genii carry it thither."

Zeyn thanked the King of the Genii, 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. However, he could not but often think regretfully of the young girl he had married and blame himself for having deceived her. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have taken her from a tender father to sacrifice her to a genie. Oh, wonderful beauty! You deserve a better fate."

Sultan Zeyn, disturbed with these thoughts, at length reached Bussorah, where his subjects made extraordinary rejoicings for his return. He went directly to give an account of his journey to his mother, who was in a rapture to hear that he had obtained the ninth statue. "Let us go, my son," said she, "and see it, for it is certainly in the underground chamber, since the Sultan of the Genii said you should find it there."

The young sultan and his mother being both impatient to see the wonderful statue, went down into the room of the statues; but how great was their surprise, when, instead of a statue of diamonds, they beheld on the ninth pedestal a most beautiful girl, whom the prince knew to be the same whom he had conducted to the island of the genii! "Prince," said the young maid, "you are



surprised to see me here. You expected to have found something more precious than me, and I question not but that you now repent having taken so much trouble. You expected a better reward."

"Madam," answered Zeyn, "Heaven is my witness that I more than once had nearly broken my word with the Sultan of the Genii by keeping you myself. Whatever be the value of a diamond statue, it is worth the satisfaction of having you mine? 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 subterraneous place. Zeyn's mother was alarmed, but the Sultan of the Genii immediately appearing dispelled her fear. "Madam," said he to her, "I protect and love your son. I had a mind to try, whether, at his age, he could subdue himself. This is the ninth statue I designed for him. It is more rare and precious than the others. Live happy, Zeyn, with this your wife," said he, directing his discourse to the young prince, "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 Genii vanished, and Zeyn, enchanted with the young lady, the same day caused her to be proclaimed Queen of Bussorah, over which they reigned in mutual happiness to an advanced age.



## THE DYED JACKAL

ONCE upon a time a Jackal, who was prowling around the suburbs of a town, fell into an indigo-tank. He found that he was unable to get out of this, and so lay down as though he were dead.

In due time the dyer came to the tank, and finding what he supposed to be a dead Jackal, took him out and threw him into the jungle.

When the dyer was far enough away the Jackal scrambled to his feet, and looking himself over found his color changed to a beautiful blue.

“Now,” he said to himself, “I am certainly much prettier than I was before; why should not this accident prove to be a good thing for me. When the other jackals see my wonderful color, it should be easy for me to persuade them that I should be their king.”



So he got the jackals of the jungle together, and said to them: "Good people, the Goddess of the Wood has annointed me king. Behold the hue of royalty! And after this do no business without my permission."

The jackals were overcome by the distinguished color, and promised obedience, and so began the reign of the dyed Jakal. But soon he was not content just to rule over his own kind, whom he began to despise, so he declared himself king of the lions and tigers, from among whom he selected his special attendants, keeping his own kindred at a distance, as though he were ashamed of them.

Of course, this made the jackals very indignant, and some of them took counsel together to see what could be done about it.

One of the wise old beasts addressed them, saying: "Leave this impostor to me. The lions and tigers and the rest think he is a king because he is colored blue, but we must show them his true colors. Now, do as I tell you. When night comes, all of you gather around him, and set up a great yell



together. He is sure to join in as he used to do, for——

“‘Hard it is to conquer nature: if a dog were made a king,  
Mid the coronation trumpets, he would gnaw his sandal-string.’

“And when he yells, the lions and tigers will know him to be a jackal, and fall upon him.”

They did just what the wise old beast had suggested, and the thing befell exactly as he said it would. And so ended the reign of the dyed jackal.



## WHY DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS

A RICH man in a certain town once owned a dog and a cat, both of which were very useful to him. The dog had served his master for many years and had become so old that he had lost his teeth and was unable to fight any more, but he was a good guide and companion to the cat, who was strong and cunning.

The master had a daughter who was attending school at a convent some distance from home, and very often he sent the dog and the cat with presents to the girl.

One day he called the faithful animals and bade them carry a magic ring to his daughter.

"You are strong and brave," he said to the cat. "You may carry the ring, but you must be careful not to drop it."

And to the dog he said: "You must accompany the cat to guide her and keep her from harm."



They promised to do their best and started out. All went well until they came to a river. As there was neither bridge nor boat, there was no way to cross but to swim.

"Let me take the magic ring," said the dog as they were about to plunge into the water.

"Oh, no," replied the cat, "the master gave it to me to carry."

"But you cannot swim well," argued the dog. "I am strong and can take good care of it."

But the cat refused to give up the ring until finally the dog threatened to kill her, and then she reluctantly gave it to him.

The river was wide and the water so swift that they grew very tired, and just before they reached the opposite bank the dog dropped the ring. They searched carefully, but could not find it anywhere, and after awhile they turned back to tell their master of the sad loss. Just before reaching the house, however, the dog was so overcome with fear that he turned and ran away and never was seen again.

The cat went on alone, and when the master saw her coming he called out to



know why she had returned so soon and what had become of her companion. The poor cat was frightened, but as well as she could she explained how the ring had been lost and how the dog had run away.

On hearing her story the master was very angry, and commanded that all his people should search for the dog, and that it should be punished by having its tail cut off.

He also ordered that all dogs in the world should join in the search, and ever since when one dog meets another, he says: "Are you the old dog that lost the magic ring? If so, your tail must be cut off." Then immediately each shows his teeth and wags his tail to prove that he is not the guilty one.

Since then, too, cats have been afraid of water and will not swim across a river if they can avoid it.



## PRINCE VARNA

THERE was once a Rajah whose wife died, leaving to her husband a little son, who was a great comfort to his grief-stricken father. In due time the young prince was christened and his godmother was a princess who was known far and wide for her wisdom and kindness, and everyone called her "the good queen." She named the little prince Varna, and loved him as though he were her own son.

When Varna was three years old the Rajah married a princess of great beauty, but who was hard-hearted and cruel. In the course of time a second prince was born, and the queen was filled with jealous rage at the thought that Varna, and not her own son, was heir to the throne. But she was very careful not to let the Rajah discover her real feelings.

In the mountain there lived an old witch



whom the queen knew well, and she sent to her a trusty servant, asking that she find some way of getting rid of her stepson, who stood in the way of her own son. But the witch replied that she could work no harm against the young prince, because he was under the protection of his godmother, whose power was greater than her own.

The "good queen" lived in a country which was far away, but was able to keep herself well-informed of all that went on, and she knew what the wicked queen desired. She sent to the young prince a ring of jade with instructions that he must always wear it, as it would protect him from all harm while in his father's country. But as a talisman this ring was useless elsewhere. This the wicked queen knew, so she made every effort to entice him away from his father's dominions.

Her efforts met with no success, but circumstances brought about that which she herself had been unable to. When the young prince was fifteen years old his father's only sister, who had married the king of a distant country, wrote to her brother begging him



to permit his son to pay her a visit, as she greatly desired to see the nephew of whom she had received the most excellent reports.

The Rajah at first refused to allow Varna to leave the country, as he was fearful that harm might come to him, but his sister entreated and his wife insisted, so he finally gave his consent, although reluctantly.

Varna was both good and handsome. When an infant he had been placed in the care of one of the court ladies, who afterward became his governess, and between them existed a great affection, which was shared equally by the lady's daughter Zaïda. When he became old enough to need the guidance of a tutor and guardian, this lady's husband took her place, and they both loved him as though he were their own son.

At length the young prince set forth on his journey, accompanied by his tutor and former governess and a numerous retinue. All went well until they left his father's dominions, when the talisman lost its power to protect him. They were crossing a desert under a burning sun and at length reached an oasis, where the caravan rested. Suddenly Varna



sprang from his carriage, and immediately disappeared. As time went on and he did not return, the tutor and his wife were filled with alarm. They sought for him in every possible place, but could not find him.

Sadly they mingled their tears, for they were sure that this was the work of the wicked queen and the witch of the mountain. Suddenly they heard a voice, which came from the branches of a tree beneath which they were sitting. Looking up, they saw a large bird, which said to them: "You seek your prince in vain. Return to your own country and tell the king that many moons shall come and go before his son shall be restored." There was nothing else to do, so they sorrowfully went home, and when they told their sad news to the king he was so deeply grieved that he was stricken with a severe sickness from which he never recovered.

The wicked queen was now happy; her son was the Rajah, and she wielded all the authority. The power that was hers made her harsher and more cruel than ever, and the people soon began to hate her, especially



as they believed that it was she who had caused the disappearance of Prince Varna. Fortunately, her son was loved by his subjects, for he was kind and noble, and only this kept them from rebellion.

One day, about three years after the supposed death of Prince Varna, the young Rajah was out hunting, a sport of which he was very fond. He and his courtiers stopped to rest at a pleasant spot, and refreshments were prepared for them. While at luncheon his attention was attracted to a bird of brilliant red plumage which was perched on the branch of a tree. Taking some crumbs, he threw them beneath the tree, and the bird flew down and ate them.

Cautioning his courtiers to make no noise, he gradually approached the gaily clad bird, which, to his surprise, did not fly away. In the open palm of his hand were more crumbs, and the bird actually hopped towards him and ate these too.

Such confidence and lack of fear quite moved the Rajah, who resolved to take his little feathered friend home with him. He tenderly stroked its pretty feathers, and the



bird made no effort to fly away. Soon it nestled on his shoulder and stayed there until the party returned to the palace.

The young ruler became greatly attached to his new pet, and would allow no one but himself to look after it. He even took it with him when he went out walking—the bird on his shoulder.

One day when they were out together the prince passed the house where Varna's former governess and her daughter lived. Both of them were sitting by an open window, and suddenly the bird flew from its master's shoulder to the window sill. It looked right into the eyes of both mother and daughter and boldly approached them. This utter absence of fear, and also, perhaps, the bright red plumage, attracted them as it had the Rajah, and they at once fell in love with it.

The Rajah soon missed his pet, and looking about saw the two ladies caressing it. He called and whistled, but the bird paid no attention to him. He then entered the house, intending to take the bird away, but when he reached the room in which they were it



flew up to the ceiling where it could not be reached.

After spending some time in vain efforts to capture the bird, the ladies begged the Rajah to leave it with them for a few days, promising to take the greatest care of it. To this he consented, and at once, as though understanding all that was said, the bird flew to Zaïda and nestled on her shoulder.

That night the mother dreamed that she saw the "good queen," who told her to go to a certain tree in her garden and to lift up a large stone which she would find beneath it. There she would find a small phial which was filled with bright red liquid. This she was to sprinkle over the Rajah's bird.

This dream made such an impression upon the former governess that in the morning, as soon as she arose, she hastened to the garden. The stone was there beneath the tree, and upon removing this she saw the phial containing the bright red liquid.

Hurrying back to the house she told her daughter about the dream, and showed her the small bottle she had found.



Without a word Zaïda held out her hand, to which the bird at once flew. Her mother removed the cork and sprinkled the contents of the phial over the bright red feathers, and there before them stood the handsome Prince Varna.

Great was the joy of this meeting, and when they were somewhat composed the ladies asked the prince to tell them of his adventures.

He told them that when his carriage had stopped at the oasis some force had compelled him to spring from it, and he found himself transformed at once into a bird. Many times had he tried to reach his own country, but was unable to do so until now. He had suffered greatly, and his only comfort was when the good queen visited him. It was through her that he was at last enabled to meet his brother, and finally be turned again into human form.

It was not long before the Queen learned from the witch of the mountain that Prince Varna had returned, and she immediately sought to destroy him. Hastening to her son she said that some ill-disposed subjects



were plotting to dethrone him, and that they had set up an impostor who they declared to be Prince Varna.

The Rajah told her to have no fear, and that he would soon find the conspirators and properly punish them. He made inquiries and found that Prince Varna was at the house of his former governess, so he went there at once, determined to find out the truth for himself.

The two ladies and Prince Varna were in earnest conversation when the Rajah reached their house, and great was his astonishment to find that this was really his long lost brother, whom he immediately recognized.

"Brother," said he, "I came here thinking to find an impostor, but it makes me happy to see alive you whom we have so long mourned as dead. The throne is yours, and I am your most loyal subject."

The two brothers embraced one another with great affection, and then hastened to the royal palace, where, in the presence of the entire court, the crown was placed upon Varna's head by his brother himself. This



defeat of the wicked queen's plans was so great a shock to her that she immediately perished.

The new Rajah and the lovely Zaïda were soon married, and to their great joy the good queen herself attended the wedding. Her most valued gift was the assurance that the witch of the mountain had no more power over him.

Varna insisted that his noble brother share the throne with him, and no ruler was ever more beloved by faithful and loyal subjects than was each of these.



## EMPRESS JANQWI AND THE MAGICIANS

THOUSANDS of years ago, when China was peopled by giants, that country was ruled by a great Empress named Janqwi, who came to the throne when her brother, Emperor Fugi, died. This story tells how the heavens and one of the pillars which upheld the sky were damaged during a rebellion raised by one of her subjects, and how she mended the broken parts.

The man who rebelled was a wicked and fearsome magician named Korkwi, a giant quite terrible to look upon. He was twenty-eight feet tall, whose face and body were entirely covered with coal-black hair, so it can be imagined that he was anything but beautiful.

It had long been his desire to rule the country, so when Fugi died, he thought his opportunity had come. But Janqwi was



too clever for him, and she mounted the throne which was rightly hers.

This so enraged Korkwi that he raised a large army and defied the Empress. The next thing he did was to use his wizard's power, and flood the country, so that thousands of people were drowned. This meant war between the Empress and Korkwi.

Among the warriors of Janqwi were two brilliant young warriors named Haki and Oku, and the first of these she appointed to command that part of the army which would be first to engage the enemy.

This great honor delighted Haki, and he at once made himself ready for battle. He had mounted his favorite charger and had just started for the front when he heard his name called loudly by someone who was galloping behind him. He looked around and saw his friend Oku, who said to him: "Halt, Haki! I intend to lead the first army!"

This enraged Haki, who exclaimed: "You are insolent! The Empress Janqwi has appointed me to lead our warriors into battle; your place is with the reserves."



To this Oku replied: "It is my right to lead the first army, and yours to follow."

Then Haki lunged at Oku with his sword, but the latter caused his horse to swerve quickly, and with his lance he wounded Haki's steed.

Haki at once dismounted and prepared to rush at his comrade when Oku, with lightning rapidity, tore the badge of leadership from Haki's helmet, and galloped quickly away.

Now the Empress had seen all of this through the palace window, and she could not help admiring the dexterity of the ambitious Oku, so she divided the leadership of the front army between them, making Oku commander of the left wing and Haki of the right. So the two became friends again, and they marched against Korkwi at the head of a hundred thousand soldiers.

They soon reached the place which the rebel had fortified, and Korkwi thought it would be easy, with all the power that he possessed, to frighten them into submission. Seizing an immense iron rod, he mounted a powerful black horse, and with a roar like



an angry lion he charged his foes. But he found that Haki and Oku did not fear him.

He was coming toward them at a terrific rate, and the two comrades said to each other: "We will attack him from right and left, and not allow him to escape alive." But the wizard was a fierce fighter, and his iron rod a fearful weapon. For a long time they fought without either side gaining.

Then Korkwi aimed a blow at Haki's head, and in order to avoid this Haki turned his horse too quickly, so that the animal's rear hoof struck against a large stone.

The horse suddenly reared up straight, and threw Haki to the ground, and Korkwi thought he had his enemy at his mercy. Drawing his huge sword, he was about to sever his head from his body when Oku wheeled his horse right in front of him, and at once attacked the magician.

Now the brunt of the fight had fallen to Haki's lot, so that Oku was fresher than his friend. Korkwi was tired, and did not fancy engaging the young warrior, so he turned and fled.

Haki had been only stunned by the fall,



and he soon recovered. He rushed after Korkwi on foot, while Oku pursued on horseback. Korkwi turned, and fitting an arrow to his bow, aimed the shaft at Oku, who, being on horseback, was ahead of his comrade. Just in time Oku swerved, so that the arrow missed him.

When the wizard saw that he had failed to kill either of his pursuers, he saw that he would have to use his magic power in order to save himself, so he stretched forth his wand, and there came a great wave which engulfed Janqwi's army and the two young generals.

Haki and Oku were struggling in the water, and Korkwi went after them with his iron rod, ready to strike. Suddenly a small island seemed to lift itself out of the water right in front of them, and upon it stood an old man, with snow white hair. He stretched out his hands over the water, which went to the right and to the left, leaving a dry path by means of which the young warriors reached the island.

Seeing that his enemies were now safe, Korkwi turned furiously upon their pre-



server. He rushed upon the old man, who merely laughed and then turned into a beautiful white bird and flew away.

All thought of further fighting was for the time abandoned. Haki and Oku saw that it was useless for them, being only human, to fight against Korkwi, who possessed supernatural powers, so they returned to the Empress, who decided to call on Shiku, the Fire King, for aid.

Now the Fire King lived at the South Pole, where all was snow and ice, for he burned up everything else around him. He also was a giant, with a face like marble and whose hair and beard were snow white. He was master of all fire, as Korkwi was of water, and his strength was marvelous.

The Empress sent Oku to the South Pole to ask Shiku for help, and this the Fire King at once promised to give. He then told Oku that it was he who had saved the two young generals from drowning, and Oku thanked him for coming to their rescue.

Shiku and Oku returned to the Empress, who made the Fire King Commander-in-Chief of her army. He told her to have no



fear, for he would certainly vanquish their enemy.

The new general was aware of the source of the magician's power, and he instructed all of the soldiers to gather large quantities of a certain plant. This was done, and a great fire was made of all that was collected, and then everyone was ordered to fill a bag full of the ashes.

Shiku, accompanied by Haki and Oku, marched at the head of his army against Korkwi, who, knowing that water would extinguish fire, laughed at him. As the army approached, the magician caused the water to rise, thinking to speedily destroy his foes. But Shiku showed no fear; he ordered every soldier to scatter the ashes they carried, and this mingling with the water, turned into a sort of clay, thus stopping the progress of the water.

When Korkwi saw that Shiku was his superior in wisdom, he became furious with rage, and charged the enemy headlong.

Oku rode to meet him, and soon the two were engaged in deadly combat. For a long time they fought without advantage to either,



then Oku began to tire, and his comrade, seeing this, took his place. Being fresh, he began to prove more than a match for Korkwi, who now desired to retire from the fight. So he artfully said:

“It was courageous on your part to risk your life for your friend, and I wish to show how highly I esteem such valor. Far be it from me to slay such a man.”

With this he turned his horse in retreat; but his idea was to take Haki off his guard, and then to turn on him and kill him without mercy.

But Shiku saw what his intention was at once, and called him a cowardly deceiver. Then Korkwi attacked Shiku, who wounded him in the arm.

The magician then tried to escape in earnest, and galloped away at his utmost speed.

It was the custom at that time for opposing armies to watch when a champion from each side should engage in a duel, and so the armies of Shiku and Korkwi had stood awaiting the result. Shiku now ordered his soldiers to charge the enemy, and this they did, defeating them utterly.



Korkwi saw that fate was against him. His magic was useless to him, because Shiku knew more than he did, so, frenzied with pain and disappointment, he dashed his head against the rocks of Mount Kuri, and so perished. With such force did he strike the rocks that he made a great hole in the mountain, in which were embedded some of the pillars which upheld the heavens, and one of these pillars was broken. One corner of the sky thereupon began to drop, and at length it touched the earth.

Then Shiku, taking with him the body of his enemy, returned to the Empress Janqwi, victorious.

But trouble had not ceased for Janqwi. Fire was bursting out from the mountain in which was the broken pillar, and was doing great damage to the country round about. The Empress hastened to the scene of the disaster, and found that considerable damage had been done to both Heaven and earth.

The problem now was how to repair this damage, so she gathered together the wise men of the kingdom to see what could be done.



Under their advice she ordered her subjects to collect all the stones they could find of these five colors—red, blue, yellow, white and black. These she had boiled in a huge cauldron, and the result was a cement which would mend anything.

With Shiku's magic help she then mounted the clouds, taking the cement with her, and having reached that corner of the sky which was broken, she mended it. She then repaired the broken pillar.

Now all of this was the more difficult to do because ever since the hole was made in the mountain the moon had ceased to shine by night, and the sun by day, so that it was quite dark, and even now it remained so.

She called another meeting of the wise men, and they decided that neither the sun nor the moon could travel because the roads by which they made their daily and nightly journeys had been damaged by the accident to the pillar, and it was now necessary to inform them that repairs had been made, and they could safely venture forth again.

But the sun and moon were millions of



miles away, and the problem was how to reach them. Then Shiku had recourse to his magic, and he produced a chariot which could race through the air at unbelievable speed.

Haki and Oku were chosen by the Empress to be her messengers to the sun and moon to tell them that the roads were now perfectly safe.

So these two set out on their journey in the wonderful chariot, and finally they reached both the sun and the moon.

It was just as the wise men had said—neither sun nor moon was aware that the roads damaged by the breaking of the pillar had been repaired, but when they were assured by Haki and Oku that these were now perfectly safe for travel they were satisfied, and so the Lords of Light again took up their daily and nightly duties.

So again all was well in China, and for many years the people lived in peace and prosperity, rejoicing in the fact that the beloved and wise Janqwi was their Empress.



## RAJA RASALU

ONCE there lived a great Rajah, whose name was Salabhan, and he had a Queen, by name Lona, who, though she wept and prayed at many a shrine, had never a child to gladden her eyes. After a long time, however, a son was promised to her.

Queen Lona returned to the palace, and when the time for the birth of the promised son drew nigh, she inquired of three Jogis who came begging to her gate, what the child's fate would be, and the youngest of them answered and said: "Oh, Queen! The child will be a boy, and he will live to be a great man. But for twelve years you must not look upon his face, for if either you or his father see it before the twelve years are past, you will surely die! This is what you must do: As soon as the child is born you must send him away to a cellar underneath the ground, and never let him see the



light of day for twelve years. After they are over he may come forth, bathe in the river, put on new clothes, and visit you. His name shall be Rajah Rasalu, and he shall be known far and wide."

So, when a fair young Prince was in due time born, his parents hid him away in an underground palace, with nurses and servants, and everything else a king's son might desire. And with him they sent a young colt, born the same day, and sword, spear, and shield, against the day when Rajah Rasalu should go forth into the world.

So there the child lived, playing with his colt, and talking to his parrot; but when the twelfth year began the lad's heart leaped up with desire for change, and he loved to listen to the sounds of life which came to him in his palace-prison from the outside world.

"I must go and see where the voices come from!" he said; and when his nurses told him he must not go for one year more, he only laughed aloud, saying, "Nay! I stay no longer here for any man!"

Then he saddled his Arab horse Bhanur,



put on his shining armor, and rode forth into the world; but, mindful of what his nurses had oft told him, when he came to the river, he dismounted, and going into the water, washed himself and his clothes.

Then, clean of raiment, fair of face, and brave of heart, he rode on his way until he reached his father's city. There he sat down to rest awhile by a well, where the women were drawing water in earthen pitchers. Now, as they passed him, their full pitchers poised upon their heads, the gay young Prince flung stones at the earthen vessels, and broke them all. Then the women, drenched with water, went weeping and wailing to the palace, complaining to the King that a mighty young Prince in shining armor, with a parrot on his wrist and a gallant steed beside him, sat by the well, and broke their pitchers.

Now, as soon as Rajah Salabhan heard this he guessed at once that it was Prince Rasalu come forth before the time, and, mindful of the Jogis' words that he would die if he looked on his son's face before twelve years were past, he did not dare to send his guards



to seize the offender and bring him to be judged. So he bade the women be comforted, and take pitchers of iron and brass, giving new ones from the treasury to those who did not possess any of their own.

But when Prince Rasalu saw the women returning to the well with pitchers of iron and brass, he laughed to himself, and drew his mighty bow till the sharp-pointed arrows pierced the metal vessels as though they had been clay.

Yet still the King did not send for him, so he mounted his steed and set off in the pride of his youth and strength to the palace. He strode into the audience hall, where his father sat trembling, and saluted him with all reverence; but Rajah Salabhan, in fear of his life, turned his back hastily and said never a word in reply.

Then Prince Rasalu called scornfully to him across the hall:

“I came to greet thee, King, and not to harm thee!

What have I done that thou shouldst turn away?



Scepter and empire have no power to charm  
me—

I go to seek a worthier prize than they!"

Then he strode away, full of bitterness and anger; but as he passed under the palace windows, he heard his mother weeping, and the sound softened his heart, so that his wrath died down, and a great loneliness fell upon him, because he was spurned by both father and mother. So he cried sorrowfully:

"Oh, heart crown'd with grief, hast thou  
nought

But tears for thy son?

Art mother of mine? Give one thought

To my life just begun!"

And Queen Lona answered through her  
tears:

"Yea! Mother am I, though I weep,

So hold this word sure,—

Go, reign king of all men, but keep

Thy heart good and pure!"

So Rajah Rasalu was comforted, and began  
to make ready for fortune. He took with



him his horse Bhanur and his parrot, both of whom had lived with him since he was born.

So they made a goodly company, and Queen Lona, when she saw them going, watched them from her window till she saw nothing but a cloud of dust on the horizon; then she bowed her head on her hands and wept, saying:

“Oh! Son who ne'er gladdened mine eyes,  
 Let the cloud of thy going arise,  
 Dim the sunlight and darken the day;  
 For the mother whose son is away  
                   Is as dust!”

Rasalu had started off to play chaupur\* with King Sarkap. And as he journeyed there came a fierce storm of thunder and lightning, so that he sought shelter, and found none save an old graveyard, where a headless corpse lay upon the ground. So lonesome was it that even the corpse seemed company, and Rasalu, sitting down beside it, said:

---

\* A game very similar to the modern game of Parchesi.



“There is no one here, nor far nor near,  
Save this breathless corpse so cold and  
grim;

Would God he might come to life again,  
’Twould be less lonely to talk to him.”

And immediately the headless corpse arose  
and sat beside Rajah Rasalu. And he, nothing  
astonished, said to it:

“The storm beats fierce and loud  
The clouds rise thick in the West;  
What ails thy grave and shroud,  
Oh, corpse! That thou canst not rest?”

Then the headless corpse replied:

“On earth I was even as thou,  
My turban awry like a king,  
My head with the highest, I trow.  
Having my fun and my fling,  
Fighting my foes like a brave,  
Living my life with a swing.  
And, now I am dead,  
Sins, heavy as lead,  
Will give me no rest in my grave!”

So the night passed on, dark and dreary,



while Rasalu sat in the graveyard and talked to the headless corpse. Now when morning broke and Rasalu said he must continue his journey, the headless corpse asked him whither he was going, and when he said, "To play chaupur with King Sarkap," the corpse begged him to give up the idea, saying: "I am King Sarkap's brother, and I know his ways. Every day before breakfast he cuts off the heads of two or three men just to amuse himself. One day no one else was at hand, so he cut off mine, and he will surely cut off yours on one pretense or another. However, if you are determined to go and play chaupur with him, take some of the bones from this graveyard, and make your dice out of them, and then the enchanted dice with which my brother plays will lose their virtue. Otherwise he will always win."

So Rasalu took some of the bones lying about, and fashioned them into dice, and these he put into his pocket. Then, bidding adieu to the headless corpse, he went on his way to play chaupur with the king.

Now, as Rajah Rasalu, tender-hearted and



strong, journeyed along to play chaupur with the king, he came to a burning forest, and a voice rose from the fire, saying, "Oh, traveler! Save me from the fire!"

Then the Prince turned towards the burning forest, and lo! the voice was the voice of a tiny cricket. Nevertheless, Rasalu, tender-hearted and strong, snatched it from the fire and set it at liberty. Then the little creature, full of gratitude, pulled out one of its feelers, and giving it to its preserver, said, "Keep this, and should you ever be in trouble, put it into the fire, and instantly I will come to your aid."

The Prince smiled, saying, "What help could *you* give *me*?" Nevertheless, he kept the hair and went on his way.

Now, when he reached the city of King Sarkap, seventy maidens, daughters of the king, came out to meet him—seventy fair maidens, merry and careless, full of smiles and laughter; but one, the youngest of them all, when she saw the gallant young Prince riding on Bhanur, going gayly to his doom, was filled with pity, and called to him, saying:



“Fair Prince, on the charger so gray,  
Turn thee back! Turn thee back!  
Or lower thy lance for the fray;  
Thy head will be forfeit to-day!  
Dost love life? Then, stranger, I pray,  
Turn thee back! Turn thee back!”

But he, smiling at the maiden, answered lightly:

“Fair maiden, I come from afar,  
Sworn conqueror in love and in war!  
King Sarkap my coming will rue,  
His head in four pieces I’ll hew;  
Then forth as a bridegroom I’ll ride,  
With you, little maid, as my bride!”

Now when Rasalu replied so gallantly, the maiden looked in his face, and seeing how fair he was, and how brave and strong, she straightway fell in love with him, and would gladly have followed him through the world.

But the other sixty-nine maidens, being jealous, laughed scornfully at her, saying: “Not so fast, oh gallant warrior! If you would marry our sister you must first do



our bidding, for you will be our younger brother."

"Fair sisters!" quoth Rasalu gayly, "give me my task and I will perform it."

So the sixty-nine maidens mixed a hundred-weight of millet seed with a hundred-weight of sand, and giving it to Rasalu, bade him separate the seed from the sand.

Then he bethought him of the cricket, and drawing the feeler from his pocket, thrust it into the fire. And immediately there was a whirring noise in the air, and a great flight of crickets alighted beside him, and amongst them the cricket whose life he had saved.

Then Rasalu said, "Separate the millet seed from the sand."

"Is that all?" quoth the cricket. "Had I known how small a job you wanted me to do, I would not have assembled so many of my brethren."

With that the flight of crickets set to work, and in one night they separated the seed from the sand.

Now when the sixty-nine fair maidens, daughters of the king, saw that Rasalu had



performed his task, they set him another, bidding him swing them all, one by one, in their swings, until they were tired.

Whereupon he laughed, saying, "There are seventy of you, counting my little bride yonder, and I am not going to spend my life swinging girls! Why, by the time I have given each of you a swing, the first will be wanting another! No! If you want a swing, get in, all seventy of you, and then I'll see what can be done."

So the seventy maidens climbed into one swing, and Rajah Rasalu, standing in his shining armor, fastened the ropes to his mighty bow, and drew it up to its fullest bent. Then he let go, and like an arrow the swing shot into the air, with its burden of seventy fair maidens, merry and careless, full of smiles and laughter.

But as it swung back again, Rasalu, standing there in his shining armor, drew his sharp sword and severed the ropes. Then the seventy fair maidens fell to the ground headlong; and some were bruised and some were broken, but the only one who escaped unhurt was the maiden who loved Rasalu,



for she fell out last, on the top of the others, and so came to no harm.

After this, Rasalu strode on fifteen paces, till he came to the seventy drums, that everyone who came to play chaupur with the king had to beat in turn; and he beat them so loudly that he broke them all. Then he came to the seventy gongs, all in a row, and he hammered them so hard that they cracked to pieces.

Seeing this, the youngest Princess, who was the only one who could run, fled to her father, the king, in a great fright, saying:

“A mighty Prince, Sarkap! making havoc  
rides along,  
He swung us, seventy maidens fair, and threw  
us out headlong;  
He broke the drums you placed there, and  
the gongs, too, in his pride,  
Sure, he will kill thee, father mine, and  
take me for his bride!”

But King Sarkap replied scornfully:

“Silly maiden, thy words make a lot  
Of a very small matter;



For fear of my valor, I wot,  
His armor will clatter.

As soon as I've eaten my bread  
I'll go forth and cut off his head!"

Notwithstanding these brave and boastful words he was in reality very much afraid, having heard of Rasalu's renown. And learning that he was stopping at the house of an old woman in the city, till the hour of playing chaupur arrived, Sarkap sent slaves to him with trays of sweetmeats and fruit, as to an honored guest. But the food was poisoned.

Now, when the slaves brought the trays to Rajah Rasalu, he rose up haughtily, saying: "Go tell your master I have naught to do with him in friendship. I am his sworn enemy, and I eat not of his salt!"

So saying, he threw the sweetmeats to Rajah Sarkap's dog, which had followed the slaves, and lo! the dog died.

Then Rasalu was very wroth, and said bitterly, "Go back to Sarkap, slaves. And tell him that Rasalu deems it no act of bravery to kill even an enemy by treachery."



Now, when evening came, Rajah Rasalu went forth to play chaupur with King Sarkap, and as he passed some potters' kilns he saw a cat wandering about restlessly; so he asked what ailed her, that she never stood still, and she replied: "My kittens are in an unbaked pot in the kiln yonder. It has just been set alight, and my children will be baked alive; therefore I cannot rest!"

Her words moved the heart of Rajah Rasalu, and going to the potter, he asked him to sell the kiln as it was; but the potter replied that he could not settle a fair price till the pots were burned, as he could not tell how many would come out whole. Nevertheless, after some bargaining, he consented at last to sell the kiln, and Rasalu, having searched all the pots, restored the kittens to their mother, and she in gratitude for his mercy, gave him one of them, saying, "Put it in your pocket, for it will help you when you are in difficulties." So Rajah Rasalu put the kitten in his pocket, and went to play chaupur with the king.

Now, before they sat down to play, Rajah Sarkap fixed his stakes—on the first game,



his kingdom; on the second, the wealth of the whole world, and on the third, his own head. So, likewise, Rajah Rasalu fixed his stakes—on the first game, his arms; on the second, his horse, and on the third, his own head.

Then they began to play, and it fell to Rasalu's lot to make the first move. Now he, forgetful of the dead man's warning, played with the dice given him by Rajah Sarkap, besides which, Sarkap let loose his famous rat, Dhol Rajah, and it ran about the board, upsetting the chaupur pieces on the sly, so that Rasalu lost the first game, and gave up his shining armor.

Then the second game began, and once more Dhol Rajah, the rat, upset the pieces; and Rasalu, losing the game, gave up his faithful steed. Then Bhanur, the Arab steed, who stood by, found voice, and cried to his master:

"Sea-born am I, bought with much gold;  
Dear Prince! Trust me now as of old.

I'll carry you far from these wiles—



My flight, all unspurr'd, will be swift as a  
bird,

For thousands and thousands of miles!  
Or if needs you must stay; ere the next game  
you play

Place your hand in your pocket, I pray!"

Hearing this, Rajah Sarkap frowned, and bade his slaves remove Bhanur, the Arab steed, since he gave his master advice in the game. Now, when the slaves came to lead the faithful steed away, Rasalu could not refrain from tears, thinking over the long years during which Bhanur, the Arab steed, had been his companion. But the horse cried out again:

"Weap not, dear Prince! I shall not eat  
my bread

Of stranger hands, nor to strange stall be led.  
Take thy right hand, and place it as I said."

These words roused some recollection in Rasalu's mind, and when, just at this moment, the kitten in his pocket began to struggle, he remembered all about the warn-



ing, and the dice made from dead men's bones. Then his heart rose up once more, and he called boldly to Rajah Sarkap: "Leave my horse and arms here for the present. Time enough to take them away when you have won my head!"

Now, Rajah Sarkap, seeing Rasalu's confident bearing, began to be afraid, and ordered all the women of his palace to come forth in their gayest attire and stand before Rasalu, so as to distract his attention from the game. But he never even looked at them, and drawing the dice from his pocket, said to Sarkap, "We have played with your dice all this time. Now we will play with mine."

Then the kitten went and sat at the window through which the rat Dhol Rajah used to come, and the game began.

After awhile, Sarkap, seeing Rajah Rasalu was winning, called to his rat, but when Dhol Rajah saw the kitten he was afraid, and would not go farther. So Rasalu won, and took back his arms. Next he played for his horse, and once more Rajah Sarkap called for his rat; but Dhol Rajah, seeing



the kitten keeping watch, was afraid. So Rasalu won the second stake, and took back Bhanur, the Arab steed.

Then Sarkap brought all his skill to bear on the third and last game, saying:

“Oh, molded pieces! Favor me to-day!  
Forsooth this is a man with whom I play.  
No paltry risk—but life and death at stake;  
As Sarkap does, so do, for Sarkap’s sake!”

But Rasalu answered back:

“Oh, molded pieces! Favor me to-day!  
Forsooth it is a man with whom I play.  
No paltry risk—but life and death at stake;  
As Heaven does, so do, for Heaven’s sake!”

So they began to play, whilst the women stood round in a circle, and the kitten watched Dhol Rajah, from the window. Then Sarkap lost, first his kingdom, then the wealth of the whole world, and lastly his head.

Just then, a servant came in to announce the birth of a daughter to Rajah Sarkap,



and he, overcome by misfortunes, said, "Kill her at once! For she has been born in an evil moment, and has brought her father ill luck!"

But Rasalu rose up in his shining armor, tender-hearted and strong, saying: "Not so, O King! She has done no evil. Give me this child to wife; and if you will vow, by all you hold sacred, never again to play chaupur for another's head, I will spare yours now!"

Then Sarkap vowed a solemn vow never to play for another's head; and after that he took a fresh mango branch, and the newborn babe, and placing them on a golden dish, gave them to Rasalu.

Now, as he left the palace, carrying with him the newborn babe and the mango branch, he met a band of prisoners, and they called out to him:

"A royal hawk art thou, O King, the rest  
But timid wild-fowl. Grant us our request,  
Unloose these chains, and live forever blest!"

And Rajah Rasalu harkened to them, and bade King Sarkap set them at liberty.



Then he went to the Murti Hills, and placed the newborn babe, Kokilan, in an underground palace, and planted the mango branch at the door, saying, "In twelve years the mango tree will blossom; then will I return and marry Kokilan."

And after twelve years, the mango tree began to flower, and Raja Rasalu married the Princess Kokilan, who he won from Sarkap when he played chaupur with the king.



## THE FOUR FRIENDS

THREE great friends, a tortoise, a weasel and a crow, were talking together one fine day when they were disturbed by the noise of an animal who was coming their way in great haste. They soon saw that it was a goat, who was evidently being pursued, so, as a matter of safety, each of them sought a place of refuge.

The goat stopped quite suddenly by the side of a pool, near which the three friends had been conversing together, but he seemed to be afraid to drink. The crow, who had flown to the upper branches of a high tree, saw that the man who had been hunting the goat had given up the chase, so he called to the tortoise, whose haven was the pool, that it was quite safe now for him to come out.

The tortoise at once came to the surface, and seeing the goat standing there, evidently



thirsty, but trembling and afraid to drink, spoke kindly to him, assuring him that there was no danger.

Then the goat drank, and the tortoise asked him why he was so distressed. The goat replied that he had reason to be, for he had barely escaped death at the hands of a hunter.

“Well,” said the tortoise, “you are quite safe now. There are three of us here, a weasel, a crow, and myself, who are great friends. How would you like to join our company? It is our practice to stand by one another in all things, and to make our lives as pleasant as possible.

By this time the weasel and the crow had joined them and they seconded the invitation, so the goat accepted, and each of them swore to be a true friend to the others.

For a long time they lived pleasantly together; but one day the goat failed to be at their meeting-place, and this caused them great anxiety. They waited for some time, but as their friend didn't appear, they decided to search for him, fearing that he was in trouble. So the crow flew up into the air, and looking round about saw the poor



goat striving to release himself from the meshes of a hunter's net.

He at once reported his discovery to his friends, and their sorrow upon receiving the news of the goat's capture was great. It was their duty now to see what could be done to help their comrade, and at length they hit upon a plan to rescue him.

The weasel possessed very sharp teeth, and he was to gnaw the meshes of the net in which the goat was confined, and so set him at liberty. As this would take some time, it was necessary that the weasel get to work as soon as possible, because the hunter might return to his net at any minute.

The crow and the weasel hastened to the spot, and such good work did the latter do with his teeth, that by the time the tortoise arrived, the goat was at liberty.

It was foolish for the tortoise to have come so far from home, especially to a place so dangerous as this, because it surely would not be very long before the hunter returned, and his presence there caused the goat to say: "My dear friend, I am sorry to have been the cause of bringing you here, for



if the hunter should come, how could you escape? The rest of us could easily look after ourselves, for the crow would fly into the air, the weasel could hide in any hole, and I should seek safety in flight; but you, who move so slowly, would be at the mercy of the hunter.

At this moment, surely enough, the hunter appeared, and it happened as the goat had said. The latter ran swiftly away; the crow flew into the air, and the weasel disappeared into a hole. Only the tortoise was left, unable to escape.

The hunter was greatly vexed when he saw the broken net, and he wondered who could have helped the goat to get away. He looked around, and of course saw the tortoise.

“Well,” he said, “here is a tortoise, and that is better than nothing, and it will make a very good meal.” So he threw the tortoise into a sack which he carried, threw it over his shoulder, and started off home.

When he had gone the three friends returned, and guessed at once what had happened to the tortoise. They bitterly bemoaned his fate, especially the goat, who



blamed himself as being the cause of this trouble.

Then the crow said: "Tears and lamentations will not help our poor friend, so let us devise means of saving him. It is our part to show what we can do in a case of such need."

They thought hard, and finally decided upon a plan. The goat was to let himself be seen by the hunter, and to make out that he was lame. The hunter would then be sure of being able to catch him, and so lay down his sack, and run after him. As soon as he was far enough away from the sack (and it was the part of the goat to lead him as far away as possible) the weasel would again put his sharp teeth into use, and gnaw through the cord which would be tied around the mouth of the sack, and so free their friend.

So the goat ran with speed until he was in front of the hunter, and then he appeared to be lame and weary. As soon as the hunter saw him in such feeble condition he was sure he could catch him without difficulty, and so, throwing down his sack, he ran



after the goat, who artfully drew him farther and farther away, until they were both out of sight.

Then came the weasel, whose strong teeth soon set the tortoise at liberty, and together they hid themselves in a bush.

The goat had led the hunter a merry chase, which the latter was finally forced to give up, and then return to recover his sack. He was congratulating himself on having at least captured something that couldn't run away from him, when he lifted the sack from the ground, and found that now he had lost the tortoise.

This story shows the strength of true friendship, and that when the desire to help is there, a way to do so will be found.



## THE ADVENTURES OF JUAN

JUAN was always getting into trouble. He was a lazy boy, and more than that, he did not have good sense. When he tried to do things, he made such dreadful mistakes that he might better not have tried.

His family grew very impatient with him, scolding and beating him whenever he did anything wrong. One day his mother, who was almost discouraged with him, gave him a bolo\* and sent him to the forest, for she thought he could at least cut firewood. Juan walked leisurely along, contemplating some means of escape. At last he came to a tree that seemed easy to cut, and then he drew his long knife and prepared to work.

Now it happened that this was a magic tree, and it said to Juan:

“If you do not cut me I will give you a goat that shakes silver from its whiskers.”

---

\* A long knife.



This pleased Juan wonderfully, both because he was curious to see the goat, and because he would not have to chop the wood. He agreed at once to spare the tree, whereupon the bark separated and the goat stepped out. Juan commanded it to shake its whiskers, and when the money began to drop he was so delighted that he took the animal and started home to show his treasure to his mother.

On the way he met a friend who was more cunning than Juan, and when he heard of the boy's rich goat he decided to rob him. Knowing Juan's fondness for tuba,\* he persuaded him to drink. This sent him to sleep, and then the friend substituted another goat for the magic one. As soon as he awoke, Juan hastened home with the goat and told his people of the wonderful tree, but when he commanded the animal to shake its whiskers, no money fell out. The family, believing it to be another of Juan's tricks, beat and scolded the poor boy.

He went back to the tree and threatened to

---

\* Fermented juice of the cocoanut.



cut it down for lying to him, but the tree said:

“No, do not cut me down and I will give you a net which you may cast on dry ground, or even in the tree tops, and it will return full of fish.

So Juan spared the tree and started home with his precious net, but on the way he met the same friend who again persuaded him to drink tuba. While he was asleep, the friend replaced the magic net with a common one, so that when Juan reached home and tried to show his power, he was again the subject of ridicule.

Once more Juan went to his tree, this time determined to cut it down. But the offer of a magic pot, always full of rice and spoons which provided whatever he wished to eat with his rice, dissuaded him, and he started home happier than ever. Before reaching home, however, he met with the same fate as before, and his folks, who were becoming tired of his pranks, beat him harder than ever.

Thoroughly angered, Juan sought the tree a fourth time and was on the point of cutting



it down when once more it arrested his attention. After some discussion, he consented to accept a stick to which he had only to say, "Boombye, Boomba," and it would beat and kill anything he wished.

When he met his friend on this trip, he was asked what he had, and he replied:

"Oh, it is only a stick, but if I say, 'Boombye, Boomba,' it will beat you to death."

At the sound of the magic words the stick leaped from his hands and began beating his friend until he cried:

"Oh, stop it and I will give back everything that I stole from you." Juan ordered the stick to stop, and then he compelled the man to lead the goat and to carry the net and the jar and spoons to his home.

There Juan commanded the goat, and it shook its whiskers until his mother and brothers had all the silver they could carry. Then they ate from the magic jar and spoons until they were filled. And this time Juan was not scolded. After they had finished Juan said:

"You have beaten me and scolded me all my life, and now you are glad to accept my



good things. I am going to show you something else: 'Boombye, Boomba.'" Immediately the stick leaped out and beat them all until they begged for mercy and promised that Juan should ever after be head of the house.

From that time Juan was rich and powerful, but he never went anywhere without his stick. One night, when some thieves came to his house, he would have been robbed and killed had it not been for the magic words "Boombye, Boomba," which caused the death of all the robbers.

Some time after this he married a beautiful princess, and because of the kindness of the magic tree they always lived happily.



## THE FEAST OF THE LANTERNS

WANG CHIH was only a poor man, but he had a wife and children to love, and they made him so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor himself.

He worked in the fields all day, and at night his wife always had a bowl of rice ready for his supper. And sometimes, for a treat, she made him some bean soup, or gave him a little dish of fried pork.

But they could not afford pork very often; he generally had to be content with rice.

One morning, as he was setting off to his work, his wife sent Han Chung, his son, running after him to ask him to bring home some firewood.

"I shall have to go up into the mountain for it at noon," he said. "Go and bring me my axe, Han Chung."

Han Chung ran for his father's axe, and Ho-Seen-Ko, his little sister, came out of the cottage with him.



"Remember, it is the Feast of Lanterns to-night, father," she said. "Don't fall asleep upon the mountain; we want you to come back and light them for us."

She had a lantern in the shape of a fish, painted red and black and yellow, and Han Chung had got a big round one, all bright crimson, to carry in the procession; and, besides that, there were two large lanterns to be hung outside the cottage door as soon as it grew dark.

Wang Chih was not likely to forget the Feast of Lanterns, for the children had talked of nothing else for a month, and he promised to come home as early as he could.

At noontide, when his fellow-laborers gave up working, and sat down to rest and eat, Wang Chih took his axe and went up the mountain slope to find a small tree he might cut down for fuel.

He walked a long way, and at last saw one growing at the mouth of a cave.

"This will be just the thing," he said to himself. But, before striking the first blow, he peeped into the cave to see if it were empty.



To his surprise, two old men, with long, white beards, were sitting inside playing chess, as quietly as mice, with their eyes fixed on the chessboard.

Wang Chih knew something of chess, and he stepped in and watched them for a few minutes.

"As soon as they look up I can ask them if I may chop down a tree," he said to himself. But they did not look up, and by and by Wang Chih got so interested in the game that he put down his axe, and sat on the floor to watch it better.

The two old men sat cross-legged on the ground, and the chessboard rested on a slab, like a stone table, between them.

On one corner of the slab lay a heap of small brown objects which Wang Chih took at first to be date stones; but after a time the chess-players ate one each, and put one in Wang Chih's mouth, and he found it was not a date stone at all.

It was a delicious kind of sweetmeat, the like of which he had never tasted before; and the strangest thing about it was that it took his hunger and thirst away.



He had been both hungry and thirsty when he came into the cave, as he had not waited to have his mid-day meal with the other field-workers; but now he felt quite comforted and refreshed.

He sat there some time longer, and noticed that as the old men frowned over the chess-board, their beards grew longer and longer, until they swept the floor of the cave, and even found their way out of the door.

"I hope my beard will never grow as quickly," said Wang Chih, as he rose and took up his axe again.

Then one of the old men spoke, for the first time. "Our beards have not grown quickly, young man. How long is it since you came here?"

"About half an hour, I dare say," replied Wang Chih. But as he spoke, the axe crumbled to dust beneath his fingers, and the second chess-player laughed, and pointed to the little brown sweetmeats on the table.

"Half an hour, or half a century—aye, half a thousand years are all alike to him who tastes of these. Go down into your



village and see what has happened since you left it."

So Wang Chih went down as quickly as he could from the mountain, and found the fields where he had worked covered with houses, and a busy town where his own little village had been. In vain he looked for his house, his wife, and his children.

There were strange faces everywhere; and although when evening came the Feast of Lanterns was being held once more, there was no Ho-Seen-Ko carrying her red and yellow fish, or Han Chung with his flaming red ball.

At last he found a woman, a very, very old woman, who told him that when she was a tiny girl she remembered her grandmother saying how, when *she* was a tiny girl, a poor young man had been spirited away by the Genii of the mountains on the day of the Feast of Lanterns, leaving his wife and little children with only a few handfuls of rice in the house.

"Moreover, if you wait while the procession passes, you will see two children dressed to represent Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko,



and their mother carrying the empty rice-bowl between them; for this is done every year to remind people to take care of the widow and fatherless," she said. So Wang Chih waited in the street; and in a little while the procession came to an end, and the last three figures in it were a boy and girl, dressed like his own two children, walking on either side of a young woman carrying a rice-bowl. But she was not like his wife in anything but her dress, and the children were not at all like Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko; and poor Wang Chih's heart was very heavy as he walked out of the town.

He slept out on the mountain, and early in the morning found his way back to the cave where the two old men were playing chess.

At first they said they could do nothing for him and told him to go away and not disturb them; but Wang Chih would not go, and they found the only way to get rid of him was to give him some really good advice.

"You must go to the White Hare of the Moon, and ask him for a bottle of the elixir of life. If you drink that you will live forever," said one of them.



"But I don't want to live forever," objected Wang Chih. "I wish to go back and live in the days when my wife and children were here."

"Ah, well! For that you must mix the elixir of life with some water out of the sky-dragon's mouth."

"And where is the sky-dragon to be found?" inquired Wang Chih.

"In the sky, of course. You really ask very stupid questions. He lives in a cloud-cave. And when he comes out of it he breathes fire, and sometimes water. If he is breathing fire you will be burned up, but if it is only water, you will easily be able to catch some in a little bottle. What else do you want?"

For Wang Chih still lingered at the mouth of the cave.

"I want a pair of wings to fly with, and a bottle to catch the water in," he replied boldly.

So they gave him a little bottle and before he had time to say "Thank you!" a white crane came sailing past and lighted on the ground close to the cave.



"The crane will take you wherever you like," said the old men. "Go now, and leave us in peace."

So Wang Chih sat on the white crane's back, and was taken up and up through the sky to the cloud-cave where the sky-dragon lived. And the dragon had the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, and the claws of a hawk.

Besides this, he had whiskers and a beard, and in his beard was a bright pearl.

All these things show that he was a real, genuine dragon, and if you ever meet a dragon who is not exactly like this, you will know he is only a make-believe one.

Wang Chih felt rather frightened when he perceived the cave in the distance, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his wife again, and his little boy and girl, he would have been glad to turn back.

While he was far away the cloud-cave looked like a dark hole in the midst of a soft woolly mass, such as one sees in the sky on an April day; but as he came nearer he found



the cloud was as hard as a rock, and covered with a kind of dry, white grass.

When he got there, he sat down on a tuft of grass near the cave, and considered what he should do next.

The first thing was, of course, to bring the dragon out, and the next to make him breathe water instead of fire.

"I have it!" cried Wang Chih at last; and he nodded his head so many times that the little white crane expected to see it fall off.

He struck a light, and set the grass on fire, and it was so dry that the flames spread all around the entrance to the cave, and made such a smoke and crackling that the sky-dragon put his head out to see what was the matter.

"Ho! Ho!" cried the dragon, when he saw what Wang Chih had done, "I can soon put this to rights." And he breathed once, and the water came out of his nose and mouth in three streams.

But this was not enough to put the fire out. Then he breathed twice, and the water came out in three mighty rivers, and Wang Chih, who had taken care to fill his bottle when the



first stream began to flow, sailed away on the white crane's back as fast as he could go, to escape being drowned.

The rivers poured over the cloud rock, until there was not a spark left alight, and rushed down through the sky into the sea below.

Fortunately, the sea lay right underneath the dragon's cave, or he would have done some nice mischief. As it was, the people on the coast looked out across the water toward Japan, and saw three inky-black clouds stretching from the sky into the sea.

"My word! There is a fine rain-storm out at sea!" they said to each other.

But, of course, it was nothing of the kind; it was only the sky-dragon putting out the fire Wang Chih had kindled.

Meanwhile, Wang Chih was on his way to the moon, and when he got there he went straight to the hut where the Hare of the Moon lived, and knocked at the door.

The Hare was busy pounding the drugs which make up the elixir of life; but he left his work, opened the door, and invited Wang Chih to come in.



He was not ugly, like the dragon; his fur was quite white and soft and glossy, and he had lovely, gentle brown eyes.

The Hare of the Moon lives a thousand years, as you know, and when he is five hundred years old he changes his color from brown to white, and becomes, if possible, better tempered and nicer than he was before.

As soon as he heard what Wang Chih wanted, he opened two windows at the back of the hut, and told him to look through each of them in turn.

"Tell me what you see," said the Hare, going back to the table where he was pounding the drugs.

"I can see a great many houses and people," said Wang Chih, "and streets — why, this is the town I was in yesterday, the one which has taken the place of my old village."

Wang Chih stared, and grew more and more puzzled. Here he was up in the moon, and yet he could have thrown a stone into the busy street of the Chinese town below his window.

"How does it come here," he stammered, at last.



"Oh, that is my secret," replied the wise old Hare. "I know how to do a great many things which would surprise you. But the question is, do you want to go back there?"

Wang Chih shook his head.

"Then close the window. It is the window of the Present. And look through the other, which is the window of the Past.

Wang Chih obeyed, and through this window he saw his own dear little village, and his wife, and Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko jumping about her as she hung up the colored lanterns outside the door.

"Father won't be in time to light them for us, after all," Han Chung was saying.

Wang Chih turned, and looked eagerly at the White Hare.

"Let me go to them," he said. "I have got a bottle of water from the sky-dragon's mouth, and——"

"That's all right," said the White Hare. "Give it to me."

He opened the bottle, and mixed the contents carefully with a few drops of the elixir of life, which was clear as crystal, and of



which each drop shone like a diamond as he poured it in.

"Now, drink this," he said to Wang Chih, "and it will give you the power of living once more in the past, as you desire."

Wang Chih held out his hand, and drank every drop.

The moment he had done so the window grew larger, and he saw some steps leading from it down into the village street.

Thanking the Hare, he rushed through it, and ran toward his own house, arriving in time to take from his wife's hand the taper with which she was about to light the red and yellow lanterns which swung over the door.

"What has kept you so long, father? Where have you been?" asked Han Chung, while little Ho-Seen-Ko wondered why he kissed and embraced them all so eagerly.

But Wang Chih did not tell them his adventures just then; only when darkness fell, and the Feast of Lanterns began, he took his part in it with a merry heart.



## LUMAWIG ON EARTH

ONE day when Lumawig, the Great Spirit, looked down from his place in the sky, he saw two sisters gathering beans, and he decided to visit them. When he arrived at the place he asked them what they were doing.

The younger, whose name was Fukan, answered:

"We are gathering beans, but it takes a long time to get enough, for my sister wants to go bathing all the time."

Then Lumawig said to the older sister:

"Hand me a single pod of the beans."

And when she had given it to him, he shelled it into the basket and immediately the basket was full. The younger sister laughed at this, and Lumawig said to her:

"Give me another pod and another basket."

She did so, and when he had shelled the pod, that basket was full also. Then he said to the younger sister:

"Go home and get three more baskets."



She went home, but when she asked for three more baskets her mother said that the beans were few and she could not need so many. Then Fukan told her of the young man who could fill a basket from one pod of beans, and the father, who heard her story, said:

“Go, bring the young man here, for I think he must be a god.”

So Fukan took the three baskets back to Lumawig, and when he had filled them as he did the other two, he helped the girls carry them to the house. As they reached their home, he stopped outside to cool himself, but the father called to him, and he went into the house and asked for some water. The father brought him a cocoanut shell full, and before drinking Lumawig looked at it and said:

“If I stay here with you, I shall become very strong.”

The next morning Lumawig asked to see their chickens, and when they opened the chicken-coop out came a hen and many little chicks.

“Are these all of your chickens?” asked



Lumawig; and the father assured him that they were all. He then bade them bring rice meal that he might feed them, and as the chickens ate they all grew rapidly till they were cocks and hens.

Next Lumawig asked how many pigs they had, and the father replied that they had one with some little ones. Then Lumawig bade them fill a pail with sweet potato leaves, and he fed the pigs. And as they ate they also grew to full size.

The father was so pleased with all these things that he offered his elder daughter to Lumawig for a wife. But the Great Spirit said he preferred to marry the younger, and so it was arranged. Now when his brother-in-law learned that Lumawig desired a feast at his wedding, he was very angry and said:

“Where would you get food for your wedding feast? There is no rice, nor beef, nor pork, nor chicken.”

But Lumawig only answered, “I shall provide our wedding feast.”

In the morning they all set out for Lanao, for Lumawig did not care to stay any longer in the house with his brother-in-law.



As soon as they arrived he sent out for some tree trunks, but the trees that the people brought in were so small that Lumawig himself went to the forest and cut two large pine trees which he hurled to Lanao.

When the people had built a fire of the trees he commanded them to bring ten kettles filled with water. Soon the water was boiling hot and the brother-in-law laughed and said:

“Where is your rice? You have the boiling water, but you do not seem to think of the rice.”

In answer to this Lumawig took a small basket of rice and passed it over five kettles and they were full. Then he called, “Yish-tjau,” and some deer came running out of the forest. These were not what he wanted, however, so he called again and some pigs came. He told the people that they were each to catch one, and for his brother-in-law he selected the largest and best.

They all set out in pursuit of the pigs and the others quickly caught theirs, but though the brother-in-law chased his until he was



very tired and hot he could not catch it. Lumawig laughed at him and said:

“You chase that pig until he is thin and still you cannot catch it, though all the others have theirs.”

Thereupon he grasped the hind legs of the pig and lifted it. All the people laughed and the brother-in-law said:

“Of course you can catch it, because I chased it until it was tired.”

Lumawig then handed it to him, and said: “Here, you carry it.” But no sooner had the brother-in-law put it over his shoulder than it cut loose and ran away.

“Why did you let it go?” asked Lumawig. “Do you care nothing for it, even after I caught it for you? Catch it again and bring it here.”

So the brother-in-law started out again, and he chased it up stream and down, but he could not catch it. Finally Lumawig reached down and picked up the pig and carried it to the place where the others were cooking.

After they had all eaten and drunk and made their offerings to the spirits, Lumawig said:



"Come, let us go to the mountain to consult the omen concerning the northern tribes."

So they consulted the omen, but it was not favorable, and they were starting home when the brother-in-law asked Lumawig to create some water, as the people were hot and thirsty.

"Why do you not create water, Lumawig?" he repeated, as Lumawig paid no attention to him. "You care nothing that the people are thirsty and in need of drink."

Then they quarreled and were very angry and Lumawig said to the people, "Let us sit down and rest."

While they rested, Lumawig struck the rock with his spear, and water came out. The brother-in-law jumped up to get a drink first, but Lumawig held him back, and said he must be the last to drink. So they all drank, and when they had finished the brother-in-law stepped up, but Lumawig gave him a push which sent him into the rock, and water came from his body.

"You must stay there," said Lumawig, "because you have troubled me a great deal."



And they went home, leaving him in the rock.

Some time after this Lumawig decided to go back to the sky to live, but before he went he took care that his wife should have a home. He made a coffin of wood and placed her in it with a dog at her feet and a cock at her head. And as he set it floating on the water, he told it not to stop until it reached Tinglayan. Then, if the foot struck first, the dog should bark; and if the head end was the first to strike, the cock should crow. So it floated away, on and on, until it came to Tinglayan.

Now a widower was sharpening his axe on the bank of the river, and when he saw the coffin stop, he went to fish it out of the water. On the shore he started to open it, but Fukan cried out, "Do not drive a wedge, for I am here." So the widower opened it carefully and took Fukan up to the town, and then, as he had no wife of his own, he married her.



## IN UNION IS STRENGTH

A LION was wandering over the desert, seeking water. It was very hot, and the sun had dried so many pools that it was a long time before he found a well where he could assuage his thirst. But this he did at last, although the water in it was not at all fresh. However, he was too thirsty to care much whether it was stale or not.

He reached down to drink, and then his ears were assailed with the buzzing of mosquitoes, who said to him:

“Lion, leave us in peace. We did not ask you to come here and drink up our home, and you are not welcome.”

This surprised the Lion, who was not used to being spoken to in such an impertinent manner. He roared and said: “Do you know whom you are speaking to? I am the Lion, the King of all beasts. What affair of yours is it what I do? Leave me at once, or I will kill you all.”

But the Mosquitoes said: “You are one,



and we are many. For generations has this old well been our home, and it is not for you to say that we must go. Take our advice and seek another well, or trouble will visit you."

"You insignificant little creatures, how dare you address me in such manner," roared the Lion. "Why, in one minute I can swallow you all and you will make only the very smallest part of a mouthful for me. Know that when I speak all beasts of the forest and the wilderness bow before me, and tremble. Now fly away, all of you, for I am going to drink."

"We know how great is your renown," said the Mosquitoes, "but we do not fear you. If you wish to fight us we are very willing to have it so, but we will not allow you to destroy our home."

The Lion was now enraged more than he had ever been before. Such language to him, the King, meant that destruction must be meted out to those who dared to use it. He roared again, and made ready to kill the foolish Mosquitoes.

But he found that he had undertaken no



easy task. The Mosquitoes flew into his ears, his eyes, his nose and his mouth. They stung him all over his body, and soon he knew that he was conquered. He shook himself; he rolled over and over on the ground, but he could not drive them away.

Then he jumped high into the air, and when he came down his head and fore feet went into the well, and he was unable to release himself.

And so he died, thus teaching a lesson to those who are so proud of their own might that they all think all others must bow down to them. The water in the well was the home of the Mosquitoes, and he had no right to deprive them of it. Had he made a request for water with gentle words, it would without doubt have been given to him, but in the foolishness of his pride and anger he demanded that which was not his. Gentleness, and consideration for others will bring their reward.



## THE STORY OF BANTUGAN

BEFORE the Spaniards occupied the island of Mindanao, there lived in the valley of the Rio Grande a very strong man, Bantugan, whose father was the brother of the earthquake and thunder.

Now the Sultan of the Island had a beautiful daughter whom Bantugan wished to marry, but the home of the Sultan was far off, and whoever went to carry Bantugan's proposal would have a long and hazardous journey. All the head men consulted together regarding who should be sent, and at last it was decided that Bantugan's own son, Balatama, was the one to go. Balatama was young but he was strong and brave, and when the arms of his father were given him to wear on the long journey his heart swelled with pride. More than once on the way, however, his courage was tried, and only the thought of his brave father gave him strength to proceed.

Once he came to a wooden fence which surrounded a stone in the form of a man,



and as it was directly in his path he drew his fighting knife to cut down the fence. Immediately the air became as black as night and stones rained down as large as houses. This made Balatama cry, but he protected himself with his father's shield and prayed, calling on the winds from the homeland until they came and cleared the air again.

Thereupon Balatama encountered a great snake in the road, and it inquired his errand. When told, the snake said:

"You cannot go on, for I am guard of this road and no one can pass."

The animal made a move to seize him, but with one stroke of his fighting knife the boy cut the snake into two pieces, one of which he threw into the sea and the other into the mountains.

After many days the weary lad came to a high rock in the road, which glistened in the sunlight. From the top he could look down into the city for which he was bound. It was a splendid place with ten harbors. Standing out from the other palaces was one of crystal and another of pure gold. Encouraged by this sight he went on, but though



it seemed only a short distance, it was some time before he at last stood at the gate of the town.

It was not long after this, however, before Balatama had made known his errand to the Sultan, and that monarch, turning to his courtiers, said:

"You, my friends, decide whether or not I shall give the hand of my daughter to Bantugan in marriage."

The courtiers slowly shook their heads and began to offer objections.

Said one, "I do not see how Bantugan can marry the Sultan's daughter because the first gift must be a figure of a man or woman in pure gold."

"Well," said the son of Bantugan, "I am here to learn what you want and to say whether or not it can be given."

Then a second man spoke: "You must give a great yard with a floor of gold, which must be three feet thick."

"All this can be given," answered the boy.

And the sister of the Princess said: "The gifts must be as many as the blades of grass in our city."



"It shall be granted," said Balatama.

"You must give a bridge built of stone to cross the great river," said one.

And another: "A ship of stone you must give, and you must change into gold all the cocoanuts and leaves in the Sultan's grove."

"All this can be done," said Balatama. "My uncles will give all save the statue of gold, and that I shall give myself. But first I must go to my father's town to secure it."

At this they were angry and declared that he had made sport of them and unless he produced the statue at once they would kill him.

"If I give you the statue now," said he, "there will come dreadful storms, rain, and darkness."

But they only laughed at him and insisted on having the statue, so he reached into his helmet and drew it forth.

Immediately the earth began to quake. A great storm arose, and stones as large as houses rained until the Sultan called to Balatama to put back the statue lest they all be killed.

"You would not believe what I told you,"



said the boy; "and now I am going to let the storm continue."

But the Sultan begged him and promised that Bantugan might marry his daughter with no other gifts at all save the statue of gold. Balatama put back the statue into his helmet, and the air became calm again to the great relief of the Sultan and his courtiers. Then Balatama prepared to return home, promising that Bantugan would come in three months for the wedding.

All went well with the boy on the way home until he came to the fence surrounding the stone in the form of a man, and there he was detained and compelled to remain four months.

Now about this time a Spanish general heard that Bantugan was preparing to marry the Sultan's daughter, whom he determined to wed himself. A great expedition was prepared, and he with all his brothers embarked on his large warship which was followed by ten thousand other ships. They went to the Sultan's city, and their number was so great that they filled the harbor, frightening the people greatly.



Then the General's brother disembarked and came to the house of the Sultan. He demanded the Princess for the General, saying that if the request were refused the fleet would destroy the city and all its people. The Sultan and his courtiers were so frightened that they decided to give his daughter to the General, the next full moon being the date set for the wedding.

In the meantime Bantugan had been preparing everything for the marriage which he expected to take place at the appointed time. But as the days went by and Balamata did not return they became alarmed, fearing that he was dead. After three months had passed Bantugan prepared a great expedition to go in search of his son, and the great warship was decorated with flags of gold.

As they came in sight of the Sultan's city, they saw the Spanish fleet in the harbor, and one of his brothers advised Bantugan not to enter until the Spaniards left. They then brought their ship to anchor. But all were disappointed that they could go no farther, and one said, "Why do we not go on? Even



if the blades of grass turn into Spaniards we need not fear." Another said: "Why do we fear? Even if the cannon-balls come like rain, we can always fight." Finally some wanted to return to their homes and Bantugan said: "No, let us seek my son. Even though we must enter the harbor where the Spaniards are, let us continue our search." So at his command the anchors were lifted, and they sailed into the harbor where the Spanish fleet lay.

Now at this very time the Spanish general and his brother were with the Sultan, intending to call upon the Princess. As the brother talked with one of the sisters of the Princess they moved toward the window, and looking down they saw Bantugan's ships entering the harbor. They could not tell whose flags the ships bore. Neither could the Sultan when he was called. Then he sent his brother to bring his father, who was a very old man, to see if he could tell. The father was kept in a little dark room by himself that he might not get hurt, and the Sultan said to his brother:

"If he is so bent with age that he cannot



see, talk, or walk, tickle him in the ribs and that will make him young again; and, my Brother, carry him here yourself lest one of the slaves should let him fall and he should hurt himself."

So the old man was brought, and when he looked out upon the ships he saw that the flags were those of the father of Bantugan who had been a great friend of his in his youth. And he told them that he and Bantugan's father years ago had made a contract that their children and children's children should inter-marry, and now since the Sultan had promised his daughter to two people, he foresaw that great trouble would come to the land. Then the Sultan said to the General:

"Here are two claimants to my daughter's hand. Go aboard your ships and you and Bantugan make war on each other, and the victor shall have my daughter."

So the Spaniards opened fire upon Bantugan, and for three days the earth was so covered with smoke from the battle that neither could see his enemy. Then the Spanish general said:



"I cannot see Bantugan or the fleet anywhere, so let us go and claim the Princess."

But the Sultan said: "We must wait until the smoke rises to make sure that Bantugan is gone."

When the smoke rose, the ships of Bantugan were apparently unharmed and the Sultan said:

"Bantugan has surely won, for his fleet is uninjured while yours is badly damaged. You have lost."

"No," said the General, "we will fight it out on dry land."

So they both landed their troops and their cannon, and a great fight took place, and soon the ground was covered with dead bodies. And the Sultan commanded them to stop, as the women and children in the city were being killed by the cannon-balls, but the General said:

"If you give your daughter to Bantugan we shall fight forever, or until we die."

Then the Sultan sent for Bantugan and said:

"We must deceive the Spaniard in order to get him to go away. Let us tell him that



neither of you will marry my daughter, and then after he has gone, we shall have the wedding."

Bantugan agreed to this, and word was sent to the Spaniard that the fighting must cease since many women and children were being killed. So it was agreed between the Spaniard and Bantugan that neither of them should marry the Princess. Then they both sailed away to their homes.

Bantugan soon returned, however, and married the Princess, and on the way back to his home they found his son and took him with them. For about a week the Spanish general sailed toward his home and then he, too, turned about to go back, planning to take the Princess by force. When he found that she had already been carried away by Bantugan, his wrath knew no bounds. He destroyed the Sultan, his city, and all its people. And then he sailed away to prepare a great expedition with which he should utterly destroy Bantugan and his country as well.

One morning Bantugan looked out and saw at the mouth of the Rio Grande the



enormous fleet of the Spaniards whose numbers were so great that in no direction could the horizon be seen. His heart sank within him, for he knew well that he and his country were doomed.

Though he could not hope to win in a fight against such great numbers, he called his head men together, and said:

“My Brothers, the Spanish dogs have come to destroy the land. We cannot successfully oppose them, but in the defense of the fatherland we can die.”

So the great warship was again prepared, and all the soldiers of Islam embarked, and then with Bantugan standing at the bow they sailed forth to meet their fate.

The fighting was fast and furious, but soon the great warship of Bantugan filled with water until at last it sank, drawing with it hundreds of the Spanish ships. And then a strange thing happened. At the very spot where Bantugan's warship sank, there arose from the sea a great island which you can see to-day not far from the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is covered with bongo-palms, and deep within its mountains live



Bantugan and his warriors. A Moro sail-boat passing this island is always scanned by Bantugan's watchers, and if it contains women such as he admires, they are snatched from their seats and carried deep into the heart of the mountain. For this reason Moro women fear even to sail near the island of Bongos.

When the wife of Bantugan saw that her husband was no more and that his warship had been destroyed, she gathered together the remaining warriors and set forth herself to avenge him. In a few hours her ship also was sunk, and in the place where it sank there arose the mountain of Timaco.

On this thickly wooded island are found white monkeys, the servants of the Princess, who still lives in the center of the mountain. On a quiet day high up on the mountain side one can hear the chanting and singing of the waiting-girls of the wife of Bantugan.



## THE PESTLE AND MORTAR OF JADE

ONCE upon a time, so very long ago that even the great-grandfathers of our great-grandmothers had not been born, there lived in the city of Kwen-lu a little Chinese boy named Pei-Hang.

His father and mother loved him dearly, and did all they could to shield him from the power of the evil Genii, or spirits, of whom there were a great many in China. Of course, there were some good Genii too, but most of them were very much the opposite, and Pei-Hang's mother took every precaution against them.

It is well-known that a wicked Genii will not come near a Chinese boy if he has some red silk braided in with his pigtail, or if he wears a silver chain around his neck, and all of them dread an old fishing-net. So Pei-Hang's mother made him a little shirt out of an old fishing-net, and she took



care that his pigtail should be plaited with the brightest of red silk.

Also she was particular in having his head shaved in just the right way, with a tuft sticking straight up in the luckiest place.

And so Pei-Hang got safely over the troubles of his babyhood, and grew from a baby into a big boy, and then to a tall, handsome youth. Then he left off wearing his fish-net shirt, but still wore the silver chain round his neck and had red silk in his pigtail.

"It is time that Pei-Hang saw a little more of the world," said his father. "He must go to Chang-ngan and study under the wise men there."

Chang-ngan was the ancient capital of China, a very large city indeed, and Pin-Too, the teacher to whom Pei-Hang was sent, was the wisest man there.

Pei-Hang soon learned what the world was thinking about, and many other things also. As soon as he was eighteen he took the red silk out of his pigtail and the silver chain from his neck, because grown-up people were supposed to be able to protect them-



selves against the Genii without the aid of charms.

When he was twenty, Pin-Too said he could not teach him any more, and told him to go back to his parents, and comfort them in their old age.

Pei-Hang was his favorite pupil, and Pin-Too looked very sorry when he said this.

"I will start to-morrow, Master, and will leave the city by the Golden Bridge," replied Pei-Hang obediently.

"No, you must go by the Indigo Bridge," said Pin-Too, "for there you will meet your future wife."

"I was not thinking of a wife," observed Pei-Hang, with some dismay.

Pin-Too just wrinkled up his eyes and laughed.

"So much the better!" said he. "When you have once seen her, you will be able to think of nothing else."

It was very hot, and Pei-Hang intended to start in the cool of the early morning, but he sat so long over his books the night before his journey that he wakened late, and when he opened his eyes the sun was blazing down



upon the streets, making the town like a furnace.

However, he had promised to start that day, so he took up his stick and set off.

"I will rest at the Indigo Bridge," said he to himself, "and walk on again in the cool of the evening."

But he had spent many sleepless nights in study, and when he reached the bridge he was so tired that he sat down and fell asleep.

Then, in a dream which came to him, he saw a tall and beautiful maiden, who showed him her right foot, around which was bound a red cord.

"What does this mean?" asked Pei-Hang, who could hardly take his eyes away from her face to look at her foot.

"What does the red cord around your own foot mean?" replied the girl.

Then Pei-Hang looked at his right foot, and saw that it was tied to the girl's by the same thin red cord. So he knew that he had met his future wife.

"My mother used to say that when a boy is born, the Moon Fairy ties an invisible red



cord around his right foot, and the other end of the cord encircles the foot of the girl-baby whom he is to marry," said he.

"Quite true," said the maiden, "and to people who are awake this cord is invisible. Now I will tell you my name, that you may remember it. It is Yun-Ying."

"And I will tell you mine," began Pei-Hang, but Yun-Ying stopped him, smiling.

"Ah, I know yours, and all about you," she said.

Pei-Hang was greatly surprised, but he need not have been, for everyone in Changngan knew that he was Pin-Too's wisest, handsomest, and best-loved pupil. And Yun-Ying lived close to the city, and had often seen him walking through the streets carrying his books.

When Pei-Hang awoke, he looked for the red cord around his foot, but he saw neither this nor the fair maiden.

"I wonder if she is real, or only a dream-maiden, after all," he said to himself.

But Yun-Ying was quite real; only her mother, who knew something of magic, had



given her the power of stepping in and out of people's dreams.

Pei-Hang got up and went on his way, thinking of Yun-Ying all the time.

It was still very hot, and he grew so thirsty that he went to a little hut by the roadside, and asked an old woman who was sitting in the doorway to give him a drink.

She called to her daughter to fill their best goblet with fresh spring water, and bring it out to the stranger. Then appeared none other than Yun-Ying herself.

"Oh!" cried Pei-Hang, "I thought that I might never see you again, and I have found you already."

"And who am I?" asked the girl, smiling.

"Yun-Ying," replied Pei-Hang; and the name seemed so musical to him that he said it over and over again.

Yun-Ying was dressed in white underneath, but her overdress was bright blue, embroidered with beautiful flowers which she had worked herself; and she stood in the door of the hut, with a peach tree in full bloom over her head, making such a picture of youth and loveliness that Pei-



Hang's heart seemed to jump into his throat, and beat there fast enough to choke him.

"Who are you? And how do you come to know Yun-Ying?" asked the old woman, peering and blinking at him, with her hand over her eyes to shield them from the sun.

Then Pei-Hang told her about the dream, and the red cord, and when he said that he wanted to marry her daughter, the old woman did not look at all pleased. "If I had two daughters, you would be welcome to one of them," she said.

Pei-Hang was not a bad match, for his parents were well-off, and he was their only child; but Yun-Ying was a very pretty girl and a mandarin of Chang-ngan was anxious to marry her.

"He is four times her age, it is true," said her mother, explaining this to Pei-Hang, "but he is very rich."

"He is old and wrinkled, like a little brown monkey," said Yun-Ying, "and I don't want to marry him. Besides, the Moon Fairy didn't tie my foot to his."

"No, that's true," sighed her mother.

She would have liked to send Pei-Hang



away, but she knew it would not be safe to do that if the red cord had really been tied to his foot and Yun-Ying's, so she asked him to come inside, and they would talk it over.

"Now," said she, "on this stool I pound magic drugs given to me by the Genii, but my pestle and mortar is broken, and I want a new one."

"That I can easily buy in Chang-ngan," replied Pei-Hang.

"No, you cannot," said the old woman, "because it is a pestle and mortar of jade, and you can only get another one from the home of the Genii, which is on a mountain above the Lake of Gems. If you will do that, and bring it back to me, you shall marry Yun-Ying."

"I will do that, but I must see my parents first," said Pei-Yang.

He had no idea where the home of the Genii was, but Yun-Ying took him out into the garden, and showed him, in the far distance, a range of snow-capped mountains, with one peak towering above all the others.

"That is Mount Sumi," she said, "and it is there the Genii live, sitting on the snow



peaks, and looking down at the Lake of Gems."

"In order to reach it you must cross the Blue River, the White River, the Red River, and the Black River, all of which are full of monstrous fishes. That is why my mother is sending you," sighed Yun-Ying. "She thinks you will not return alive."

"I am a good swimmer, and not afraid of fish," said Pei-Hang.

"But you must not try to swim," said Yun-Ying earnestly, "for you would be instantly devoured. Take this box with you. In it you will find six red seeds, one of which you must throw into each river as you come to it. The river will then shrink to the size of a small brook, over which you can jump."

Pei-Hang opened the box, and saw inside six round, red seeds, each of them the size of a pea, and these he promised to use as she had directed. Then he kissed her, and set out on his journey.

On his way to Mount Sumi he passed through the town in which his parents lived, and when he saw them, he told them every-



thing that had happened to him since he left Chang-ngan.

His mother, who was a very wise woman, as most mothers are, told him the Genii would be angry if he turned their great rivers into brooks, and would probably refuse to give him the pestle and mortar made of jade. But she gave him a box containing six white seeds, one of which he was to cast into each brook as he passed it on his return journey, and it would then expand into a river again.

The next morning Pei-Hang kissed his parents, and continued on his way to Mount Sumi. On the seventh day he came to the Blue River, which was a quarter of a mile wide, and as blue as the sky of summer, and fishes were popping their heads out of the water in every direction. The head of every fish was twice as large as a football, and had two rows of teeth. But he threw a red seed into the river, and in a moment it had become a little brook, across which he could hop on one foot, and the huge fishes were changed into tadpoles.

Very soon he reached the White River, which was half a mile wide, and so rapid



that it was covered with foam, and full of immense sea-serpents.

This river was so wide that Pei-Hang was really surprised when, on throwing another of the red seeds into it, there lay before him a tiny brook, in the bottom of which some eels were wriggling.

Stepping across this, Pei-Hang walked on for some time until he came in sight of the Red River, which was three-quarters of a mile wide, and bright scarlet. Stretched right across it, like a bridge, was a row of huge alligators, each of which had its mouth wide open.

Into the river Pei-Hang threw one of the little red seeds, and one of the nearest alligators made a snap at it, but missed it. The seed sank into the water, and there before him was a small stream less than two feet across, and at the bottom of it a row of tiny lizards.

Pei-Hang crossed the stream, and was met by one of the Genii, who had come down from the snow-peak to see who had been playing tricks with the three mighty rivers.

Then Pei-Hang showed him the white



seeds in the other box, and said: "With these I can make them as large as they were before, on my way back, so it is all right. But first I must find the home of the Genii, and get a pestle and mortar of jade for my future mother-in-law to pound magic drugs in."

"First you must cross the Black River," replied the Geni, with a rather scornful laugh. "It is a mile wide, and the fish in it are six yards long, and covered with spikes like porcupines."

"How did you get across?" inquired Pei-Hang.

"I? O, I can fly," said the Geni.

"And I can jump," retorted Pei-Hang, sturdily.

The Geni walked with him as far as the Black River, and when our hero saw the great waste of water as black as ink, stretching away in front of him, it must be confessed his heart sank a little.

But he took out his fourth seed, and watched it disappear beneath a coal-black wave.

To the Geni's astonishment the river immediately dried up, and a shallow stream



running through the grass lay at their feet.

The Geni was much impressed by the wonderful things Pei-Hang seemed able to do. He was not bad-hearted, so he showed him the nearest way to the home of the Genii on the top of Mount Sumi.

It was a long and wearisome climb, but at last they got up there, and found eight of the Genii sitting on eight snow-peaks, and looking down on the Lake of Gems, as Yun-Ying had said.

The Lake of Gems lay on the other side of Mount Sumi, and was a beautiful sheet of water, flashing all the colors of the rainbow.

Pei-Hang could not take his eyes away from it. He forgot all about the pestle and mortar as he watched the waves rippling along the shore, and leaving behind them diamonds, rubies, sapphires and pearls in thousands.

Each pebble on the margin of the lake was a precious stone, and Pei-Hang wanted to go down and fill his pockets with them.

"We must let him have the pestle and mortar," said the Geni who had been his



guide, and who had told the others about the wonderful red and white seeds while Pei-Hang was standing spell-bound by the beauty of the Lake. "If we don't he won't give us back our rivers."

The eight Genii nodded their eight heads, and spoke all at once, and the noise they made was like the rumble of thunder among the mountains. "Let him take it, if he can carry it," they said.

And they laughed until the snow-peaks shook beneath them; for the mortar made of jade was six feet high and four feet wide, and the pestle was so heavy no mortal could lift it.

Pei-Hang, when he had finished staring at the Lake of Gems, walked round it, and wondered how he was to carry it down the mountain and across the plains to Chang-ngan.

Then he sat down on the ground to think the matter over, and the Genii, even his own good-natured Geni, laughed at him again.

"Come!" they said. "If you like to fill the mortar with precious stones, you may do so. Any man who can carry it empty can carry it full."



"Because no one can carry it at all," concluded the good-natured Geni softly to himself.

Pei-Hang folded his arms and sat still, and thought, and thought, and took no notice of their gibes and jeers. He had not studied for three years under the wisest man in Chang-ngan for nothing, and, besides, he was determined to marry Yun-Ying, and when young men are very much in love, they sometimes accomplish things which seem to be impossible.

At last he jumped up and asked the friendly Geni if he would make a little heap of stones at one side of the mortar.

"I want to be able to look inside it, and I am not tall enough," said he.

"And why don't you do it yourself?" asked the Geni.

"Because I must go down to the Lake of Gems and collect precious stones," replied Pei-Hang.

Then he ran down to the shore of the lake and gathered diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and sapphires, as many as he could carry.



This he did again and again, emptying them into the mortar each time, until it was quite full and held gems enough to make Pei-Hang the richest man in China.

And this was just what he wanted to be, for the yellow-faced mandarin was only the richest man in Chang-ngan, and he knew that the richest man in China would have much the greater chance of winning Yun-Ying.

"Well, what next?" cried the eight Genii, when he had finished. "Will you take it on your shoulder or on your head?"

"I will just carry it under my arm," replied Pei-Hang.

He took out his little box, threw one of the red seeds on top of the gems, and in a moment the tremendous pestle and mortar shrank into one of ordinary size.

Pei-Hang put the pestle in his pocket, and took up the mortar carefully, because he did not wish to lose any of the precious stones. Then he bowed low to the Genii, thanked them, and said good-by.

This time they did not laugh, but each of them roared with rage. They dared



not stop him, knowing that he had the power to turn the four brooks into rivers again.

Pei-Hang hastened away, and on his journey did exactly as he had promised.

After crossing the first brook, he threw a white seed into it, and turned it into an inky black waste of water a mile wide, full of fishes six yards long, and every fish covered with spikes.

When the Genii saw this they stopped roaring, so glad were they to see the Black River guarding them once more from the outer world.

On reaching the Red River, the White River, and the Blue River, Pei-Hang did the same thing, and since that time no one has been able to find the home of the Genii, because no one else could cross the Blue River, much less the other three.

Having traveled for seven days Pei-Hang came to his father's and mother's house. He told them all that he had experienced, and for each white seed his mother had given him he gave her a jewel as large as an egg. Then he went on to Chang-ngan, where he found that Yun-Ying's mother had



spread a report that he was dead, and had invited all her friends to attend a wedding feast in honor of her daughter's marriage with the yellow-faced old mandarin.

The wedding had not taken place when Pei-Hang arrived, but Yun-Ying was already arrayed in her wedding dress, and was standing beneath a peach tree which stood in front of the house. As soon as she saw him she threw herself into his arms, and shed tears of joy at his safe return.

He put down the pestle and mortar and kissed Yun-Ying's tears away. Then her mother came, and said:

"You are too late to marry my daughter, but I'll buy the pestle and mortar from you with some of the money the mandarin gave me."

"Oh, no, you will not," replied Pei-Hang. He then dropped one of his white seeds into the mortar, and it at once became so large that it covered the whole grass plot under the peach tree, and it was filled to the brim with glittering precious stones. He then climbed into a branch overhanging it, and from there he threw down to the wedding guests handfuls of jewels, and the yellow-faced man-



darin was as busy as any one picking them up, much to the disgust of many who thought he was rich enough already.

Pei-Hang offered him three diamonds, each as large as a sparrow's egg, if he would go away and forget that he ever knew Yun-Ying. These the mandarin took and away he went. He was sure that Yun-Ying's mother would have no more to do with him now that she could marry her daughter to one who scattered jewels as Pei-Hang did.

The wedding feast took place, only the bridegrooms were changed. Pei-Hang married Yun-Ying, and took her to where his father and mother lived, and they were as happy as could be.

The pestle and mortar of jade stood beneath the peach tree, for it was too large and too heavy to be moved, and it was certainly of no use to Yun-Ying's mother, because it was too big for her to pound her magic drugs in, even if she could get inside it, which she couldn't. This made her very angry, but it served her right because of the unfair manner in which she had treated Pei-Hang.



## THE MYSTERIOUS GARDEN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a mighty king who was both wise and just. This ruler issued a decree that no one in his dominions should receive any reward, office or honor that he did not truly deserve.

Now at the court were three royal children, each of them richly endowed with virtue and talent, and they grew up to be handsome and amiable young men, well-liked by every one. The king was very fond of them and wished them to occupy the highest stations in life which would accord with their merit. So one day he sent for them and said, "My children, I would like to set you above all others in my palace, for I believe you capable of great deeds of virtue. But you know the law of this country which says that honors may be conferred upon no one who has not proved worthy to receive them. It is my desire that you attain high rank, but this you cannot



reach by remaining at court. You will therefore go out into the world and try to earn, by your own endeavor, the prize promised by the law, and which I shall delight to bestow upon you. In due time I will send for you, and the summons must be answered without delay. Be careful what you do, for your reward will be that which you merit."

The king had ordered, and the three young men had to obey, although they did not relish leaving the court, where life was very pleasant for them. So they bade their sovereign good-bye, embarked on a ship and set sail, without any definite plan as to what country they should visit.

The weather was fine and they sailed on until they reached an island which looked very beautiful to them. They landed, and after walking for some time reached a fair garden full of wonderful trees, flowers and fruit. There they were met by three men, each of whom gave them a word of advice.

The first said that their stay in the garden would not be forever; that the time



would come when they would be forced to leave.

The second told them that they were welcome to enjoy all that the garden could offer, but that they must leave it just as they entered it, and take nothing away with them.

The third advised them to be virtuous, upright, and moderate in their pleasures, as such a course would go far towards living a long and happy life.

The young men listened to this wise counsel and then entered the garden, which was much more wonderful than they had imagined it to be. There were great trees, from the branches of which came the exquisite singing of innumerable birds; their eyes were gladdened by the beauty of the flowers, which gave forth a most pleasing perfume, and they found an abundance of delicious fruit, with which the trees were laden. Here was a paradise.

For some time they rested under the shade of the trees, regaling themselves with the freshly-picked fruit and drinking from springs that bubbled and sparkled from the ground like fountains. Then they sepa-



rated, each seeking a still more enchanting spot.

The first of the young men was so overcome by the beauty that surrounded him that he thought only of present enjoyment, forgetting entirely the advice of the man who had first addressed them before entering the garden. His only idea was to eat, sleep, be merry and cast away all care.

In his wanderings the second youth discovered gold, silver and precious stones in such abundance that neither the beauty of the flowers, with their fragrance, nor the lusciousness of the fruit appealed to him at all. He was dazzled by the treasures he found, and his only thought was of how much he could gather together and take away with him. He, too, forgot the warning of the second man who had spoken to them.

But the third young man bore in mind all the advice given them by the three guards, and he did not agree with the habits into which his companions had fallen. He certainly enjoyed his life in the garden, and took great pleasure in studying all that it contained. And the more he studied the



greater was his wonder at the marvels of nature. Everything was in such good order and so well kept; there was not even a blade of grass that did not show evidence of having been watered. And the strangest thing about it was that he had seen no one to care for all of this. But the garden was so perfect and so admirably kept that it was impossible there should be no master gardener to keep this domain in such wonderful order.

So great became his admiration for this man, whoever he might be, that it became his greatest desire to know him, and to thank him for all the pleasure he had received from just being there, and for the opportunity allowed him to study the marvels that were all about him.

But there is an end to all things, and the course which each of these young men was pursuing was changed when an order from their king called upon them to return and render an account of their doings. So they set out for the gate by which they had entered, and as soon as they had passed through this the first of the three—he who had



thought only of present enjoyment—was overcome by the change of air. He had left the garden, to the fruit of which he had become so accustomed; his strength left him, and he sank to the ground and expired.

The second one struggled along, staggering beneath the weight of treasure he had gathered, the thought of enjoying which helped him to forget his weariness. But as soon as he had passed the gate the men on guard took from him all of the spoil, leaving him wretched, despairing and unhappy.

The third youth, however, reached the gate and passed through it in a happy frame of mind. He was sure that now he would find the master gardener, and be able to express his gratitude to him for the marvels he had seen and studied. He was welcomed by the guards, who were pleased to congratulate him upon the way in which he had listened to and heeded their good advice and counsel.

The youth, whose treasure had been taken from him, drew near to the court. He was so weary that he could scarcely drag himself along. He was changed too, so that



those who had formerly known him did not recognize him now. When he claimed relationship to the king they laughed and jeered at him. He insisted upon entering the palace, but instead of being allowed to do this he was thrown into prison.

But how different was the reception of the third young man! Many of the courtiers went out to greet him, and accompanied him to the king's presence. His Majesty rejoiced at his return, and although he knew all that had happened since he left the court, he asked him to tell his own story.

The youth told the king all about the wonderful garden, and said that it was his great desire to meet the master of so enchanting a place, and to express to him his thanks for the great pleasure that had been his while living in such a paradise.

"Your wish shall be granted," said the king. "I am the master of the garden, and rule it from here through my ministers. There is no living or growing thing there that is not carefully watched, not even a blade of grass."



And now the young man understood that which had before been a mystery to him, and the love and gratitude he had always felt for his master grew greater. The king commended him for his good conduct and for the manner in which he had acted upon the advice given by the three guards, and as a reward raised him to a position of power and honor.



## RASALU, THE FAKIR, AND THE GIANTS

THERE was once a fakir who had gained such a wide reputation for working wonders that Rájá Rasalu, King of Sialkot, determined to pay him a visit. So one day, accompanied by his retinue, he set out for the village of Tilláh, where the holy man dwelt.

The fakir's power was so great that he knew of the King's approach long before he reached the foot of the mountain on one side of which the village was situated, and he said to his disciples, "Rájá Rasalu is on his way here with the purpose of putting my knowledge to the test. He is the son of a Hindoo, and therefore should know better. I have heard that his own power is very great, so I will first put him to the test."

His pupils agreed with him, but said that he should first change himself into some great animal, so that the King might not



know him. The fakir then turned himself into a powerful tiger, and when Rasalu and his followers reached the house they saw this wild beast prowling round.

The King's attendants were stricken with fear, and said, "How great must be the power of this fakir when even tigers are under his sway! Let us return while we may!"

But the Rájá answered sternly, "A wise man will finish the enterprise upon which he starts, and only a fool will confess to failure." So he challenged the tiger, and said, "You are indeed a mighty full-grown tiger, but I am a Rájput, therefore let us fight."

Then the tiger uttered a terrific growl which was like the roar of an earthquake, and prepared to spring. But Rasalu fitted a magic arrow to his bow, and the fakir, knowing its power, immediately vanished.

The King entered the house of the famous fakir, whom he found in the midst of his pupils, and who at once rose and made a respectful bow to one who was more powerful than himself.



Rasalu said, "You are a pretty fakir to try to outwit me or any one."

Then was the fakir irritated and ashamed, and he said, "O King, this is only the abode of poor holy men, and not Gangar, which is the home of the seven famous giants. If you would achieve renown, conquer these, for none will come to you for lording it over fakirs."

To this the Rájá replied, "O fakir, you taunt me. Now, as I am the descendant of the great King Bikramájit, I make a vow never to return to my home until I have defeated the giants of whom you speak. Tell me how I may find them."

The fakir told him the way, and said, "I pray for your success, and this will come to you if you will observe the two following conditions: First, do not draw sword, and next, kill no woman."

So Rájá Rasalu set out for Gangar. Now Gangar was the name also of the most mighty giant of all the seven, and the mountain which was named after him was full of enormous caverns, which were the homes of himself and of his comrades.



In a few days the King arrived, and began to ascend the mountain, but for a long time he searched in vain for the giants. At last he saw one of them carrying water towards the base of a rock and he challenged him. The giant roared so that the stones rattled together and rushed upon Rasalu, who at once fitted an arrow to his bow, let fly, and slew him.

The noise made by the giant roused the others, who came rushing out from their dens. But when they saw that it was King Rasalu who had come against them they were afraid, for they had heard of his might. Then one of them said, "We have been told of your power, but to know whether or not you are worthy to fight with us, let us see you pierce seven plates of iron with your arrow."

Then they set up seven plates of iron, and the King sent his arrow through them all. This wonderful feat filled them with dismay, and they at once turned and fled. But the King pursued them, bow in hand, and with the exception of one only, he slew them all with his invincible arrows.



Rasalu then saw that the remaining giant was a woman, and remembering the second direction of the fakir he put back the arrow which he had already fitted to his bow. He called out, "Stand, woman, I am King Rasalu, and you cannot escape me."

But the giantess replied, "You may indeed capture me, O King, but take notice that in this very country which you have invaded your head shall be smitten from your body."

She then disappeared within a mighty cavern just as Rasalu, urging his horse, made a leap over a great chasm in order to reach her.

The Rájá dismounted, but by this time the giantess was a long way within the mountain. Then he engraved his likeness on the face of the rock inside the entrance of the cave, which he closed by rolling a great stone over its mouth. Escape for her was impossible, and there she remains to this day. At times she endeavors to get out, but as soon as she catches sight of King Rasalu's likeness on the rock she rushes back, filled with dismay, and her roaring fills the villages around with dread.



























LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025718720

