

Tales from Arabia & Native America

IMAGINATIVE SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Tales from Arabia & Native America

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Tales from Arabia & Native America

Imaginative Series

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Tales from Arabia

Introduction

In the chronicles of the ancient dynasty of the Sassanidæ, who reigned, for about four hundred years, from Persia to the borders of China, beyond the great river Ganges itself, we read the praises of one of the kings of the race, who was said to be the best monarch of his time. His subjects loved him, and his neighbours feared him, and when he died he left his kingdom in a more prosperous and powerful condition than any king had done before him.

The two sons who survived him loved each other tenderly, and it was a real grief to the elder, Schahriar, that the laws of the empire forbade him to share his dominions with his brother Schahzeman. Indeed, after ten years, during which this state of things had not ceased to trouble him, Schahriar cut off the country of Great Tartary from the Persian Empire and made his brother king.

Now the Sultan Schahriar had a wife whom he loved more than all the world, and his greatest happiness was to surround her with splendour, and to give her the finest dresses and the most beautiful jewels. It was therefore with the deepest shame and sorrow that he accidentally discovered, after several years, that she had deceived him completely, and her whole conduct turned out to have been so bad, that he felt himself obliged to carry out the law of the land, and order the grand-vizir to put her to death. The blow was so heavy that his mind almost gave way, and he declared that he was quite sure that at bottom all women were as wicked as the Sultana, if you could only find them out, and that the fewer the world contained the better. So every evening he married a fresh wife and had her strangled the following morning before the grand-vizir, whose duty it was to provide these un-

happy brides for the Sultan. The poor man fulfilled his task with reluctance, but there was no escape, and every day saw a girl married and a wife dead.

This behaviour caused the greatest horror in the town, where nothing was heard but cries and lamentations. In one house was a father weeping for the loss of his daughter, in another perhaps a mother trembling for the fate of her child; and instead of the blessings that had formerly been heaped on the Sultan's head, the air was now full of curses.

The grand-vizir himself was the father of two daughters, of whom the elder was called Scheherazade, and the younger Dinarzade. Dinarzade had no particular gifts to distinguish her from other girls, but her sister was clever and courageous in the highest degree. Her father had given her the best masters in philosophy, medicine, history and the fine arts, and besides all this, her beauty excelled that of any girl in the kingdom of Persia.

One day, when the grand-vizir was talking to his eldest daughter, who was his delight and pride, Scheherazade said to him, 'Father, I have a favour to ask of you. Will you grant it to me?'

'I can refuse you nothing,' replied he, 'that is just and reasonable.'

'Then listen,' said Scheherazade. 'I am determined to stop this barbarous practice of the Sultan's, and to deliver the girls and mothers from the awful fate that hangs over them.'

'It would be an excellent thing to do,' returned the grand-vizir, 'but how do you propose to accomplish it?'

'My father,' answered Scheherazade, 'it is you who have to provide the Sultan daily with a fresh wife, and I implore you, by all the affection you bear me, to allow the honour to fall upon me.'

'Have you lost your senses?' cried the grand-vizir, starting back in horror. 'What has put such a thing into your head? You ought to know by this time what it means to be the

Sultan's bride!'

'Yes, my father, I know it well,' replied she, 'and I am not afraid to think of it. If I fail, my death will be a glorious one, and if I succeed I shall have done a great service to my country.'

'It is of no use,' said the grand-vizir, 'I shall never consent. If the Sultan was to order me to plunge a dagger in your heart, I should have to obey. What a task for a father! Ah, if you do not fear death, fear at any rate the anguish you would cause me.'

'Once again, my father,' said Scheherazade, 'will you grant me what I ask?'

'What, are you still so obstinate?' exclaimed the grand-vizir. 'Why are you so resolved upon your own ruin?'

But the maiden absolutely refused to attend to her father's words, and at length, in despair, the grand-vizir was obliged to give way, and went sadly to the palace to tell the Sultan that the following evening he would bring him Scheherazade.

The Sultan received this news with the greatest astonishment.

'How have you made up your mind,' he asked, 'to sacrifice your own daughter to me?'

'Sire,' answered the grand-vizir, 'it is her own wish. Even the sad fate that awaits her could not hold her back.'

'Let there be no mistake, vizir,' said the Sultan. 'Remember you will have to take her life yourself. If you refuse, I swear that your head shall pay forfeit.'

'Sire,' returned the vizir. 'Whatever the cost, I will obey you. Though a father, I am also your subject.' So the Sultan told the grand-vizir he might bring his daughter as soon as he liked.

The vizir took back this news to Scheherazade, who received it as if it had been the most pleasant thing in the world. She thanked her father warmly for yielding to her wishes, and, seeing him still bowed down with grief, told him that she

hoped he would never repent having allowed her to marry the Sultan. Then she went to prepare herself for the marriage, and begged that her sister Dinarzade should be sent for to speak to her.

When they were alone, Scheherazade addressed her thus:

'My dear sister; I want your help in a very important affair. My father is going to take me to the palace, to celebrate my marriage with the Sultan. When his Highness receives me, I shall beg him, as a last favour, to let you sleep in our chamber, so that I may have your company during the last night I am alive. If, as I hope, he grants me my wish, be sure that you wake me an hour before the dawn, and speak to me in these words: "My sister, if you are not asleep, I beg you, before the sun rises, to tell me one of your charming stories." Then I shall begin, and I hope by this means to deliver the people from the terror that reigns over them.' Dinarzade replied that she would do with pleasure what her sister wished.

When the usual hour arrived the grand-vizir conducted Scheherazade to the palace, and left her alone with the Sultan, who bade her raise her veil and was amazed at her beauty. But seeing her eyes full of tears, he asked what was the matter. 'Sire,' replied Scheherazade, 'I have a sister who loves me as tenderly as I love her. Grant me the favour of allowing her to sleep this night in the same room, as it is the last we shall be together.' Schahriar consented to Scheherazade's petition, and Dinarzade was sent for.

An hour before daybreak Dinarzade awoke, and exclaimed, as she had promised, 'My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell me I pray you, before the sun rises, one of your charming stories. It is the last time that I shall have the pleasure of hearing you.'

Scheherazade did not answer her sister, but turned to the Sultan. 'Will your highness permit me to do as my sister asks?' said she.

'Willingly,' he answered. So Scheherazade began.

The Story of the Merchant and the Genius

Sire, there was once upon a time a merchant who possessed great wealth, in land and merchandise, as well as in ready money. He was obliged from time to time to take journeys to arrange his affairs. One day, having to go a long way from home, he mounted his horse, taking with him a small wallet in which he had put a few biscuits and dates, because he had to pass through a desert where no food was to be got. He arrived without any mishap, and, having finished his business, set out on his return. On the fourth day of his journey, the heat of the sun being very great, he turned out of his road to rest under some trees. He found at the foot of a large walnut-tree a fountain of clear and running water. He dismounted, fastened his horse to a branch of the tree, and sat down by the fountain, after having taken from his wallet some of his dates and biscuits. Whilst eating the dates he threw the stones right and left. When he had finished this frugal meal he washed his face and hands in the fountain.

Whilst he was thus employed he saw an enormous genius, white with rage, coming towards him, with a scimitar in his hand.

'Arise,' he cried in a terrible voice, 'and let me kill you as you have killed my son!'

As he uttered these words he gave a frightful yell. The merchant, quite as much terrified at the hideous face of the monster as at his words, answered him tremblingly, 'Alas, good sir, what can I have done to you to deserve death?'

'I shall kill you,' repeated the genius, 'as you have killed my son.'

'But,' said the merchant, 'how can I have killed your son?

I do not know him, and I have never even seen him.'

'When you arrived here did not you sit down on the ground?' asked the genius, 'and did you not take some dates from your wallet, and whilst eating them did not you throw the stones about?'

'Yes,' said the merchant, 'I certainly did so.'

'Then,' said the genius, 'I tell you you have killed my son, for whilst you were throwing about the stones, my son passed by, and one of them struck him in the eye and killed him. So I shall kill you.'

'Ah, sir, forgive me!' cried the merchant.

'I will have no mercy on you,' answered the genius.

'But I killed your son quite unintentionally, so I implore you to spare my life.'

'No,' said the genius, 'I shall kill you as you killed my son,' and so saying he seized the merchant by the arm, threw him on the ground, and lifted his sabre to cut off his head.

The merchant, protesting his innocence, bewailed his wife and children, and tried pitifully to avert his fate. The genius, with his raised scimitar, waited till he had finished, but was not in the least touched.

Scheherazade, at this point, seeing that it was day, and knowing that the Sultan always rose very early to attend the council, stopped speaking.

'Indeed, sister,' said Dinarzade, 'this is a wonderful story.'

'The rest is still more wonderful,' replied Scheherazade, 'and you would say so, if the Sultan would allow me to live another day, and would give me leave to tell it you the next night.'

Schahriar, who had been listening to Scheherazade with pleasure, said to himself, 'I will wait till to-morrow; I can always have her killed when I have heard the end of her story.'

All this time the grand-vizir was in a terrible state of anxiety. But he was much delighted when he saw the Sultan enter the council-chamber without giving the terrible

command that he was expecting.

The next morning, before the day broke, Dinarzade said to her sister, 'Dear sister, if you are awake I pray you to go on with your story.'

The Sultan did not wait for Scheherazade to ask his leave. 'Finish,' said he, 'the story of the genius and the merchant. I am curious to hear the end.'

So Scheherazade went on with the story. This happened every morning. The Sultana told a story, and the Sultan let her live to finish it.

When the merchant saw that the genius was determined to cut off his head, he said: 'One word more, I entreat you. Grant me a little delay; just a short time to go home to bid my wife and children farewell, and to make my will. When I have done this I will come back here, and you shall kill me.'

'But,' said the genius, 'if I grant you the delay you ask, I am afraid you will not come back.'

'I give you my word of honour,' answered the merchant, 'that I will come back without fail.'

'How long do you require?' asked the genius.

'I ask you for a year's grace,' replied the merchant. 'I promise you that to-morrow twelvemonth, I shall be waiting under these trees to give myself up to you.'

On this the genius left him near the fountain and disappeared.

The merchant, having recovered from his fright, mounted his horse, and went on his road.

When he arrived home his wife and children received him with the greatest joy. But instead of embracing them he began to weep so bitterly that they soon guessed that something terrible was the matter.

'Tell us, I pray you,' said his wife, 'what has happened.'

'Alas!' answered her husband, 'I have only a year to live.'

Then he told them what had passed between him and the genius, and how he had given his word to return at the end of

a year to be killed. When they heard this sad news they were in despair, and wept much.

The next day the merchant began to settle his affairs, and first of all to pay his debts. He gave presents to his friends, and large alms to the poor. He set his slaves at liberty, and provided for his wife and children. The year soon passed away, and he was obliged to depart. When he tried to say good-bye he was quite overcome with grief, and with difficulty tore himself away. At length he reached the place where he had first seen the genius, on the very day that he had appointed. He dismounted, and sat down at the edge of the fountain, where he awaited the genius in terrible suspense.

Whilst he was thus waiting an old man leading a hind came towards him. They greeted one another, and then the old man said to him, 'May I ask, brother, what brought you to this desert place, where there are so many evil genii about? To see these beautiful trees one would imagine it was inhabited, but it is a dangerous place to stop long in.'

The merchant told the old man why he was obliged to come there. He listened in astonishment.

'This is a most marvellous affair. I should like to be a witness of your interview with the genius.' So saying he sat down by the merchant.

While they were talking another old man came up, followed by two black dogs. He greeted them, and asked what they were doing in this place. The old man who was leading the hind told him the adventure of the merchant and the genius. The second old man had no sooner heard the story than he, too, decided to stay there to see what would happen. He sat down by the others, and was talking, when a third old man arrived. He asked why the merchant who was with them looked so sad. They told him the story, and he also resolved to see what would pass between the genius and the merchant, so waited with the rest.

They soon saw in the distance a thick smoke, like a cloud

of dust. This smoke came nearer and nearer, and then, all at once, it vanished, and they saw the genius, who, without speaking to them, approached the merchant, sword in hand, and, taking him by the arm, said, 'Get up, and let me kill you as you killed my son.'

The merchant and the three old men began to weep and groan.

Then the old man leading the hind threw himself at the monster's feet and said, 'O Prince of the Genii, I beg of you to stay your fury and to listen to me. I am going to tell you my story and that of the hind I have with me, and if you find it more marvellous than that of the merchant whom you are about to kill, I hope that you will do away with a third part of his punishment?'

The genius considered some time, and then he said, 'Very well, I agree to this.'

The Story of the First Old Man of the Hind

I am now going to begin my story (said the old man), so please attend.

This hind that you see with me is my wife. We have no children of our own, therefore I adopted the son of a favourite slave, and determined to make him my heir.

My wife, however, took a great dislike to both mother and child, which she concealed from me till too late. When my adopted son was about ten years old I was obliged to go on a journey. Before I went I entrusted to my wife's keeping both the mother and child, and begged her to take care of them during my absence, which lasted a whole year. During this time she studied magic in order to carry out her wicked scheme. When she had learnt enough she took my son into a distant place and changed him into a calf. Then she gave him to my steward, and told him to look after a calf she had bought. She also changed the slave into a cow, which she sent to my steward.

When I returned I inquired after my slave and the child. 'Your slave is dead,' she said, 'and as for your son, I have not seen him for two months, and I do not know where he is.'

I was grieved to hear of my slave's death, but as my son had only disappeared, I thought I should soon find him. Eight months, however, passed, and still no tidings of him; then the feast of Bairam came.

To celebrate it I ordered my steward to bring me a very fat cow to sacrifice. He did so. The cow that he brought was my unfortunate slave. I bound her, but just as I was about to

kill her she began to low most piteously, and I saw that her eyes were streaming with tears. It seemed to me most extraordinary, and, feeling a movement of pity, I ordered the steward to lead her away and bring another. My wife, who was present, scoffed at my compassion, which made her malice of no avail. 'What are you doing?' she cried. 'Kill this cow. It is the best we have to sacrifice.'

To please her I tried again, but again the animal's lows and tears disarmed me.

'Take her away,' I said to the steward, 'and kill her; I cannot.'

The steward killed her, but on skinning her found that she was nothing but bones, although she appeared so fat. I was vexed.

'Keep her for yourself,' I said to the steward, 'and if you have a fat calf bring that in her stead.'

In a short time he brought a very fat calf, which, although I did not know it, was my son. It tried hard to break its cord and come to me. It threw itself at my feet, with its head on the ground, as if it wished to excite my pity, and to beg me not to take away its life.

I was even more surprised and touched at this action than I had been at the tears of the cow.

'Go,' I said to the steward, 'take back this calf, take great care of it, and bring me another in its place instantly.'

As soon as my wife heard me speak this she at once cried out, 'What are you doing, husband? Do not sacrifice any calf but this.'

'Wife,' I answered, 'I will not sacrifice this calf,' and, in spite of all her remonstrances, I remained firm.

I had another calf killed; this one was led away. The next day the steward asked to speak to me in private.

'I have come,' he said, 'to tell you some news which I think you will like to hear. I have a daughter who knows magic. Yesterday, when I was leading back the calf which you refused

to sacrifice, I noticed that she smiled, and then directly afterwards began to cry. I asked her why she did so.'

'Father,' she answered, 'this calf is the son of our master. I smile with joy at seeing him still alive, and I weep to think of his mother, who was sacrificed yesterday as a cow. These changes have been wrought by our master's wife, who hated the mother and son.'

'At these words, O genius,' continued the old man, 'I leave you to imagine my astonishment. I went immediately with the steward to speak with his daughter myself. First of all I went to the stable to see my son, and he replied in his dumb way to all my caresses. When the steward's daughter came I asked her if she could change my son back to his proper shape.'

'Yes, I can,' she replied, 'on two conditions. One is that you will give him me for a husband, and the other that you will let me punish the woman who changed him into a calf.'

'To the first condition,' I answered, 'I agree with all my heart, and I will give you an ample dowry. To the second I also agree, only I beg you to spare her life.'

'That will I do,' she replied; 'I will treat her as she treated your son.'

Then she took a vessel of water and pronounced over it some words I did not understand; then, on throwing the water over him, he became immediately a young man once more.

'My son, my dear son,' I exclaimed, kissing him in a transport of joy. 'This kind maiden has rescued you from a terrible enchantment, and I am sure that out of gratitude you will marry her.'

He consented joyfully, but before they were married the young girl changed my wife into a hind, and it is she whom you see before you. I wished her to have this form rather than a stranger one, so that we could see her in the family without repugnance.

Since then my son has become a widower and has gone

travelling. I am now going in search of him, and not wishing to confide my wife to the care of other people, I am taking her with me. Is not this a most marvellous tale?

'It is indeed,' said the genius, 'and because of it I grant to you the third part of the punishment of this merchant.'

When the first old man had finished his story, the second, who was leading the two black dogs, said to the genius, 'I am going to tell you what happened to me, and I am sure that you will find my story even more astonishing than the one to which you have just been listening. But when I have related it, will you grant me also the third part of the merchant's punishment?'

'Yes,' replied the genius, 'provided that your story surpasses that of the hind.'

With this agreement the second old man began in this way.

The Story of the Second Old Man, and of the Two Black Dogs

Great prince of the genii, you must know that we are three brothers—these two black dogs and myself. Our father died, leaving us each a thousand sequins. With this sum we all three took up the same profession, and became merchants. A short time after we had opened our shops, my eldest brother, one of these two dogs, resolved to travel in foreign countries for the sake of merchandise. With this intention he sold all he had and bought merchandise suitable to the voyages he was about to make. He set out, and was away a whole year. At the end of this time a beggar came to my shop. 'Good-day,' I said. 'Good-day,' he answered; 'is it possible that you do not recognise me?' Then I looked at him closely and saw he was my brother. I made him come into my house, and asked him how he had fared in his enterprise.

'Do not question me,' he replied, 'seeing me, you see all I have. It would but renew my trouble to tell of all the misfortunes that have befallen me in a year, and have brought me to this state.'

I shut up my shop, paid him every attention, taking him to the bath, and giving him my most beautiful robes. I examined my accounts, and found that I had doubled my capital—that is, that I now possessed two thousand sequins. I gave my brother half, saying: 'Now, brother, you can forget your losses.' He accepted them with joy, and we lived together as we had before.

Some time afterwards my second brother wished also to sell his business, and travel. My eldest brother and I did all we

could to dissuade him, but it was of no use. He joined a caravan and set out. He came back at the end of a year in the same state as his elder brother. I took care of him, and as I had a thousand sequins to spare I gave them to him, and he re-opened his shop.

One day, my two brothers came to me to propose that we should make a journey and trade. At first I refused to go. 'You travelled,' I said, 'and what did you gain?' But they came to me repeatedly, and after having held out for five years I at last gave way. But when they had made their preparation, and they began to buy the merchandise we needed, they found they had spent every piece of the thousand sequins I had given them. I did not reproach them. I divided my six thousand sequins with them, giving a thousand to each and keeping one for myself, and the other three I buried in a corner of my house. We bought merchandise, loaded a vessel with it, and set forth with a favourable wind.

After two months' sailing we arrived at a seaport, where we disembarked and did a great trade. Then we bought the merchandise of the country, and were just going to set sail once more, when I was stopped on the shore by a beautiful though very poorly dressed woman. She came up to me, kissed my hand, and implored me to marry her, and to take her on board. At first I refused, but she begged so hard and promised to be such a good wife to me, that at last I consented. I got her some beautiful dresses, and after having married her, we embarked and set sail. During the voyage, I discovered so many good qualities in my wife that I began to love her more and more. But my brothers began to be jealous of my prosperity, and set to work to plot against my life. One night when we were sleeping they threw my wife and myself into the sea. My wife, however, was a fairy, and so she did not let me drown, but transported me to an island. When the day dawned she said to me,

'When I saw you on the sea-shore I took a great fancy to

you, and wished to try your good nature, so I presented myself in the disguise you saw. Now I have rewarded you by saving your life. But I am very angry with your brothers, and I shall not rest till I have taken their lives.'

I thanked the fairy for all that she had done for me, but I begged her not to kill my brothers.

I appeased her wrath, and in a moment she transported me from the island where we were to the roof of my house, and she disappeared a moment afterwards. I went down, and opened the doors, and dug up the three thousand sequins which I had buried. I went to the place where my shop was, opened it, and received from my fellow-merchants congratulations on my return. When I went home, I saw two black dogs who came to meet me with sorrowful faces. I was much astonished, but the fairy who reappeared said to me,

'Do not be surprised to see these dogs; they are your two brothers. I have condemned them to remain for ten years in these shapes.' Then, having told me where I could hear news of her, she vanished.

The ten years are nearly passed, and I am on the road to find her. As in passing I met this merchant and the old man with the hind, I stayed with them.

This is my history, O prince of genii! Do not you think it a most marvellous one?

'Yes, indeed,' replied the genius, 'and I will give up to you the third of the merchant's punishment.'

Then the third old man made the genius the same request as the other two had done, and the genius promised him the last third of the merchant's punishment if his story surpassed both the others.

So he told his history to the genius, but I cannot tell you what it was, as I do not know.

But I do know that it was even more marvellous than either of the others, so that the genius was astonished, and said to the third old man, 'I will give up to you the third part

of the merchant's punishment. He ought to thank all three of you for having interested yourselves in his favour. But for you, he would be here no longer.'

So saying, he disappeared, to the great joy of the company. The merchant did not fail to thank his friends, and then each went on his way. The merchant returned to his wife and children, and passed the rest of his days happily with them.

'But, sire,' added Scheherazade, 'however beautiful are the stories I have just told you, they cannot compare with the story of the Fisherman.'

The Fisherman and the Genie

There was once an old fisherman who lived in great poverty with a wife and three children. But though poorer than others he ever toiled in humble submission to the decrees of Providence, and so, at the same hour each day, he would cast his net four times into the sea, and whatever it brought up to him therewith he rested content.

One day, having cast for the first time, he found his net so heavy that he could scarcely draw it in; yet when at last he got it to shore all that it contained was the carcase of an ass.

He cast a second time, and found the draught of the net even heavier than before. But again he was doomed to disappointment, for this time it contained nothing but a large earthenware jar full of mud and sand. His third attempt brought him only a heap of broken old bottles and potsherds: fortune seemed to be against him. Then, committing his hope to Providence, he cast for the fourth and last time; and once more the weight of the net was so great that he was unable to haul it. When at last he got it to land, he found that it contained a brazen vessel, its mouth closed with a leaden stopper, bearing upon it the seal of King Solomon.

The sight cheered him. "This," thought he, "I can sell in the market, where I may get for it enough to buy a measure of corn; and, if one is to judge by weight, what lies within may prove yet more valuable."

Thus reckoning, he prised out the stopper with his knife, and turning the vessel upside down looked for the contents to follow. Great was his astonishment when nothing but smoke came out of it. The smoke rose in a thick black column and spread like a mist between earth and sky, till presently,

drawing together, it took form; and there in its midst stood a mighty Genie, whose brows touched heaven while his feet rested upon ground. His head was like a dome, his hands were like flails, and his legs like pine trees; his mouth was black as a cavern, his nostrils were like trumpets, his eyes blazed like torches, and his wings whirled round and over him like the simoom of the desert.

At so fearful a sight all the fisherman's courage oozed out of him; but the Genie, perceiving him, cried with a loud voice, "O, Solomon, Prophet of God, slay me not, for never again will I withstand thee in word or deed!"

"Alas!" said the fisherman, "I am no prophet; and as for Solomon, he has been dead for nearly two thousand years. I am but a poor fisherman whom chance has knocked by accident against thy door."

"In that case," answered the Genie, "know that presently thou wilt have to die."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the fisherman; "or, at least, tell me why! Surely it might seem that I had done thee some service in releasing thee."

"Hear first my story," said the Genie, "then shalt thou understand."

'Well, if I must!" said the fisherman, resigning himself to the inevitable; "but make it short, for truly I have small stomach left in me now for the hearing of tales."

"Know, then," said the Genie, "that I am one of those spirits which resisted the power and dominion of Solomon; and when, having brought into submission all the rest of my race, he could not make me yield to him either reverence or service, he caused me to be shut up in this bottle, and sealing it with his own seal cast it down into the depths of the sea.

"Now when I had lain there prisoner for a hundred years, I swore in my heart that I would give to the man that should release me all the treasures attainable in heaven or earth. But when none came to earn so great a reward in all the hundred

years that followed, then I swore that I would give to my liberator earthly riches only; and when this gift also had lain despised for yet another hundred years, then would I promise no more than the fulfilment of three wishes. But thereafter finding that all promises and vows were vain, my heart became consumed with rage, and I swore by Allah that I would only grant to the fool that should release me his own choice of the most cruel form of death by which he should die. Now therefore accept that mercy which I still offer and choose thy penalty!"

When the fisherman heard this he gave himself up for lost, yet he did not the less continue by prayer and supplication to entreat the Genie from his purpose. But when he found that there was no heart left in him to be moved, then for the first time he bestirred his wits, and remembering how that which is evil contains far less wisdom than that which is good, and so falls ever the more readily into the trap prepared for it, he spoke thus: "O Genie, since thou art determined on my death, there is yet a certain thing touching thine honour that I would first know. So, by the Ineffable Name, which is the seal of Solomon, I will ask thee one question, and do thou swear to answer it truly."

The Genie was ready enough to give the oath as desired. Then said the fisherman, 'How is it that one so great as thou art, whose feet o'er-step the hills and whose head out-tops the heaven—how can such an one enter into so small a vessel to dwell in it? Truly, though mine eyes tell me I have seen it, I cannot any longer believe so great a marvel."

"What?" cried the Genie, "dost thou not believe what I have already told thee?"

"Not till I have seen it done can I believe it," said the fisherman.

Thereupon, without more waste of words, the Genie, drawing his limbs together and folding himself once more in a thick veil of smoke, descended from his vast altitude into

the narrow neck of the brazen vessel till not one shred or film of him remained to view. Then the fisherman with a quick hand replaced the leaden stopper, and laughing, cried to the Genie, "Choose now, thou in thy turn, by what manner of death thou wilt die."

The Genie, hearing himself thus mocked, made violent efforts to escape; but the power of the seal of Solomon held him fast, and the fisherman, ceasing not all the while to revile him for the treachery and baseness which were now to receive their due reward, began to carry the vessel back to the sea's brink. "Now," said he, "thou shalt return to the place whence I drew thee! And here on the shore I will build myself a hut, and to every fisherman that comes near I will say, 'Look that you fish not in these waters, for herein lies bound a wicked genie that has sworn to put to a cruel death whoever dares to release him.'"

"Nay, nay," cried the Genie, "I did not mean what I said! Ask of me now, and I will give you all the treasures that the world contains, or that your heart can find in it to desire, if only you will set me free!"

The fisherman, being of a mild spirit and with no heart for revenge, sat down to consider what he should do, and all the while the imprisoned Genie continued to appeal to him for compassion with loud promise and lamentation. So at last, the fisherman, having the fear of God before his eyes, after he had extracted from the Genie a most solemn vow to leave him unharmed, drew out the stopper of lead and released him.

No sooner was he out and restored to his true form than the Genie, turning himself about, lifted his foot and with his full strength smote the brazen vessel far out to sea; and the fisherman, beholding that act, began to repent him of his mercy and to tremble again for dear life.

But the Genie, seeing his fear, broke into huge laughter, and striding on ahead of him cried, "Come, fisherman, and follow me, for now I will lead you to fortune!"

Meekly at his heels went the old fisherman, and leaving behind them the habitations of men they ascended a mountain and entered upon a desert tract guarded by four hills, in the centre of which lay a broad lake. Here the Genie stopped, and pointing to a place where fish were swimming in abundance bade the fisherman cast in his net. The fisherman did as he was told, and when he drew in his net he found that it contained four fish each of a different colour, a red, a white, a blue, and a yellow: never in his life had he seen the like of them. The Genie bade him take and offer them to the Sultan, assuring him that if he did so they should bring him both fortune and honours. Then he struck the ground with his foot, and immediately the earth opened its mouth and swallowed him as the dry desert swallows the rain.

The fisherman, wondering no less at his safe deliverance than at the marvel of these occurrences, made his way in haste to the city; and there presenting himself at the palace he begged that the four fish might be laid at the Sultan's feet, as a humble offering from the poorest of his subjects.

No sooner had the monarch seen them, so strange of form and so brilliant and diverse in hue, than his longing to taste of them became strongly awakened; so, by the hand of his Vizier, he sent them to the cook to be prepared forthwith for the royal table. As for the poor fisherman, he received no fewer than four hundred pieces of gold from the Sultan's bounty, and returned to his family rejoicing in an affluence which surpassed his utmost expectations.

The cook meanwhile, proud of an opportunity to exhibit her culinary skill on dainties so rare, scaled and cleaned the fish and laid them in a frying-pan over the fire. But scarcely had she done so when the wall of the kitchen divided, and there issued forth from it a damsel of moon-like beauty richly apparelled, holding a rod of myrtle in her hand. With this she struck the fish that lay in the frying-pan, and cried—

"O fish of my pond,
Are ye true to your bond?"

And immediately the four fishes lifted their heads from the frying fat and answered—

"Even so, the bond holds yet;
Paid by thee, we pay the debt.
With give and take is the reckoning met."

Thereupon the damsel upset the pan into the fire and retired through the wall in the same way that she had come, leaving the four fish all charred to a cinder.

The cook, beholding her labour thus brought to naught, began to weep and bewail herself, expecting no less than instant dismissal, and was still loud in her lamentations when the Vizier arrived to see if the fish were ready.

On hearing her account of what had occurred, the Vizier was greatly astonished, but feared to bring so strange a report to the Sultan's ears while the cravings of the royal appetite were still unsatisfied; so recalling the fisherman by a swift messenger, he bade him procure in all haste four more fish of the same kind, promising to reward him according to the speed with which he accomplished the task. So spurred, and by the additional favour of fortune, the fisherman fulfilled his mission in an astonishingly short space of time; but no sooner was the second lot of fish placed upon the fire in the Vizier's presence than once again the wall opened, and the damsel, appearing as before, struck the frying-pan with her rod, and cried—

"O fish of my pond,
Are ye true to your bond?"

And immediately the fish stood up on their tails in the

frying fat and replied—

"Even so, the bond holds yet;
Paid by thee, we pay the debt.
With give and take is the reckoning met."

Whereupon she upset the pan into the fire and departed as she had come.

The Vizier, perceiving that so strange an event might no longer be kept from the royal knowledge, went and informed the Sultan of all that had occurred; and the monarch, as soon as he had heard the tale, now rendered more eager for the satisfaction of his eyes than he had previously been for the indulgence of his appetite, sent for the fisherman, and promised him yet another four hundred pieces of gold if he could within a given time procure four more fishes similar to those he had already brought on the previous occasions.

If the fisherman had been prompt at the Vizier's bidding, he made even greater speed to fulfil the royal command, and before the day was over—this time in the presence of the Sultan himself—four fish, of four diverse colours like to the first, were cleaned and laid into the pan ready for frying. But scarcely had they touched the fat when the wall opened in a clap like thunder, and there came forth with a face of rage a monstrous negro the size of a bull, holding in his hand the rod of myrtle. With this he struck the frying-pan, and cried in a terrible voice—

"O fish from the pond,
Are ye true to your bond?"

And when the fish had returned the same answer that the others had made before them, without more ado the negro overturned the pan upon the fire and departed as he had come.

When the Sultan's eyes had seen that marvel, he said to his Vizier, "Here is mystery set before us! Surely these fish that talk have a past and a history. Never shall I rest satisfied until I have learned it." So causing the fisherman to be brought before him, he inquired whence the fish came. The fisherman answered, "From a lake between four hills upon the mountain overlooking the city." The Sultan inquired how many days' journey it might be, and the fisherman replied that it was but a matter of a few hours going and returning. Then to the Sultan and his court it seemed that the old man was mocking them, for none had heard tell of any lake lying among the hills so near to that city; and the fisherman, seeing his word doubted, began to fear that the Genie was playing him a trick; for if the lake were now suddenly to vanish away, he might find his fortunes more undone at the end than at the beginning.

Yet the Sultan, though his Vizier and all his court sought to dissuade him, was firmly resolved on putting the matter to the proof; so he gave orders that an escort and camping tents should be immediately got ready, and, with the fisherman to guide, set forth to find the place that was told of.

And, sure enough, when they had ascended the mountain which all knew, they came upon a desert tract on which no man had previously set eyes; and there in its midst lay the lake filled with four kinds of fish, and beyond it stretched a vast and unknown country.

At this sight, so mysterious and unaccountable, of a strange region lying unbeknownst at the gates of his own capital, the monarch was seized with an overwhelming desire to press forward in solitary adventure to the discovery of its secret. To the cautious counsels of his Vizier he turned a deaf ear; but since it would not be safe for his subjects to know of his departure on an errand so perilous, it was given out that he had been stricken by sudden sickness. The door of the royal tent was closed, and at the dead of night the Sultan,

admitting none but the Vizier into his confidence, set out secretly on his adventure.

Journeying by night and resting by day, he arrived on the third morning within sight of a palace of shining marble which, with its crowd of domes and minarets, stood solitary among the hills. No sign of life was about it, and when he drew near and knocked at the gates none came to answer him. Then, finding the doors unfastened, he took courage and entered; and advancing through chambers where gold lay as dust, and by fountains wherein pearls lay poured out like water, he found only solitude to greet him.

Wandering without aim among innumerable treasures unguarded and left to waste, the Sultan grew weary, and sat down in an embrasure to rest. Then it seemed to him that not far off he could hear a sorrowful voice chant verses of lamentation. Following the sounds with wonder he came to a curtained doorway, and passing through found himself in the presence of a fair youth richly dressed, seated upon a couch and bearing upon his countenance tokens of extreme grief and despondency. To the Sultan's proffered greeting the youth returned salutation, but did not stir from his seat. "Pardon me," he said, "for not rising; but my miserable condition makes it impossible." Having said this he again broke into doleful lamentation; and when the Sultan inquired as to the cause of so many tears, "See for yourself," he cried, "what I am now made into!" And lifting the skirt of his robe he revealed himself all stone from his waist to the soles of his feet, while from the waist upwards he was as other men. Then as he observed upon his visitor's countenance the expression of a lively curiosity and astonishment, "Doubtless," he went on, "as you now know the secret of my miserable condition you will wish also to hear my story." And he related it as follows:—

The Story of the King of the Ebony Isles

"My father was king of the city which once stood about this palace. He was lord also of the Ebony Isles that are now the four hills which you passed on your way hither. When I succeeded to the throne upon his death, I took to wife my own cousin, the daughter of my uncle, with whom I lived for five years in the utmost confidence and felicity, continually entertained by the charm of her conversation and the beauty of her person, and happy in the persuasion that she found in me an equal satisfaction.

"One day, however, it chanced, in the hour before dinner when the queen was gone to bathe and adorn herself, that I lay upon a couch beside which two female slaves sat fanning me; and they, supposing me to be asleep, began to talk concerning me and their mistress. 'Ah!' said one, 'how little our lord knows where our mistress goes to amuse herself every night while he lies dreaming!' 'How should he know?' returned the other, 'seeing that the cup of wine which she gives him each night contains a sleeping-draught, that causes him to sleep sound however long she is absent. Then at day-break when she returns she burns perfumes under his nostrils, and he waking and finding her there guesses nothing. Pity it is that he cannot know of her treacherous ways, for surely it is a shame that a king's wife should go abroad and mix with base people.'

"Now when I heard this the light of day grew dark before my eyes; but I lay on and made no sign, awaiting my wife's return. And she coming in presently, we sat down and ate and drank together according to custom; and afterwards, when I had retired and lain down, she brought me with her own

hands the cup of spiced wine, inviting me to drink. Then I, averting myself, raised it to my lips, but instead of drinking, poured it by stealth into my bosom, and immediately sank down as though overcome by its potency, feigning slumber. Straightway the queen rose up from my side, and having clothed herself in gorgeous apparel and anointed herself with perfumes, she made her way secretly from the palace, and I with equal secrecy followed her.

"Soon, passing by way of the narrower streets, we arrived before the city gates; and immediately at a word from her the chains fell and the gates opened of their own accord, closing again behind us as soon as we had passed. At last she came to a ruined hut, and there entering I saw her presently with her veil laid aside, seated in familiar converse with a monstrous negro, the meanest and most vile of slaves, offering to him in abject servility dainties which she had carried from the royal table, and bestowing upon him every imaginable token of affection and regard.

"At this discovery I fell into a blind rage, and drawing my sword I rushed in and struck the slave from behind a blow upon the neck that should have killed him. Then believing that I had verily slain him, and before the queen found eyes to realise what had befallen, I departed under cover of night as quickly as I had come, and returned to the palace and my own chamber.

"On awaking the next morning I found the queen lying beside me as though nothing had happened, and at first I was ready to believe it had all been an evil dream; but presently I perceived her eyes red with weeping, her hair dishevelled, and her face torn by the passion of a grief which she strove to conceal. Having thus every reason to believe that my act of vengeance had not fallen short of its purpose, I held my tongue and made no sign.

"But the same day at noon, while I sat in council, the queen appeared before me clad in deep mourning, and with

many tears informed me how she had received sudden news of the death of her father and mother and two brothers, giving full and harrowing details of each event. Without any show of incredulity I heard her tale; and when she besought my permission to go into retirement and mourn in a manner befitting so great a calamity, I bade her do as she desired.

"So for a whole year she continued to mourn in a privacy which I left undisturbed; and during that time she caused to be built a mausoleum or Temple of Lamentation—the same whose dome you see yonder—into which she withdrew herself from all society; while I, believing the cause of my anger removed and willing to humour the grief which my act had caused her, waited patiently for her return to a sane and reasonable state of mind.

"But, as I learned too late, matters had not so fallen: for though in truth the negro was grievously wounded, being cut through the gullet and speechless, it was not the will of Heaven that he should die; and the queen having by her enchantments kept him in a sort of life, no sooner was the mausoleum finished than she caused him to be secretly conveyed thither, and there night and day tended him, awaiting his full recovery.

"At length, when two years were over and her mourning in no wise abated, my curiosity became aroused; so going one day to the Temple of Lamentation I entered unannounced, and placing myself where I might see and not be seen, there I discovered her in an abandonment of fond weeping over her miserable treasure whose very life was a dishonour to us both. But no sooner in my just resentment had I started to upbraid her, than she—as now for the first time realising the cause of her companion's misfortune—began to heap upon me terms of the most violent and shameful abuse; and when, carried beyond myself, I threatened her with my sword, she stood up before me, and having first uttered words of unknown meaning she cried—

'Be thou changed in a moment's span;
Half be marble, and half be man!'

And at the word I became even as you see me now—dead to the waist, and above living yet bound. Yet even so her vengeance was not satisfied. Having reduced me to this state she went on to vent her malice upon the city and islands over which I ruled, and the unfortunate people who were my subjects. Thus by her wicked machinations the city became a lake, and the islands about it the four hills which you have seen; as for the inhabitants, who were of four classes and creeds, Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Persians, she turned them into fish of four different colours: the white are the Moslems, the red are Persian fire-worshippers, the yellow are Jews, and the blue Christians. And now having done all this she fails not every day to inflict upon me a hundred lashes with a whip which draws blood at every stroke: and when these are accomplished she covers my torn flesh with hair-cloth and lays over it these rich robes in mockery. Of a surety it is the will of Heaven that I should be the most miserable and despised of mortals!"

Thus the youth finished his story, nor when he had ended could he refrain from tears. The Sultan also was greatly moved when he heard it, and his heart became full of a desire to avenge such injuries upon the doer of them. "Tell me," he said, "where is now this monster of iniquity?" "Sir," answered the youth, "I doubt not she is yonder in the mausoleum with her companion, for thither she goes daily so soon as she has measured out to me my full meed of chastisement: and as for this day my portion has been served to me, I am quit of her till to-morrow brings the hour of fresh scourgings."

Now when this was told him the Sultan saw his way plain. "Be of good cheer," he said to the youth, "and endure with a quiet spirit yet once more the affliction she causes thee; for at the price of that single scourging I trust, by the will of Heaven,

to set thee free."

So on the morrow the Sultan lay in close hiding until sounds reached him which told that the whippings had begun; then he arose and went in haste to the mausoleum, where amid rich hangings and perfumes and the illumination of a thousand candles, he found the black slave stretched mute upon a bed awaiting in great feebleness the recovered use of his sawn gullet. Quickly, with a single sword-stroke, the avenger took from him that poor remnant of life which enchantment alone had made possible: then having thrown the body into a well in the courtyard below, he lay down in the dead man's place, drawing the coverlet well over him. Soon after, fresh from her accustomed task of cruelty, the enchantress entered, and falling upon her knees beside the bed she cried, "Has my lord still no voice wherewith to speak to his servant? Surely, for lack of that sound, hearing lies withered within me!" Then the Sultan, taking to himself the thick speech of a negro, said, "There is no strength or power but in God alone!"

On hearing those words, believing that her companion's speech was at last restored to him, the queen uttered a cry of joy! But scarcely had she begun to lavish upon him the tokens of her affection when the pretended negro broke out against her in violent abuse. "What!" he cried, "dost thou expect favour at my hands, when it is because of thee that for two years I have lain dumb and prostrate? How darest thou speak to me or look for any recompense save death! Nay!" he went on in answer to her astonished protests, "have not the cries and tears and groans of thy husband kept me continually from rest: and has not Heaven smitten me for no other reason than because thou wouldst not cease from smiting him? So has the curse which thou didst seek to lay upon him fallen doubly upon me."

"Alas!" cried the enchantress, "have I unknowingly caused thee so great an ill? If it be so, then let my lord give

command, and whatever be his desire it shall be satisfied."

Then said the Sultan, "Go instantly and release thy husband from spell and torment: and when it is done, return hither with all speed."

Thus compelled, in great fear and bewilderment and sorely against her will, the queen sped to the chamber in the palace where her husband lay spell-bound. Taking a vessel of water she pronounced over it certain words which caused it instantly to boil as though it had been set on a fire: then throwing the water over him, she cried—

"Spell be loosed, and stone grow warm,
Yield back flesh to the human form."

And immediately on the word his nature came to him again, and he leaped and stood upon his feet. But the queen's hatred towards him was by no means abated. "Go hence quickly," she cried, "since a better will than mine releases thee! But if thou tarry or if thou return, thou shalt surely die!" Thankful for his deliverance the youth stayed not to question, but departing went and hid himself without, while the queen returned in haste to the mausoleum where her supposed lover awaited her. There, eager for restoration to favour, she informed him of what she had done, supposing that to be all.

"Nay," said the other, still speaking with the thick voice of a negro; "though thou hast lopped the branch of the evil thou hast not destroyed the root. For every night I hear a jumping of fishes in the lake that is between the four hills, and the sound of their curses on thee and me comes to disturb my rest. Go instantly and restore all things to their former state, then come back and give me thy hand and I shall rise up a sound man once more."

Rejoicing in that promise and the expectations it held out to her of future happiness, the queen went with all speed to the border of the lake. There taking a little water into her

hand, and uttering strange words over it, she sprinkled it this way and that upon the surface of the lake and the roots of the four hills, and immediately where had been the lake a city appeared, and instead of fishes inhabitants, and in place of the four hills four islands. As for the palace, it stood no longer removed far away into the desert but upon a hill overlooking the city.

Great was the astonishment of the Vizier and the Sultan's escort which had lain encamped beside the lake to find themselves suddenly transported to the heart of a populous city, with streets and walls and the hum of reawakened life around them; but a greater and more terrible shock than this awaited the queen upon her return to the mausoleum to enjoy the reward of her labours. "Now," she cried, "let my lord arise, since all that he willed is accomplished!"

"Give me thy hand!" said the Sultan, still in a voice of disguise; "come nearer that I may lean on thee!" And as she approached he drew forth his sword which had lain concealed beside him in the bed, and with a single blow cleft her wicked body in twain.

Then he rose and went quickly to where in hiding lay the young king her husband, who learned with joy of the death of his cruel enemy. He thanked the Sultan with tears of gratitude for his deliverance, and invoked the blessings of Heaven upon him and his kingdom. "On yours too," said the Sultan, "let peace and prosperity now reign! And since your city is so near to mine, come with me and be my guest that we may rejoice together in the bonds of friendship."

"Nay," answered the young king, "that would I do willingly, but your country lies many a day's journey from my own. I fear the breaking of the spell which held me and my subjects has brought you further than you wished."

It was in fact true that the Ebony Isles had now returned to the place from which they had originally come. The Sultan put a smiling face upon the matter: "I can well put up with

the tedium of my journey," said he, "if only you will be my companion. Nay, let me speak frankly to one whose demeanour in affliction has won my heart: I am childless and have no heir. Come with me and be my son, and when I am dead unite our two kingdoms under a single ruler. The young king, who had conceived for his deliverer an equal affection, could not withstand so noble and generous an offer: and so with a free exchange of hearts on both sides the matter was arranged.

After a journey of some months the Sultan arrived again at his own capital, where he was welcomed with great rejoicings by the people, who had long mourned over his strange and unexplained absence.

As for the old fisherman who had been the immediate cause of the young king's deliverance the Sultan loaded him with honours and gave his daughters in marriage to sons of the blood royal, so that they all continued in perfect happiness and contentment to the end of their days.

The Little Hunchback

In the kingdom of Kashgar, which is, as everybody knows, situated on the frontiers of Great Tartary, there lived long ago a tailor and his wife who loved each other very much. One day, when the tailor was hard at work, a little hunchback came and sat at the entrance of the shop, and began to sing and play his tambourine. The tailor was amused with the antics of the fellow, and thought he would take him home to divert his wife. The hunchback having agreed to his proposal, the tailor closed his shop and they set off together.

When they reached the house they found the table ready laid for supper, and in a very few minutes all three were sitting before a beautiful fish which the tailor's wife had cooked with her own hands. But unluckily, the hunchback happened to swallow a large bone, and, in spite of all the tailor and his wife could do to help him, died of suffocation in an instant. Besides being very sorry for the poor man, the tailor and his wife were very much frightened on their own account, for if the police came to hear of it the worthy couple ran the risk of being thrown into prison for wilful murder. In order to prevent this dreadful calamity they both set about inventing some plan which would throw suspicion on some one else, and at last they made up their minds that they could do no better than select a Jewish doctor who lived close by as the author of the crime. So the tailor picked up the hunchback by his head while his wife took his feet and carried him to the doctor's house. Then they knocked at the door, which opened straight on to a steep staircase. A servant soon appeared, feeling her way down the dark staircase and inquired what they wanted.

'Tell your master,' said the tailor, 'that we have brought a

very sick man for him to cure; and,' he added, holding out some money, 'give him this in advance, so that he may not feel he is wasting his time.' The servant remounted the stairs to give the message to the doctor, and the moment she was out of sight the tailor and his wife carried the body swiftly after her, propped it up at the top of the staircase, and ran home as fast as their legs could carry them.

Now the doctor was so delighted at the news of a patient (for he was young, and had not many of them), that he was transported with joy.

'Get a light,' he called to the servant, 'and follow me as fast as you can!' and rushing out of his room he ran towards the staircase. There he nearly fell over the body of the hunchback, and without knowing what it was gave it such a kick that it rolled right to the bottom, and very nearly dragged the doctor after it. 'A light! a light!' he cried again, and when it was brought and he saw what he had done he was almost beside himself with terror.

'Holy Moses!' he exclaimed, 'why did I not wait for the light? I have killed the sick man whom they brought me; and if the sacred Ass of Esdras does not come to my aid I am lost! It will not be long before I am led to jail as a murderer.'

Agitated though he was, and with reason, the doctor did not forget to shut the house door, lest some passersby might chance to see what had happened. He then took up the corpse and carried it into his wife's room, nearly driving her crazy with fright.

'It is all over with us!' she wailed, 'if we cannot find some means of getting the body out of the house. Once let the sun rise and we can hide it no longer! How were you driven to commit such a terrible crime?'

'Never mind that,' returned the doctor, 'the thing is to find a way out of it.'

For a long while the doctor and his wife continued to turn over in their minds a way of escape, but could not find any

that seemed good enough. At last the doctor gave it up altogether and resigned himself to bear the penalty of his misfortune.

But his wife, who had twice his brains, suddenly exclaimed, 'I have thought of something! Let us carry the body on the roof of the house and lower it down the chimney of our neighbour the Mussulman.' Now this Mussulman was employed by the Sultan, and furnished his table with oil and butter. Part of his house was occupied by a great storeroom, where rats and mice held high revel.

The doctor jumped at his wife's plan, and they took up the hunchback, and passing cords under his armpits they let him down into the purveyor's bed-room so gently that he really seemed to be leaning against the wall. When they felt he was touching the ground they drew up the cords and left him.

Scarcely had they got back to their own house when the purveyor entered his room. He had spent the evening at a wedding feast, and had a lantern in his hand. In the dim light it cast he was astonished to see a man standing in his chimney, but being naturally courageous he seized a stick and made straight for the supposed thief. 'Ah!' he cried, 'so it is you, and not the rats and mice, who steal my butter. I'll take care that you don't want to come back!'

So saying he struck him several hard blows. The corpse fell on the floor, but the man only redoubled his blows, till at length it occurred to him it was odd that the thief should lie so still and make no resistance. Then, finding he was quite dead, a cold fear took possession of him. 'Wretch that I am,' said he, 'I have murdered a man. Ah, my revenge has gone too far. Without the help of Allah I am undone! Cursed be the goods which have led me to my ruin.' And already he felt the rope round his neck.

But when he had got over the first shock he began to think of some way out of the difficulty, and seizing the

hunchback in his arms he carried him out into the street, and leaning him against the wall of a shop he stole back to his own house, without once looking behind him.

A few minutes before the sun rose, a rich Christian merchant, who supplied the palace with all sorts of necessaries, left his house, after a night of feasting, to go to the bath. Though he was very drunk, he was yet sober enough to know that the dawn was at hand, and that all good Mussulmen would shortly be going to prayer. So he hastened his steps lest he should meet some one on his way to the mosque, who, seeing his condition, would send him to prison as a drunkard. In his haste he jostled against the hunchback, who fell heavily upon him, and the merchant, thinking he was being attacked by a thief, knocked him down with one blow of his fist. He then called loudly for help, beating the fallen man all the while.

The chief policeman of the quarter came running up, and found a Christian ill-treating a Mussulman. 'What are you doing?' he asked indignantly.

'He tried to rob me,' replied the merchant, 'and very nearly choked me.'

'Well, you have had your revenge,' said the man, catching hold of his arm. 'Come, be off with you!'

As he spoke he held out his hand to the hunchback to help him up, but the hunchback never moved. 'Oho!' he went on, looking closer, 'so this is the way a Christian has the impudence to treat a Mussulman!' and seizing the merchant in a firm grasp he took him to the inspector of police, who threw him into prison till the judge should be out of bed and ready to attend to his case. All this brought the merchant to his senses, but the more he thought of it the less he could understand how the hunchback could have died merely from the blows he had received.

The merchant was still pondering on this subject when he was summoned before the chief of police and questioned

about his crime, which he could not deny. As the hunchback was one of the Sultan's private jesters, the chief of police resolved to defer sentence of death until he had consulted his master. He went to the palace to demand an audience, and told his story to the Sultan, who only answered,

'There is no pardon for a Christian who kills a Mussulman. Do your duty.'

So the chief of police ordered a gallows to be erected, and sent criers to proclaim in every street in the city that a Christian was to be hanged that day for having killed a Mussulman.

When all was ready the merchant was brought from prison and led to the foot of the gallows. The executioner knotted the cord firmly round the unfortunate man's neck and was just about to swing him into the air, when the Sultan's purveyor dashed through the crowd, and cried, panting, to the hangman,

'Stop, stop, don't be in such a hurry. It was not he who did the murder, it was I.'

The chief of police, who was present to see that everything was in order, put several questions to the purveyor, who told him the whole story of the death of the hunchback, and how he had carried the body to the place where it had been found by the Christian merchant.

'You are going,' he said to the chief of police, 'to kill an innocent man, for it is impossible that he should have murdered a creature who was dead already. It is bad enough for me to have slain a Mussulman without having it on my conscience that a Christian who is guiltless should suffer through my fault.'

Now the purveyor's speech had been made in a loud voice, and was heard by all the crowd, and even if he had wished it, the chief of police could not have escaped setting the merchant free.

'Loose the cords from the Christian's neck,' he com-

manded, turning to the executioner, 'and hang this man in his place, seeing that by his own confession he is the murderer.'

The hangman did as he was bid, and was tying the cord firmly, when he was stopped by the voice of the Jewish doctor beseeching him to pause, for he had something very important to say. When he had fought his way through the crowd and reached the chief of police,

'Worshipful sir,' he began, 'this Mussulman whom you desire to hang is unworthy of death; I alone am guilty. Last night a man and a woman who were strangers to me knocked at my door, bringing with them a patient for me to cure. The servant opened it, but having no light was hardly able to make out their faces, though she readily agreed to wake me and to hand me the fee for my services. While she was telling me her story they seem to have carried the sick man to the top of the staircase and then left him there. I jumped up in a hurry without waiting for a lantern, and in the darkness I fell against something, which tumbled headlong down the stairs and never stopped till it reached the bottom. When I examined the body I found it was quite dead, and the corpse was that of a hunchback Mussulman. Terrified at what we had done, my wife and I took the body on the roof and let it down the chimney of our neighbour the purveyor, whom you were just about to hang. The purveyor, finding him in his room, naturally thought he was a thief, and struck him such a blow that the man fell down and lay motionless on the floor. Stooping to examine him, and finding him stone dead, the purveyor supposed that the man had died from the blow he had received; but of course this was a mistake, as you will see from my account, and I only am the murderer; and although I am innocent of any wish to commit a crime, I must suffer for it all the same, or else have the blood of two Mussulmans on my conscience. Therefore send away this man, I pray you, and let me take his place, as it is I who am guilty.'

On hearing the declaration of the Jewish doctor, the chief of police commanded that he should be led to the gallows, and the Sultan's purveyor go free. The cord was placed round the Jew's neck, and his feet had already ceased to touch the ground when the voice of the tailor was heard beseeching the executioner to pause one moment and to listen to what he had to say.

'Oh, my lord,' he cried, turning to the chief of police, 'how nearly have you caused the death of three innocent people! But if you will only have the patience to listen to my tale, you shall know who is the real culprit. If some one has to suffer, it must be me! Yesterday, at dusk, I was working in my shop with a light heart when the little hunchback, who was more than half drunk, came and sat in the doorway. He sang me several songs, and then I invited him to finish the evening at my house. He accepted my invitation, and we went away together. At supper I helped him to a slice of fish, but in eating it a bone stuck in his throat, and in spite of all we could do he died in a few minutes. We felt deeply sorry for his death, but fearing lest we should be held responsible, we carried the corpse to the house of the Jewish doctor. I knocked, and desired the servant to beg her master to come down as fast as possible and see a sick man whom we had brought for him to cure; and in order to hasten his movements I placed a piece of money in her hand as the doctor's fee. Directly she had disappeared I dragged the body to the top of the stairs, and then hurried away with my wife back to our house. In descending the stairs the doctor accidentally knocked over the corpse, and finding him dead believed that he himself was the murderer. But now you know the truth set him free, and let me die in his stead.'

The chief of police and the crowd of spectators were lost in astonishment at the strange events to which the death of the hunchback had given rise.

'Loosen the Jewish doctor,' said he to the hangman, 'and

string up the tailor instead, since he has made confession of his crime. Really, one cannot deny that this is a very singular story, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold.'

The executioner speedily untied the knots which confined the doctor, and was passing the cord round the neck of the tailor, when the Sultan of Kashgar, who had missed his jester, happened to make inquiry of his officers as to what had become of him.

'Sire,' replied they, 'the hunchback having drunk more than was good for him, escaped from the palace and was seen wandering about the town, where this morning he was found dead. A man was arrested for having caused his death, and held in custody till a gallows was erected. At the moment that he was about to suffer punishment, first one man arrived, and then another, each accusing himself of the murder, and this went on for a long time, and at the present instant the chief of police is engaged in questioning a man who declares that he alone is the true assassin.'

The Sultan of Kashgar no sooner heard these words than he ordered an usher to go to the chief of police and to bring all the persons concerned in the hunchback's death, together with the corpse, that he wished to see once again. The usher hastened on his errand, but was only just in time, for the tailor was positively swinging in the air, when his voice fell upon the silence of the crowd, commanding the hangman to cut down the body. The hangman, recognising the usher as one of the king's servants, cut down the tailor, and the usher, seeing the man was safe, sought the chief of police and gave him the Sultan's message. Accordingly, the chief of police at once set out for the palace, taking with him the tailor, the doctor, the purveyor, and the merchant, who bore the dead hunchback on their shoulders.

When the procession reached the palace the chief of police prostrated himself at the feet of the Sultan, and related all that he knew of the matter. The Sultan was so much struck

by the circumstances that he ordered his private historian to write down an exact account of what had passed, so that in the years to come the miraculous escape of the four men who had thought themselves murderers might never be forgotten.

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

Far away on the other side of the world, in one of the great wealthy cities of China, there once lived a poor tailor called Mustapha. He had a wife whom he loved dearly and an only son whose name was Aladdin.

But, sad to say, although the tailor was good and industrious, his son was so idle and bad that his father and mother did not know what to do with him. All day long he played in the streets with other idle boys, and when he grew big enough to learn a trade he said he did not mean to work at all. His poor father was very much troubled, and ordered Aladdin to come to the workshop to learn to be a tailor, but Aladdin only laughed, and ran away so swiftly that neither his father nor mother could catch him.

'Alas!' said Mustapha sadly, 'I can do nothing with this idle boy.'

And he grew so sad about it, that at last he fell ill and died.

Then the poor widow was obliged to sell the little workshop, and try to make enough money for herself and Aladdin by spinning.

Now it happened that one day when Aladdin was playing as usual with the idle street boys, a tall dark old man stood watching him, and when the game was finished he made a sign to Aladdin to come to him.

'What is thy name, my boy?' asked this old man, who, though he appeared so kind, was really an African Magician.

'My name is Aladdin,' answered the boy, wondering who this stranger could be.

'And what is thy father's name?' asked the Magician.

'My father was Mustapha the tailor, but he has been dead a long time now,' answered Aladdin.

'Alas!' cried the wicked old Magician, pretending to weep, 'he was my brother, and thou must be my nephew. I am thy long lost uncle!' and he threw his arms round Aladdin's neck and embraced him.

'Tell thy dear mother that I will come and see her this very day,' he cried, 'and give her this small present.' And he placed in Aladdin's hands five gold pieces.

Aladdin ran home in great haste to tell his mother the story of the long lost uncle.

'It must be a mistake,' she said, 'thou hast no uncle.'

But when she saw the gold she began to think that this stranger must be a relation, and so she prepared a grand supper to welcome him when he came.

They had not long to wait before the African Magician appeared, bringing with him all sorts of fruits and delicious sweets for desert.

'Tell me about my poor brother,' he said, as he embraced Aladdin and his mother. 'Show me exactly where he used to sit.'

Then the widow pointed to a seat on the sofa, and the Magician knelt down and began to kiss the place and weep over it.

The poor widow was quite touched, and began to believe that this really must be her husband's brother, especially when he began to show the kindest interest in Aladdin.

'What is thy trade?' he asked the boy.

'Alas!' said the widow, 'he will do nothing but play in the streets.'

Aladdin hung his head with shame as his uncle gravely shook his head.

'He must begin to work at once,' he said. 'How would it please thee to have a shop of thy own? I could buy one for thee, and stock it with silks and rich stuffs.'

Aladdin danced with joy at the very idea, and next day set out with his supposed uncle, who bought him a splendid suit of clothes, and took him all over the city to show him the sights.

The day after, the Magician again took Aladdin out with him, but this time they went outside the city, through beautiful gardens, into the open country. They walked so far that Aladdin began to grow weary, but the Magician gave him a cake and some delicious fruit and told him such wonderful tales that he scarcely noticed how far they had gone. At last they came to a deep valley between two mountains, and there the Magician paused.

'Stop!' he cried, 'this is the very place I am in search of. Gather some sticks that we may make a fire.'

Aladdin quickly did as he was bid, and had soon gathered together a great heap of dry sticks. The Magician then set fire to them, and the heap blazed up merrily. With great care the old man now sprinkled some curious-looking powder on the flames, and muttered strange words. In an instant the earth beneath their feet trembled, and they heard a rumbling like distant thunder. Then the ground opened in front of them, and showed a great square slab of stone with a ring in it.

By this time Aladdin was so frightened that he turned to run home as fast as he could, but the Magician caught him, and gave him such a blow that he fell to the earth.

'Why dost thou strike me, uncle?' sobbed Aladdin.

'Do as I bid thee,' said the Magician, 'and then thou shalt be well treated. Dost thou see that stone? Beneath it is a treasure which I will share with thee. Only obey me, and it will soon be ours.'

As soon as Aladdin heard of a treasure, he jumped up and forgot all his fears. He seized the ring as the Magician directed, and easily pulled up the stone.

'Now,' said the old man, 'look in and thou wilt see stone steps leading downwards. Thou shalt descend those steps

until thou comest to three great halls. Pass through them, but take care to wrap thy coat well round thee that thou mayest touch nothing, for if thou dost, thou wilt die instantly. When thou hast passed through the halls thou wilt come into a garden of fruit trees. Go through it until thou seest a niche with a lighted lamp in it. Put the light out, pour forth the oil, and bring the lamp to me.'

So saying the Magician placed a magic ring upon Aladdin's finger to guard him, and bade the boy begin his search.

Aladdin did exactly as he was told and found everything just as the Magician had said. He went through the halls and the garden until he came to the lamp, and when he had poured out the oil and placed the lamp carefully inside his coat he began to look about him.

He had never seen such a lovely garden before, even in his dreams. The fruits that hung upon the trees were of every colour of the rainbow. Some were clear and shining like crystal, some sparkled with a crimson light and others were green, blue, violet, and orange, while the leaves that shaded them were silver and gold. Aladdin did not guess that these fruits were precious stones, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, but they looked so pretty that he filled all his pockets with them as he passed back through the garden.

The Magician was eagerly peering down the stone steps when Aladdin began to climb up.

'Give me the lamp,' he cried, stretching out his hand for it.

'Wait until I get out,' answered Aladdin, 'and then I will give it thee.'

'Hand it up to me at once,' screamed the old man angrily.

'Not till I am safely out,' repeated Aladdin.

Then the Magician stamped with rage, and rushing to the fire threw on it some more of the curious powder, uttered the same strange words as before, and instantly the stone slipped

back into its place, the earth closed over it, and Aladdin was left in darkness.

This showed indeed that the wicked old man was not Aladdin's uncle. By his magic arts in Africa he had found out all about the lamp, which was a wonderful treasure, as you will see. But he knew that he could not get it himself, that another hand must fetch it to him. This was the reason why he had fixed upon Aladdin to help him, and had meant, as soon as the lamp was safely in his hand, to kill the boy.

As his plan had failed he went back to Africa, and was not seen again for a long, long time.

But there was poor Aladdin, shut up underground, with no way of getting out! He tried to find his way back to the great halls and the beautiful garden of shining fruits, but the wails had closed up, and there was no escape that way either. For two days the poor boy sat crying and moaning in his despair, and just as he had made up his mind that he must die, he clasped his hands together, and in doing so rubbed the ring, which the Magician had put upon his finger.

In an instant a huge figure rose out of the earth and stood before him.

'What is thy will, my master?' it said. 'I am the Slave of the Ring, and must obey him who wears the ring.'

'Whoever or whatever you are,' cried Aladdin, 'take me out of this dreadful place.'

Scarcely had he said these words when the earth opened, and the next moment Aladdin found himself lying at his mother's door. He was so weak for want of food, and his joy at seeing his mother was so great, that he fainted away, but when he came to himself he promised to tell her all that had happened.

'But first give me something to eat,' he cried, 'for I am dying of hunger.'

'Alas!' said his mother, 'I have nothing in the house except a little cotton, which I will go out and sell.'

'Stop a moment.' cried Aladdin. 'rather let us sell this old lamp which I have brought back with me.'

Now the lamp looked so old and dirty that Aladdin's mother began to rub it, wishing to brighten it a little that it might fetch a higher price.

But no sooner had she given it the first rub than a huge dark figure slowly rose from the floor like a wreath of smoke until it reached the ceiling, towering above them.

'What is thy will?' it asked. 'I am the Slave of the Lamp, and must do the bidding of him who holds the lamp.'

The moment the figure began to rise from the ground Aladdin's mother was so terrified that she fainted away, but Aladdin managed to snatch the lamp from her, although he could scarcely hold it in his own shaking hand.

'Fetch me something to eat,' he said in a trembling voice, for the terrible Genie was glaring down upon him.

The Slave of the Lamp disappeared in a cloud of smoke, but in an instant he was back again, bringing with him a most delicious breakfast, served upon plates and dishes of pure gold.

By this time Aladdin's mother had recovered, but she was almost too frightened to eat, and begged Aladdin to sell the lamp at once, for she was sure it had something to do with evil spirits. But Aladdin only laughed at her fears, and said he meant to make use of the magic lamp and wonderful ring, now that he knew their worth.

As soon as they again wanted money they sold the golden plates and dishes, and when these were all gone Aladdin ordered the Genie to bring more, and so they lived in comfort for several years.

Now Aladdin had heard a great deal about the beauty of the Sultan's daughter, and he began to long so greatly to see her that he could not rest. He thought of a great many plans, but they all seemed impossible, for the Princess never went out without a veil, which covered her entirely. At last,

however, he managed to enter the palace and hide himself behind a door, peeping through a chink when the Princess passed to go to her bath.

The moment Aladdin's eyes rested upon the beautiful Princess he loved her with all his heart, for she was as fair as the dawn of a summer morning.

'Mother,' he cried when he reached home, 'I have seen the Princess, and I have made up my mind to marry her. Thou shalt go at once to the Sultan, and beg him to give me his daughter.'

Aladdin's mother stared at her son, and then began to laugh at such a wild idea. She was almost afraid that Aladdin must be mad, but he gave her no peace until she did as he wished.

So the next day she very unwillingly set out for the palace, carrying the magic fruit wrapped up in a napkin, to present to the Sultan. There were many other people offering their petitions that day, and the poor woman was so frightened that she dared not go forward, and so no one paid any attention to her as she stood there patiently holding her bundle. For a whole week she had gone every day to the palace, before the Sultan noticed her.

'Who 1s that poor woman who comes every day carrying a white bundle?' he asked.

Then the Grand Vizier ordered that she should be brought forward, and she came bowing herself to the ground.

She was almost too terrified to speak, but when the Sultan spoke so kindly to her she took courage, and told him of Aladdin's love for the Princess, and of his bold request. 'He sends you this gift,' she continued, and opening the bundle she presented the magic fruit.

A cry of wonder went up from all those who stood around, for never had they beheld such exquisite jewels before. They shone and sparkled with a thousand lights and colours, and dazzled the eyes that gazed upon them.

The Sultan was astounded, and spoke to the Grand Vizier apart.

'Surely it is fit that I should give my daughter to one who can present such a wondrous gift?' he said.

But the Grand Vizier wanted the Princess to marry his own son, so he advised the Sultan to promise nothing in a hurry, but to wait for three months. This the Sultan thought was good advice, so he told Aladdin's mother to return when three months had passed, and then her son should marry the Princess.

Aladdin was so happy when he heard what the Sultan had promised that the days slipped quickly past. But when only two months were gone, he noticed one evening that there were signs of rejoicing throughout the town, and that there was a great stir about the palace. He asked the reason of all this, and was promptly told that the Princess was, that night, to wed the son of the Grand Vizier.

Aladdin was very angry, and as soon as he reached home he took down the magic lamp and rubbed it as he had done before. Immediately the Genie appeared, and asked what was his will.

'Go to the palace,' said Aladdin, 'and bring me here the Princess and the Grand Vizier's son.'

It was no sooner said than done, and the Genie carried in the royal bed and set it down before Aladdin.

'Now take the Vizier's son out of bed and keep him safely until morning,' ordered Aladdin.

The Princess was terrified, but Aladdin told her that she need have no fear, for he himself was her real bridegroom.

Early in the morning the Genie brought back the Vizier's son, as Aladdin had directed, and then carried the royal bed back to the palace.

But when the Sultan came to say 'Good morning' to his daughter, he found her in tears, and the Vizier's son shivering and shaking.

'What has happened?' asked the Sultan.

But the Princess would do nothing but weep.

That night the same thing happened, for again Aladdin ordered the Genie to fetch the royal bed, and once more the Vizier's son was shut out into the cold.

The Sultan was very angry with his daughter when he found her weeping the next day. He was still more angry when she refused to answer any of his questions.

'Cease thy tears,' he cried, 'and speak instantly, or I will have thy head cut off.'

Then the Princess told all that had happened, and the Vizier's son, shaking and miserable, begged to be separated from the Princess at once, that he might not spend such another night of misery.

So all the rejoicings came to an end, the marriage was stopped, and the Princess was once more free.

Now when the three months were ended, Aladdin's mother again presented herself before the Sultan, and reminded him of his promise, that the Princess should wed her son.

'I ever abide by my royal word,' said the Sultan; 'but he who marries my daughter must first send me forty golden basins filled to the brim with precious stones. These basins must be carried by forty black slaves, each led by a white slave dressed as befits the servants of the Sultan.'

Aladdin's mother returned home in great distress when she heard this, and told Aladdin what the Sultan had said.

'Alas, my son!' she cried, 'thy hopes are ended.'

'Not so, mother,' answered Aladdin. 'The sultan shall not have long to wait for his answer.'

Then he rubbed the magic lamp, and when the Genie appeared, he bade him provide the forty golden basins filled with jewels, and all the slaves which the Sultan had demanded.

Now when this splendid procession passed through the

streets on its way to the palace, all the people came out to see the sight, and stood amazed when they saw the golden basins filled with sparkling gems carried on the heads of the great black slaves. And when the palace was reached, and the slaves presented the jewels to the Sultan, he was so surprised and delighted that he was more than willing that Aladdin should marry the Princess at once.

'Go, fetch thy son,' he said to Aladdin's mother, who was waiting near. 'Tell him that this day he shall wed my daughter.'

But when Aladdin heard the news he refused to hasten at once to the palace, as his mother advised. First he called the Genie, and told him to bring a scented bath, and a robe worked in gold, such as a king might wear.

After this he called for forty slaves to attend him, and six to walk before his mother, and a horse more beautiful than the Sultan's, and lastly, for ten thousand pieces of gold put up in ten purses.

When all these things were ready, and Aladdin was dressed in his royal robe, he set out for the palace. As he rode along on his beautiful horse, attended by his forty slaves, he scattered the golden pieces out of the ten purses among the crowd, and all the people shouted with joy and delight. No one knew that this was the idle boy who used to play about the streets, but they thought he was some great foreign Prince.

Thus Aladdin arrived at the palace in great state, and when the Sultan had embraced him, he ordered that the wedding feast should be prepared at once, and that the marriage should take place that day.

'Not so, your Majesty,' said Aladdin; 'I will not marry the Princess until I have built a palace fit for the daughter of the Sultan.'

Then he returned home, and once more called up the Slave of the Lamp.

'Build me the fairest palace ever beheld by mortal eye,' ordered Aladdin. 'Let it be built of marble and jasper and precious stones. In the midst I would have a great hall, whose walls shall be of gold and silver, lighted by four-and-twenty windows. These windows shall all be set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, and one only shall be left unfinished. There must also be stables with horses, and slaves to serve in the palace. Begone, and do thy work quickly.'

And lo! in the morning when Aladdin looked out, there stood the most wonderful palace that ever was built. Its marble walls were flushed a delicate pink in the morning light, and the jewels flashed from every window.

Then Aladdin and his mother set off for the Sultan's palace, and the wedding took place that day. The Princess loved Aladdin as soon as she saw him, and great were the rejoicings throughout the city.

The next day Aladdin invited the Sultan to visit the new palace, and when he entered the great hall, whose walls were of gold and silver and whose windows were set with jewels, he was filled with admiration and astonishment.

'It is the wonder of the world,' he cried. 'Never before have mortal eyes beheld such a beautiful palace. One thing alone surprises me. Why is there one window left unfinished?'

'Your Majesty,' answered Aladdin, 'this has been done with a purpose, for 1 wished that thine own royal hand should have the honour of putting the finishing touch to my palace.'

The Sultan was so pleased when he heard this, that he sent at once for all the court jewellers and ordered them to finish the window like the rest.

The court jewellers worked for many days, and then sent to tell the Sultan that they had used up all the jewels they possessed, and still the window was not half finished. The Sultan commanded that his own jewels should be given to complete the work; but even when these were used the window was not finished.

Then Aladdin ordered the jewellers to stop their work, and to take back all the Sultan's jewels as well as their own. And that night he called up the Slave of the Lamp once more, and bade him finish the window. This was done before the morning, and great was the surprise of the Sultan and all his workmen.

Now Aladdin did not grow proud of his great riches but was gentle and courteous to all, and kind to the poor, so that the people all loved him dearly. He fought and won many battles for the Sultan, and was the greatest favourite in the land.

But far away in Africa there was trouble brewing for Aladdin. The wicked old Magician who had pretended to be Aladdin's uncle found out by his magic powers that the boy had not perished when he left him underground, but had somehow managed to escape and become rich and powerful.

'He must have discovered the secret of the lamp,' shrieked the Magician, tearing his hair with rage. 'I will not rest day or night until I shall have found some way of taking it from him,'

So he journeyed from Africa to China, and when he came to the city where Aladdin lived and saw the wonderful palace, he nearly choked with fury to see all its splendour and richness. Then he disguised himself as a merchant, and bought a number of copper lamps, and with these went from street to street, crying, 'New lamps for old.'

As soon as the people heard his cry, they crowded round him, laughing and jeering, for they thought he must be mad to make such an offer.

Now it happened that Aladdin was out hunting, and the Princess sat alone in the hall of the jewelled windows. When, therefore, she heard the noise that was going on in the street outside, she called to her slaves to ask what it meant.

Presently one of the slaves came back, laughing so much that she could scarcely speak.

'It is a curious old man who offers to give new lamps for

old,' she cried. 'Did anyone ever hear before of such a strange way of trading?'

The Princess laughed too, and pointed to an old lamp which hung in a niche close by.

'There is an old enough lamp,' she said.

'Take it and see if the old man will really give a new one for it.'

The slave took it down and ran out to the street once more, and when the Magician saw that it was indeed what he wanted, he seized the Magic Lamp with both his hands.

'Choose any lamp you like,' he said, showing her those of bright new copper. He did not care now what happened. She might have all the new lamps if she wanted them.

Then he went a little way outside the city, and when he was quite alone he took out the Magic Lamp and rubbed it gently. Immediately the Genie stood before him and asked what was his will.

'I order thee to carry off the palace of Aladdin, with the Princess inside, and set it down in a lonely spot in Africa.'

And in an instant the palace, with everyone in it, had disappeared, and when the Sultan happened to look out of his window, lo! there was no longer a palace to be seen.

'This must be enchantment,' he cried.

Then he ordered his men to set out and bring Aladdin to him in chains.

The officers met Aladdin as he was returning from the hunt, and they immediately seized him, loaded him with chains, and carried him off to the Sultan. But as he was borne along the people gathered around him, for they loved him dearly, and vowed that no harm should befall him.

The Sultan was beside himself with rage when he saw Aladdin, and gave orders that his head should be cut off at once. But the people had begun to crowd into the palace, and they were so fierce and threatening that he dared not do as he wished. He was obliged to order the chains to be taken off,

and Aladdin to be set free.

As soon as Aladdin was allowed to speak he asked why all this was done to him.

'Wretch!' exclaimed the Sultan, 'come hither, and I will show thee.'

Then he led Aladdin to the window and showed him the empty space where his palace had once stood.

'Think not that I care for thy vanished palace,' he said. 'But where is the Princess my daughter?'

So astonished was Aladdin that for some time he could only stand speechless, staring at the place where his palace ought to have been.

At last he turned to the Sultan.

'Your Majesty,' he said, 'grant me grace for one month, and if by that time I have not brought back thy daughter to thee, then put me to death as I deserve.'

So Aladdin was set free, and for three days he went about like a madman, asking every one he met where his palace was. But no one could tell him, and all laughed at his misery. Then he went to the river to drown himself; but as he knelt on the bank and clasped his hands to say his prayers before throwing himself in, he once more rubbed the Magic Ring. Instantly the Genie of the Ring stood before him.

'What is thy will, O master?' it asked.

'Bring back my Princess and my palace,' cried Aladdin, 'and save my life.'

'That I cannot do,' said the Slave of the Ring. 'Only the Slave of the Lamp has power to bring back thy palace.'

'Then take me to the place where my palace now stands,' said Aladdin, 'and put me down beneath the window of the Princess.'

And almost before Aladdin had done speaking he found himself in Africa, beneath the windows of his own palace.

He was so weary that he lay down and fell fast asleep; but before long, when day dawned he was awakened by the song

of the birds, and as he looked around his courage returned. He was now sure that all his misfortunes must have been caused by the loss of the Magic Lamp, and he determined to find out as soon as possible who had stolen it.

That same morning the Princess awoke feeling happier than she had felt since she had been carried off. The sun was shining so brightly, and the birds were singing so gaily that she went to the window to greet the opening day. And who should she see standing beneath her window but Aladdin!

With a cry of joy she threw open the casement and the sound made Aladdin look up. It was not long before he made his way through a secret door and held her in his arms.

'Tell me, Princess,' said Aladdin, when they had joyfully embraced each other many times, 'what has become of the old lamp which hung in a niche of the great hall?'

'Alas! my husband,' answered the Princess, 'I fear my carelessness has been the cause of all our misfortunes.'

Then she told him how the wicked old Magician had pretended to be a merchant, and had offered new lamps for old, and how he had thus managed to secure the Magic Lamp.

'He has it still,' she added, 'for I know that he carries it always, hidden in his robe.'

'Princess,' said Aladdin, 'I must recover this lamp, and thou shalt help me. To-night when the Magician dines with thee, dress thyself in thy costliest robes, and be kind and gracious to him. Then bid him fetch some of the wines of Africa, and when he is gone, I will tell thee what thou shalt do.'

So that night the Princess put on her most beautiful robes, and looked so lovely and was so kind when the Magician came in, that he could scarcely believe his eyes. For she had been sad and angry ever since he had carried her off.

'I believe now that Aladdin must be dead,' she said, 'and I have made up my mind to mourn no longer. Let us begin our feast. But see! I grow weary of these wines of China, fetch me

instead the wine of thy own country.'

Now Aladdin had meanwhile prepared a powder which he directed the Princess to place in her own wine-cup. So when the Magician returned with the African wine, she filled her cup and offered it to him in token of friendship. The Magician drank it up eagerly, and scarcely had he finished when he dropped down dead.

Then Aladdin came out of the next chamber where he had hidden himself, and searched in the Magician's robe until he found the Magic Lamp. He rubbed it joyfully, and when the Genie appeared, ordered that the palace should be carried back to China, and set down in its own place.

The following morning, when the Sultan rose early, for he was too sad to take much rest, he went to the window to gaze on the place where Aladdin's palace had once stood. He rubbed his eyes, and stared wildly about.

'This must be a dream,' he cried, for there stood the palace in all its beauty, looking fairer than ever in the morning light.

Not a moment did the Sultan lose, but he rode over to the palace at once, and when he had embraced Aladdin and his daughter, they told him the whole story of the African Magician. Then Aladdin showed him the dead body of the wicked old man, and there was peace between them once more.

But there was still trouble in store for Aladdin. The African Magician had a younger brother who also dealt in magic, and who was if possible even more wicked than his elder brother.

Full of revenge, this younger brother started for China, determined to punish Aladdin and steal the Magic Lamp for himself. As soon as he arrived he went in secret to the cell of a holy woman called Fatima, and obliged her to give him her robe and veil as a disguise. Then to keep the secret safe he killed the poor woman.

Dressed in the robe and veil, the wicked Magician walked

through the streets near Aladdin's palace, and all the people as he passed by knelt and kissed his robe, for they thought he was indeed the holy woman.

As soon as the Princess heard that Fatima was passing by in the street, she sent and commanded her to be brought into the hall, and she treated the supposed holy woman with great respect and kindness, for she had often longed to see her.

'Is not this a fine hall?' she asked, as they sat together in the hall of the jewelled windows.

'It is indeed most beautiful,' answered the Magician, who kept his veil carefully down, 'but to my mind there is one thing wanting. If only thou couldst have a roc's egg hung in the dome it would be perfect.'

As soon as the Princess heard these words she became discontented and miserable, and when Aladdin came in, she looked so sad that he at once asked what was the matter.

'I can never be happy until I have a roc's egg hanging from the dome of the great hall,' she answered.

'In that case thou shalt soon be happy,' said Aladdin gaily, and taking down the lamp, he summoned the Genie.

But when the Slave of the Lamp heard the order his face grew terrible with rage, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals.

'Vile wretch!' he shrieked, 'have I not given thee all thy wishes, and now dost thou ask me to kill my master, and hang him as an ornament in thy palace? Thou deservest truly to die; but I know that the request cometh not from thine own heart, but was the suggestion of that wicked Magician who pretends to be a holy woman.'

With these words the Genie vanished, and Aladdin went at once to the room where the Princess was awaiting him.

'I have a headache,' he said. 'Call the holy woman, that she may place her hand upon my forehead and ease the pain.'

But the moment that the false Fatima appeared Aladdin sprang up and plunged his dagger into that evil heart.

'What hast thou done?' cried the Princess. 'Alas! thou hast slain the holy woman.'

'This is no holy woman,' answered Aladdin, 'but an evil Magician whose purpose was to destroy us both.'

So Aladdin was saved from the wicked designs of the two Magicians, and there was no one left to disturb his peace. He and the Princess lived together in great happiness for many years, and when the Sultan died they succeeded to the throne, and ruled both wisely and well. And so there was great peace throughout the land.

Sindbad the Sailor

In the city of Bagdad, far away in Persia, there lived a poor man called Hindbad. He was a porter, and one hot afternoon as he was carrying a very heavy load, he stopped to rest in a quiet street near a beautiful house which he had never seen before. The pavement outside was sprinkled with rose-water, which felt very cool and pleasant to his hot, weary feet, and from the open windows came the most delicious scents which perfumed all the air.

Hindbad wondered who lived in this beautiful house, and presently he went up to one of the splendidly-dressed servants, who was standing at the door, and asked to whom it belonged. The servant stared in amazement.

'Dost thou indeed live in Bagdad and knowest not my master's name?' he said. 'He is the great Sindbad the Sailor, the man who has sailed all round the world, and who has had the most wonderful adventures under the sun.'

Now Hindbad had often heard of this wonderful man and of his great riches, and as he looked at the beautiful palace and saw the splendidly dressed servants it made him feel sad and envious. As he turned away sighing, to take up his load again, he looked up into the blue sky, and said aloud—

'What a difference there is between this man's lot and mine. He has all that he wants, and nothing to do but to spend money and enjoy a pleasant life, while I have to work hard to get dry bread enough to keep myself and my children alive. What has he done that he should be so lucky, and what have I done that I should be so miserable?'

Just then one of the servants touched him on the shoulder, and said to him: 'My noble master wishes to see

thee, and has bidden me fetch thee to him.'

The poor porter was frightened at first, for he thought someone might have overheard what he had been saying, but the servant took his arm and led him into the great dining-hall. There were many guests seated round the table, on which was spread a most delicious feast, and at the head of the table sat a grave, stately old man with a long white beard. This was Sindbad the Sailor. He smiled kindly on poor frightened Hindbad, and made a sign that he should come and sit at his right hand. There all the most delicious things on the table were offered by the servants to Hindbad, and his glass was filled with the choicest wine, so that he began to feel it must all be a dream.

But when the feast was over Sindbad turned to him and asked him what it was he had been saying outside the window just before he came in,

Then Hindbad was very much ashamed, and hung his head as he answered: 'My lord, I was tired and ill-tempered, and I said foolish words, which I trust thou wilt now pardon.'

'Oh,' replied Sindbad, 'I am not so unjust as to blame thee. I am indeed only sorry for thee. But thou wert wrong in thinking that I have always led an easy life, and that these riches came to me without trouble or suffering. I have won them by years of toil and danger.'

Then turning to his other guests he said, 'Yes, my friends, the tale of my adventures is enough to warn every one of you never to go in search of wealth. I have never told you the story of my seven voyages, but if you will listen I will begin this very night.'

So the servants were ordered to carry home the porter's load, that he might stay in Sindbad's palace that evening and listen to the story of the first voyage.

The First Voyage

'My father left me a great deal of money when I was a young man, but I spent it so quickly and foolishly that I began to see it would soon all be gone. This made me stop and think, for I did not like the idea of being poor. So I counted up all the money that remained, and made up my mind that I would trade with it. I joined a company of merchants, and we set sail in a good ship, meaning to go from place to place, and sell or exchange our goods at whatever towns we stopped. And so began my first voyage.

'For the first few days I could think of nothing but the heaving of the waves; but by and by I began to feel better, and never again was I at all unhappy upon the sea. One afternoon, when the wind had suddenly dropped and we were lying becalmed, we found ourselves near a little low green island, which looked like a meadow, and only just showed above the sea. The captain of the ship gave us permission to land, and presently we were all enjoying ourselves on the green meadow. We walked about for some time and then sat down to rest, and some of us set to work to light a fire, that we might make our evening meal.

'But scarcely had the fire begun to burn, when we heard loud shouts from the ship warning us to come back at once, for what we had taken to be an island was indeed the back of a sleeping whale. My companions all rushed to the boats, but before I could follow them the great monster dived down and disappeared, leaving me struggling in the water.

'I clung to a piece of wood which we had brought from the ship to make the fire, and I could only hope that I would soon be picked up by my companions. But alas! there was so much

confusion on board that no one missed me, and as a wind sprang up the captain set sail, and I was left alone at the mercy of the waves.

'All night long I floated, and when morning came I was so tired and weak that I thought I must die. But just then a great wave lifted me up and threw me against the steep side of an island, and to my joy I managed to climb the cliff and rest on the green grass above.

'Soon I began to feel better, and as I was very hungry I went to look for something to eat. I found some plants which tasted good, and a spring of clear water, and having made a good meal, I walked about the island to see what I would find next.

'Before long I came to a great meadow where a horse was tied, and as I stood looking at it, I heard men's voices which sounded as if they came from under the earth. Then from an underground cave a man appeared, who asked me who I was and where I came from. He took me into the cave where his companions were, and they told me they were the grooms belonging to the king of the island, whose horses they brought to feed in the meadow. They gave me a good meal, and told me it was very lucky that I had come just then, for next day they meant to return to their master, and would show me the way, which I could never have found for myself.

'So we set off together early next morning, and when we reached the city I was very kindly received by the King. He listened to the story of my adventures, and then bade his servants see that I wanted for nothing.

'As I was a merchant I took great interest in the shipping, and often went down to the quay to see the boats unload. One day when I was looking over a cargo which had just been landed, what was my astonishment to see a number of bales with my own name marked on them. I went at once to the captain and asked him who was the owner of these bales of goods.

'"Ah!" replied the captain, "they belonged to a merchant of Bagdad called Sindbad. But he, alas! perished in a dreadful way soon after we sailed, for with a number of people belonging to my ship he landed on what looked like a green island, but which was really the back of a great sleeping whale. As soon as the monster felt the warmth of the fire which they had lighted on his back, he woke up and dived below the sea. Many of my men were drowned, and amongst them poor Sindbad. Now I mean to sell his goods that I may give the money to his relations when I find them."

'"Captain," said I, "these bales are mine, for I am that Sindbad who thou sayest was drowned."

'"What wickedness there is in the world," cried the captain. "How canst thou pretend to be Sindbad when I saw him drowned before my eyes?"

'But presently, when I had told him all that had happened to me, and when the other merchants from the ship knew me to be the true Sindbad, he was overjoyed, and ordered that the bales should be at once given to me.

'Now I was able to give the King a handsome present, and after I had traded with my goods for sandal-wood, nutmegs, ginger, pepper and cloves, I set sail once more with the kind old captain. On the way home I was able to sell all my spices at a good price, so that when I landed I found I had a hundred thousand sequins.

'My family were delighted to see me again, and I soon bought some land and built a splendid house, in which I meant to live happily and forget all the troubles through which I had passed.'

Here Sindbad ended the story of his First Voyage. He ordered the music to strike up and the feast to go on, and when it was over he gave the poor porter Hindbad a hundred gold pieces, and told him to come back at the same time next evening if he wished to hear the tale of the Second Voyage.

Hindbad went joyfully home, and you can imagine how

happy the poor family were that night.

Next evening he set out once more for Sindbad's house, dressed in his best clothes. There he enjoyed a splendid supper as before, and when it was over Sindbad said, 'My friends, I will now tell you the story of my Second Voyage, which I think you will find even more wonderful than that of my first.'

The Second Voyage

'I was very happy for some time at home, but before long I began to grow weary of leading an idle life. I longed to be upon the sea again, to feel the good ship bounding over the waves, and to hear the wind whistling through the rigging.

'So I set to work at once and bought all kinds of goods that I might sell again in foreign lands, and then, having found a suitable ship, I set sail with other merchants, and so began my second voyage.

'We stopped at many places, and sold our goods at a great profit, and all went well until one day when we landed on a new island. It was a most beautiful place, fair as the garden of Eden, where exquisite flowers made a perfect rainbow of colour, and delicious fruits hung in ripe clusters above.

'Here, under the shadow of a tree, I sat down to rest and to feast my eyes upon all the loveliness around. I ate the food I had brought with me, drank my wine, and then closed my eyes. The soft music of the stream which flowed close by was like a song in my ears, and, before I knew what I was doing, I fell asleep.

'I cannot tell how long I slept, but when at last I opened my eyes, I could not see my companions anywhere, and when I looked towards the sea, to my horror I found the ship was gone. It was sailing away, a white speck in the distance, and here was I, left alone upon this desert island. I cried aloud and wrung my hands with grief, and wished with all my heart that I had stayed safely at home. But what was the use of wishing that now?

'So I climbed into a high tree, and looked around to see if I could by any means find a way of escape from the island.

First I looked towards the sea, but there was no hope for me there, and then I turned and looked inland. The first thing that caught my eye was a huge white dome, that seemed to rise from the centre of the island, unlike anything I had ever seen before.

'I climbed down the tree, and made my way towards the white dome as quickly as I could, but when I reached it, it puzzled me more than ever. It was like a great smooth ball, much too slippery to climb, and into it there was no door or entrance of any sort. I walked round and round it, wondering what it could be, when suddenly a dark shadow fell upon everything and it grew black as night.

'I gazed upwards in great fear, and knew that the shadow was cast by a great bird with outspread wings hovering over the place where I stood and shutting out heaven's light. As I looked, it suddenly came swooping down, and sat upon the white dome.

'Then it flashed into my mind that this must be the bird which I had heard sailors talk of, called a roc, and the smooth white ball must be its egg.

'Quick as thought, I unbound my turban, and twisted it into a rope. Then I wound it round and round my waist, and tied the two ends tightly round the roc's leg, which was close to where I stood.

'"It will fly away soon, and carry me away with it off this desert island," I said to myself joyfully.

'And sure enough, before very long I felt myself lifted off the ground, and carried up and up until it seemed as if we had reached the clouds. Then the huge bird began to sink down again, and when it reached the ground I quickly untied my turban, and set myself free.

'I was so small, compared to the roc, that it had never even noticed me, but darted off towards a great black object lying near, which it seized with its beak and carried off. Imagine my horror when I looked again and saw other dark

objects, and discovered that they were great black snakes.

'Here was I, in a deep valley, with mountains rising sheer up on every side, and nothing to be seen among the rocks but those terrible black snakes.

'"Oh!" I cried, "why did I ever try to leave the desert island? I have indeed only come into worse misfortune."

'As I looked around, I noticed that the ground was strewn with sparkling stones, which seemed to quiver with light, and when I looked nearer, I found they were diamonds of extraordinary size, although lying about like common pebbles. At first I was delighted, but they soon ceased to please me, for I feared each moment I might be seized by one of the terrible snakes.

'These snakes were so large that they could easily have swallowed an elephant, and although they lay quiet during the day, and hid themselves for fear of the roc, at night they came out in search of food. I managed to find a cave among the rocks before nightfall, and there I sat in fear and trembling until morning, when I once more went out into the valley.

'As I sat thinking what I should do next, I saw a great piece of raw meat come bounding down into the valley, from rock to rock. Then another piece followed, and another, until several large pieces lay at my feet.

'Then I remembered a tale which travellers had told me about the famous Diamond Valley. They said that every year, when the young eagles were hatched, merchants went to the heights above, and rolled down great pieces of raw meat into the valley. The diamonds on which the meat fell would often stick into the soft flesh, and then when the eagles came, and carried off the meat to feed their young ones, the merchants would beat them off their nests, and take the diamonds out of the meat.

'I had never believed this wonderful tale, but now indeed I knew it to be true, and felt sure that I was in the famous Diamond Valley.

'I had quite given up all hope of escape, for there was no possible way of climbing out of the valley, but as I watched the eagles carry off the lumps of raw meat, I thought of a plan, and hope revived.

'First of all I searched around, and filled all my pockets with the biggest diamonds I could find. Then I chose out the largest piece of meat and fastened myself securely to it, with the rope made out of my turban. I knew that the eagles would soon come for more food, so I lay flat on the ground, with the meat uppermost, and holding on tightly, I waited for what would happen next. I had not long to wait before a gigantic eagle came swooping down. It seized the meat and carried it and me swiftly up, until it reached its nest high among the mountain rocks. And no sooner had it dropped me into the nest, than a man climbed out from behind the rock, and with loud cries frightened the eagle away. Then this man, who was the merchant to whom the nest belonged, came eagerly to look for his piece of meat. When he saw me, he started back in surprise and anger.

'"What doest thou here?" he asked roughly. "How dost thou dare to try and steal my diamonds?"

'"Have patience," I answered calmly, "I am no thief, and when thou hast heard my story thou wilt pity and not blame me. As for diamonds, I have some here which will more than make up to thee for thy disappointment."

'Then I told him and the other merchants all my adventures, and they cast up their eyes to heaven in surprise at my courage, and the wonderful manner in which I had managed to escape so many dangers. Pulling out a handful of diamonds, I then passed the precious stones round among them, and they all declared them to be the finest they had ever seen.

'"Thou shalt chose one, to make up for thy disappointment," I said to the merchant who had found me.

'"I will choose this small one," he replied, picking out one of the least of the glistening heap.

'I urged him to take a larger one, but he only shook his head.

'"This one will bring me all the wealth I can desire," he said, "and I need no longer risk my life seeking for more."

'Then we all set off for the nearest port, where we found a ship ready to carry us home. We had many adventures on the way, but at last we reached our journey's end, and when I had sold my diamonds I had so much money that I gave a great deal to the poor, and lived in even greater splendour than before.'

Here Sindbad paused, and ordered that another hundred gold pieces should be given to Hindbad, and that he should depart. But next evening when the guests had all assembled again and Hindbad had also returned, Sindbad began once more to tell them a story of his adventures, and this he called, the Story of the Third Voyage.

The Third Voyage

'I spent such a peaceful time at home that the memory of all the hardships which I had endured faded from my mind, and I began to long for fresh adventures. I felt I was too young to sit quietly at home in idleness, so I made up my mind to buy more goods and set out on another voyage to trade, as I had done before.

'The voyage began most prosperously. I sold my goods at every port, and I fancied I had escaped misfortune, when one day a terrible storm began to rage. We were driven out of our course, and the captain could not tell where we were until we came to the lee side of an island. Here we were forced to seek shelter from the storm and to cast anchor, but when the captain looked earnestly at the island, he wrung his hands and tore his hair.

'"We are lost!" he cried, "for this is no other than the Mountain of Apes."

'Then he explained to us that no one had ever escaped alive from this island, for the people who lived here were more like apes than men, and there were so many of them that it was useless to try to fight them.

'And even as he spoke a crowd of small creatures appeared on the shore and began to swim out towards the ship. As they came nearer we could see that they were dwarfs, as ugly as apes, being covered with hair like red fur, and having little gleaming yellow eyes. There were so many of them that they seized the ship at once and dragged it to the shore, and when they had landed us there, they sailed off to another island.

'Very sorrowfully we wandered about, searching for fruit

or roots to eat, and when evening came on we saw a towering palace before us, where we hoped to find shelter and safety.

'The palace had a great ebony door, which we pushed open, and we then entered the courtyard. Now it surprised us greatly to find no one there, and as we gazed around all that we could see was a large heap of bones, and a great many spits for roasting.

'We were still looking curiously about, when a loud thundering noise made our eyes turn towards the ebony door which was slowly opening, and there, outlined against the crimson and gold of the sunset sky, we saw the most horrible black monster words can describe. He was pitch black and as tall as a palm tree, and in the middle of his forehead was one red eye, which gleamed like a burning coal. His mouth, which was like the opening into a dark well, had lips like a camel's, which hung down over his chest, while his ears, huge as an elephant's, flapped back over his shoulders, and his nails were like the sharp talons of a bird of prey.

'As soon as we saw this terrible giant we all fainted with terror, but when our senses returned we saw him watching us carefully with his one red shining eye. Presently he stooped down and seized me by the back of my neck and held me high in the air, turning me round and round, and pinching me to feel how fat I was. Finding I was little else than skin and bone, he set me down and caught up each of my companions in turn, pinching and prodding them, until he came to the captain, who was the fattest of us all. Then a horrible smile spread itself over his face, and he thrust a spit through him and set him down to roast.

'After the giant had finished his supper he lay down to sleep, and his snores all night long were like thunder. Then early in the morning he arose and went out, leaving us alone.

'As soon as he was gone we began to moan and wring our hands over our great misfortune. We left the palace at once to seek for some hiding-place, but could find no shelter

anywhere on the island and were obliged to return to the palace at night. When he came home the giant seized another of our company and supped off him, as he had supped off our poor captain the night before.

'Next morning, when the giant went out, we rushed from the palace, determined rather to throw ourselves into the sea than return to be roasted and eaten. But when we reached the shore one of our number stopped us. "Is it not forbidden by Allah," he asked, "to take away one's own life? Rather let us band together to put to death this dreadful monster."

'"Thou speakest fairly," I answered. "Now, O my brothers, listen to my words. Let us make rafts of this drift-wood and set them ready to launch upon the sea, so that if our plan of killing the giant be not successful, we may yet escape."

'To this they all agreed, and by nightfall we had finished the rafts and left them ready on the seashore.

'Then, with heavy hearts, we returned to the palace, knowing that again one of us must be sacrificed. But after the giant had finished his meal, and his thundering snores shook the solid ground, we crept quickly to the fire and seized two of the great iron spits. These we thrust into the heart of the glowing coals and waited until they were red hot. Then we carried them noiselessly over to where the giant lay asleep, and, with all our might, we plunged the red-hot spits into his great red eye.

'With a terrible howl of pain and rage, the giant awoke. He sprang to his feet and threw out his arms to catch us, but as he could not see where we were, we managed to escape, and lay down flat in corners where he could not find us.

'Bellowing with rage, he reached the ebony door, and disappeared into the darkness, and the night air was filled with the sound of his roaring.

'Without losing a moment we set out for the beach where we had left our rafts, and sat there waiting to know if the giant was dead, or if we had still more to fear from him.

'Alas! with the opening day we heard sounds of thundering steps, and saw the wounded giant coming towards us, led by two other giants, as tall and hideous as himself.

'Casting our rafts loose we tried to escape, but the giants caught up great rocks and hurled them after us into the sea, so that all the rafts were swamped, except the one on which I and two of my companions were floating. We, however, managed to escape, and rowing with all our might, landed ere long upon another island.

'Here we found the most delicious fruits, and we were resting happily after our terrible danger, eating and enjoying ourselves, when suddenly a horrible hissing sound fell upon our ears. We sat spellbound with terror, and before we could move a huge serpent glided upon us, and seizing one of my two companions, swallowed him whole.

'"Ah!" we cried, as we fled from the spot, "we have but escaped one horror to meet with another more terrible. How shall we now escape this horrible serpent?"

'On and on we ran until we came to a tall tree, and into it we climbed, having gathered enough fruit to satisfy our hunger.

'But that night as I sat on the highest possible bough of the tree, the hiss of the serpent woke me from my sleep, and I saw him coiling around the tree until he reached my poor companion, whom he seized and carried off.

'"Alas!" I said to myself, "there is indeed no way of escape. Let me now throw myself off the cliffs and drown in the sea rather than be swallowed alive."

'But when I reached the shore I once more remembered that I had no right to take my own life, so I returned and gathered together all the brushwood, reeds, and thorns which I could find. These I tied into strong fagots, and with great care built a kind of round hut under the tree. I tied the top of it firmly together and took care to leave no hole through which the serpent might find an entrance.

'All night long that dreadful hissing sounded in my ears, and I could hear the serpent gliding round and round my hut, where I lay trembling and half dead with fear. Then, when day broke, and I was once more safe, I fled to the seashore, quite determined this time to drown myself rather than face such another night of fear.

'But, Allah be thanked! what should I see as I reached the shore, but a ship sailing close to the island. I shouted and waved my turban, and, to my joy, I saw that a boat was being put off to rescue me.

'As soon as I got aboard I told my story, and everyone was filled with pity, and treated me with the greatest kindness. They gave me new clothes, for mine were in rags, and did everything they could for my comfort.

'So we sailed away, and presently we came to an island which is covered with trees of sandal-wood. Here we cast anchor, and as the merchants were landing to trade with the people of the island, the captain called me to him.

'"Listen to my words," he began; "thou art poor and a stranger, and I would help thee. Seest thou here these goods? They belonged to a merchant of Bagdad who sailed in my ship, but who, alas! was left by mistake upon a desert island. I desire to do the best I can with his goods, that I may restore the money to his relations. Therefore shalt thou take them and trade well with them, and a share of the profits shall be thine."

'"So be it," I answered, "but what was the name of this merchant?"

'"His name," answered the captain, "was Sindbad the Sailor."

'Then I saw that the bales were marked with my own private mark, and turning to the captain I asked, "Is the merchant indeed dead?"

'"Alas! I fear that there is no hope that he can have escaped," answered the captain,

'"Look well at me," I cried. "Hast thou not seen my face before? I am that Sindbad who was left behind on the Island of the Roc."

'Then I told him all my adventures, and as he listened he began to know me again, and, with great joy, gave me all my goods and all the money he had made for me by trading in other islands.

'Ere long we arrived at Bagdad, and my gains were so great that I could not count them. So I bought more land and gave much money to the poor, and soon forgot all the dangers and difficulties through which I had passed.'

So ended the story of the Third Voyage, and Sindbad again ordered that Hindbad should receive a hundred gold pieces, and that he should return next night to hear the tale of the Fourth Voyage.

The Fourth Voyage

'I was so rich and happy after my third voyage that you will wonder that I was not content to stay at home and enjoy my riches. But my love for travel and adventures would not suffer me to rest.

'I again purchased much merchandise, and once more set sail, with many other merchants, to trade with foreign lands.

'We had visited many places, and made great gains, when one day a terrible storm arose, and although the captain did all he could to save the ship, he was powerless in the great hurricane. The wind tore the sails into ribands, and the waves washed over the deck until the ship was swamped and began to sink. Most of the crew and passengers were drowned, but a few of us managed to cling to some planks, and after a dreadful night of peril we were cast ashore upon an island.

'More dead than alive, we lay there until morning, and then we went inland, hoping to find some sort of food. We had not gone far when we were met by a crowd of black savages, who surrounded us, and led us to their huts.

'First of all they prepared for us a meal, of which my companions ate eagerly, but I, being more cautious, only pretended to eat. For I had watched the savages, and noticed that they ate none of the food themselves.

'Allah be thanked that I had been so careful! No sooner had my companions swallowed the food than they seemed to lose their senses, and became as madmen. This was evidently what the savages expected, for they next prepared a great meal of rice and cocoanut oil, which my companions ate greedily, and I soon saw that the savages meant to fatten them, and then kill and eat them.

'This frightened me so much, that I would scarcely eat anything, and I became so thin that no one took any notice of me, and one day, when I was left in charge of an old savage, I easily managed to escape. I made my way with all speed into the forest, and for seven days I scarcely stopped to rest, but ran on and on, until I arrived at the opposite side of the island. There, to my joy, upon the seashore I found a party of white men gathering pepper. Their astonishment was great when they saw me, and greater still when I told them of my adventure.

'"These savages kill and eat every man who falls into their hands," they said, "thou alone hast lived to escape from them."

'Then they took me aboard their ship, and carried me off with them to their own country, where they presented me to their King.

I was treated with great kindness, and as the King showed me special favour, I was considered a person of great importance. The island was a very rich one, and there was much trade carried on in the capital, so that I soon grew happy and contented. One thing astonished me a good deal, and this was that although the people all rode well, and had splendid horses, no one used a saddle, stirrup, or bridle.

'"Your Majesty," I ventured to say one day to the King, "why is it that no one in thy kingdom uses a saddle?"

'"What may that be?" asked the King with interest. "I have never even heard the word."

'Then I sought out a clever workman in leather, and directed him how to make a splendid saddle. I also had stirrups, spurs, and a bridle made, and when they were all ready, I presented them to the King, and showed him how to use them. As soon as he had tried them, he was delighted with them, and all the nobles begged that I would make saddles for them also.

'So I became more and more important and rich, until one

day the King told me that it was his wish that I should marry a beautiful maiden, and settle down to stay always in the island.

'When I had seen the maiden, I willingly did as the King commanded, and we lived so happily and contentedly together that I began to forget that I had any other home. But one day came a rude awakening.

'I had made great friends with one of my neighbours, and was much distressed one day to hear that his wife was dead. I went to him at once, and tried to comfort him in his sorrow.

'"May Allah preserve thee, and grant thee a long life!" I began when I saw him.

'But he never raised his eyes from the ground.

'"Alas!" he replied, "how canst thou wish me a long life, when in a few hours I shall be buried with my wife. Dost thou not know it is a law in this country, that when a wife dies her husband is buried with her, and if he should die first, then his wife is buried with him?"

'"How terrible!" I cried, "I cannot believe this." I spoke to the King about it, but he only told me that it had always been the law of the land, and no one seemed to think it strange.

'Judge then of my feelings, when one day my own wife fell ill, and after a short illness she, also, died.

'They dressed her in all her most costly garments, and decked her with jewels, and then we all set out towards a high mountain. When we reached it, a stone was rolled away from the mouth of a deep pit, and into this pit the body of my wife was lowered.

'I begged and prayed for my life, but no one paid any heed to what I said. They were busy preparing seven small loaves of bread and a jug of water, and these they lowered with me into the dark pit. Then the stone was rolled back and I was left alone.

'I sat and wailed, and bemoaned my fate, but that of course did me no good. For seven days I lived on the loaves,

and drank sparingly of the water; and when it was all done, I made up my mind that I must die. Then suddenly I saw something moving in the far side of the cavern, and a small grey object flitted past me.

'In an instant I jumped to my feet, and followed it, until it disappeared into a crevice of the rock. Still I followed it, squeezing myself into the narrow passage, and when I had gone some distance, I felt the fresh sea-air fanning my hot cheeks, and in another moment I was upon the seashore under the blue sky, free from the horrible cavern. The thing I had followed must have been some little animal that had found its way in, and so showed me the way of escape.

'I then made up my mind to return along the passage and gather up the jewels which were strewn over the floor of the cave. This I did, and having fastened them into bales, I sat upon the shore, waiting for a ship to pass.

'All that day I sat and watched, and next morning, to my joy, I saw a sail. I waved my turban, and did all I could to make them see me, and soon a boat was put off to fetch me.

'"How camest thou here?" asked the sailors in astonishment. "We have never seen living man on this shore before."

'Now I did not care to tell them where I had really come from, in case they should decide to carry me back.

'"I was shipwrecked here some time ago," I said, "and these bales are my goods which I managed to save."

'To my great relief the sailors asked no more questions, and quickly rowed me and my bales back to the ship.

'So I returned home in safety with more riches than ever, and with great thankfulness in my heart for having escaped such dreadful dangers.'

Here Sindbad paused, and Hindbad was again dismissed with a hundred gold pieces, and bidden to return next night, this time to hear the story of the Fifth Voyage.

The Fifth Voyage

'Listen, O my brothers,' began Sindbad, when they were all seated round the table, 'and I will now relate to you the adventures of my Fifth Voyage.

'I was not yet cured of my love of adventure, and I had not been long at home when I again became restless and filled with a desire to be upon the sea.

'This time I did not trust to a strange ship, but had one built for myself, that I could sail where I would, and trade wherever I cared to land. But as the ship was a large one, I invited several other merchants to try their fortune with mine, and so together we set sail.

'We had landed at several places and done good business, when one day we came to a desert island with a curious white dome upon it. This I knew at once to be a roc's egg, but as no one else had ever seen one, my companions begged to be allowed to land, so that they might go near and behold this wonder.

'Now the young roc inside the egg was so nearly hatched that its bill had already broken through the shell, and before I could prevent it, my companions had dragged it out and begun to cut it up in pieces. I warned them that trouble would be in store for us, but they were determined to have a feast. Even as I spoke the sun was darkened, and great black wings cast their shadow over us as the parent rocs came flying home.

'"Lose not a moment!" I cried. "Let us all embark at once and try to escape from the fury of the rocs."

'We returned to the ship with all speed and the captain set sail at once, hoping soon to be out of reach of the angry birds. But ere long the terrible black shadow again crept

between us and the sun, and in the dim light we could see the parent rocs hovering overhead, holding in their talons great stones, or rather rocks, of tremendous size.

'When the rocs were exactly over the ship, one of them dropped his stone, which, however, missed the ship as it came whistling through the air, and clove the waters with such awful force that for a moment we saw a wall of water on each side of it and the sandy bottom of the sea.

'But almost before we could again look up the other bird dropped her stone with a surer aim, and our ship was dashed to pieces. Those of us who were not killed were hurled far and near into the sea and disappeared in the waters.

'By the goodness of Allah I, however, managed to cling to a floating plank, and so, paddling with my feet, I reached a distant island.

'"Surely," said I, as I wandered about this island, "surely this is the most beautiful spot in all the world."

'Never had I seen such luscious fruit, such exquisite flowers and such clear running streams. My fears and weariness were forgotten, and I rested and refreshed myself in the cool shade of the green trees.

'Next morning as I strolled along, gathering fruit as I went, I came upon a poor old man sitting by the bank of a stream. He looked so very old, and feeble and weary, that my heart was filled with pity for him.

'"What dost thou here?" I asked. "Art thou one of the shipwrecked sailors?"

'But the old man only shook his head mournfully, and asked me by signs to help him across the stream. This I willingly prepared to do, and I leaned down and helped him to mount upon my shoulders. He was much heavier than I expected, but I stepped across the stream and then stopped to allow the old man to get down. But instead of doing that, the old wretch wound his sinewy legs tighter and tighter round my neck until I could not breathe, and with a choking

cry I fell forward and fainted for want of breath.

'When I came to myself the wicked old monster was still sitting tight upon my shoulders, and he began to prod me with his sharp knees in so painful a manner that I was forced to rise and go whichever way he chose to drive me.

'There are no words to describe the misery I endured day after day. Not for one moment did the old man loosen his hold, even when we slept, and so sharp and painful were his methods of driving me, that I could do nothing but obey his wishes. He gathered fruit as he went and allowed me also to gather it, or I should have died of hunger.

'One day we came to a place where gourds were growing in great abundance, and there I found one that was sun-dried and empty. I took it and squeezed into it the juice of several bunches of grapes, and then left it in the sun to ferment. When we returned to the same place some days after, I found the gourd filled with the most delicious wine. I drank the wine eagerly, and felt at once so much stronger and happier that I began to dance and sing. This seemed to astonish the old monster who sat on my back, and he made signs that he, too, would like to taste the wine. I dared not refuse him, and so was obliged to hand him the gourd.

'It was a very large gourd and held a great deal of wine, and the old man never stopped until he had drunk every drop. By that time he had begun to shout and make strange noises, and gradually his legs unloosened. With one great effort I was able to hurl him from my shoulders to the ground, and there he lay, never to rise again.

'Great indeed was my delight to be rid of my burden, and I walked on rejoicing and free until I came to the seashore. There I met a company of sailors who had just landed to fill their casks with fresh water.

'"Who art thou?" they cried in surprise, when they saw me, "and how camest thou upon this desert island?"

'Then I told all my adventures since I had been

shipwrecked, and their surprise became greater.

"'Know, O fortunate man," they cried, "that thou hast escaped a terrible danger. The old man who sat upon your back was none other than the Old Man of the Sea, and never before has any one escaped who once fell into his clutches."

'Then they took me with them to their ship, and we sailed away until we came to a great city whose houses were built of stone. Here one of the merchants, who had shown me great kindness, advised me to join a company of people who were going out to gather cocoanuts.

"'Take this bag," said he, handing me a large sack, "and do not wander away from your companions, but do exactly as they do."

'Now, when we had gone a great distance we came to the forest of cocoanut trees. They were so tall and straight and smooth that I saw at once that it was impossible to climb them, and I waited, wondering to know how my companions meant to secure the cocoanuts.

'As we came nearer I noticed a great many monkeys playing among the trees, which, as soon as they saw us, began to climb swiftly to the topmost boughs. Then my companions took stones and began to throw them at the monkeys, which I thought most cruel.

"'They have done us no harm," I said, "why should we seek to harm them?"

'But in a few moments I saw the reason of what was done, for the monkeys began to pelt us in return with cocoanuts, and these we gathered up and put into our sacks. And the more stones we threw at them the more cocoanuts they flung at us.

'When we had filled our sacks we returned to the city and sold our cocoanuts to the merchants; and so I made enough money for all my wants, and before long I set sail once more for home. On the way we stopped at various islands, where I traded for pepper and aloe-wood and pearls, so that when I

reached home I was able to sell my goods for more money than I knew what to do with.'

Here Sindbad made a sign that the feasting should continue, and ordered that Hindbad should be given another hundred pieces of gold before leaving. All this was done as he commanded. And the next night when the guests and the porter were seated in their usual places, Sindbad told them the story of his Sixth Voyage.

The Sixth Voyage

'This time,' began Sindbad, 'I stayed at home for the space of a whole year, and then I prepared to set out on another voyage. My friends and relations did all in their power to prevent my going, but I could not be persuaded, and before long I set sail in a ship which was about to make a very long voyage.

'Nothing went well with us from the beginning. We were driven out of our course by storms and tempests, and the captain and pilot knew not where we were. When at last they found out in which direction we had drifted, things seemed in a worse state than ever. We were alarmed to see the captain suddenly pull off his turban, tear the hair from his beard, and beat his head as if he were mad.

'"What is the matter?" we asked, gathering round him.

'"Alas!" he cried, "we are lost. The ship is now caught in a dangerous current from which nothing can save her and us. In a very few moments we shall all be dashed to pieces."

'No sooner had he spoken than the ship was carried along at a tremendous speed straight on to a rocky shore which lay at the foot of a steep mountain.

'But although the ship was dashed to pieces, we all managed to escape, and were thrown with our goods and some provisions high on to the rocky strip of shore. Here we found the scattered remains of many wrecks. and quantities of bones bleached white in the sun.

'"We may prepare ourselves for death," said the captain mournfully. "No man has ever escaped from this shore, for it is impossible to climb the mountain behind us, and no ship dare approach to save us."

'But nevertheless he divided the provisions amongst us, that we might live as long as possible.

'One thing that surprised me greatly was a river of fresh water which flowed out of the mountain, and, instead of running into the sea, disappeared into a rocky cavern on the other side of the shore. As I gazed into the mouth of this cavern I saw that it was lined with sparkling gems, and that the bed of the river was studded with rubies and diamonds and all manner of precious stones. Great quantities of these were also scattered around, and treasures from the wrecked ships lay in every corner of the shore.

'One by one my companions died as they came to the end of their food, and one by one I buried them, until at last I was left quite alone. I was able to live on very little, and so my food had lasted longer.

'"Woe is me!" I cried, "who shall bury me when I die? Why, oh! why was I not content to remain safe and happy at home?"

'As I bemoaned my evil fate I wandered to the banks of the river, and as I watched it disappear into the rocky cave a happy thought came to me. Surely if this stream entered the mountain it must have an opening somewhere, and if I could only follow its course I might yet escape.

'Eagerly I began to make a strong raft of the wood and planks which were scattered all over the shore. Then I collected as many diamonds and rubies and as much wrecked treasure as my raft would hold, and took my last little store of food. I launched the raft with great care, and soon found myself floating swiftly along until I disappeared into the dark passage of the cavern.

'On and on I went through the thick darkness, the passage seeming to grow smaller and narrower until I was obliged to lie flat on the raft for fear of striking my head. My food was now all gone, and I gave myself up for lost, and then mercifully I fell into a deep sleep which must have lasted many hours. I

was awakened by the sound of strange voices, and jumping up, what was my joy to find I was once more in heaven's sunshine.

'The river was flowing gently through a green, pleasant land, and the sounds I had heard were the voices of a company of negroes who were gently guiding my raft to the bank.

'I could not understand the language these negroes spoke, until at last one of their number began to speak to me in Arabic.

'"Peace be to thee!" he said. "Who art thou, and whence hast thou come? We are the people of this country, and were working in our fields when we found thee asleep upon the raft. Tell us, then, how thou hast come to this place."

'"I pray thee, by Allah!" I cried, "give me food, and then I will tell thee all."

'Then the men gave me food, and I ate until my strength returned and my soul was refreshed, and I could tell them of all my adventures.

'"We must take him to the King," they cried with one voice.

'Then they told me that the King of Serendib was the richest and greatest king on earth, and I went with them willingly, taking with me my bales and treasures.

'Never had I seen such splendour and richness as at the court of the King of Serendib, and great was his kindness towards me. He listened to the tale of my adventures with interest, and when I begged to be allowed to return home, he ordered that a ship should be made ready at once. Then he wrote a letter with his own hand to the Caliph, our sovereign lord, and loaded me with costly gifts.

'Thus, when I arrived at Bagdad, I went at once to the court of the Caliph, and presented the letter and the gift which the King had sent.

'This gift was a cup made out of a single ruby lined inside with precious stones, also a skin of the serpent that swallows

elephants, which had spots upon its back like pieces of gold, and which could cure all illnesses.

'The Caliph was delighted with the letter and the gift.

'"Tell me, O Sindbad," he said, "is this King as great and rich as it is reported of him?"

'"O my Lord," I said, "no words can give you an idea of his riches. His throne is set upon a huge elephant and a thousand horsemen ride around him, clad in cloth of gold. His mace is of gold studded with emeralds, and indeed his splendour is as great as that of King Solomon."

'The Caliph listened attentively to my words, and then, giving me a present, he allowed me to depart. I returned home swiftly to my family and friends, and when I had sold my treasures and given much to the poor, I lived in such peace and happiness that my evil adventures soon seemed like a far-off dream.'

So Sindbad finished the story of his Sixth Voyage, and bade his guests return the next evening as usual. And next day, when all the guests were once more seated at the table and had finished their feasting, Sindbad began the story of his Last Voyage.

The Last Voyage

'I had now made up my mind that nothing would tempt me to leave my home again, and that I would seek for no more adventures.

'One day, however, as I was feasting with my friends, one of my servants came to tell me that a messenger from the Caliph awaited my pleasure.

'"What is thy errand?" I asked when the messenger was presented to me.

'"The Caliph desires thy presence at once," answered the messenger.

'Thus was I obliged to set out immediately for the palace.

'"Sindbad," said the Caliph, when I had bowed myself to the ground before him, "I have need of thy services. I desire to send a letter and a gift to the King of Serendib, and thou shalt be the bearer of them."

'Then indeed did my face fall, and I became pale as death.

'"Commander of the Faithful," I cried, "do with me as thou wilt, but I have made a vow never to leave my home again."

'Then I told him all my adventures, which caused him much astonishment. Nevertheless, he urged me to do as he wished, and seeing that there was no escape, I consented.

'I set sail at the Caliph's command, and after a good voyage I at last reached the island of Serendib, where I received a hearty welcome. I told the officers of the court what my errand was, and they led me to the palace, where I bowed myself to the ground before the great King.

'"Sindbad," he said kindly, "thou art welcome. I have often thought of thee, and wished to see thy face again."

'So I presented the Caliph's letter, and the rich present he had sent, which pleased the King well. When a few days had passed, I begged to be allowed to depart, and after receiving many gifts I once more set sail for home.

'But alas! the return journey began badly. We had not sailed many days, when we were pursued by pirates, who captured the ship, and took prisoners all those who were not killed. I, amongst others, was carried ashore and sold by a pirate to a rich merchant.

'"What is thy trade?" asked the merchant when he had bought me.

'"I am a merchant," I answered, "and know no trade."

'"Canst thou shoot with a bow and arrow?" asked my master.

'This I said I could do, and putting one in my hand he led me out to a great forest and bade me climb into a high tree.

'"Watch there," he said, "until thou shalt see a herd of elephants pass by. Then try to shoot one, and if thou art fortunate, come at once and tell me."

'All night I watched, and saw nothing, but in the morning a great number of elephants came thundering by, and I shot several arrows among them. One big elephant fell to the ground, and lay there while the rest passed on; so, as soon as it was safe, I climbed down and carried the news to my master. Together we buried the huge animal and marked the place, so that we might return to fetch the tusks.

'I continued this work for some time, and killed many elephants, until one night I saw to my horror that the elephants, instead of passing on, had surrounded the tree in which I sat, and were stamping and trumpeting, until the very earth shook. Then one of them seized the tree with his trunk, and tore it up by the roots, laying it flat on the ground.

'I was almost senseless with terror, but the next moment I felt myself gently lifted up by an elephant's trunk, and placed on his back. I clung on with all my might, as the elephant

carried me through the forest, until at last we came to the slope of a hill, which was covered with bleached bones and tusks.

'Here the elephant gently laid me down, and left me alone. I gazed around on this great treasure of ivory, and I could not help wondering at the wisdom of these animals. They had evidently brought me here to show me that I could get ivory without killing any more of their number. For this, I felt sure, was the elephants' burying-place.

'I did not stay long on the hill, but gathering a few tusks together I sped back to the town, that I might tell my tale to the merchant. "My poor Sindbad," he cried, when he saw me, "I thought thou wert dead, for I found the uprooted tree, and never expected to look upon thy face again."

'Great was his delight when I told him of the Hill of Ivory. and when we had gone there together, and he saw for himself the wonders I had described, he was filled with astonishment.

'"Sindbad," he cried, "thou too shalt have a share of this great wealth. And first of all I shall give thee thy freedom. Until now, year by year have all my slaves been killed by the elephants, but now we need no longer run any risks, for here is ivory enough to enrich the whole island."

'So I was set free, and loaded with honours, and when the trade winds brought the ships that traded in ivory, I bade good-bye to the island, and set sail for home, carrying with me a great cargo of ivory and other treasures.

'As soon as I landed I went to the Caliph, who was overjoyed to see me.

'"Great has been my anxiety, O Sindbad," he said, "for I feared some evil had befallen thee."

'When, therefore, I had told him of my adventures, he was the more astonished, and ordered that all my story should be written in letters of gold, and placed among his treasures.

'Then I returned to my own house, and ever since have remained at home in peace and safety.'

Thus Sindbad finished the story of his voyages, and turning to Hindbad, he said: 'And now, friend Hindbad, what dost thou think of the way I have earned my riches? Is it not just that I should live in enjoyment and ease?'

'O my lord,' cried Hindbad, bowing before Sindbad, and kissing his hand, 'great have been thy labours and perils, and truly dost thou deserve thy riches. My troubles are as nothing compared to thine. Long mayest thou live and prosper!'

Sindbad was well pleased with this answer, and he ordered that Hindbad should dine every day at his table, and receive his golden pieces, so that all his life he might have reason to remember the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

In a town in Persia lived two brothers named Cassim and Ali Baba, between whom their father at his death had left what little property he possessed equally divided. Cassim, however, having married the heiress of a rich merchant, became soon after his marriage the owner of a fine shop, together with several pieces of land, and was in consequence, through no effort of his own, the most considerable merchant in the town. Ali Baba, on the other hand, was married to one as poor as himself, and having no other means of gaining a livelihood he used to go every day into the forest to cut wood, and lading therewith the three asses which were his sole stock-in-trade, would then hawk it about the streets for sale.

One day while he was at work within the skirts of the forest, Ali Baba saw advancing towards him across the open a large company of horsemen, and fearing from their appearance that they might be robbers, he left his asses to their own devices and sought safety for himself in the lower branches of a large tree which grew in the close overshadowing of a precipitous rock.

Almost immediately it became evident that this very rock was the goal toward which the troop was bound, for having arrived they alighted instantly from their horses, and took down each man of them a sack which seemed by its weight and form to be filled with gold. There could no longer be any doubt that they were robbers. Ali Baba counted forty of them.

Just as he had done so, the one nearest to him, who seemed to be their chief, advanced toward the rock, and in a low but distinct voice uttered the two words, "Open, Sesame!" Immediately the rock opened like a door, the captain

and his men passed in, and the rock closed behind them.

For a long while Ali Baba waited, not daring to descend from his hiding-place lest they should come out and catch him in the act; but at last, when the waiting had grown almost unbearable, his patience was rewarded, the door in the rock opened, and out came the forty men, their captain leading them. When the last of them was through, "Shut, Sesame!" said the captain, and immediately the face of the rock closed together as before. Then they all mounted their horses and rode away.

As soon as he felt sure that they were not returning, Ali Baba came down from the tree and made his way at once to that part of the rock where he had seen the captain and his men enter. And there at the word "Open, Sesame!" a door suddenly revealed itself and opened.

Ali Baba had expected to find a dark and gloomy cavern. Great was his astonishment therefore when he perceived a spacious and vaulted chamber lighted from above through a fissure in the rock; and there spread out before him lay treasures in profusion, bales of merchandise, silks, carpets, brocades, and above all gold and silver lying in loose heaps or in sacks piled one upon another. He did not take long to consider what he should do. Disregarding the silver and the gold that lay loose, he brought to the mouth of the cave as many sacks of gold as he thought his three asses might carry; and having loaded them on and covered them with wood so that they might not be seen, he closed the rock by the utterance of the magic words which he had learned, and departed for the town, a well-satisfied man.

When he got home he drove his asses into a small court, and shutting the gates carefully he took off the wood that covered the bags and carried them in to his wife. She, discovering them to be full of gold, feared that her husband had stolen them, and began sorrowfully to reproach him; but Ali Baba soon put her mind at rest on that score, and having

poured all the gold into a great heap upon the floor he sat down at her side to consider how well it looked.

Soon his wife, poor careful body, must needs begin counting it over piece by piece. Ali Baba let her go on for awhile, but before long the sight set him laughing. "Wife," said he, "you will never make an end of it that way. The best thing to do is to dig a hole and bury it, then we shall be sure that it is not slipping through our fingers." "That will do well enough," said his wife, "but it would be better first to have the measure of it. So while you dig the hole I will go round to Cassim's and borrow a measure small enough to give us an exact reckoning." "Do as you will," answered her husband, "but see that you keep the thing secret."

Off went Ali Baba's wife to her brother-in-law's house. Cassim was from home, so she begged of his wife the loan of a small measure, naming for choice the smallest. This set the sister-in-law wondering. Knowing Ali Baba's poverty she was all the more curious to find out for what kind of grain so small a measure could be needed. So before bringing it she covered all the bottom with lard, and giving it to Ali Baba's wife told her to be sure and be quick in returning it. The other, promising to restore it punctually, made haste to get home; and there finding the hole dug for its reception she started to measure the money into it. First she set the measure upon the heap, then she filled it, then she carried it to the hole; and so she continued till the last measure was counted. Then, leaving Ali Baba to finish the burying, she carried back the measure with all haste to her sister-in-law, returning thanks for the loan.

No sooner was her back turned than Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and there to her astonishment she saw sticking to the lard a gold coin. "What?" she cried, her heart filled with envy, "is Ali Baba so rich that he needs a measure for his gold? Where, then, I would know, has the miserable wretch obtained in?"

She waited with impatience for her husband's return, and as soon as he came in she began to jeer at him. "You think yourself rich," said she, "but Ali Baba is richer. You count your gold by the piece, but Ali Baba does not count, he measures it! In comparison to Ali Baba we are but grubs and groundlings!"

Having thus riddled him to the top of her bent in order to provoke his curiosity, she told him the story of the borrowed measure, of her own stratagem, and of its result.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at Ali Baba's sudden prosperity, grew furiously jealous; not a wink could he sleep all night for thinking of it. The next morning before sunrise he went to his brother's house. "Ali Baba," said he, "what do you mean by pretending to be poor when all the time you are scooping up gold by the quart?" "Brother," said Ali Baba, "explain your meaning." "My meaning shall be plain!" cried Cassim, displaying the tell-tale coin. "How many more pieces have you like this that my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure yesterday?"

Ali Baba, perceiving that the intervention of wives had made further concealment useless, told his brother the true facts of the case, and offered him, as an inducement for keeping the secret, an equal share of the treasure.

"That is the least that I have the right to expect," answered Cassim haughtily. "It is further necessary that you should tell me exactly where the treasure lies, that I may, if need be, test the truth of your story, otherwise I shall find it my duty to denounce you to the authorities."

Ali Baba, having a clear conscience, had little fear of Cassim's threats; but out of pure good nature he gave him all the information he desired, not forgetting to instruct him in the words which would give him free passage into the cave and out again.

Cassim, who had thus secured all he had come for, lost no time in putting his project into execution. Intent on

possessing himself of all the treasures which yet remained, he set off the next morning before daybreak, taking with him ten mules laden with empty crates. Arrived before the cave, he recalled the words which his brother had taught him; no sooner was "Open, Sesame!" said than the door in the rock lay wide for him to pass through, and when he had entered it shut again.

If the simple soul of Ali Baba had found delight in the riches of the cavern, greater still was the exultation of a greedy nature like Cassim's. Intoxicated with the wealth that lay before his eyes, he had no thought but to gather together with all speed as much treasure as the ten mules could carry; and so, having exhausted himself with heavy labour and avaricious excitement, he suddenly found on returning to the door that he had forgotten the key which opened it. Up and down, and in and out through the mazes of his brain he chased the missing word. Barley, and maize, and rice, he thought of them all: but of sesame never once, because his mind had become dark to the revealing light of heaven. And so the door stayed fast, holding him prisoner in the cave, where to his fate, undeserving of pity, we leave him.

Toward noon the robbers returned, and saw, standing about the rock, the ten mules laden with crates. At this they were greatly surprised, and began to search with suspicion amongst the surrounding crannies and undergrowth. Finding no one there, they drew their swords and advanced cautiously toward the cave, where, upon the captain's pronouncement of the magic word, the door immediately fell open. Cassim, who from within had heard the trampling of horses, had now no doubt that the robbers were arrived and that his hour was come. Resolved however to make one last effort at escape, he stood ready by the door; and no sooner had the opening word been uttered than he sprang forth with such violence that he threw the captain to the ground. But his attempt was vain; before he could break through he was mercilessly hacked

down by the swords of the robber band.

With their fears thus verified, the robbers anxiously entered the cave to view the traces of its late visitant. There they saw piled by the door the treasure which Cassim had sought to carry away; but while restoring this to its place they failed altogether to detect the earlier loss which Ali Baba had caused them. Reckoning, however, that as one had discovered the secret of entry others also might know of it, they determined to leave an example for any who might venture thither on a similar errand; and having quartered the body of Cassim they disposed it at the entrance in a manner most calculated to strike horror into the heart of the beholder. Then, closing the door of the cave, they rode away in the search of fresh exploits and plunder.

Meanwhile Cassim's wife had grown very uneasy at her husband's prolonged absence; and at nightfall, unable to endure further suspense, she ran to Ali Baba, and telling him of his brother's secret expedition, entreated him to go out instantly in search of him.

Ali Baba had too kind a heart to refuse or delay comfort to her affliction. Taking with him his three asses he set out immediately for the forest, and as the road was familiar to him he had soon found his way to the door of the cave. When he saw there the traces of blood he became filled with misgiving, but no sooner had he entered than his worst fears were realised. Nevertheless brotherly piety gave him courage. Gathering together the severed remains and wrapping them about with all possible decency, he laid them upon one of the asses; then bethinking him that he deserved some payment for his pains, he loaded the two remaining asses with sacks of gold, and covering them with wood as on the first occasion, made his way back to the town while it was yet early. Leaving his wife to dispose of the treasure borne by the two asses, he led the third to his sister-in-law's house, and knocking quietly so that none of the neighbours might hear, was presently

admitted by Morgiana, a female slave whose intelligence and discretion had long been known to him. "Morgiana," said he, "there's trouble on the back of that ass. Can you keep a secret?" And Morgiana's nod satisfied him better than any oath. "Well," said he, "your master's body lies there waiting to be pieced, and our business now is to bury him honourably as though he had died a natural death. Go and tell your mistress that I want to speak to her."

Morgiana went in to her mistress, and returning presently bade Ali Baba enter. Then, leaving him to break to his sister-in-law the news and the sad circumstances of his brother's death, she, with her plan already formed, hastened forth and knocked at the door of the nearest apothecary. As soon as he opened to her she required of him in trembling agitation certain pillules efficacious against grave disorders, declaring in answer to his questions that her master had been taken suddenly ill. With these she returned home, and her plan of concealment having been explained and agreed upon much to the satisfaction of Ali Baba, she went forth the next morning to the same apothecary, and with tears in her eyes besought him to supply her in haste with a certain drug that is given to sick people only in the last extremity. Meanwhile the rumour of Cassim's sickness had got abroad; Ali Baba and his wife had been seen coming and going, while Morgiana by her ceaseless activity had made the two days' pretended illness seem like a fortnight: so when a sound of wailing arose within the house all the neighbours concluded without further question that Cassim had died a natural and honourable death.

But Morgiana had now a still more difficult task to perform, it being necessary for the obsequies that the body should be made in some way presentable. So at a very early hour the next morning she went to the shop of a certain merry old cobbler, Baba Mustapha by name, who lived on the other side of the town. Showing him a piece of gold she inquired

whether he were ready to earn it by exercising his craft in implicit obedience to her instructions. And when Baba Mustapha sought to know the terms, "First," said she, "you must come with your eyes bandaged; secondly, you must sew what I put before you without asking questions; and thirdly, when you return you must tell nobody."

Mustapha, who had a lively curiosity into other folk's affairs, boggled for a time at the bandaging, and doubted much of his ability to refrain from question; but having on these considerations secured the doubling of his fee, he promised secrecy readily enough, and taking his cobbler's tackle in hand submitted himself to Morgiana's guidance and set forth. This way and that she led him blindfold, till she had brought him to the house of her deceased master. Then uncovering his eyes in the presence of the dismembered corpse, she bade him get out thread and wax and join the pieces together.

Baba Mustapha plied his task according to the compact, asking no question. When he had done, Morgiana again bandaged his eyes and led him home, and giving him a third piece of gold the more to satisfy him, she bade him good-day and departed.

So in seemliness and without scandal of any kind were the obsequies of the murdered Cassim performed. And when all was ended, seeing that his widow was desolate and his house in need of a protector, Ali Baba with brotherly piety took both the one and the other, into his care, marrying his sister-in-law according to Moslem rule, and removing with all his goods and newly acquired treasure to the house which had been his brother's. And having also acquired the shop where Cassim had done business, he put into it his own son, who had already served an apprenticeship to the trade. So, with his fortune well established, let us now leave Ali Baba and return to the robbers' cave.

Thither, at the appointed time, came the forty robbers,

bearing in hand fresh booty; and great was their consternation to discover that not only had the body of Cassim been removed, but a good many sacks of gold as well. It was no wonder that this should trouble them, for so long as any one could command secret access, the cave was useless as a depository for their wealth. The question was, What could they do to put an end to their present insecurity? After long debate it was agreed that one of their number should go into the town disguised as a traveller, and there, mixing with the common people, learn from their report whether there had been recently any case in their midst of sudden prosperity or sudden death. If such a thing could be discovered, then they made sure of tracking the evil to its source and imposing a remedy.

Although the penalty for failure was death, one of the robbers at once boldly offered himself for the venture, and having transformed himself by disguise and received the wise counsels and commendations of his fellows, he set out for the town.

Arriving at dawn he began to walk up and down the streets and watch the early stirring of the inhabitants. So, before long, he drew up at the door of Baba Mustapha, who, though old, was already seated at work upon his cobbler's bench. The robber accosted him. "I wonder," said he, "to see a man of your age at work so early. Does not so dull a light strain your eyes?" "Not so much as you might think," answered Baba Mustapha. "Why, it was but the other day that at this same hour I saw well enough to stitch up a dead body in a place where it was certainly no lighter." "Stitch up a dead body!" cried the robber, in pretended amazement, concealing his joy at this sudden intelligence. "Surely you mean in its winding sheet, for how else can a dead body be stitched?" "No, no," said Mustapha; "what I say I mean; but as it is a secret, I can tell you no more." The robber drew out a piece of gold. "Come," said he, "tell me nothing you do not care to; only show me the house where lay the body that you

stitched." Baba Mustapha eyed the gold longingly. "Would that I could," he replied; "but alas! I went to it blindfold." "Well," said the robber, "I have heard that a blind man remembers his road; perhaps, though seeing you might lose it, blindfold you might find it again." Tempted by the offer of a second piece of gold, Baba Mustapha was soon persuaded to make the attempt. "It was here that I started," said he, showing the spot, "and I turned as you see me now." The robber then put a bandage over his eyes, and walked beside him through the streets, partly guiding and partly being led, till of his own accord Baba Mustapha stopped. "It was here," said he. "The door by which I went in should now lie to the right." And he had in fact come exactly opposite to the house which had once been Cassim's where Ali Baba now dwelt.

The robber, having marked the door with a piece of chalk which he had provided for the purpose, removed the bandage from Mustapha's eyes, and leaving him to his own devices returned with all possible speed to the cave where his comrades were awaiting him.

Soon after the robber and cobbler had parted, Morgiana happened to go out upon an errand, and as she returned she noticed the mark upon the door. "This," she thought, "is not as it should be; either some trick is intended, or there is evil brewing for my master's house." Taking a piece of chalk she put a similar mark upon the five or six doors lying to right and left; and having done this she went home with her mind satisfied, saying nothing.

In the meantime the robbers had learned from their companion the success of his venture. Greatly elated at the thought of the vengeance so soon to be theirs, they formed a plan for entering the city in a manner that should arouse no suspicion among the inhabitants. Passing in by twos and threes, and by different routes, they came together to the market-place at an appointed time, while the captain and the robber who had acted as spy made their way alone to the

street in which the marked door was to be found. Presently, just as they had expected, they perceived a door with the mark on it. "That is it!" said the robber; but as they continued walking so as to avoid suspicion, they came upon another and another, till, before they were done, they had passed six in succession. So alike were the marks that the spy, though he swore he had made but one, could not tell which it was. Seeing that the design had failed, the captain returned to the marketplace, and having passed the word for his troop to go back in the same way as they had come, he himself set the example of retreat.

When they were all reassembled in the forest, the captain explained how the matter had fallen, and the spy, acquiescing in his own condemnation, kneeled down and received the stroke of the executioner.

But as it was still necessary for the safety of all that so great a trespass and theft should not pass unavenged, another of the band, undeterred by the fate of his comrade, volunteered upon the same conditions to prosecute the quest wherein the other had failed. Coming by the same means to the house of Ali Baba, he set upon the door, at a spot not likely to be noticed, a mark in red chalk to distinguish it clearly from those which were already marked in white. But even this precaution failed of its end. Morgiana, whose eye nothing could escape, noticed the red mark at the first time of passing, and dealt with it just as she had done with the previous one. So when all the robbers came, hoping this time to light upon the door without fail, they found not one but six all similarly marked with red.

When the second spy had received the due reward of his blunder, the captain considered how by trusting to others he had come to lose two of his bravest followers, so the third attempt he determined to conduct in person. Having found his way to Ali Baba's door, as the two others had done by the aid of Baba Mustapha, he did not set any mark upon it, but

examined it so carefully that he could not in future mistake it. He then returned to the forest and communicated to his band the plan which he had formed. This was to go into the town in the disguise of an oil-merchant, bearing with him upon nineteen mules thirty-eight large leather jars, one of which, as a sample, was to be full of oil, but all the others empty. In these he purposed to conceal the thirty-seven robbers to which his band was now reduced, and so to convey his full force to the scene of action in such a manner as to arouse no suspicion till the signal for vengeance should be given.

Within a couple of days he had secured all the mules and jars that were requisite, and having disposed of his troop according to the pre-arranged plan, he drove his train of well-laden mules to the gates of the city, through which he passed just before sunset. Proceeding thence to Ali Baba's house, and arriving as it fell dark, he was about to knock and crave a lodging for the night, when he perceived Ali Baba at the door enjoying the fresh air after supper. Addressing him in tones of respect, "Sir," said he, "I have brought my oil a great distance to sell to-morrow in the market; and at this late hour, being a stranger, I know not where to seek for a shelter. If it is not troubling you too much, allow me to stable my beasts here for the night."

The captain's voice was now so changed from its accustomed tone of command, that Ali Baba though he had heard it before, did not recognise it. Not only did he grant the stranger's request for bare accommodation, but as soon as the unlading and stabling of the mules had been accomplished, he invited him to stay no longer in the outer court but enter the house as his guest. The captain, whose plans this proposal somewhat disarranged, endeavoured to excuse himself from a pretended reluctance to give trouble; but since Ali Baba would take no refusal he was forced at last to yield, and to submit with apparent complaisance to an entertainment

which the hospitality of his host extended to a late hour.

When they were about to retire for the night, Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana; and the captain of the robbers, on the pretext of going to look after his mules, slipped out into the yard where the oil jars were standing in line. Passing from jar to jar he whispered into each, "When you hear a handful of pebbles fall from the window of the chamber where I am lodged, then cut your way out of the jar and make ready, for the time will have come." He then returned to the house, where Morgiana came with a light and conducted him to his chamber.

Now Ali Baba, before going to bed, had said to Morgiana, "To-morrow at dawn I am going to the baths; let my bathing-linen be put ready, and see that the cook has some good broth prepared for me against my return." Having therefore led the guest up to his chamber, Morgiana returned to the kitchen and ordered Abdallah the cook to put on the pot for the broth. Suddenly while she was skimming it, the lamp went out, and, on searching, she found there was no more oil in the house. At so late an hour no shop would be open, yet somehow the broth had to be made, and that could not be done without a light. "As for that," said Abdallah, seeing her perplexity, "why trouble yourself? There is plenty of oil out in the yard." "Why, to be sure!" said Morgiana, and sending Abdallah to bed so that he might be up in time to wake his master on the morrow, she took the oil-can herself and went out into the court. As she approached the jar which stood nearest, she heard a voice within say, "Is it time?"

To one of Morgiana's intelligence an oil-jar that spoke was an object of even more suspicion than a chalk-mark on a door, and in an instant she apprehended what danger for her master and his family might lie concealed around her. Understanding well enough that an oil-jar which asked a question required an answer, she replied quick as thought and without the least sign of perturbation, "Not yet, but presently." And

thus she passed from jar to jar, thirty-seven in all, giving the same answer, till she came to the one which contained the oil.

The situation was now clear to her. Aware of the source from which her master had acquired his wealth, she guessed at once that, in extending shelter to the oil-merchant, Ali Baba had in fact admitted to his house the robber captain and his band. On the instant her resolution was formed. Having filled the oil-can she returned to the kitchen; there she lighted the lamp, and then, taking a large kettle, went back once more to the jar which contained the oil. Filling the kettle she carried it back to the kitchen, and putting under it a great fire of wood had soon brought it to the boil. Then taking it in hand once more, she went out into the yard and poured into each jar in turn a sufficient quantity of the boiling oil to scald its occupant to death.

She then returned to the kitchen, and having made Ali Baba's broth, put out the fire, blew out the lamp, and sat down by the window to watch.

Before long the captain of the robbers awoke from the short sleep which he had allowed himself, and finding that all was silent in the house, he rose softly and opened the window. Below stood the oil-jars; gently into their midst he threw the handful of pebbles agreed on as a signal; but from the oil-jars came no answer. He threw a second and a third time; yet though he could hear the pebbles falling among the jars, there followed only the silence of the dead. Wondering whether his band had fled leaving him in the lurch, or whether they were all asleep, he grew uneasy, and descending in haste, made his way into the court. As he approached the first jar a smell of burning and hot oil assailed his nostrils, and looking within he beheld in rigid contortion the dead body of his comrade. In every jar the same sight presented itself till he came to the one which had contained the oil. There, in what was missing, the means and manner of his companions' death were made

clear to him. Aghast at the discovery and awake to the danger that now threatened him, he did not delay an instant, but forcing the garden-gate, and thence climbing from wall to wall, he made his escape out of the city.

When Morgiana, who had remained all this time on the watch, was assured of his final departure, she put her master's bath-linen ready, and went to bed well satisfied with her day's work.

The next morning Ali Baba, awakened by his slave, went to the baths before daybreak. On his return he was greatly surprised to find that the merchant was gone, leaving his mules and oil-jars behind him. He inquired of Morgiana the reason. "You will find the reason," said she, "if you look into the first jar you come to."

Ali Baba did so, and, seeing a man, started back with a cry. "Do not be afraid," said Morgiana, "he is dead and harmless; and so are all the others whom you will find if you look further."

As Ali Baba went from one jar to another finding always the same sight of horror within, his knees trembled under him; and when he came at last to the one empty oil-jar, he stood for a time motionless, turning upon Morgiana eyes of wonder and inquiry. "And what," he said then, "has become of the merchant?" "To tell you that," said Morgiana, "will be to tell you the whole story; you will be better able to hear it if you have your broth first."

But the curiosity of Ali Baba was far too great: he would not be kept waiting. So without further delay she gave him the whole history, so far as she knew it, from beginning to end; and by her intelligent putting of one thing against another, she left him at last in no possible doubt as to the source and nature of the conspiracy which her quick wits had so happily defeated. "And now, dear master," she said in conclusion, "continue to be on your guard, for though all these are dead, one remains alive; and he, if I mistake not, is the

captain of the band, and for that reason the more formidable and the more likely to cherish the hope of vengeance."

When Morgiana had done speaking Ali Baba clearly perceived that he owed to her not merely the protection of his property, but life itself. His heart was full of gratitude. "Do not doubt," he said, "that before I die I will reward you as you deserve; and as an immediate proof from this moment I give you your liberty."

This token of his approval filled Morgiana's heart with delight, but she had no intention of leaving so kind a master, even had she been sure that all danger was now over. The immediate question which next presented itself was how to dispose of the bodies. Luckily at the far end of the garden stood a thick grove of trees, and under these Ali Baba was able to dig a large trench without attracting the notice of his neighbours. Here the remains of the thirty-seven robbers were laid side by side, the trench was filled again, and the ground made level.

As for the mules, since All Baba had no use for them, he sent them, one or two at a time, to the market to be sold.

Meanwhile the robber captain had fled back to the forest. Entering the cave he was overcome by its gloom and loneliness. "Alas!" he cried, "my comrades, partners in my adventures, sharers of my fortune, how shall I endure to live without you? Why did I lead you to a fate where valour was of no avail, and where death turned you into objects of ridicule? Surely had you died sword in hand my sorrow had been less bitter! And now what remains for me but to take vengeance for your death and to prove, by achieving it without aid, that I was worthy to be the captain of such a band!"

Thus resolved, at an early hour the next day, he assumed a disguise suitable to his purpose, and going to the town took lodging in a khan. Entering into conversation with his host he inquired whether anything of interest had happened recently in the town; but the other, though full of gossip, had nothing

to tell him concerning the matter in which he was most interested, for Ali Baba, having to conceal from all the source of his wealth, had also to be silent as to the dangers in which it involved him.

The captain then inquired where there was a shop for hire; and hearing of one that suited him, he came to terms with the owner, and before long had furnished it with all kinds of rich stuffs and carpets and jewelry which he brought by degrees with great secrecy from the cave.

Now this shop happened to be opposite to that which had belonged to Cassim and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba; so before long the son and the new-comer, who had assumed the name of Cogia Houssain, became acquainted; and as the youth had good looks, kind manners, and a sociable disposition, it was not long before the acquaintance became intimate.

Cogia Houssain did all he could to seal the pretended friendship, the more so as it had not taken him long to discover how the young man and Ali Baba were related; so, plying him constantly with small presents and acts of hospitality, he forced on him the obligation of making some return.

Ali Baba's son, however, had not at his lodging sufficient accommodation for entertainment; he therefore told his father of the difficulty in which Cogia Houssain's favours had placed him, and Ali Baba with great willingness at once offered to arrange matters. "My son," said he, "to-morrow being a holiday, all shops will be closed; then do you after dinner invite Cogia Houssain to walk with you; and as you return bring him this way and beg him to come in. That will be better than a formal invitation, and Morgiana shall have a supper prepared for you."

This proposal was exactly what Ali Baba's son could have wished, so on the morrow he brought Cogia Houssain to the door as if by accident, and stopping, invited him to enter.

Cogia Houssain, who saw his object thus suddenly

attained, began by showing pretended reluctance, but Ali Baba himself coming to the door, passed him in the most kindly manner to enter, and before long had conducted him to the table, where food stood prepared.

But there an unlooked-for difficulty arose. Wicked though he might be the robber captain was not so impious as to eat the salt of the man he intended to kill. He therefore began with many apologies to excuse himself; and when Ali Baba sought to know the reason, "Sir," said he, "I am sure that if you knew the cause of my resolution you would approve of it. Suffice it to say that I have made it a rule to eat of no dish that has salt in it. How then can I sit down at your table if I must reject everything that is set before me?"

"If that is your scruple," said Ali Baba, "it shall soon be satisfied," and he sent orders to the kitchen that no salt was to be put into any of the dishes presently to be served to the newly arrived guest. "Thus," said he to Cogia Houssain, "I shall still have the honour, to which I have looked forward, of returning to you under my own roof the hospitality you have shown to my son."

Morgiana, who was just about to serve supper, received the order with some discontent. "Who," she said, "is this difficult person that refuses to eat salt? He must be a curiosity worth looking at." So when the saltless courses were ready to be set upon the table, she herself helped to carry in the dishes. No sooner had she set eyes on Cogia Houssain than she recognised him in spite of his disguise; and observing his movements with great attention she saw that he had a dagger concealed beneath his robe. "Ah!" she said to herself, "here is reason enough! For who will eat salt with the man he means to murder? But he shall not murder my master if I can prevent it."

Now Morgiana knew that the must favourable opportunity for the robber captain to carry out his design would be after the courses had been withdrawn, and when Ali Baba and

his son and guest were alone together over their wine, which indeed was the very project that Cogia Houssain had formed. Going forth, therefore, in haste, she dressed herself as a dancer, assuming the headdress and mask suitable for the character. Then she fastened a silver girdle about her waist, and hung upon it a dagger of the same material. Thus equipped, she said to Abdallah the cook, "Take your tabor and let us go in and give an entertainment in honour of our master's guest."

So Abdallah took his tabor, and played Morgiana into the hall. As soon as she had entered she made a low curtsey, and stood awaiting orders. Then Ali Baba, seeing that she wished to perform in his guest's honour, said kindly, "Come in, Morgiana, and show Cogia Houssain what you can do."

Immediately Abdallah began to beat upon his tabor and sing an air for Morgiana to dance to; and she, advancing with much grace and propriety of deportment, began to move through several figures, performing them with the ease and facility which none but the most highly practised can attain to. Then, for the last figure of all, she drew out the dagger and, holding it in her hand, danced a dance which excelled all that had preceded it in the surprise and change and quickness and dexterity of its movements. Now she presented the dagger at her own breast, now at one of the onlookers; but always in the act of striking she drew back. At length, as though out of breath, she snatched his instrument from Abdallah with her left hand, and, still holding the dagger in her right, advanced the hollow of the tabor toward her master, as is the custom of dancers when claiming their fee. Ali Baba threw in a piece of gold; his son did likewise. Then advancing it in the same manner toward Cogia Houssain, who was feeling for his purse, she struck under it, and before he knew had plunged her dagger deep into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, seeing their guest fall dead, cried out in horror at the deed. "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba,

"what ruin and shame hast thou brought on us?" "Nay," answered Morgiana, "it is not your ruin but your life that I have thus secured; look and convince yourself what man was this which refused to eat salt with you!" So saying, she tore off the dead robber's disguise, showing the dagger concealed below, and the face which her master now for the first time recognised.

All Baba's gratitude to Morgiana for thus preserving his life a second time, knew no bounds. He took her in his arms and embraced her as a daughter. "Now," said he, "the time is come when I must fulfil my debt; and how better can I do it than by marrying you to my son?" This proposition, far from proving unwelcome to the young man, did but confirm an inclination already formed. A few days later the nuptials were celebrated with great joy and solemnity, and the union thus auspiciously commenced was productive of as much happiness as lies within the power of mortals to secure.

As for the robbers' cave, it remained the secret possession of Ali Baba and his posterity; and using their good fortune with equity and moderation, they rose to high office in the city and were held in great honour by all who knew them.

The Story of the Magic Horse

In the land of the Persians there lived in ancient times a King who had three daughters and an only son of such beauty that they drew the eyes of all beholders like moonrise in a clear heaven. Now it was the custom in that country for a great festival to be held at the new year, during which people of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, presented themselves before the King with offerings and salutations. So it happened that on one of these days there came to the King as he sat in state three sages, masters of their craft, bringing gifts for approval. The first had with him a peacock of gold which was so constructed that at the passing of each hour it beat its wings and uttered a cry. And the King, having proved it, found the gift acceptable and caused the inventor thereof to be suitably rewarded. The second had made a trumpet so that if placed over the gates of a city it blew a blast against any that sought to enter; and thus was the city held safe from surprise by an enemy. And when the King had found that it possessed that property, he accepted it, bestowing on its maker a rich reward.

But the gift of the third sage, who was an Indian, appeared more prodigious than all, for he had brought with him a horse of ivory and ebony, for which he claimed that, at the will of its owner, or of any one instructed in the secret, it would rise above the earth and fly, arriving at distant places in a marvellously short space of time. The King, full of wonder at such a statement, and eager to test it, was in some doubt as to how he might do so, for the Indian was unwilling to part with the secret until secure of the reward which in his own mind he had fixed on. Now it happened that at a distance of some

three leagues from the city there stood a mountain the top of which was clearly discernible to all eyes; so, in order that the Indian's word might be proved, the King, pointing to it, said, "Go yonder, and bring back to me while I wait the branch of a palm-tree which grows at the foot of that mountain; then I shall know that what you tell me is true."

Instantly the Indian set foot in the stirrup and vaulted upon his charger, and scarcely had he turned a small peg which was set in the pommel of the saddle, when the horse rose lightly into the air and bore him away at wondrous speed amid the shouts of the beholders; and while all were still gazing, amazed at so sudden a vanishing, he reappeared high overhead, bearing the palm branch, and descending into their midst alighted upon the very spot from which he had started, where, prostrating himself, he laid the branch at the King's feet.

The King was so delighted when the wonderful properties of the horse had been thus revealed to him, that, eager to possess it, he bade the Indian name his own reward, declaring that no price could be too great. Then said the sage, "Since your Majesty so truly appreciates the value of my invention, I do not fear that the reward I ask for will seem too high. Give me in marriage the hand of the fairest of your three daughters, and the horse shall be yours."

At so arrogant a claim all the courtiers burst into loud laughter; the King alone, consumed with the desire of possessing the wonderful treasure, hesitated as to what answer he should give. Then the King's son, Prince Firouz Schah, seeing his father lend ear to so shameful a proposal, became moved with indignation. Determined to defend his sister's honour and his own, he addressed the King. "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "if I take the liberty of speaking. But how shall it be possible for one of the greatest and most powerful monarchs to ally himself to a mere nobody? I entreat you to consider what is due not to yourself alone but to the high blood of your

ancestors and of your children."

"My son," replied the King of Persia, "what you say is very true, so far as it goes; but you do not sufficiently consider the value of so incomparable a marvel as this horse has proved itself to be, or how great would be my chagrin if any other monarch came to possess it. And though I have not yet agreed to the Indian's proposal, I cannot incontinently reject it. But first I must be satisfied that the horse will obey other hands besides those of its inventor, else, though I become its possessor, I may find it useless."

The Indian, who had stood aside during this discussion, was now full of hope, for he perceived that the King had not altogether rejected his terms, and nothing seemed likelier than that the more he became familiar with the properties of the magic horse the more would he wish to possess it. When, therefore, the King proposed that the horse should be put to a more independent trial under another rider, the Indian readily agreed; the more so when the prince himself, relinquishing his apparent opposition, came forward and volunteered for the essay.

The King having consented, the prince mounted, and eager in his design to give his father opportunity for cooler reflection, he did not wait to hear all the Indian's instructions, but turning the peg, as he had seen the other do when first mounting, caused the horse to rise suddenly in the air, and was carried away out of sight in an easterly direction more swiftly than an arrow shot from a bow.

No sooner had the horse and its rider disappeared than the King became greatly concerned for his son's safety; and though the sage could justly excuse himself on the ground that the young prince's impatience had caused him to cut short the instructions which would have insured his safe return, the King chose to vent upon the Indian the full weight of his displeasure; and cursing the day wherein he had first set eyes on the magic horse, he caused its maker to be thrown

into prison, declaring that if the prince did not return within a stated time the life of the other should be forfeit.

The Indian had now good cause to repent of the ambition which had brought him to this extremity, for the prince, of whose opposition to his project he had been thoroughly informed, had only to prolong his absence to involve him in irretrievable ruin. But on the failure of arrogant pretensions the sympathy of the judicious is wasted; let us return therefore to Prince Firouz Schah, whom we left flying through the air with incredible swiftness on the back of the magic steed.

For a time, confident of his skill as a rider and undismayed either by the speed or altitude of his flight, the prince had no wish to return to the palace; but presently the thought of his father's anxiety occurred to him, and being of a tender and considerate disposition he immediately endeavoured to divert his steed from its forward course. This he sought to do by turning in the contrary direction the peg which he had handled when mounting, but to his astonishment the horse responded by rising still higher in the air and flying forward with redoubled swiftness. Had courage then deserted him, his situation might have become perilous; but preserving his accustomed coolness he began carefully to search for the means by which the speed of the machine might be abated, and before long he perceived under the horse's mane a smaller peg, which he had no sooner touched than he felt himself descending rapidly toward the earth, with a speed that lessened the nearer he came to ground.

As he descended, the daylight in which hitherto he had been travelling faded from view, and he passed within a few minutes from sunset into an obscurity so dense that he could no longer distinguish the nature of his environment, till, as the horse alighted, he perceived beneath him a smooth expanse ending abruptly on all sides at an apparent elevation among the objects surrounding it.

Dismounting he found himself on the roof of a large

palace, with marble balustrades dividing it in terraces, and at one side a staircase which led down to the interior. With a spirit ever ready for adventure Prince Firouz Schah immediately descended, groping his way through the darkness till he came to a landing on the further side of which an open door led into a room where a dim light was burning.

The prince paused at the doorway to listen, but all he could hear was the sound of men breathing heavily in their sleep. He pushed the door and entered; and there across an inner threshold he saw black slaves lying asleep, each with a drawn sword in his hand. Immediately he guessed that something far more fair must lie beyond; so, undeterred by the danger, he advanced, and stepping lightly across their swords passed through silken hangings into the inner chamber. Here he perceived, amid surroundings of regal magnificence, a number of couches, one of which stood higher than the rest. Upon each of these a fair damsel lay asleep; but upon that which was raised above its fellows lay a form of such perfect and enchanting beauty that the prince had no will or power to turn away after once beholding it. Approaching the sleeper softly, he kneeled down and plucked her gently by the sleeve; and immediately the princess—for such if rank and beauty accorded she needs must be—opened to him the depths of her lustrous eyes and gazed in quiet amazement at the princely youth whose handsome looks and reverent demeanour banished at once all thought of alarm.

Now it so happened that a son of the King of India was at that time seeking the hand of the princess in marriage; but her father, the King of Bengal, had rejected him owing to his ferocious and disagreeable aspect. When therefore the princess saw one of royal appearance kneeling before her she supposed he could be no other than the suitor whom she knew only by report, and shedding upon him the light of her regard, "By Allah," she said, smiling, "my father lied in saying that good looks were lacking to thee!"

Prince Firouz Schah, perceiving from these words and the glance which accompanied them, that her disposition towards him was favourable, no longer feared to acquaint her with the plight in which he found himself; while the princess, for her part, listened to the story of his adventures with lively interest, and learned, not without secret satisfaction, that her visitor possessed a rank and dignity equal to her own.

Meanwhile the maidens who were in attendance on the princess had awakened in dismay to the unaccountable apparition of a fair youth kneeling at the feet of their mistress, and, dreading discovery by the attendants, were all at a loss what to do. The princess however, seeing that they were awake, called them to her with perfect composure and bade them go instantly and prepare an inner chamber where the prince might sleep and recover from the fatigues of his journey; at the same time she gave orders for a rich banquet to be prepared against the time when he should be ready to partake of it. Then when her visitor had retired, she arose and began to adorn herself in jewels and rich robes and to anoint her body with fragrance, giving her women no rest till the tale of her mirror contented her; and when all had been done many times over, and the last touch of art added to her loveliness, she sent to inquire whether the prince had yet awakened and were ready to receive her.

Upon the receipt of that message the prince rose eagerly, and dressing in haste, although it was scarcely yet day, heard everywhere within the palace sounds of preparation for the feast that was being got ready in his honour.

Before long the princess herself entered to inquire how he had slept, and being fully assured on that score, she gave orders for the banquet to be served. Everything was done in the greatest magnificence, but the princess was full of apologies, declaring the entertainment unworthy of so distinguished a guest. "You must pardon me, prince," she said, "for receiving you with so little state, and after so hasty a

preparation; but the chief of the eunuchs does not enter here without my express permission, and I feared that elsewhere our conversation might be interrupted."

Prince Firouz Schah was now convinced that the inclinations of the princess corresponded with his own; but though her every word and movement increased the tenderness of his passion, he did not forget the respect due to her rank and virtue. One of her women attendants however, seeing clearly in what direction matters were tending, and fearing for herself the results of a sudden discovery, withdrew secretly, saying nothing to the rest, and running quickly to the chief of the guards she cried, "O miserable man, what sorry watch is this that thou hast kept, guarding the King's honour; and who is this man or genie that thou hast admitted to the presence of our mistress? Nay, if the matter be not already past remedy the fault is not thine!"

At these words he quickly leapt up in alarm, and going secretly he lifted the curtain of the inner chamber, and there beheld at the princess's side a youth of such fair and majestical appearance that he durst not intrude unbidden. He ran shrieking to the King, and as he went he rent his garments and threw dust upon his head. "O sire and master," he cried, "come quickly and save thy daughter, for there is with her a genie in mortal form and like a king's son to look upon, and if he have not already carried her away, make haste and give orders that he be seized, lest thou become childless."

The King at once arose and went in great haste and fear to his daughter's palace. There he was met by certain of her women, who, seeing his alarm, said, "O sire, have no fear for the safety of thy daughter; for this young man is as handsome of heart as of person, and as his conduct is chaste, so also are his intentions honourable."

Then the King's wrath was cooled somewhat; but since much remained which demanded explanation he drew his sword and advanced with a threatening aspect into the room

where his daughter and the prince still sat conversing. Prince Firouz Schah, observing the newcomer advance upon him in a warlike attitude, drew his own sword and stood ready for defence; whereupon the King, seeing that the other was the stronger, sheathed his weapon, and with a gesture of salutation addressed him courteously. "Tell me, fair youth," he said, "whether you are man or devil, for though in appearance you are human, how else than by devilry have you come here?"

"Sire," replied the youth, "but for the respect that is owing to the father of so fair a daughter, I, whom am a son of kings, might resent such an imputation. Be assured, however, that by whatever means I have chosen to arrive, my intentions now are altogether human and honourable; for I have no other or dearer wish than to become your son-in-law through my marriage with this princess in whose eyes it is my happiness to have found favour."

"What you tell me," answered the King, "may be all very true; but it is not the custom for the sons of kings to enter into palaces without the permission of their owners, coming, moreover, unannounced and with no retinue or mark of royalty about them. How, then, shall I convince my people that you are a fit suitor for the hand of my daughter?"

"The proof of honour and kingship," answered the other, "does not rest in splendour and retinue alone, though these also would be at my call had I the patience to await their arrival from that too distant country where my father is king. Let it suffice if I shall be able to prove my worth alone and unaided, in such a manner as to satisfy all." "Alone and unaided?" said the King; "how may that be?" "I will prove it thus," answered the prince. "Call out your troops and let them surround this palace; tell them that you have here a stranger, of whom nothing is known, who declares that if you will not yield him the hand of your daughter in marriage he will carry her away from you by force. Bid them use all means to capture and slay me, and if I survive so unequal a contest, judge then

whether or no I am fit to become your son-in-law."

The King immediately accepted the proposal, agreeing to abide by the result; yet was he grieved that a youth of such fair looks and promise should throw away his life in so foolhardy an adventure. As soon as day dawned he sent for his Vizier and bade him cause all the chiefs of his army to assemble with their troops and companies, till presently there were gathered about the palace forty thousand horsemen and the same number of foot; and the King gave them instructions, saying, "When the young man of whom I have warned you comes forth and challenges you to battle, then fall upon and slay him, for in no wise must he escape." He then led the prince to an open space whence he could see the whole army drawn up in array against him. "Yonder," said the King, pointing, "are those with whom you have to contend; go forth and deal with them as seems best to you."

"Nay," answered the prince, "these are not fair conditions, for yonder I see horsemen as well as foot; how shall I contend against these unless I be mounted?" The King at once offered him the best horse in his stables, but the prince would not hear of it. "Is it fair," he said, "that I should trust my life under such conditions to a horse that I have never ridden? I will ride no horse but that upon which I came hither."

"Where is that?" inquired the King. "If it be where I left it," answered the prince, "it is upon the roof of the palace."

All who heard this answer were filled with laughter and astonishment, for it seemed impossible that a horse could have climbed to so high a roof. Nevertheless the King commanded that search should be made, and there, sure enough, those that were sent found the horse of ebony and ivory standing stiff and motionless. So though it still seemed to them but a thing for jest and mockery, obeying the King's orders they raised it upon their shoulders, and bearing it to earth carried it forth into the open space before the palace where the King's troops were assembled.

Then Prince Firouz Schah advanced, and leaping upon the horse he cried defiance to the eighty thousand men that stood in battle array against him. And they, on their part, seeing the youth so hardily set on his own destruction, drew sword and couched spear, and came all together to the charge. The prince waited till they were almost upon him, then turning the peg which stood in the pommel of his saddle he caused the horse to rise suddenly in the air, and all the foremost ranks of the enemy came clashing together beneath him. At that sight the King and all his court drew a breath of astonishment, and the army staggered and swung about this way and that, striking vainly up at the hoofs of the magic horse as it flew over them. Then the King, full of dread lest this should indeed be some evil genie that sought to carry his daughter away from him, called to his archers to shoot, but before they could make ready their bows Prince Firouz Schah had given another turn to the peg, and immediately the horse sprang upward and rose higher than the roof of the palace, so that all the arrows fell short and rained destruction on those that were below.

Then the prince called to the King, "O King of Bengal, have I not now proved myself worthy to be thy son-in-law, and wilt thou not give me the hand of thy daughter in marriage?" But the King's wrath was very great, for he had been made foolish in the eyes of his people, and panic had broken the ranks of his army and many of them were slain; and by no means would he have for his son-in-law one that possessed such power to throw down the order and establishment of his kingdom. So he cried back to the prince, saying, "O vile enchanter, get hence as thou valuest thy life, for if ever thou darest to return and set foot within my dominions thy death and not my daughter shall be thy reward!" Thus he spoke in his anger, forgetting altogether the promise he had made.

Now it should be known that all this time the princess had been watching the combat from the roof of the palace; and as

her fear and anxiety for the prince had in the first instance been great, so now was she overjoyed when she saw him rise superior to the dangers which had threatened him. But as soon as she heard her father's words she became filled with fresh fear lest she and her lover were now to be parted; so as the prince came speeding by upon the magic horse she stretched up her arms to him, crying, "O master of the flying bird, leave me not desolate, for if thou goest from me now I shall die."

No sooner did Prince Firouz Schah hear those words than he checked his steed in its flight, and swooping low he bore down over the palace roof, and catching the princess up in his arms placed her upon the saddle before him; and straightway at the pressure of its rider the horse rose under them and carried them away high in air, so that they disappeared forthwith from the eyes of the King and his people.

But as they travelled the day grew hot and the sun burned fiercely upon them; and the prince looking down beheld a green meadow by the side of a lake; so he said, "O desire of my heart, let us go down into yonder meadow and seek rest and refreshment, and there let us wait till it is evening, so that we may come unperceived to my father's palace; and when I have brought thee thither safely and secretly, then will I make preparation so that thou mayest appear at my father's court in such a manner as befits thy rank."

So the princess consenting, they went down and sat by the lake and solaced themselves sweetly with love till it was evening. Then they rose up and mounted once more upon the magic horse and came by night to the outskirts of the city where dwelt the King of Persia. Now in the garden of the summer palace which stood without the walls all was silence and solitude, and coming thither unperceived the King's son led the princess to a pavilion, the door of which lay open, and placing before it the magic horse he bade her stay within and keep watch till his messenger should come to take her to the

palace which he would cause to be prepared for her.

Leaving her thus safely sheltered, the prince went in to the city to present himself before the King his father; and there he found him in deep mourning and affliction because of his son's absence; and his father seeing him, rose up and embraced him tenderly, rejoicing because of his safe return, and eager to know in what way he had fared. And the prince said, "O my father, if it be thy good will and pleasure, I have come back to thee far richer than I went. For I have brought with me the fairest princess that the eyes of love have ever looked upon, and she is the daughter of the King of Bengal; and because of my love for her and the great service which she rendered me when I was a stranger in the midst of enemies, therefore have I no heart or mind or will but to win your consent that I may marry her." And when the King heard that, and of all that the princess had done, and of how they had escaped together, he gave his consent willingly, and ordered that a palace should be immediately got ready for her reception that she might on the next day appear before the people in a manner befitting her rank.

Then while preparation was going forward, the prince sought news concerning the sage, for he feared that the King might have slain him. "Do not speak of him," cried the King. 'Would to Heaven that I had never set eyes on him or his invention, for out of this has arisen all my grief and lamentation. Therefore he now lies in prison awaiting death."

"Nay," said the prince, "now surely should he be released and suitably rewarded, seeing that unwittingly he hath been the cause of my fortune; but do not give him my sister in marriage."

So the King sent and caused the Indian to be brought before him clad in a robe of rank. And the King said to him, "Because my son, whom thy vile invention carried away from me, hath returned safe and sound, therefore will I spare thy life. And for the reward of thine ingenuity I give thee this robe

of honour; but now take thy horse, wherever it may be, and go, nor ever appear in my sight again. And if thou wilt marry, seek one of thine own rank, but do not aspire to the daughters of kings."

When the Indian heard that, he dissembled his rage, and bowing himself to the earth departed from the King's presence. And, as he went, everywhere in the palace ran the tale how the King's son had returned upon the magic horse, bringing with him a princess of most marvellous beauty, and how they had alighted in the gardens of the summer palace that lay outside the walls.

Now when this was told him the Indian at once saw his opportunity, and going forth from the city in haste he arrived at the summer palace before the messenger with the appointed retinue which the prince and the King were sending. So coming to the pavilion in the garden he found the princess waiting within, and before the door the horse of ivory and ebony. Then was his heart uplifted for joy, the more so when he perceived how far the damsel exceeded in loveliness all that had been told of her. Entering the chamber where she sat he kissed the ground at her feet; and she, seeing one that wore a robe of office making obeisance before her, spake to him without fear, saying, "Who art thou?"

The sage answered, "O moon of beauty, I am but the dust which lies upon the road by which thou art to travel. Yet I come as a messenger from the King's son who hath sent me to bring thee with all speed to a chamber in the royal palace where he now awaits thee."

Now the Indian was of a form altogether hideous and abominable. The princess looked at him, therefore, in surprise, saying, "Could not the King's son find any one to send to me but thee?" The sage laughed, for he read the meaning of her words. "O searcher of hearts," he said, "do not wonder that the prince hath sent to thee a man whose looks are unattractive, for because of his love toward thee he is grown

exceeding jealous. Were it otherwise, I doubt not that he would have chosen the highest and most honourable in the land; but, being what I am, he has preferred to make me his messenger."

When the princess heard that, she believed him, and because her impatience to be with her lover was great, she yielded herself willingly into his hands. Then the sage mounted upon the horse and took up the damsel behind him; and having bound her to his girdle for safety, he turned the pin so swiftly that immediately they rose up into the air far above the roof of the palace and in full view of the royal retinue which was even then approaching.

Now because his desire to be with his beloved was so strong, the prince himself had come forth before all others to meet her; and when he saw her thus carried away captive, he uttered a loud cry of lamentation, and stretched out his hands toward her. The cry of her lover reached the ears of the princess, and looking down she saw with wonder his gestures of grief and despair. So she said to the Indian, "O slave, why art thou bearing me away from thy lord, disobeying his command?" The sage answered, "He is not my lord, nor do I owe him any duty or obedience. May Heaven repay on him all the grief he has brought on me, for I was the maker of this horse on which he won thee, and because he stole it from me I was cast into prison. But now for all my wrongs I will take full payment, and will torture his heart as he hath tortured mine. Be of good cheer, therefore, for doubt not that presently I shall seem a more desirable lover in thine eyes than ever he was."

On hearing these words the princess was so filled with terror and loathing that she endeavoured to cast herself from the saddle; but the Indian having bound her to his girdle, no present escape from him was possible.

The horse had meanwhile carried them far from the city of the King of Persia, and it was yet an early hour after dawn

when they arrived over the land of Cashmire. Assured that he was now safe from pursuit, and perceiving an uninhabited country below him, the Indian caused the horse to descend on the edge of a wood bordered by a stream. Here he made the princess dismount, and was proceeding to force upon her his base and familiar attentions, when the cries raised by the princess drew to that spot a party of horsemen who had been hunting in the neighbourhood. The leader of the party, who chanced to be no other than the Sultan of that country, seeing a fair damsel undergoing ill-treatment from one of brutish and malevolent aspect, rode forward and demanded of the Indian by what right he so used her. The sage boldly declared that she was his wife and that how he used her was no man's business but his own. The damsel, however, contradicted his assertion with indignation and scorn, and so great were her beauty and the dignity of her bearing that her statement of the case had only to be heard to be believed. The Sultan therefore ordered the Indian to be bound and beaten, and afterwards to be led away to the adjacent city and there cast into the deepest dungeon. As for the princess and magic horse, he caused them to be brought to the palace; and there for the damsel he provided a magnificent apartment with slaves and attendants such as befitted her rank; but the horse, whose properties remained secret, since no other use for it could be discovered, was placed in the royal treasury.

Now though the princess was full of joy over her escape from the Indian, and of gratitude to her deliverer, she could not fail to read in the Sultan's manner towards her the spell cast by her beauty. And, in fact, no later than the next day, awakened by sounds throughout the whole city of tumult and rejoicing, and inquiring as to the reason, she was informed that these festivities were the prelude to her own nuptials with the Sultan which were to be celebrated that very day before sundown.

At this news her consternation was so great that she

immediately swooned away, and remained for a long while speechless. But no sooner had she recovered possession of her faculties than her resolution was formed, and when the Sultan entered, as is customary on such occasions, to present his compliments and make inquiries as to her health, she fell into an extravagance of attitude and speech, so artfully contrived that all who beheld her became convinced of her insanity. And the more surely to effect her purpose, and at the same time to relieve her feelings, she made a violent attack upon the Sultan's person; nor did she desist until she had brought him to recognise that all hopes for the present consummation of the nuptials were useless.

On the following day also, and upon every succeeding one, the princess showed the same violent symptoms whenever the Sultan approached her. It was in vain that all the wisest physicians in the country were summoned into consultation. While some declared that her malady was curable, others, to whose word the princess by her actions lent every possible weight, declared that it was incurable; and in no case was any remedy applied that did not seem immediately to aggravate the disorder.

And here for a while we must leave the princess and return to Prince Firouz Schah, whose affliction no words can describe. Unable to endure the burden of his beloved one's absence in the splendours of his father's palace, or to leave her the victim of fate without an attempt at rescue, he put on the disguise of a travelling dervish, and departing secretly from the Persian court set out into the world to seek for her.

For many months he travelled without clue or tidings to guide him; but as Heaven ever bestows favour on constancy in love, so it led him at last to the land of Cashmire, and to the city of its Sultan. Now as he drew near to it by the main road, he fell into conversation with a certain merchant, and inquired of him as to the city and the life and conditions of its inhabitants. And the merchant looked at him in surprise,

saying, "Surely you have come from a far country not to have heard of the strange things which have happened here, for everywhere in these regions and among all the caravans goes the story of the strange maiden, and the ebony horse, and the waiting nuptials."

Now when the prince heard that, he knew that the end of his wanderings was in sight: so looking upon the city with eyes of gladness, "Tell me," he said, "for I know none of these things." So the merchant told him truly all that has here been narrated; and having ended he said, "O dervish, though you are young, you have in your eyes the light of wisdom; and if you have also in your hands the power of healing, then I tell you that in this city fortune awaits you, for the Sultan will give even the half of his kingdom to any man that shall restore health of mind to this damsel."

Then the King's son felt his heart uplifted within him, howbeit he knew well that the fortune he sought would not be of the Sultan's choosing; so parting from the merchant, he put on the robe of a physician, and went and presented himself at the palace.

The Sultan was glad at his coming, for though many physicians had promised healing and had all failed, still each new arrival gave him fresh hopes. Now as the sight of a physician seemed ever greatly to increase the princess's malady, the Sultan led him to a small closet or balcony, that thence he might look upon her unperceived. So Prince Firouz Schah, having travelled so many miles in search of her, saw his beloved seated in deep despondency by the side of a fountain; and ever with the tears falling down from her eyes she sighed and sang. Now when he heard her voice and the words, and beheld the soft grief of her countenance, then the prince knew that her disorder was only feigned; and he went forth and said to the Sultan, "This malady is curable; but for the cure something is yet lacking. Let me go in and speak with the damsel alone, and on my life I promise that if all be done

according to my requirements, before this time tomorrow the cure shall be accomplished."

At these words the Sultan rejoiced greatly, and he ordered the doors of the princess's chamber to be opened to the physician. So Firouz Schah passed in, and he and his beloved were alone together. Now because of his grief and wanderings and the growth of his beard, the face of the prince was so changed that the princess did not know him; but seeing one before her in the dress of a physician she rose up in pretended frenzy and began to throw herself about with violence, until from utter exhaustion she fell prostrate. Thereupon the prince drew near, and called her gently by name; and immediately when she heard his voice she knew him, and uttered a loud cry. Then the king's son put his mouth to her ear and said: "O temptation of all hearts, now spare my life and have patience, for surely I am come to save thee; but if the Sultan learn who I am we are dead, thou and I, because his jealousy is great." So she replied, saying, "O thou that bringest me life, tell me what I shall do?" The prince said, "When I depart hence let it appear that I have restored to thee the possession of thy faculties; howbeit the full cure is to come after. Therefore when the Sultan comes to thee, be sad and meek and do not repulse him as thou hast done aforetime. Yet have no fear but that I will keep thee safe from him to the last." And so saying he left the princess and returned to the Sultan, and said to him, "Go in and see whether the cure be not already at work; but approach not near to her, for though the genie that possessed her is bound he is not yet cast forth: nevertheless to-morrow before noon the remedy shall be complete."

So the Sultan went and found her even as he had been told; and with joy and gratitude he returned to Firouz Schah, saying, "Truly thou art a healer and the rest are but bunglers and fools. Now, therefore, give orders and all shall be done according to thy will. Doubt not that thy reward shall be great."

Then the prince said, "Let the horse of ivory and ebony which was with her at the first be brought forth and set again in the place where it was found, and let the damsel also be brought and put into my hand; and it shall be that when I have set her upon the horse, then the evil genie that held her shall be suddenly loosed, passing from her into that which was aforetime his place of bondage. So shall the remedy be complete, and the princess find joy in her lord before the eyes of all."

Now when the Sultan heard that, the mystery of the ebony horse seemed plain to him, and its use manifest. Therefore he gave orders that with all speed the thing should be done as the physician of the princess required it.

So early on the morrow they brought the horse from the royal treasury, and the princess from her chamber, and carried them to the place where they were first found; and all about, a great crowd of the populace was gathered to behold the sight. Then Prince Firouz Schah took the princess and set her upon the horse, and leaping into the saddle before her he turned the pin of ascent, and immediately the horse rose with a great sound into the air, and hung above the heads of the affrighted populace. And the King's son leaned down from the saddle and cried in a loud voice, "O Sultan of Cashmire, when you wish to espouse princesses which seek your protection, learn first to obtain their consent." And so saying he put the horse to its topmost speed, and like an arrow on the wind he and the princess were borne away, and passed and vanished, and were no more seen in that land. But in the city of the King of Persia great joy and welcome and thanksgiving awaited them; and there without delay the nuptials were solemnised and through all the country the people rejoiced and feasted for a full month. But because of the grief and affliction that it had caused him the King broke the ebony horse and destroyed its motions. As for the maker thereof, the Sultan of Cashmire caused him to be put to a cruel death: and

thus is the story of the sage and his invention brought to a full ending.

The Story of the Wicked Half-Brothers

In the city of Harran there once lived a King who had every happiness which life and fortune could bestow save that he lacked an heir. Although, according to royal custom, he had in his household fifty wives, fair to look upon and affectionate in disposition, and though he continually invoked on these unions the blessing of Heaven, still he remained childless; for which cause all his joy was turned to affliction, and his wealth and power and magnificence became as of no account.

Now one night as he slept there appeared before him an old man of venerable appearance who, addressing him in mild accents, spoke thus: "The prayer of the faithful among fifty has been heard. Arise, therefore, and go into the gardens of your palace and cause the gardener to bring you a pomegranate fully ripe. Eat as many of the seeds as you desire children, and your wish shall be fulfilled."

Immediately upon awaking the King remembered the dream, and going down into the gardens of the palace he took fifty pomegranate seeds, and counting them one by one ate them all. So in due course according to the promise of his dream, each of his wives gave birth to a son all about the same time. To this, however, there was an exception, for one of the fifty whose name was Pirouzè, the fairest and most honourably born, she alone, as time went on, showed no sign of that which was expected of her. Then was the King's anger kindled against her because in her alone the promise of his dream was not fulfilled; and deeming such a one hateful in the eyes of Heaven he was minded to put her to death. His vizier, however, dissuaded him. "Time alone can show," said

he, "whether her demerits are so great as you now suppose. Let her go back to her own people and remain in banishment until the will of Heaven shall declare itself, and if within due time she give birth to a son then can she return to you with all honour." So the King did as his vizier advised, and sent Pirouzè back to her own country to the court of the Prince of Samaria; and there before long she who had seemed barren had the joy of becoming a mother and gave birth to a son whom she named Codadad, that is to say, "the Gift of God." Nevertheless, because the King of Harran had put upon her so public a disgrace, the Prince of Samaria would send no word to him of the event; so the young Prince was brought up at his uncle's court, and there he learned to ride and to shoot and to perform such warlike feats as become a prince, and in all that country he had no equal for accomplishment or courage.

Now one day, when Codadad had reached the age of eighteen, word came to him that his father the King of Harran was engaged in war and surrounded by enemies; so the Prince said to his mother, "Now is it time that I should go and prove myself worthy of my birth and the equal of my brethren; for here in Samaria all is peace and indolence, but in Harran are hardship and dangers, and great deeds waiting to be done." And his mother said to him, "O my son, since it seems good to thee, go; but how wilt thou declare thyself to thy father, or cause him to believe thy word, seeing that he is ignorant of thy birth?" Codadad answered, "I will so declare myself by my deeds that before my father knows the truth he shall wish that it were true."

So he departed and came in princely arms to the city of Harran, and there offered his service to the King against all his enemies. Now, no sooner had the King looked upon the youth than his heart was drawn toward him because of his beauty and the secret ties of blood, but when he asked from what country he came, Codadad answered, "I am the son of

an emir of Cairo, and wherever there is war I go to win fame, nor do I care in what cause I fight so long as I be proved worthy."

The Prince was not slow in making his valour known; before long he had risen to the command of the whole army, not only over the heads of his brethren but also of the more experienced officers. And thereafter, when peace was re-established, the King, finding Codadad as prudent as he was valiant, appointed him governor to the young Princes.

Now this act, though justified by merit, could not fail to increase the hatred and jealousy which Codadad's brethren had long felt towards him. "What?" they cried, "shall this stranger not only steal from us the first place in the King's favour, but must we also be in obedience to his ruling and judgment? Surely if we do so we are no sons of a King."

So they conspired together how best to be rid of him. One said, "Let us fall upon him with our swords." "No, no," said another, "for so doing we shall but bring punishment upon ourselves. But let us so arrange matters as to draw on him the weight of the King's anger; thus shall our vengeance be made both safe and complete."

To this the other Princes agreed; so forming a design which seemed favourable to their end they approached Codadad, and besought his permission to go forth together on a hunting expedition, promising to return the same day. Codadad, deeming the request reasonable, immediately granted it: the brothers departed, but they did not return.

On the third day the King made inquiry as to the reason of their absence. Codadad replied that they were gone on a hunting expedition but had promised to return much sooner. Another day passed and the King grew anxious; yet another, and he became furious; and all his wrath was directed against Codadad. "O traitor," he cried, "why has thou neglected thy trust and allowed my sons to go anywhere unaccompanied by thee? Now go instantly and search for them, and if thou find

them not be assured that on thy head shall fall the penalty."

At these words the Prince was filled with sudden foreboding, for he knew that the brothers had no love for him, and well could he see now the danger into which he had fallen. All he could do, however, was to obey; so furnishing himself with arms and a horse good for travelling, he set out in search of his brethren.

After some days employed in a fruitless quest he came to a desolate tract in the midst of which stood a castle of black marble. As he approached he beheld at an upper window a damsel of marvellous beauty, with torn garments, dishevelled hair, and a countenance expressive of the most lively affliction, who immediately that she set eyes on him wrung her hands and waived him away crying, "Oh, fly, fly from this place of death and the monster which inhabits it! For here lives a black giant which feeds on human flesh, seizing all he can find. Even now in his dungeons you may hear the cries of those whom for his next meal he will devour."

"Madam," replied the Prince, "for my safety you need have no care. Only be good enough to inform me who you are and how you came to be in your present plight." "I come from Cairo," she replied, "where my birth gives me rank. And as I was travelling from thence on my road to Bagdad this monstrous negro suddenly fell upon us, and having slain my escort brought me hither a captive, to endure, if Heaven refuses me succour, things far worse than death. But though I know my own peril I will not see others perish in a vain attempt to rescue me, therefore once more I entreat you to fly ere it be too late!"

But even as she spoke, the negro, a horrible and gigantic monster of loathsome appearance, came in sight moving rapidly toward the palace. No sooner had he caught sight of the Prince than he rushed upon him with growls of fury, and drawing his scimitar aimed at him a blow which, had it found him, must there and then have ended the fight. The Prince,

however, swerved nimbly under the stroke, and reaching his farthest, wounded the giant in the knee; then wheeling his charger about before the negro could turn on his maimed limb he attacked him from the rear, and with one fortunate blow brought him to earth. Instantly, before the giant could gather up his huge length and regain his vantage, Codadad spurred forward and with a single sweep of his sword smote off his head.

Meanwhile, all breathless above, the lady had leaned watching the contest. Now, seeing that victory was secured, she gave free vent to her joy and gratitude. "O prince of men!" she cried, "now is revealed to me the high rank to which thou wast born. Finish, then, thy work; take from the girdle of yonder wretch the keys of the castle and come quickly to the release of me and my fellow prisoners."

The Prince did according to her directions; as he opened the gates and entered the forecourt the lady advanced to meet him, ready, had he permitted it, to throw herself in gratitude at his feet. And now, as he beheld near at hand the beauty which had charmed him from a distance, Codadad realised how great had been his fortune, and with his whole heart rejoiced at the deliverance of one in whose nature so much virtue and grace seemed blended.

But while he was thus lost in the contemplation of her loveliness there arose from the basement of the castle a dreadful sound of crying and lamentation. "What is that?" inquired the Prince. "It is the cry of the prisoners," replied the lady, "to whom, I doubt not, the opening of the gates has betokened the monster's return. Come, therefore, quickly and relieve them of their misery." And so saying she pointed to the door which led to the place of confinement.

Thither, accompanied by the lady, went Codadad with all speed. Descending by a dark stair he came upon a vast cavern dimly lighted, around the walls of which a hundred prisoners lay chained. Instantly he set to work to loose their bonds,

informing them at the same time of the death of their captor and of their freedom from all further danger. At these unexpected tidings the captives raised a cry of joy and thanksgiving; but great as was their surprise at such unlooked-for deliverance, greater still was that of the Prince when, on bringing them to the light, he discovered that forty-nine of the hundred whom he had released were his own brethren.

The Princes received the cordial embraces of their deliverer with little embarrassment, for the disaster into which they had fallen had caused them almost entirely to forget their original intent. Satisfied with expressing in proper terms their obligation and gratitude toward Codadad, they now joined eagerly in his survey of the castle; there upon examination they found an extraordinary variety and wealth of booty, consisting for the most part of merchandise which the negro had pillaged from passing caravans, some of it actually belonging to those whom Codadad had so recently rescued.

The Prince accordingly ordered the merchants each to take what he recognised as his own; and this being done he divided the rest equally between them. The question then arose how they should remove their plunder from a place so desolately situated, where it would seem impossible to procure means of conveyance; but on a further search they found not only the camels of the merchants, but also the horses on which the Princes of Harran had ridden; and as, at their approach the black slaves who were in charge of the stables fell into headlong flight, Codadad and his companions found themselves left in undisputed possession. The merchants therefore loaded their camels, and with renewed protestations of gratitude departed on the several roads by which their avocations called them.

When they were gone Codadad's next care was to inquire of the lady in what direction she wished to travel, promising that he and the Princes would conduct her in safety to any place she might name. The lady replied, thanking him for his

generous offer. "But wherever I go," said she, "it cannot be to my own country, for not only is it too far distant, but cruel misfortune has separated me from it forever. And since you have put me under so great an obligation, let me now confess the truth which before I thought it prudent to conceal. My dignity of rank is far higher than that to which I recently laid claim; in me you behold a King's daughter, and if it will interest you to hear the story of my misfortunes, I shall be happy to recount it." Assured of the lively sympathy of her auditors she began as follows:—

The Story of the Princess of Deryabar

My father was the King of a city among the isles named Deryabar, and I was his only child; for, in spite of his many prayers directed to that end, Heaven had not granted him a son. And for this cause, though he bestowed upon my education all imaginable care, the sight of me remained displeasing to him. In order the better to forget his sorrow he spent his days in hunting, and so he chanced on the event which led to all our misfortunes. For one day, as he was riding unattended in the forest, night overtook him and he knew not which way to turn. Presently in the distance he perceived a light, and advancing towards it he came upon a hut within which a monstrous negro stood basting an ox that roasted before the fire. In the further corner of the hut lay a beautiful woman with hands bound, and a face betokening the deepest affliction, while at her feet a young child, between two and three years of age, stretched up its arms and wailed without ceasing.

At this sight my father was filled with compassion, but his desire to effect her rescue was restrained for a while by fear that a failure might only make matters worse. In the meantime the giant, having drained a pitcher of wine, sat down to eat. Presently he turned himself about and addressed the lady. "Charming Princess," said he, "why will you not accept the good things which are within your reach? Only yield to me the love that I demand and you will find in me the gentlest and most considerate of lords." To these advances, however, the lady replied with resolution and courage. "Vile monster," she cried, "every time I look at you does but increase my hatred and loathing toward you. Unchangeable as the foulness of your appearance is the disgust with which you

inspire me!"

These words of violent provocation were no sooner uttered than the negro, beside himself with rage, drew his sword, and seizing the lady by the hair, lifted her from the ground in preparation for the blow that would have ended all. Whereupon, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, my father drew his bow and let fly an arrow with so good an aim that pierced to the heart the giant fell dead. Immediately entering the hut my father raised the lady from the swoon into which she had fallen, and severing her bonds gave her the needed reassurance that all danger was now over. Before long he learned in answer to his inquiries that she had been wife to a chief of the Saracens, in whose service the slain giant had, on account of his great strength, occupied a position of trust. This, however, he had shamelessly betrayed; for having conceived a violent passion for his master's wife, he first persuaded the chief into an expedition which terminated in his death, and then returning in haste carried away by force not only the lady but her child also. From this degrading bondage my father's act had now saved her; but though thus relieved of immediate danger, the wife of the Saracen chief was both solitary and friendless, for not only was she too far removed from her own land to return to it unaided, but she had small hope, should she ever arrive there, of securing for her son his rightful inheritance. This being the case my father, moved with compassion, determined to adopt the child as his own; and as the lady gratefully accepted his proposal, the next day as soon as it was light he returned to Deryabar bringing with him mother and son.

Thus it came about that the son of a Saracen chief was brought up in my father's palace like a Prince of the blood royal; and so, on attaining to manhood, having both grace and good looks to recommend him, he came to forget the comparative lowliness of his origin, and aspiring to become my father's heir, had the presumption to demand my hand in

marriage.

A claim so audacious merited the severest punishment, yet my father merely remarked that he had other views concerning me, and with so lenient a rebuke would have passed the matter by. His refusal, however, excited in the proud youth the liveliest resentment; seeing that he could not obtain his ambition by fair means he immediately entered into conspiracy, and having treacherously slain my father, caused himself to be made King in his place. Fresh from this monstrous crime he renewed his suit for my hand, and was preparing to enforce it by violence, when the vizier, who alone of all my father's court had remained faithful to his memory, found means to convey me from the palace to a sailing vessel which was leaving harbour the same night.

Here for a time I seemed to have reached safety, but when we had been only three days at sea a violent storm arose, and the ship, driving helplessly before it, struck upon a rock and went down leaving as sole survivor the one who least wished to be spared. How I was saved I know not, nor how long I lay unfriended by the desolate shore upon which I had been cast; but scarcely had the consciousness of life returned to me when I heard a multitudinous sound of swift galloping; and presently, feeling myself lifted by men's hands, I turned and saw halting near me a troop of Arab horsemen, and at their head a youth royally arrayed and beautiful as the morning. Thus when my fortunes were at their lowest I beheld him whom Heaven had sent not only to afford me that deliverance of which I stood so much in need, but also to restore me to the rank due to my birth. For let me confess that after this young Prince had succoured me with the most tender solicitude, conducting me in all honour to his own palace and there lodging me under his mother's protection, I experienced towards him a feeling of duty and gratitude such as would have made his lightest wish my law. When therefore with an ardent and ever increasing devotion he desired me to become

his bride, I could not, upon the completion of my recovery, refuse him the happiness he sought.

But the festivities of our marriage were scarcely ended, when suddenly by night the city in which we dwelt was attacked by a band of travelling marauders. The attack was so unexpected and so well planned that the town was stormed and the garrison cut to pieces before any news of the event had reached the palace. Under cover of darkness we managed to escape, and fleeing to the sea shore took refuge on a small fishing boat, in which we immediately put out to sea, hoping to find in the rude winds and waves a safer shelter than our own walls had afforded us.

For two days we drifted with wind and tide, not knowing any better direction in which to turn; upon the third we perceived with relief a ship bearing down upon us, but as we watched its approach our satisfaction was soon changed to apprehension and dread, for we saw clearly that those on board were neither fishermen nor traders, but pirates. With rude shouts they boarded our small bark, and seizing my husband and myself carried us captive to their own vessel. Here the one who was their leader advanced towards me and pulled aside my veil; whereupon a great clamour instantly arose among the crew, each contending for the possession of me. The dispute upon this point grew so warm that presently they fell to fighting; and a bitter and deadly conflict was maintained till at last only a single pirate was left. This one, who now regarded himself as my owner, proceeded to inform me of what was to be my fate. "I have," he said, "a friend in Cairo who has promised me a rich reward if I can supply him with a slave, more beautiful than any of those that his harem now contains. The distinction of earning me this reward shall be yours. But tell me," he went on, turning towards the place where my husband stood bound, "who is this youth that accompanies you? Is he a lover or a brother, or only a servant?" "Sir," said I, "he is my husband." "In that case," he

replied, "out of pity we must get rid of him, for I would not afflict him needlessly with the sight of another's happiness." And so saying, he took my husband, all bound as he was, and threw him into the sea.

So great was my grief at the sight of this cruel deed that had I not been bound myself I should undoubtedly have sought the same end to my sufferings. But for the sake of future profit the pirate took the most watchful care of me, not only so long as we were on board the ship but also when, a few days later, we came to port and there joined ourselves to a large caravan which was about to start on the road to Cairo. While thus travelling in apparent safety, we were suddenly attacked by the terrible negro who lately owned this castle. After a long and dubious conflict the pirate, and all who stood by him, were slain, while I and those of the merchants who had remained timorously looking on were seized, and brought hither as prisoners destined as it seemed for a fate far more lingering and terrible. The rest of my story, brave Prince, I need not here recount, since the shaping of it was so largely in your own hands, and since to you alone is owed the happiness of its conclusion."

When the Princess of Deryabar had thus finished the tale of her wanderings, Codadad hastened to assure her how deep was his sympathy in all her misfortunes. "But if you will allow yourself," he continued, "to be guided by me, your future life shall be one of safety and tranquillity. You have but to come as my bride, and the King of Harran will offer you an honourable welcome to his court; while, as regards myself, my whole life shall be devoted to securing for you that happiness which your grace and noble qualities prove that you deserve. And that you may not regard this proposal as too presumptuous, I have now to inform you, and also these Princes, concerning my birth and rank. For I, too, am a son of the King of Harran, born to him at the court of Samaria by his wife the Princess Pirouzè, whom he had sent unjustly into banishment."

This declaration on the part of Codadad so accorded with the inclinations of the Princess that she at once yielded her consent, and as the castle was full of provisions suitable for the occasion, preparations were made first to solemnise the marriage, and then for all together to set forth on the return journey to Harran. As for the Princes, though they received Codadad's news with every outward protestation of joy, they were in fact more filled with apprehension and jealousy than before, for they could not but fear that his favour with the King would be greatly increased and become far more dangerous to their interests when the true facts of his birth were revealed. No sooner, therefore, had Codadad and the Princess passed to their nuptials than his brethren entered into a conspiracy to slay him; and at the first halt upon the homeward journey, taking advantage of the lack of protection which a tent affords, they came upon their brother by night, and stabbing him in a hundred places as he lay asleep, left him for dead in the arms of his bride. They then broke up the camp and returned with all haste to the city of Harran, where, with a falsely invented tale they excused themselves to the King for their long absence.

In the meantime Codadad lay so spent by loss of blood that there remained in him no sign of life. The Princess, his wife, distraught with grief, had already given him up for dead. "O Heaven," she cried, bathing his body with her tears, "why am I thus ever condemned to bring on others disaster and death, and why for a second time have I been deprived of the one I was about to love?"

As thus she continued to cry in piteous lamentation, and to gaze on the senseless form lying before her, she thought that she perceived on the lips a faint motion of breath.

At once her hope revived, and springing to her feet she ran instantly in the direction of the nearest village, hoping to find there a surgeon or one that had skill in the binding of wounds. Returning after a time with the aid that she had

summoned she found to her grief the place where Codadad had lain left vacant, nor was there any trace or indication of the fate which had overtaken him.

Overwhelmed by this final catastrophe, and believing that some wild beast must have devoured him, she suffered herself to be led away by the surgeon, who, in pity for one so greatly afflicted, placed her under the shelter of his own roof, and lavished upon her every mark of consideration and respect. So, when she had sufficiently recovered for her griefs to find utterance he gathered from her own lips all the circumstances of her story, her name and rank, the high and valiant deeds of the Prince her husband, and the base ingratitude of his brethren. And perceiving that her grief and sufferings had so robbed her of the desire of life that without some end on which to direct her will she would presently pass into a decline, the surgeon endeavoured to arouse her to the pursuit of that just vengeance which the murder of her husband had earned. "Do not," he said, "let the death of so noble a Prince become a benefit to his enemies. Let us go together to the King of Harran, and make known to him the guilt of these wicked brethren. For surely the name of Codadad should live in story; but if you, whose honour he saved, now sink under your affliction his name perishes with you, and you have not retrieved your debt."

These words roused the Princess from her deep despondency; forming her resolution on the surgeon's advice, she arose instantly and prepared herself for the journey, and with such haste and diligence did she pursue her project that within two days she and her companion arrived at the city of Harran.

Here strange news awaited them; for at all the caravanseri it was told how lately there had come to the city an exiled wife of the King, Princess Pirouzè by name, enquiring for news of her lost son; and how, as now appeared, this son had already been under a feigned designation at his father's court,

and after performing many exploits and deeds of heroism had disappeared none knew whither. Forty-nine sons had the King by different wives, but all these, it was declared, he would willingly put to death so only that Codadad might be restored to him. Now when the Princess of Deryabar heard this she said, "I will go to the Queen Pirouzè and make known to her the fate of her son, and when we have wept together and drawn comfort from each other in our grief then we will go before the King, and demand vengeance on the murderers." But the surgeon said, "Have a care what you do; for if the Princes of Harran learn of your arrival, they will not rest till they have done to you as they did to your husband. Let us therefore proceed with secrecy, so as to ensure safety, and do you on no account let your presence here be known till the King has been thoroughly informed of the whole matter." Then leaving the Princess in a place discreetly chosen he went forth into the streets and began to direct his steps towards the palace. Presently he was met by a lady mounted upon a mule richly caparisoned, and behind her followed a great troop of guards and attendants. As she approached the populace ran out of their houses and stood in rows to see her go by, and when she passed all bowed down with their faces to the earth. The surgeon inquired of a beggar standing near whether this was one of the King's wives. "Yes, brother," replied the beggar, "and the best of them all; for she is the mother of Prince Codadad, whom, now that he is lost, all hold in love and reverence. And thus each day she goes to the mosque to hear the prayers which the King has ordered for her son's safe return." Seeing his course now clear the surgeon went and stood at the door of the mosque, waiting the Queen's departure, and when she came forth with all her attendants he plucked one of them by the sleeve and said to him, "If the Queen would have news of her son, Prince Codadad, let her send for the stranger who will be found waiting at the door of her palace." So, as soon as Pirouzè had

returned to her apartments, the slave went in and gave his mistress the message.

Then she sent in all haste and caused the surgeon to be brought before her. And the surgeon prostrated himself and said, "O Queen, let not the grief of the tidings which I bear be visited upon me but on them that were the cause of it." And she answered him, "Have peace, and say on!" So he told her, as has been here set forth, the full story of all the courage and prowess of Codadad, and of his generosity towards his brethren, also of his marriage to the Princess of Deryabar and of what followed after. But when he came to speak of the slaying of her son, the tender mother, as though receiving in her own body the strokes of the murderers fell forward upon the ground, and there for a while lay motionless without sign of life. When however the surgeon, aided by her women, had restored her to consciousness, then Pirouzè, putting aside all personal grief, set her mind upon the accomplishment of the duty which now lay before her. "Go instantly," she said, "and tell the Princess of Deryabar that the King will shortly receive her with all the honour due to her rank. As for yourself, be assured that your services will be remembered."

Hardly had the surgeon departed, when the King himself entered, and the sight of his Queen's deep affliction at once informed him that something dreadful must have occurred. "Alas," she cried, "our son no longer exists, nor is it even possible to pay to his body those last rites which were due to his rank and virtue, for stricken by treacherous hands and left to perish unprotected he has fallen a prey to wild beasts so that not a trace of him remains." She then proceeded to inform her husband of all the horrible circumstances which the surgeon had narrated.

But before she had ended the King became so transported with rage and grief that he could no longer delay the setting in motion of his just vengeance. Repairing in haste to the hall of audience, where courtiers and suitors stood waiting, he

summoned to him his grand vizier with so much fury of countenance that all trembled for their lives. "Go instantly," he cried, "arrest all the Princes, and convey them under a strong guard to the prison assigned for murderers!" The vizier, not daring to question an order so terribly uttered, went forth and fulfilled the King's command with all speed. On his return to the palace for the presentation of his report, a further order almost equally surprising awaited him. The King described to him a certain inn lying in a poor quarter of the city. "Go thither," said he, "take with you slaves and high attendants, a white mule from the royal stables, and a guard of honour, and bring hither with all the respect due to her rank the young Princess whom you shall find there." The vizier, with revived spirits, went forth to fulfil this second mission, so much more agreeable to him than the first; and presently there arose from the streets leading to the palace the acclamations of the populace because of the magnificence and splendour which announced the arrival of the unknown Princess. The King, as a token of respect, stood waiting at the palace gates to receive her, and taking her hand he led her to the apartments of the Queen Pirouzè. Here at the meeting of mother and wife a scene of the most tender and heart-rending affliction took place. The King himself was so moved by it that he had not the heart to refuse to them any request. So when they came and besought for the absent those funeral honours which under other circumstances would have been his due, he gave orders for a dome of marble to be erected on the plain by which the city of Harran lies surrounded. And with such speed was the work put in hand, and so large was the number of men employed upon it, that within three days the entire building was completed.

On the day following the obsequies began. All was done with the greatest solemnity and splendour. First came the King attended by his vizier and all the officers and lords of his palace; and entering the tomb, in which lay an effigy of

Codadad, they seated themselves on carpets of mourning bordered with gold. Then followed the chiefs of the army mounted upon horses and bewailing the loss of him who had led them to victory; behind these came old men upon black mules, with long robes and flowing beards; and after these maidens on white horses, with heads unveiled, bearing in their hands baskets of precious stones. Now when these had approached and compassed the dome three times about, then the King rose up to speak the dismissal of the dead. Touching with his brow the tomb whereon the effigy lay, he cried in a loud voice, "O my dear son, O light of mine eyes, O joy that is lost to me forever." After him all the lords and the chiefs and the elders came and prostrated themselves in like manner; and when the ceremony was ended the doors of the tomb were shut and all the people returned to the city.

Now after this there was prayer and fasting in the mosque for eight days, and on the ninth the King gave orders that the Princes were to be beheaded. But meanwhile the neighbouring powers, whose arms the King of Harran had defeated, as soon as they heard that Codadad was dead, banded themselves together in strong alliance, and with a great host began to advance upon the city. Then the King caused the execution to be postponed, and making a hasty levy of his forces went forth to meet the enemy in the open plain. And there battle was joined with such valour and determination on both sides that for a time the issue remained doubtful. Nevertheless, because the men of Harran were fewer in number they began to be surrounded by their enemies; but at the very moment when all seemed lost they saw in the distance a large body of horsemen advancing at the charge; and while both combatants were yet uncertain of their purpose, these fell furiously and without warning upon the ranks of the allies, and throwing them into sudden disorder drove them in rout from the field.

With the success of their arms thus established the two

leaders of the victorious forces advanced to meet each other in the presence of the whole army, and great was the joy and astonishment of the King when he discovered in the leader of the lately-arrived troop his lost son Codadad. The Prince, for his part, was equally delighted to find in his father's welcome the recognition for which he had yearned.

When the long transport of their meeting embrace was over, the Prince, as they began to converse, perceived with surprise how much was already known to the King of past events. "What?" he inquired, "has one of my brothers awakened to his guilt, and confessed that which I had meant should ever remain a secret?" "Not so," replied the King, "from the Princess of Deryabar alone have I learned the truth. For she it was who came to demand vengeance for the crime which your brothers would still have concealed."

At this unlooked-for news of the safety of the Princess and of her arrival at his father's court, Codadad's joy was beyond words, and greatly was it increased when he heard of his mother's reinstatement in the King's favour with the honour and dignity due to her rank. He now began to perceive how events had shaped themselves in his absence, and how the King had already become informed of the bond that existed between them. As for the rest of his adventures, together with the circumstance which had led to his disappearance and supposed death, they were soon explained. For when the Princess had left Codadad in her desperate search for aid, there chanced that way a travelling pedlar; and he, finding the youth apparently deserted and dying of his wounds, took pity on him, and placing him upon his mule bore him to his own house. There with medicinal herbs and simple arts unknown in the palaces of kings he had accomplished a cure which others would have thought impossible, so that in a short time Codadad's strength was completely restored. Thereupon the Prince, impatient for reunion with those whom he loved, bestowed on the pedlar all the wealth that he

possessed, and immediately set forth toward the city of Harran.

On the road news reached him of the fresh outbreak of hostilities followed by the invasion of his father's territory. Passing from village to village he roused and armed the inhabitants, and by the excellence of his example made such soldiers of them that they were able in the fortunate moment of their arrival to decide the issue of the conflict and give victory to the King's arms.

"And now, sire," said the Prince in conclusion, "I have only one request to make: since in the event all things have turned out so happily, I beg you to pardon my brothers in order that I may prove to them in the future how groundless were the resentment and jealousy that they felt toward me."

These generous sentiments drew tears from the King's eyes and removed from his mind all doubt as to the wisdom of the resolution he had been forming. Immediately before the assembled army he declared Codadad his heir, and, as an act of grace to celebrate his son's return, gave orders for the Princes to be released. He then led Codadad with all speed to the palace, where Pirouzè and her daughter-in-law were anxiously awaiting them.

In the joy of that meeting the Prince and his wife were repaid a thousandfold for all the griefs and hardships they had undergone: and their delight in each other's society remained so great that in all the world no happiness has been known to equal it. The Princes half died of shame when the means by which their pardon had been procured was revealed to them; but before long the natural insensibility of their characters reasserted itself and they recovered.

Tales from Native America

Iagoo, the Story-Teller

There never was anyone so wise and knowing as old Iagoo. There never was an Indian who saw and heard so much. He knew the secrets of the woods and fields, and understood the language of birds and beasts. All his life long he had lived out of doors, wandering far in the forest where the wild deer hide, or skimming the waters of the lake in his birch-bark canoe.

Besides the things he had learned for himself, Iagoo knew much more. He knew the fairy tales and the wonder stories told him by his grandfather, who had heard them from his grandfather, and so on, away back to the time when the world was young and strange, and there was magic in almost everything.

Iagoo was a great favorite with the children. No one knew better where to find the beautiful, colored shells which he strung into necklaces for the little girls. No one could teach them so well just where to look for the grasses which their nimble fingers wove into baskets. For the boys he made bows and arrows—bows from the ash-tree, that would bend far back without breaking, and arrows, strong and straight, from the sturdy oak.

But most of all, Iagoo won the children's hearts with his stories. Where did the robin get his red breast? How did fire find its way into the wood, so that an Indian can get it out again by rubbing two sticks together? Why was Coyote, the prairie wolf, so much cleverer than the other animals; and why was he always looking behind him when he ran? It was old Iagoo who could tell you where and why.

Now, winter was the time for story-telling. When the

snow lay deep on the ground, the North Wind came howling from his home in the Land of Ice, and the cold moon shone from the frosty sky, it was then that the Indians gathered in the wigwam. It was then that Iagoo sat by the fire of blazing logs, and the little boys and girls gathered around him.

"Whoo, whoo!" wailed the North Wind. The sparks leapt up, and Iagoo laid another log on the fire. "Whoo, whoo!" What a mischievous old fellow was this North Wind! One could almost see him—his flowing hair all hung with icicles. If the wigwam were not so strong he would blow it down, and if the fire were not so bright he would put it out. But the wigwam was made on purpose, for just such a time as this; and the forest nearby had logs to last forever. So the North Wind could only gnash his teeth, and say, "Whoo, whoo!"

One little girl, more timid than the rest, would draw nearer and put her hand on the old man's arm. "O, Iagoo," she said, "Just listen! Do you think he can hurt us?"

"Have no fear," answered Iagoo. "The North Wind can do no harm to anyone who is brave and cheerful. He blusters, and makes a lot of noise; but at heart he is really a big coward, and the fire will soon frighten him away. Suppose I tell you a story about it."

And the story Iagoo told we shall now tell to you, the story of how Shin-ge-bis fooled the North Wind.

Shin-Ge-Bis Fools the North Wind

Long, long ago, in the time when only a few people lived upon the earth, there dwelt in the North a tribe of fishermen. Now, the best fish were to be found in the summer season, far up in the frozen places where no one could live in the winter at all. For the King of this Land of Ice was a fierce old man called Ka-bib-on-okka by the Indians—meaning in our language, the NorthWind.

Though the Land of Ice stretched across the top of the world for thousands and thousands of miles, Ka-bib-on-okka was not satisfied. If he could have had his way there would have been no grass or green trees anywhere; all the world would have been white from one year's end to another, all the rivers frozen tight, and all the country covered with snow and ice.

Luckily there was a limit to his power. Strong and fierce as he was, he was no match at all for Sha-won-dasee, the South Wind, whose home was in the pleasant land of the sunflower. Where Sha-won-dasee dwelt it was always summer. When he breathed upon the land, violets appeared in the woods, the wild rose bloomed on the yellow prairie, and the cooing dove called musically to his mate. It was he who caused the melons to grow, and the purple grapes; it was he whose warm breath ripened the corn in the fields, clothed the forests in green, and made the earth all glad and beautiful. Then, as the summer days grew shorter in the North, Shawon-dasee would climb to the top of a hill, fill his great pipe, and sit there—dreaming and smoking. Hour after hour he sat and smoked; and the smoke, rising in the form of a vapor, filled the air with a soft haze until the hills and lakes

seemed like the hills and lakes of dreamland. Not a breath of wind, not a cloud in the sky; a great peace and stillness over all. Nowhere else in the world was there anything so wonderful. It was Indian Summer.

Now it was that the fishermen who set their nets in the North worked hard and fast, knowing the time was at hand when the South Wind would fall asleep, and fierce old Kabib-on-okka would swoop down upon them and drive them away. Sure enough! One morning a thin film of ice covered the water where they set their nets; a heavy frost sparkled in the sun on the bark roof of their huts.

That was sufficient warning. The ice grew thicker, the snow fell in big, feathery flakes. Coyote, the prairie wolf, trotted by in his shaggy white winter coat. Already they could hear a muttering and a moaning in the distance.

"Ka-bib-on-okka is coming!" cried the fishermen. "Kabib-on-okka will soon be here. It is time for us to go."

But Shin-ge-bis, the diver, only laughed.

Shin-ge-bis was always laughing. He laughed when he caught a big fish, and he laughed when he caught none at all. Nothing could dampen his spirits.

"The fishing is still good," he said to his. Comrades. "I can cut a hole in the ice, and fish with a line instead of a net. What do *I* care for old Ka-bib-on-okka?"

They looked at him with amazement. It was true that Shin-ge-bis had certain magic powers, and could change himself into a duck. They had seen him do it; and that is why he came to be called the "diver." But how would this enable him to brave the anger of the terrible North Wind?

"You had better come with us," they said. "Ka-bib-onokka is much stronger than you. The biggest trees of the forest bend before his wrath. The swiftest river that runs freezes at his touch. Unless you can turn yourself into a bear, or a fish, you will have no chance at all."

But Shin-ge-bis only laughed the louder.

"My fur coat lent me by Brother Beaver and my mittens borrowed from Cousin Muskrat will protect me in the daytime," he said, "and inside my wigwam is a pile of big logs. Let Ka-bib-on-okka come in by my fire if he dares."

So the fishermen took their leave rather sadly; for the laughing Shin-ge-bis was a favorite with them, and, the truth is, they never expected to see him again.

When they were gone, Shin-ge-bis set about his work in his own way. First of all he made sure that he had plenty of dry bark and twigs and pine-needles, to make the fire blaze up when he returned to his wigwam in the evening. The snow by this time was pretty deep, but it froze so hard on top that the sun did not melt it, and he could walk on the surface without sinking in at all. As for fish, he well knew how to catch them through the holes he made in the ice; and at night he would go tramping home, trailing a long string of them behind him, and singing a song he had made up himself:

"Ka-bib-on-okka, ancient man,
Come and scare me if you can.
Big and blustery though you be,
You are mortal just like me!"

It was thus that Ka-bib-on-okka found him, plodding along late one afternoon across the snow.

"Whoo, whoo!" cried the North Wind. "What impudent, two-legged creature is this who dares to linger here long after the wild goose and the heron have winged their way to the south? We shall see who is master in the Land of Ice. This very night I will force my way into his wigwam, put his fire out, and scatter the ashes all around. Whoo, whoo!"

Night came; Shin-ge-bis sat in his wigwam by the blazing fire. And such a fire! Each backlog was so big it would last for a moon. That was the way the Indians, who had no clocks or watches, counted time; instead of weeks or months, they

would say "a moon"— the length of time from one new moon to another.

Shin-ge-bis had been cooking a fish, a fine, fresh fish caught that very day. Broiled over the coals, it was a tender and savory dish; and Shin-ge-bis smacked his lips, and rubbed his hands with pleasure. He had tramped many miles that day; so it was a pleasant thing to sit there by the roaring fire and toast his shins. How foolish, he thought, his comrades had been to leave a place where fish was so plentiful, so early in the winter.

"They think that Ka-bib-on-okka is a kind of magician," he was saying to himself, "and that no one can resist him. It's my own opinion that he's a man, just like myself. It's true that I can't stand the cold as he does; but then, neither can he stand the heat as I do."

This thought amused him so that he began to laugh and sing:

"Ka-bib-on-okka, frosty man,
Try to freeze me if you can.
Though you blow until you tire,
I am safe beside my fire!"

He was in such a high good humor that he scarcely noticed a sudden uproar that began without. The snow came thick and fast; as it fell it was caught up again like so much powder and blown against the wigwam, where it lay in huge drifts. But instead of making it colder inside, it was really like a thick blanket that kept the air out.

Ka-bib-on-okka soon discovered his mistake, and it made him furious. Down the smoke-vent he shouted; and his voice was so wild and terrible that it might have frightened an ordinary man. But Shin-ge-bis only laughed. It was so quiet in that great, silent country that he rather enjoyed a little noise.

"Ho, ho!" he shouted back. "How are you, Ka-bib-

onokka? If you are not careful you will burst your cheeks."

Then the wigwam shook with the force of the blast, and the curtain of buffalo hide that formed the doorway flapped and rattled, and rattled and flapped.

"Come on in, Ka-bib-on-okka!" called Shin-ge-bis merrily. "Come on in and warm yourself. It must be bitter cold outside."

At these jeering words, Ka-bib-on-okka hurled himself against the curtain, breaking one of the buckskin thongs; and made his way inside. Oh, what an icy breath!—so icy that it filled the hot wigwam like a fog.

Shin-ge-bis pretended not to notice. Still singing, he rose to his feet, and threw on another log. It was a fat log of pine, and it burned so hard and gave out so much heat that he had to sit a little distance away. From the corner of his eye he watched Ka-bib-on-okka; and what he saw made him laugh again. The perspiration was pouring from his forehead; the snow and icicles in his flowing hair quickly disappeared. Just as a snowman made by children melts in the warm sun of March, so the fierce old North Wind began to thaw! There could be no doubt of it; Ka-bib-on-okka, the terrible, was melting! His nose and ears became smaller, his body began to shrink. If he remained where he was much longer, the King of the Land of Ice would be nothing better than a puddle.

"Come on up to the fire," said Shin-ge-bis cruelly. "You must be chilled to the bone. Come up closer, and warm your hands and feet."

But the North Wind had fled, even faster than he came, through the doorway.

Once outside, the cold air revived him, and all his anger returned. As he had not been able to freeze Shin-ge-bis, he spent his rage on everything in his path. Under his tread the snow took on a crust; the brittle branches of the trees snapped as he blew and snorted; the prowling fox hurried to his hole; and the wandering coyote sought the first shelter at hand.

Once more he made his way to the wigwam of Shin-ge-bis, and shouted down the flue. "Come out," he called. "Come out, if you dare, and wrestle with me here in the snow. We'll soon see who's master then!"

Shin-ge-bis thought it over. "The fire must have weakened him," he said to himself. "And my own body is warm. I believe I can overpower him. Then he will not annoy me any more, and I can stay here as long as I please."

Out of the wigwam he rushed, and Ka-bib-on-okka came to meet him. Then a great struggle took place. Over and over on the hard snow they rolled, locked in one another's arms.

All night long they wrestled; and the foxes crept out of their holes, sitting at a safe distance in a circle, watching the wrestlers. The effort he put forth kept the blood warm in the body of Shin-ge-bis. He could feel the North Wind growing weaker and weaker; his icy breath was no longer a blast, but only a feeble sigh.

At last, as the sun rose in the east, the wrestlers stood apart, panting. Ka-bib-on-okka was conquered. With a despairing wail, he turned and sped away. Far, far to the North he sped, even to the land of the White Rabbit; and as he went, the laughter of Shin-ge-bis rang out and followed him. Cheerfulness and courage can overcome even the North Wind.

The Little Boy and Girl in the Clouds

Iagoo, the Story-Teller, was seated one evening in his favorite corner, gazing into the embers of the log fire like one in a dream.

At such a time the children knew better than to interrupt him by asking questions or teasing him for a story. They knew that Iagoo was turning over in his mind the strange things he had heard and the wonderful things he had seen; that the burning logs and red coals took on curious shapes and made odd pictures that only he could understand, and that if they did not disturb him he would presently begin to speak.

On this particular evening, however, though they waited patiently and talked to one another only in low whispers, Iagoo kept on sitting there as if he were made of stone. They began to fear that he had forgotten them, and that bedtime would come without a story. So at last little Morning Glory, who was always asking questions, thought of one she had never asked before.

"Iagoo!" she said; and then she stopped, fearing to offend him.

At the sound of her voice the old man roused himself, as if his mind had been away on a long journey into the past.

"What is it, Morning Glory?"

"Iagoo—can you tell me—were the mountains always here?"

The old man looked at her gravely. No matter how hard the question was, or how unexpected, Iagoo was always glad to answer. He never said: "I'm too busy, don't bother me," or, "Wait till some other time." So when Morning Glory asked him this very peculiar question, he nodded his wise old head,

saying:

"Do you know, I've often asked myself that very thing: Were the mountains always here?"

He paused, and looked once more into the fire, as if the answer was to be found there if he only looked long enough. At last he spoke again:

"Yes, I think it must be true that the mountains were always here—the mountains and the hills. They were made when the world was made—a long, long time ago; and the story of how the world was made you have heard before. But there is one high hill that was not always here—a hill that grew like magic, all of a sudden. Did I ever tell you the story of the Big Rock—how it rose and rose, and carried the little boy and girl up among the clouds?"

"No, no!" shouted the children in a chorus. "You never told us that one. Tell it to us now."

And this is the story of the magical Big Rock, as old Iagoo heard it from his grandfather, who heard it from his great-grandfather, who was almost old enough to have been there himself when it all happened:

In the days when all animals and men lived on friendly terms, when Coyote, the prairie wolf, was not a bad sort of fellow when you came to know him, and even the Mountain Lion would growl pleasantly and pass you the time of day—there lived in a beautiful valley a little boy and girl.

This valley was a lovely place to live in; never was such a playground anywhere on earth. It was like a great green carpet stretching for miles and miles, and when the wind blew upon the long grass it was like looking at the waves of the sea. Flowers of all colors bloomed in the beautiful valley, berries grew thick on the bushes, and birds filled the summer air with their songs.

Best of all, there was nothing whatever to fear. The children could wander at will—watching the gay butterflies, making friends with the squirrels and rabbits, or following the

flight of the bee to some tree where his honey is stored.

As for the wild animals, it was all very different from what it is to-day, when they keep the poor things in cages, or coop them up in a little patch of ground behind a high fence. In the beautiful valley the animals ran free and happily, as they were meant to do. The Bear was a big, lazy, good-natured fellow, who lived on berries and wild honey in the summer, and in winter crept into his cavern in the rocks and slept there till the spring. The deer were not only gentle, but tame as sheep, and often came to crop the tender grass that grew where the two children were accustomed to play.

They loved all the animals, and the animals loved them; but perhaps their special favorites were Jack Rabbit and Antelope. Jack Rabbit had long legs, and long ears—almost as long as a mule's, and no animal of his size could jump so high. But of course he could not jump as high as Antelope—the name of a beautiful little deer, with short horns and slender legs, who could run like the wind.

Another thing that made the happy valley such a pleasant place to live in was the river that flowed through it. All the animals came from miles around to drink from its clear, cool waters, and to bathe in it on a hot summer day. One shallow pool seemed made especially for the little boy and girl. Their friend, the Beaver, with his flat tail like an oar and his feet webbed like a duck's, had taught them how to swim almost as soon as they had learned to walk; and to splash around in the pool on a warm afternoon was among their greatest pleasures.

One day in mid-summer the water was so pleasant that they remained in the pool much longer than usual, so that when at last they came out they were quite tired. And as they were a little chilled besides, they looked around for a good place where they could get dry and warm.

"Let's climb up on that big, flat rock, with the moss on it," said the little boy. "We've never done it before. It would be lots of fun."

So he clambered up the side of the rock, which was only a few feet high, and drew his sister up after him. Then they lay down to rest, and pretty soon, without intending it at all, they were fast asleep.

Nobody knows how it happened that exactly at this time the rock began to rise and grow. But it did happen, because there it is today, high and bare and steep, higher than the other hills in the valley. As the children slept, it rose and rose, inch by inch, foot by foot; by the next day it was taller than the tallest trees.

Meanwhile their father and mother were searching for them everywhere, but all in vain; nor was any trace of them to be found. No one had seen them climb up on the rock, and everyone concerned was too much excited to notice what had really happened to it. The parents wandered far and wide saying: "Antelope, have you seen our little boy and girl? Jack Rabbit, *you* must have seen our little boy and girl." But none of the animals had seen them.

At last they met Coyote, the cleverest of them all, trotting along the valley with his nose in the air; so they put the same question to him.

"No," said Coyote. "I have not seen them for a long time. But my nose was given me to smell with, and my brains were given me to think with. So who can tell but that I may help you?"

He trotted by their side, along the banks of the river, and pretty soon they came to the pool where the children had been in swimming. Coyote sniffed and sniffed. He ran around and around, with his nose to the ground; then he ran right up to the rock, put his forepaws up as high as he could reach, and sniffed again.

"H-m-m!" he grunted. "I cannot fly like the Eagle, and I cannot swim like the Beaver. But neither am I stupid like the Bear, nor ignorant like the Jack Rabbit. My nose has never deceived me yet; your little boy and girl must be up there on

that rock."

"But how could they get there?" asked the astonished parents. For the rock was now so high that the top was lost to sight in the clouds.

"That is not the question," said Coyote severely, unwilling to admit there was anything he did not know. "That is not the question at all. Anybody could ask that. The only question worth asking is: How are we to get them down again?"

So they called all the animals together, to talk it over and see what could be done. Then the Bear said: "If I could only put my arms around the rock I could climb it. But it is much too big for that." And the Fox said: "If it were only a deep hole, instead of a high hill, I would be able to help you." And the Beaver said: "If it were just a place out in the water I could swim to, I'd show you very quickly."

But as this kind of talk did not take them very far, they decided to try what jumping would do. There seemed to be no other way; and as each one was anxious to do his part, the smallest one was permitted to make the first attempt. So the Mouse made a funny little hop, about as high as your hand. The Squirrel went a little higher. Jack Rabbit made the highest jump of his life, and almost broke his back, to no purpose. Antelope gave a great bound in the air, but managed to light on his feet again without doing himself any harm. Finally, the Mountain Lion went a long way off, to get a good start, ran toward the rock with great leaps, sprang straight up—and fell and rolled over on his back. He had made a higher jump than any of them; but it was not nearly high enough.

No one knew what to do next. It seemed as if the little boy and girl must be left sleeping on forever, up among the clouds. Suddenly they heard a tiny voice saying:

"Perhaps if you let *me* try, I might *climb* up the rock."

They all looked around in surprise, wondering who it was that spoke; and at first they could see nobody, and thought that Coyote must be playing a trick on them. But Coyote was

as much surprised as anyone.

"Wait a minute. I'm coming as fast as I can," said the tiny voice again. Then a Measuring Worm crawled out of the grass —a funny little worm that made its way along by hunching up its back and drawing itself ahead an inch at a time.

"Ho, ho!" said the Mountain Lion, from deep down in his throat. He always spoke that way when his dignity was offended. "Ho, ho! Did you ever hear of such impudence? If I, a lion, have failed, how can a miserable little crawling worm like you hope to succeed; just tell me that!"

"It's downright silly," said Jack Rabbit. "That's what it is. I never heard of such conceit."

However, after much talk, they agreed at last that it could do no harm to let him try. So the Measuring Worm made his way slowly to the rock, and began to climb. In a few minutes he was higher than Jack Rabbit had jumped. Soon he was farther up than the lion had been able to leap: before long he had climbed out of sight.

It took the Measuring Worm a whole month, climbing day and night, to reach the top of the magic rock. When he got there he awakened the little boy and girl, who were much surprised to see where they were, and guided them safely down along a path no one else knew anything about. Thus, by patience and perseverance, the weak little creature was able to do something that the Bear, for all his size, and the Lion, for all his strength, could never have done at all. That was a long time ago; today there are no more lions or bears in the valley, and no one ever thinks of them. But everybody thinks of the Measuring Worm, because the Big Rock is still there, and the Indians have named it after him. Tu-tok-a-nu-la, they call it, a big name indeed for a little fellow, yet by no means too big when you come to think of the big, brave thing he did.

The Child of the Evening Star

Once upon a time, on the shores of the great lake, Gitchee Gumee, there lived a hunter who had ten beautiful young daughters. Their hair was dark and glossy as the wings of the blackbird, and when they walked or ran it was with the grace and freedom of the deer in the forest.

Thus it was that many suitors came to court them—brave and handsome young men, straight as arrows, fleet of foot, who could travel from sun to sun without fatigue. They were sons of the prairie, wonderful horsemen who would ride at breakneck speed without saddle or stirrup. They could catch a wild horse with a noose, tame him in a magical way by breathing into his nostrils, then mount him and gallop off as if he always had been ridden. There were those also who came from afar in canoes, across the waters of the Great Lake, canoes which shot swiftly along, urged by the strong, silent sweep of the paddle.

All of them brought presents with which they hoped to gain the father's favor. Feathers from the wings of the eagle who soars high up near the sun; furs of fox and beaver and the thick, curly hair of the bison; beads of many colors, and wampum, the shells which the Indians used for money; the quills of the porcupine and the claws of the grizzly bear; deerskin dressed to such a softness that it crumpled up in the hands—these and many other things they brought.

One by one, the daughters were wooed and married, until nine of them had chosen husbands. One by one, other tents were reared, so that instead of the single family lodge on the shores of the lake there were tents enough to form a little village. For the country was a rich one, and there was game

and fish enough for all.

There remained the youngest daughter, Oweenee—the fairest of them all. Gentle as she was beautiful, none was so kind of heart. Unlike her proud and talkative elder sisters, Oweenee was shy and modest, and spoke but little. She loved to wander alone in the woods, with no company but the birds and squirrels and her own thoughts. What these thoughts were we can only guess; from her dreamy eyes and sweet expression, one could but suppose that nothing selfish or mean or hateful ever came into her mind. Yet Oweenee, modest though she was, had a spirit of her own. More than one suitor had found this out. More than one conceited young man, confident that he could win her, went away crestfallen when Oweenee began to laugh at him.

The truth is, Oweenee seemed hard to please. Suitor after suitor came—handsome, tall young men, the handsomest and the bravest in all the country round. Yet this fawn-eyed maiden would have none of them. One was too tall, another too short; one too thin, another too fat. At least, that was the excuse she gave for sending them away. Her proud sisters had little patience with her. It seemed to be questioning their own taste; for Oweenee, had she said the word, might have gained a husband more attractive than any of theirs. Yet no one was good enough. They could not understand her; so they ended by despising her as a silly and unreasonable girl.

Her father, too, who loved her dearly and wished her to be happy, was much puzzled. "Tell me, my daughter," he said to her one day, "Is it your wish never to marry? The handsomest young men in the land have sought you in marriage, and you have sent them all away—often with a poor excuse. Why is it?"

Oweenee looked at him with her large, dark eyes.

"Father," she said at last. "It is not that I am wilful. But it seems somehow as if I had the power to look into the hearts of men. It is the heart of a man, and not his face, that really

matters; and I have not yet found one youth who in this sense is really beautiful."

Soon after, a strange thing happened. There came into the little village an Indian named Osseo, many years older than Oweenee. He was poor and ugly, too. Yet Oweenee married him.

How the tongues of her nine proud sisters did wag! Had the spoiled little thing lost her mind? they asked. Oh, well! They always knew she would come to a bad end; but it was pretty hard on the family.

Of course they could not know what Oweenee had seen at once—that Osseo had a generous nature and a heart of gold; that beneath his outward ugliness was the beauty of a noble mind, and the fire and passion of a poet. That is why Oweenee loved him; knowing, too, that he needed her care, she loved him all the more.

Now, though Oweenee did not suspect it, Osseo was really a beautiful youth on whom an evil spell had been cast. He was in truth the son of the King of the Evening Star—that Evening Star which shines so gloriously in the western sky, just above the rim of the earth, as the sun is setting. Often on a clear evening it hung suspended in the purple twilight like some glittering jewel. So close it seemed, and so friendly, that the little children would reach out their hands, thinking that they might grasp it ere it was swallowed by the night, and keep it always for their own. But the older ones would say: "Surely it must be a bead on the garments of the Great Spirit as he walks in the evening through the garden of the heavens."

Little did they know that the poor, despised Osseo had really descended from that star. And when he, too, stretched out his arms toward it, and murmured words they could not understand, they all made sport of him.

There came a time when a great feast was prepared in a neighboring village, and all of Oweenee's kinsfolk were invited to attend. They set out on foot—the nine proud

sisters, with their husbands, walking ahead, much pleased with themselves and their finery, and all chattering like magpies. But Oweenee walked behind in silence, and with her walked Osseo.

The sun had set; in the purple twilight, over the edge of the earth, sparkled the Evening Star. Osseo, pausing, stretched out his hands toward it, as if imploring pity; but when the others saw him in this attitude they all made merry, laughing and joking and making unkind remarks.

"Instead of looking up in the sky," said one of the sisters, "he had better be looking on the ground. Else he may stumble and break his neck." Then calling back to him, she cried: "Look out! Here's a big log. Do you think you can manage to climb over it?"

Osseo made no answer; but when he came to the log he paused again. It was the trunk of a huge oak-tree blown down by the wind. There it had lain for years, just as it fell; and the leaves of many summers lay thick upon it. There was one thing, though, the sisters had not noticed.. The tree-trunk was not a solid one, but hollow, and so big around that a man could walk inside it from one end to the other without stooping.

But Osseo did not pause because he was unable to climb over it. There was something mysterious and magical in the appearance of the great hollow trunk; and he gazed at it a long time, as if he had seen it in a dream, and had been looking for it ever since.

"What is it, Osseo?" asked Oweenee, touching him on the arm. "Do you see something that I cannot see?"

But Osseo only gave a shout that echoed through the forest, and leaped inside the log. Then as Oweenee, a little alarmed, stood there waiting, the figure of a man came out from the other end. Could this be Osseo? Yes, it was he—but how transformed! No longer bent and ugly, no longer weak and ailing; but a beautiful youth—vigorous and straight and

tall. His enchantment was at an end.

But the evil spell had not been wholly lifted, after all. As Osseo approached he saw that a great change was taking place in his loved one. Her glossy black hair was turning white, deep wrinkles lined her face; she walked with a feeble step, leaning on a staff. Though he had regained his youth and beauty, she in turn had suddenly grown old.

"O, my dearest one!" he cried. "The Evening Star has mocked me in letting this misfortune come upon you. Better far had I remained as I was; gladly would I have borne the insults and laughter of your people rather than you should be made to suffer."

"As long as you love me," answered Oweenee, "I am perfectly content. If I had the choice to make, and only one of us could be young and fair, it is you that I would wish to be beautiful."

Then he took her in his arms and caressed her, vowing that he loved her more than ever for her goodness of heart; and together they walked hand in hand, as lovers do.

When the proud sisters saw what had happened they could scarcely believe their eyes. They looked enviously at Osseo, who was now far handsomer than any one of their husbands, and much their superior in every other way. In his eyes was the wonderful light of the Evening Star, and when he spoke all men turned to listen and admire him. But the hard-hearted sisters had no pity for Oweenee. Indeed, it rather pleased them to see that she could no longer dim their beauty, and to realize that people would no longer be singing her praises in their jealous ears.

The feast was spread, and all made merry but Osseo. He sat like one in a dream, neither eating nor drinking. From time to time he would press Oweenee's hand, and speak a word of comfort in her ear. But for the most part he sat there, gazing through the door of the tent at the star-besprinkled sky.

Soon a silence fell on all the company. From out of the night, from the dark, mysterious forest, came the sound of music—a low, sweet music that was like, yet unlike, the song sung by the thrush in summer twilight. It was magical music such as none had ever heard, coming, as it seemed, from a great distance, and rising and falling on the quiet summer evening. All those at the feast wondered as they listened. And well they might! For what to them was only music, was to Osseo a voice that he understood, a voice from the sky itself, the voice of the Evening Star. These were the words that he heard:

"Suffer no more, my son; for the evil spell is broken, and hereafter no magician shall work you harm. Suffer no more; for the time has come when you shall leave the earth and dwell here with me in the heavens. Before you is a dish on which my light has fallen, blessing it and giving it a magic virtue. Eat of this dish, Osseo, and all will be well."

So Osseo tasted the food before him, and behold! The tent began to tremble, and rose slowly into the air; up, up above the tree-tops—up, up toward the stars. As it rose, the things within it were wondrously changed. The kettles of clay became bowls of silver, the wooden dishes were scarlet shells, while the bark of the roof and the poles supporting it were transformed into some glittering substance that sparkled in the rays of the stars. Higher and higher it rose. Then the nine proud sisters and their husbands were all changed into birds. The men became robins, thrushes and woodpeckers. The sisters were changed into various birds with bright plumage; the four who had chattered most, whose tongues were always wagging, now appeared in the feathers of the magpie and bluejay.

Osseo sat gazing at Oweenee. Would she, too, change into a bird, and be lost to him? The very thought of it made him bow his head with grief; then, as he looked at her once more, he saw her beauty suddenly restored, while the color of

her garments was the color only to be found where the dyes of the rainbow are made.

Again the tent swayed and trembled as the currents of the air bore it higher and higher, into and above the clouds; up, up, up—till at last it settled gently on the land of the Evening Star.

Osseo and Oweenee caught all the birds, and put them in a great silver cage, where they seemed quite content in each other's company. Scarcely was this done when Osseo's father, the King of the Evening Star, came to greet them. He was attired in a flowing robe, spun from star-dust, and his long white hair hung like a cloud upon his shoulders.

"Welcome," he said, "my dear children. Welcome to the kingdom in the sky that has always awaited you. The trials you have passed through have been bitter; but you have borne them bravely, and now you will be rewarded for all your courage and devotion. Here you will live happily; yet of one thing you must beware."

He pointed to a little star in the distance—a little, winking star, hidden from time to time by a cloud of vapor.

"On that star," he continued, "lives a magician named Wabeno. He has the power to dart his rays, like so many arrows, at those he wishes to injure. He has always been my enemy; it was he who changed Osseo into an old man and cast him down upon the earth. Have a care that his light does not fall upon you. Luckily, his power for evil has been greatly weakened; for the friendly clouds have come to my assistance, and form a screen of vapor through which his arrows cannot penetrate."

The happy pair fell upon their knees, and kissed his hands in gratitude.

"But these birds," said Osseo, rising and pointing to the cage. "Is this also the work of Wabeno, the magician?"

" No," answered the King of the Evening Star. "It was my own power, the power of love, that caused your tent to rise

and bear you hither. It was likewise by my power that the envious sisters and their husbands were transformed into birds. Because they hated you and mocked you, and were cruel and scornful to the weak and the old, I have done this thing. It is not so great a punishment as they deserve. Here in the silver cage they will be happy enough, proud of their handsome plumage, strutting and twittering to their hearts' content. Hang the cage there, at the doorway of my dwelling. They shall be well cared for."

Thus it was that Osseo and Oweenee came to live in the kingdom of the Evening Star; and, as the years passed by, the little winking star where Wabeno, the magician, lived grew pale and paler and dim and dimmer, till it quite lost its power to harm. Meanwhile a little son had come to make their happiness more perfect, a charming boy with the dark, dreamy eyes of his mother and the strength and courage of Osseo.

It was a wonderful place for a little boy to live in—close to the stars and the moon, with the sky so near that it seemed a kind of curtain for his bed, and all the glory of the heavens spread out before him. But sometimes he was lonely, and wondered what the Earth was like—the Earth his father and mother had come from. He could see it far, far below—so far that it looked no bigger than an orange; and sometimes he would stretch out his hands toward it, just as the little children on earth stretch out their hands for the moon.

His father had made him a bow, with little arrows, and this was a great delight to him. But still he was lonely, and wondered what the little boys and girls on earth were doing, and whether they would be nice to play with. The Earth must be a pretty place, he thought, with so many people living on it. His mother had told him strange stories of that far-away land, with its lovely lakes and rivers, its great, green forests where the deer and the squirrel lived, and the yellow, rolling prairies swarming with buffalo.

These birds, too, in the great silver cage had come from

the Earth, he was told; and there were thousands and thousands just like them, as well as others even more beautiful that he had never seen at all. Swans with long, curved necks, that floated gracefully on the waters; whip-poor-wills that called at night from the woods; the robin redbreast, the dove and the swallow. What wonderful birds they must be!

Sometimes he would sit near the cage, trying to understand the language of the feathered creatures inside. One day a strange idea came into his head. He would open the door of the cage and let them out. Then they would fly back to Earth, and perhaps they would take him with them. When his father and mother missed him they would be sure to follow him to the Earth, and then—

He could not quite see just how it would all end. But he found himself quite close to the cage, and the first thing he knew he had opened the door and let out all the birds. Round and round they flew; and now he was half sorry, and a little afraid as well. If the birds flew back to Earth, and left him there, what would his grandfather say?

"Come back, come back!" he called.

But the birds only flew around him in circles, and paid no attention to him. At any moment they might be winging their way to the Earth.

"Come back, I tell you!" he cried, stamping his foot and waving his little bow. "Come back, I say, or I'll shoot you."

Then, as they would not obey him, he fitted an arrow to his bow and let it fly. So well did he aim that the arrow sped through the plumage of a bird, and the feathers fell all around. The bird itself, a little stunned but not much hurt, fell down; and a tiny trickle of blood stained the ground where it lay. But it was no longer a bird, with an arrow in its wing; instead, there stood in its place a beautiful young woman.

Now, no one who lives in the stars is ever permitted to shed blood, whether it be of man, beast or bird. So when the few drops fell upon the Evening Star, everything was changed.

The boy suddenly found himself sinking slowly downward, held up by invisible hands, yet ever sinking closer and closer to the Earth. Soon he could see its green hills and the swans floating on the water, till at last he rested on a grassy island in a great lake. Lying there, and looking up at the sky, he could see the tent descending, too. Down it softly drifted, till it in turn sank upon the island; and in it were his father and mother, Osseo and Oweenee—returned to earth, to live once more among men and women and teach them how to live. For they had learned many things in their life upon the Evening Star; and the children of Earth would be better for the knowledge.

As they stood there, hand in hand, all the enchanted birds came fluttering after, falling and fluttering through the air. Then as each one touched the Earth, it was no longer a bird they saw, but a human being. A human being, yet not quite as before; for now they were only dwarfs, Little People, or Pygmies; Puk-Wudjies, as the Indians called them. Happy Little People they became, seen only by a few. Fishermen, they say, would sometimes get a glimpse of them—dancing in the light of the Evening Star, of a summer night, on the sandy, level beach of the Great Lake.

The Boy Who Snared the Sun

A deep, crusted snow covered the earth, and sparkled in the light of a wintry moon. The wind had died away; it was very cold and still. Not a sound came from the forest; the only noise that broke the perfect quiet of the night was the cracking of the ice on the Big-sea-water, Gitche Gumee, which was now frozen solid.

But inside old Iagoo's teepee it was warm and cheerful. The teepee, as the Indians call a tent, was covered with the thick, tough skin of the buffalo; the winter coat of Muk-wa, the bear, had now become a pleasant soft rug for Iagoo's two young visitors, Morning Glory and her little brother, Eagle Feather. Squatting at their ease on the warm fur, they waited for the old man to speak.

Suddenly a white-footed mouse crept from his nest in a corner, and, advancing close to the children, sat up on his hind-legs, like a dog that begs for a biscuit. Eagle Feather raised his hand in a threatening way, but Morning Glory caught him by the arm.

"No, no!" she said. "You must not harm him. See how friendly he is, and not a bit afraid. There is game enough in the forest for a brave boy's bow and arrow. Why should he spend his strength on a weak little mouse?"

Eagle Feather, pleased with anything that seemed like praise of his strength, let his hand fall.

"Your words are true words, Morning Glory," he answered. "Against Ahmeek, the beaver, or Wau-be-se, the wild swan, it is better that I should measure my hunter's skill."

At this, Iagoo, turning around, broke his long silence.

"There was a time," he said, mysteriously, "when a

thousand boys such as Eagle Feather would have been no match at all for that mouse as he used to be."

"When was that?" asked Eagle Feather, looking uneasily at his sister.

"In the days of the great Dormouse," answered Iagoo. "In the days, long ago, when there were many more animals than men on the earth, and the biggest of all the beasts was the Dormouse. Then something strange happened—something that never happened before or since. Shall I tell you about it?"

"O, please do!" begged Morning Glory.

"The story I am going to tell you," began Iagoo, "is not so much a story about the Dormouse as it is a story about a little boy and his sister. Yet had it not been for the Dormouse, I would not be here to tell about it, and you would not be here to listen.

"To begin with, you must understand that the world in those days was a different sort of place from what it is now. O yes, a different sort of place. People did not eat the flesh of animals. They lived on berries, and roots, and wild vegetables. The Great Spirit, who made all things on land, and in the sky and water, had not yet given men Mon-da-min, the Indian corn. There was no fire to give them heat, or to cook with. In all the world there was just one small fire, watched by two old witches who let nobody come near it; and until Coyote, the prairie wolf, came along and stole some of this fire, the food that people could manage to get was eaten raw, the way it grew."

"They must have been pretty hungry," said Morning Glory.

"O, yes, they were hungry," agreed Iagoo. "But that was not all. There were so many animals, and so few men, that the animals ruled the earth in their own way. The biggest of them all was Bosh-kwa-dosh, the Mastodon. He was higher than the highest trees, and he had an enormous appetite. But he did not stay long on earth, or there would not have been food

enough even for the other animals."

"I thought you said the Dormouse was the biggest," interrupted Eagle Feather.

Iagoo looked at him severely.

"At the time I speak of," he continued, "Bosh-kwa-dosh, the Mastodon, had just gone away. He had not gone a bit too soon, either; for, by this time, the only people left on the whole earth were a young girl and her little brother."

"Like Eagle Feather and me?" asked Morning Glory.

"The girl was much like you," said Iagoo, patiently. "But the boy was a dwarf, who never grew to be more than three feet high. Being so much stronger and larger than her brother, she gathered all the food for both, and cared for him in every way. Sometimes she would take him along with her, when she went to look for berries and roots. 'He's such a very little boy,' she said to herself, 'that if I leave him all alone, some big bird may swoop down, and carry him off to its nest.'

"She did not know what a strange boy he was, and how much mischief he could do when he set his mind upon it. One day she said to him: 'Look, little brother! I have made you a bow and some arrows. It is time you learned to take care of yourself; so when I am gone, practice shooting, for this is a thing you must know how to do.'

"Winter was coming, and to keep himself from freezing the boy had nothing better than a light garment woven by his sister from the wild grasses. How could he get a warm coat? As he asked himself that question, a flock of snow birds flew down, near by, and began pecking at the fallen logs, to get the worms. 'Ha!' said he. 'Their feathers would make me a fine coat.' Bending his bow, he let an arrow fly; but he had not yet learned how to shoot straight. It went wide of the mark. He shot a second, and a third; then the birds took fright, and flew away.

"Each day he tried again—shooting at a tree when there was nothing better to aim at. At last he killed a snow bird,

then another and another. When he had shot ten birds, he had enough. 'See, sister,' he said, 'I shall not freeze. Now you can make me a coat from the skins of these little birds.'

"So his sister sewed the skins together, and made him the coat, the first warm winter coat he had ever had. It was fine to look at, and the feathers kept out the cold. Eh-yah! he was proud of it! With his bow and arrows, he strutted up and down, like a little turkey cock. 'Is it true?' he asked, 'that you and I are the only persons living on earth? Perhaps if I look around, I may find someone else. It will do no harm to try.'

"His sister feared he would come to some harm; but he had made up his mind to see the world for himself, and off he went. But his legs were short, he was not used to walking far, and he soon grew tired. When he came to a bare place, on the edge of a hill, where the sun had melted the snow, he lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

"As he slept, the sun played him a trick. It was a mild winter's day. The bird skins of which the coat was made were still fresh and tender, and under the full glare of the sun they began to shrivel and shrink. 'Eh-yah! What's wrong?' he muttered in his sleep, feeling the coat become tighter and tighter. Then he woke, stretched out his arms, and saw what had happened.

"The sun was nearly sinking now. The boy stood up and faced it, and shook his small fist. 'See what you have done!' he cried, with a stamp of his foot. 'You have spoiled my new birdskin coat. Never mind! You think yourself beyond my reach, up there; but I'll be revenged on you. Just wait and see!'"

"But how could he reach the sun?" asked Morning Glory, her eyes growing rounder and rounder.

"That is what his sister asked, when he told her about it," said Iagoo. "And what do you think he did? First, he did nothing at all but stretch himself out on the ground, where he lay for ten days without eating or moving. Then he turned

over on the other side, and lay there for ten days more. At last he rose to his feet. 'I have made up my mind,' he said. 'Sister, I have a plan to catch the sun in a noose. Find me some kind of a cord from which I can make a snare.'

"She got some tough grass, and twisted it into a rope. 'That will not do,' he said. 'You must find something stronger.' He no longer talked like a little boy, but like one who was to be obeyed. Then his sister thought of her hair. She cut enough from her head to make a cord, and when she had plaited it he was much pleased, and said it would do. He took it from her, and drew it between his lips, and as he did this it turned into a kind of metal, and grew much stronger and longer, till he had so much that he wound it around his body.

"In the middle of the night he made his way to the hill, and there he fixed a noose at the place where the sun would rise. He had to wait a long time in the cold and darkness. But at last a faint light came into the sky. As the sun rose it was caught fast in the noose, and there it stayed."

Iagoo stopped talking, and sat looking into the fire. One might have supposed that when he did this he saw pictures in the flames, and in the red coals, and that these pictures helped him to tell the story. But Morning Glory was impatient to hear the rest.

"Iagoo," she said, timidly, at last. "Did you forget about the Dormouse?"

"Eh-yah! the Dormouse! No. I have not forgotten," answered the old man, rousing himself. "When the sun did not rise as usual, the animals could not tell what had happened. Ad-ji-dau-mo, the squirrel, chattered and scolded from the branch of a pine tree. Kah-gah-gee, the raven, flapped his wings, and croaked more hoarsely than ever, to tell the others that the end of the world had come. Only Muk-wa, the bear, did not mind. He had crept into his cave for the winter, and the darker it was the better he liked it.

"Wa-bun, the East Wind, was the one who brought the

news. He had drawn from his quiver the silver arrows with which he chased the darkness from the valleys. But the sun had not risen to help him, and the arrows fell harmless to the earth. 'Wake, wake!' he wailed. 'Someone has caught the sun in a snare. Which of all the animals will dare to cut the cord?'

"But even Coyote, the prairie wolf, who was the wisest of them all, could think of no way to free the sun. So great was the heat thrown out by its rays that he could not come within an arrow's flight of where it was caught fast in the magical noose of hair.

"'Leave it to me!' screamed Ken-eu, the war-eagle, from his nest on the cliff. 'It is I alone who soar to the sky, and look the sun in the face, without winking. Leave it to me!'

"Down he darted through the darkness, and up he flew again, with his eagle feathers singed. Then they woke the Dormouse. They had a hard time doing it, because when he once went to sleep he stayed asleep for six months, and it was almost impossible to arouse him. Coyote crept close to his ear, and howled with all his might. It would have split the eardrum of almost any other animal. But Kug-e-been-gwa-kwa, the Dormouse, only groaned and turned over on the other side, and Coyote had a narrow escape from being mashed flat, like a corn-cake.

"'There is only one thing that will wake him,' said Coyote, getting up and shaking himself. I will run to the mountain cave of An-ne-mee-kee, the Thunder. His voice is even more terrible than mine.' So off he went at a gallop.

"Soon they could hear An-ne-mee-kee coming. Boom, boom! When he shouted in the ear of the Dormouse, the biggest beast on earth rose slowly to his feet. In the darkness he looked bigger than ever, almost as big as a mountain. An-ne-mee-kee, the Thunder, shouted once more, to make sure that the Dormouse was really wide awake, and would not go to sleep again.

"'Now,' said Coyote to the Dormouse, 'it is you that will

have to free the sun. If he burned one of us, there would be little left but bones. But you are so big that if part of you is burned away there will still be enough. Then, in that case you would not have to eat so much, or work so hard to get it.'

"The Dormouse was a stupid animal, and Coyote's talk seemed true talk. Besides, as he was the biggest animal, he was expected to do the biggest things. So he made his way to the hill, where the little boy had snared the sun, and began to nibble at the noose. As he nibbled away, his back got hotter and hotter. Soon it began to burn, till all the upper part of him burned away, and became great heaps of ashes. At last, when he had cut through the cord with his teeth, and set the sun free, all that was left of him was an animal no larger than an ordinary mouse. What he became then, so he is today. Still, he is big enough for a mouse; and perhaps that is what Coyote really meant. Coyote, the prairie wolf, is a cunning beast, up to many tricks, and it is not always easy to tell exactly what he means."

How the Summer Came

Morning Glory was tired of the winter, and longed for the spring to come. Sometimes it seemed as if Ka-bib-on-okka, the fierce old North Wind, would never go back to his home in the Land of Ice. With his cold breath he had frozen tight and hard the Big-Sea-Water, Gitche Gumee, and covered it deep with snow, till you could not tell the Great Lake from the land.

Except for the beautiful green pines, all the world was white—a dazzling, silent world in which there was no musical murmur of waters and no song of birds.

"Will O-pee-chee, the robin, never come again?" sighed Morning Glory. "Suppose there was no summer anywhere, and no Sha-won-dasee, the South Wind, to bring the violet and the dove. O, Iagoo, would it not be dreadful?"

"Be patient, Morning Glory," answered the old man. "Soon you will hear Wa-wa, the wild goose, flying high up, on his way to the North. I have lived many moons. Sometimes he seems long in coming, but he always comes. When you hear him call, then O-pee-chee, the robin, will not be far behind."

"I'll try to be patient" said Morning Glory. "But Ka-bib-on-okka, the North Wind, is so strong and fierce. I can't help wondering whether there ever was a time when his power was so great that he made his home here always. It makes me shiver to think of it!"

Iagoo rose from his place by the fire, and drew to one side the curtain of buffalo-hide that screened the doorway. He pointed to the sky—clear, and sparkling with stars.

"Look!" he said. "There, in the North. See that little

cluster of stars. Do you know the name we give it?"

"*I* know," said Eagle Feather. "It is O-jeeg An-nung—the Fisher stars. If you look right, you can see how they make the body of the Fisher. He is stretched out flat, with an arrow through his tail. See, sister!"

"The Fisher," repeated Morning Glory. "You mean the furry little animal, something like a fox? Is Marten another name for it?"

"That's it," said Eagle Feather.

"Yes, I see," nodded Morning Glory. "But why is the Fisher spread out flat that way, in the sky, with an arrow sticking through his tail?"

"I don't know just exactly why," admitted Eagle Feather. "I suppose some hunter was chasing him. Perhaps Iagoo can tell us."

Iagoo closed the curtain, and went back to the fire. "You thought there might have been a time when there was no summer on the earth," he said to Morning Glory. "And you were right. Until O-jeeg, the Fisher, found a way to bring the summer down from the sky, the earth was everywhere covered with snow, and it was always cold. If O-jeeg had not been willing to give his life, so that all the rest of us could be warm, Ka-bib-on-okka, the North Wind, would have ruled the world, as he now rules the Land of Ice."

Then Morning Glory and Eagle Feather sat down on the soft rug that was once the winter coat of Muk-wa, the bear, and Iagoo told them the story of How the Summer Came:

In the wild forest that borders the Great Lake there once lived a mighty hunter named O-jeeg. No one knew the woods so well as he; where others would be lost without a trail to guide them, he found his way easily and quickly, by day or night, through the trackless tangle of trees and underbrush. Where the red deer fled, he followed; the bear could not escape his swift pursuit. He had the cunning of the fox, the endurance of the wolf, the speed of the wild turkey when it

runs at the scent of danger.

When O-jeeg shot an arrow, it always hit the mark. When he set out on a journey, no storm or snow could turn him back. He did everything he said he would do, and did it well.

Thus it was that some men came to believe that O-jeeg was a Manito—the Indian name for one who has magic powers. This much was certain: whenever O-jeeg wished to do so, he could change himself into the little animal known as the Fisher, or Marten.

Perhaps that is why he was on such friendly terms with some of the animals, who were always willing to help him when he called upon them. Among these were the otter, the beaver, the lynx, the badger and the wolverine. There came a time, as we shall see, when he needed their services badly, and they were not slow in coming to his assistance.

O-jeeg had a wife whom he dearly loved, and a son, of thirteen years, who promised to be as great a hunter as his father. Already he had shown great skill with the bow and arrow; if some accident should prevent O-jeeg from supplying the family with the game upon which they lived, his son felt sure that he himself could shoot as many squirrels and turkeys as they needed to keep them from starving. With O-jeeg to bring them venison, bear's meat and wild turkey, they had thus far plenty to eat. Had it not been for the cold, the boy would have been happy enough. They had warm clothing, made from deerskin and furs; to keep their fire burning, they had all the wood in the forest. Yet, in spite of this, the cold was a great trial; for it was always winter, and the deep snow never melted.

Some wise old men had somewhere heard that the sky was not only the roof of our own world, but also was the floor of a beautiful world beyond; a land where birds with bright feathers sang sweetly through a pleasant, warm season called Summer. It was a pretty story that people wished to believe; and likely enough, they said, when you came to think that the sun

was so far away from the earth, and so close to the sky itself.

The boy used to dream about it, and wonder what could be done. His father could do anything; some men said he was a Manito. Perhaps he could find some way to bring Summer to the earth. That would be the greatest thing of all.

Sometimes it was so cold that when the boy went into the woods his fingers would be frost-bitten. Then he could not fit the notch of his arrow to the bowstring, and was obliged to go back home without any game whatever. One day he had wandered far in the forest, and was returning emptyhanded, when he saw a red squirrel seated on his hindlegs on the stump of a tree. The squirrel was gnawing a pine cone, and did not try to run away when the young hunter came near. Then the little animal spoke:

"My grandson," said he, "there is something I wish to tell you that you will be pleased to hear. Put away your arrows, and do not try to shoot me, and I shall give you some good advice."

The boy was surprised; but he unstrung his bow, and put the arrow in his quiver.

"Now," said the squirrel, "listen carefully to what I have to say. The earth is always covered with snow, and the frost bites your fingers, and makes you unhappy. I dislike the cold as much as you do. To tell the truth, there is little enough for me to eat in these woods, with the ground frozen hard all the time. You can see how thin I am, for there is not much fat in a pine cone. If someone could manage to bring the Summer down from the sky, it would be a great blessing."

"Is it really true, then," asked the boy, "that up beyond the sky is a pleasant warm land, where Winter only stays for a few moons?"

"Yes, it is true," said the squirrel. "We animals have known it for a long time. Ken-eu, the war-eagle, who soars near the sun, once saw a small crack in the sky. The crack was made by Way-wass-i-mo, the Lightning, in a great storm

that covered all the earth with water. Ken-eu, the war-eagle, felt the warm air leaking through; but the people who live up above mended the crack the very next moment, and the sky has never leaked again."

"Then our wise old men were right," said the boy. "O-jeeg, my father, can do most anything he has a mind to. Do you suppose if he tried hard enough, he could get through the sky, and bring the Summer down to us?"

"Of course!" exclaimed the squirrel. "That is why I spoke to you about it. Your father is a Manito. If you beg him hard enough, and tell him how unhappy you are, he is sure to make the attempt. When you go back, show him your frostbitten fingers. Tell him how you tramp all day through the snow, and how difficult it is to make your way home. Tell him that some day you may be frozen stiff, and never get back at all. Then he will do as you ask, because he loves you very much."

The boy thanked the squirrel, and promised to follow this advice. From that day he gave his father no peace. At last O-jeeg said to him:

"My son, what you ask me to do is a dangerous thing, and I do not know what may come of it. But my power as a Manito was given me for a good purpose, and I can put it to no better use than to try to bring the Summer down from the sky, and make the world a more pleasant place to live in."

Then he prepared a feast to which he invited his friends, the otter, the beaver, the lynx, the badger, and the wolverine; and they all put their heads together, to decide what was best to be done. The lynx was the first to speak. He had travelled far on his long legs, and had been to many strange places. Besides, if you had good strong eyes, and you looked at the sky, on a clear night when there was no moon, you could see a little group of stars which the wise old men said was exactly like a lynx. It gave him a certain importance, especially in matters of this kind; so when he began to speak, the others listened with great respect.

"There is a high mountain," said he, "that none of you has ever seen. No one ever saw the top, because it is always hidden by the clouds; but I am told it is the highest mountain in the world, and almost touches the sky."

The otter began to laugh. He is the only animal that can do this; sometimes he laughs for no particular reason, unless it is that he thinks himself more clever than the other animals, and likes to "show off."

"What are you laughing at?" asked the lynx.

"Oh, nothing," answered the otter. "I was just laughing."

"It will get you into trouble some day," said the lynx. "Just because you never heard of this mountain, you think it is not there."

"Do you know how to get to it?" asked O-jeeg. "If we could climb to the top, we might find a way to break through the sky. It seems a good plan."

"That is what I was thinking," said the lynx. "It is true I don't know just where it is. But a moon's journey from here, there lives a Manito who has the shape of a giant. He knows, and he could tell us."

So O-jeeg bade good-bye to his wife and his little son, and the next day the lynx began the long journey, with O-jeeg and the others following close behind. It was just as the lynx had said. When they had travelled, day and night, for a moon, they came to a lodge, as the white men call an Indian's tent; and there was the Manito standing in the doorway. He was a queer-looking man, such as they had never seen before, with an enormous head and three eyes, one eye being set in his forehead above the other two.

He invited them into the lodge, and set some meat before them; but he had such an odd look, and his movements were so awkward, that the otter could not help laughing. At this, the eye in the Manito's forehead grew red, like a live coal, and he made a leap at the otter, who barely managed to slip through the doorway, out into the bitter cold and darkness of

the night, without having tasted a morsel of supper.

When the otter had gone, the Manito seemed satisfied, and told them they could spend the night in his lodge. They did so; and O-jeeg, who stayed awake while his friends slept, noticed that only two of the Manito's eyes were closed, while the one in his forehead remained wide open.

In the morning the Manito told O-jeeg to travel straight toward the North Star, and that in twenty suns—the Indian name for days—they would reach the mountain. "As you are a Manito yourself," he said, "you may be able to climb to the top, and to take your friends with you. But I cannot promise that you will be able to get down again."

"If it is close enough to the sky," answered O-jeeg, "that is all I ask."

Once more they set out. On their way they met the otter, who laughed again when he saw them; but this time he laughed because he was glad to find them, and glad to get some meat that O-jeeg had saved from the Manito's supper.

In twenty days they came to the foot of the mountain. Then up and up they climbed, till they passed quite through the clouds; up once more, till at last they stopped, all out of breath, and sat down to rest on the highest peak in the world. To their great delight, the sky seemed so close that they could almost touch it.

O-jeeg and his comrades filled their pipes. But before smoking, they called out to the Great Spirit, asking for success in their attempt. In Indian fashion they pointed to the earth, to the sky overhead, and to the four winds.

"Now," said O-jeeg, when they had finished smoking, "which of you can jump the highest?"

The otter grinned.

"Jump, then!" commanded O-jeeg.

The otter jumped, and, sure enough, his head hit the sky. But the sky was the harder of the two, and back he fell. When he struck the ground, he began to slide down the mountain;

soon he was out of sight, and they saw him no more.

"Ugh!" grunted the lynx. "He is laughing on the other side of his mouth."

It was the beaver's turn. He, too, hit the sky, but fell down in a heap. The badger and the lynx had no better luck, and their heads ached for a long time afterward.

"It all depends on you," said O-jeeg to the wolverine. "You are the strongest of them all. Ready, now—jump!"

The wolverine jumped, and fell, but came down on his feet, sound and whole.

"Good!" cried O-jeeg. "Try again!"

This time the wolverine made a dent in the sky.

"It's cracking!" exclaimed O-jeeg. "Now, once more!"

For the third time the wolverine jumped. Through the sky he went, passing out of sight, and O-jeeg quickly followed him.

Looking around them, they beheld a beautiful land. O-jeeg, who had spent his life among the snows, stood like a man who dreams, wondering if it could be true. He had left behind him a bare world, white with winter, whose waters were always frozen, a world without song or color. He had now come into a country that was a great green plain, with flowers of many hues; where birds of bright plumage sang amid the leafy branches of trees hung with golden fruit. Streams wandered through the meadows, and flowed into lovely lakes. The air was mild, and filled with the perfume from a million blossoms. It was Summer.

Along the banks of a lake were the lodges in which lived the people of the sky, who could be seen some distance away. The lodges were empty, but before them were hung cages in which there were many beautiful birds. Already the warm air of Summer had begun to rush through the hole made by the wolverine, and O-jeeg now made haste to open the cages, so that the birds could follow.

The sky-dwellers saw what was happening, and raised a

great shout. But Spring, Summer and Autumn had already escaped through the opening into the world below, and many of the birds as well.

The wolverine, too, had managed to reach the hole, and descend to the earth, before the sky-dwellers could catch him. But O-jeeg was not so fortunate. There were still some birds remaining that he knew his son would like to see, so he went on opening the cages. By this time the sky dwellers had closed the hole, and O-jeeg was too late.

As the sky-dwellers pursued him, he changed himself into the Fisher, and ran along the plain, toward the North, at the top of his speed. In the form of the Fisher he could run faster. Also, when he took this shape, no arrow could injure him unless it hit a spot near the tip of his tail.

But the sky-dwellers ran even faster, and the Fisher climbed a tall tree. They were good marksmen, and they shot a great many arrows, until at last one of these chanced to hit the fatal spot. Then the Fisher knew that his time had come.

Now he saw that some of his enemies were marked with the totems, or family arms, of his own tribe. "My Cousins!" he called to them. "I beg of you that you go away, and leave me here alone."

The sky-dwellers granted his request. When they had gone, the Fisher came down from the tree, and wandered around for a time, seeking some opening in the plain through which he might return to the earth. But there was no opening; so at last, feeling weak and faint, he stretched himself flat on the floor of the sky, through which the stars may be seen from the world below.

"I have kept my promise," he said with a sigh of content. "My son will now enjoy the summer, and so will all the people who dwell on the earth. Through the ages to come I shall be set as a sign in the heavens, and my name will be spoken with praise. I am satisfied."

So it came about that the Fisher remained in the sky,

where you can see him plainly for yourself, on a clear night, with the arrow through his tail. The Indians call them the Fisher Stars—O-jeeg An-nung; but to white men are they known as the constellation of the Plough.

Grasshopper

There was once a merry young Indian who could jump so high, and who played so many pranks, that he came to be known as Grasshopper. He was a tall, handsome fellow, always, up to mischief of one kind or another; and though his tricks were sometimes amusing, he carried them much too far, and so in time he came to grief.

Grasshopper owned all the things that an Indian likes most to have. In his lodge were all sorts of pipes and weapons, ermine and other choice furs, deer-skin shirts wrought with porcupine quills, many pairs of beaded moccasins, and more wampum belts than one person could have honestly come by.

The truth is, Grasshopper did not get these things by his skill and courage as a hunter. He got them by shaking pieces of colored bone and wood in a wooden bowl, then throwing them on the ground. That is to say, Grasshopper was a gambler, and such a lucky gambler that he easily won from others, with his game of Bowl and Counters, the things that they had obtained by risking their lives in the hunt.

If people put up with his ways, and even laughed at some of his mad pranks, it was because he could dance so well. Never had there been such a dancer. Was there a wedding to be celebrated, or some feast following a successful hunt—then who but Grasshopper could so well supply the entertainment?

He could dance with a step so light that it seemed to leave no mark upon the earth. He could dance as the Indian dances when he goes to war, or as when he holds a festival in honor of the corn. But the dance in which he excelled was a furious, dizzy dance, with leaps and bounds, that fairly turned the

heads of the beholders.

It was then that Grasshopper became a kind of human whirlwind. As he spun round and round, his revolving body drew up the dry leaves and the dust, till the dancer all but faded from view, and you saw instead what looked like a whirling cloud.

Once, when the great Manito, named Man-a-bo-zho, took a wife and came to live with the tribe, that he might teach them best how to live, Grasshopper danced at the wedding. The Beggar's Dance, he called it, and such a dance! On the shores of the Big-Sea-Water, Gitche Gumee, are heaps of sand rising into little hills known as dunes. Had you asked Iagoo, he would have told you that these dunes were the work of Grasshopper, who whirled the sands together, and piled them into hills, as he spun madly around in his dance at Man-a-bo-zho's wedding.

But though Grasshopper came to the wedding, and danced this crazy Beggar's Dance, it seems probable that he did it more to please himself, and to show his skill, than to honor the great Man-a-bo-zho. Grasshopper really had no respect for anybody. When Iagoo's grandfather was in the middle of some interesting story, and had come to the most exciting part, Grasshopper likely as not would yawn and stretch himself, and say in a loud whisper that he had heard it all before.

So, too, with Man-a-bo-zho. This great Manito, who was the son of the West-Wind, Mud-je-kee-wis, had magic powers which he used for the good of the tribe. It was he who fasted and prayed, that his people might be given food other than the wild things of the woods; and whose prayer was answered with the gift of the Indian corn. Then when Kah-gah-gee, King of ravens, flew down with his band of black thieves, to tear up the seed in the ground, it was Man-a-bo-zho who snared him, and tied him fast to the ridge-pole of his lodge, to croak out a warning to the others.

But Man-a-bo-zho's goodness and wisdom had little effect on Grasshopper. "Pooh!" he would say. "Why should an Indian bother his head with planting corn, when he can draw his bow and kill a good fat deer?" Then he shook his wolfskin pouch, and rattled the pieces of bone and wood. "As long as I have these," he said to himself, "I need nothing more. After all, it is everybody else that works for the man who knows how to use his head."

He walked through the village, very proud and straight, with his fan of turkey-feathers, a swan's plume fastened in his long, black hair, and the tails of foxes trailing from his heels. In his white deer-skin shirt, edged with ermine, his leggings and moccasins ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, he cut a fine figure. There was to be a dance that night, and Grasshopper, who was a great dandy and a favorite with all the young girls and women, had decked himself out for the occasion. He had painted his face with streaks of blue and vermilion; his blue-black hair, parted in the middle, and glistening with oil, hung to his shoulders in braids plaited with sweet grass. The warriors might call him Shau-go-daya, a coward, and make jokes at his expense, but he did not care. Could he not beat them all when it came to playing ball or quoits, and were not the maidens all in love with his good looks?

Meanwhile, Grasshopper wished to pass the time in some pleasant way. Glancing through the door of a lodge, he saw a group of young men seated on the ground, listening to one of old Iagoo's stories.

"Ha!" he cried. "Have you nothing better to do? Here's a game worth playing."

He drew from his pouch the thirteen pieces of bone and wood, and juggled them from one hand to the other. But no one paid any attention to him. After all, Grasshopper had "more brains in his heels than in his head." For once he had been too cunning; fearing his skill, no one could be found who

would play with him.

"Pooh!" muttered Grasshopper, as he turned away. "I see how it is. The pious Man-a-bo-zho has been preaching to them again. This village is getting to be pretty tiresome to live in. It's about time for me to strike out, and find a place where the young men don't sit around and talk to the squaws."

He walked along, bent on mischief. Even the dance was forgotten; he wondered what he could do to amuse himself. As he came to the outskirts of the village, he passed the lodge of Man-a-bo-zho. "I would like to play him some trick," he said, under his breath, "so he will remember me when I am gone." But he was well aware that Man-a-bo-zho was much more powerful than himself; so he hesitated, not knowing exactly what do to.

At last he walked softly to the doorway, and listened, but could hear no sound of voices. "Good!" he said with a grin. "Perhaps nobody is at home." With that, he spun around the outside of the lodge, on one leg, raising a great cloud of dust. No one came out; but on the ridge-pole of the lodge, the captive Kah-gah-gee, King of ravens, flapped his big black wings, and screamed with a hoarse, rasping cry.

"Fool!" cried Grasshopper. "Noisy fool!"

With a bound, he leapt clear over the lodge, and then back again; at which the raven screamed more harshly than ever. But within the lodge all was silent.

Grasshopper grew bolder. Going to the doorway again, he rattled the flap of buffalo hide. Nobody answered; so, cautiously drawing the curtain to one side, he ventured to peer in. Then he chuckled softly. The lodge was empty.

"This is my chance!" he exclaimed. "Man-a-bo-zho is away, and so is his foolish wife. I'll just pay my respects before they come back, and then I'll be off for good."

Saying this, he went in, and began to turn everything upside down. He threw all the bowls and kettles in a corner, filled the drinking gourds with ashes from the fire, flung the

rich furs and embroidered garments this way and that, and strewed the floor with wampum belts and arrows. When he finished, one might have thought a crazy man had been there. No woman in the village was more neat and orderly than the wife of Man-a-bo-zho, and Grasshopper knew this would vex her more than anything else he could do.

"Now for Man-a-bo-zho," he grinned as he left the lodge, well pleased with the mischief he had wrought.

"Caw, caw!" screamed the King of ravens.

"Kaw!" answered Grasshopper, mocking him. "A pretty sort of pet you are. Does Man-a-bo-zho keep you sitting there because you are so handsome? Or is it your beautiful voice?"

With that, he made a leap to the ridge-pole, seized the raven by the neck, and whirled it round and round till it was quite limp and lifeless. Then he left it hanging there, as an insult to Man-a-bo-zho.

He was now in high good humor, and went his way through the forest, whistling and singing, and turning handsprings to amuse the squirrels. There was a high rock, overlooking the lake, from the top of which one could view the country for miles and miles. Grasshopper climbed it. He could see the village plainly, so he thought he would wait there till Man-a-bo-zho came home. That would be part of the joke.

As he sat there, many birds darted around him, flying close over his head. Man-a-bo-zho called these fowls of the air his chickens, and he had put them under his protection. But Grasshopper had grown reckless. Along came a flock of mountain chickens, and he strung his bow, and shot them as they flew, for no better reason than because they were Man-a-bo-zho's, and not because he needed them for food. Bird after bird fell, pierced by his arrows; when they had fallen, he would throw their bodies down the cliff, upon the beach below.

At last Kay-oshk, the sea-gull, spied him at this cruel sport, and gave the alarm. "Grasshopper is killing us," he

called. "Fly, brothers! Fly away, and tell our protector that Grasshopper is slaying us with his arrows."

When Man-a-bo-zho heard the news, his eyes flashed fire, and he spoke in a voice of thunder:

"Grasshopper must die for this! He cannot escape me. Though he fly to the ends of the earth, I shall follow, and visit my vengeance upon him."

On his feet he bound his magic moccasins with which, at each stride, he could step a full mile. On his hands he drew his magic mittens with which, at one blow, he could shatter the hardest rock. Then he started in pursuit.

Grasshopper had heard the warning call of the sea-gull, and knew it was time to be off. He, too, could run. So fleet of foot was he that he could shoot an arrow ahead of him, and reach the spot where it fell before it dropped to earth. Also, he had the power to change himself into other shapes, and it was almost impossible to kill him. If, for example, he entered the body of a beaver, and the beaver was slain, no sooner had its flesh grown cold than the *Jee-bi*, or spirit, of Grasshopper would leave the dead body, and Grasshopper would become a man again, ready for some new adventure.

But at first he trusted to his legs and to his cunning. On rushed Man-a-bo-zho, breathing vengeance; swiftly, like a moving shadow, fled Grasshopper. Through the forest and across the hills he fled, faster than the hare. His pursuer was hot on the trail. Once he came upon the forest bed where the grass was still warm and bent; but the Grasshopper, who had rested there, was far away. Once Man-a-bo-zho, high on a mountain, spied him in the meadow below. Grasshopper had shown himself on purpose, and mocked the great Manito, and defied him. The truth is, Grasshopper was just a bit conceited.

At last he grew tired of running. Not that his legs ached him or his feet were sore. But this kind of life was not much to his liking, and he kept his eye open for something new. Pretty soon he came to a stream where the water was backed

up by some kind of a dam, so that it flooded the banks. Grasshopper had run about a thousand miles that day—counting all the turns and twists. He was hot and dusty, and the pond, with its water-lilies and rushes, looked cool and refreshing. From far, far away came a faint sound; it was the voice of Man-a-bo-zho, shouting his war-cry.

"Tiresome fellow!" said Grasshopper. "I could almost wish I were a beaver, and lived down there at the bottom of the pond, where no one would disturb me."

Then up popped the head of a beaver, who looked at him suspiciously.

"Don't be alarmed. I left my bow and arrows over there in the grass," explained Grasshopper. "Besides, I was just thinking I would like to be a beaver myself. What do you say to that?"

"I shall have to consult Ahmeek, our chief," answered the friendly animal.

Down he dived to the bottom, and pretty soon Ahmeek's head appeared above the water, followed by the heads of twenty others.

"Let me be one of you," said Grasshopper. "You have a pleasant home down there in the clear, cool water, and I am tired of the life I lead."

Ahmeek was pleased that such a strong, handsome young Indian should wish to join their company.

"But I can help you," he answered, "only after you have plunged into the pond. Do you think you can change yourself into one of us?"

"That is easy," said Grasshopper.

He waded into the water up to his waist; and behold! he had a broad flat tail. Deeper and deeper he went; as the water closed above his head he became a beaver, with glossy, black fur, and feet webbed like a duck's. Down he sank with the others to the bottom, which was covered with heaps of logs and branches.

"That," explained Ahmeek, "is the food we have stored for the winter. We eat the bark, and you will soon be as fat as any of us."

"But I want to be even fatter," said Grasshopper. "Fatter and ten times as big."

"As you please," agreed Ahmeek. "We can help to make you just as big as you wish."

They reached the lodge where the beavers lived, and entered the doorway, leading into a number of large rooms. Grasshopper selected the largest one for himself.

"Now," he said, "bring me all the food I can eat, and when I am big enough I will be your chief."

The beavers were willing. They set to work getting quantities of the juiciest bark for Grasshopper, who was delighted with this lazy life, and did little more than eat or sleep. Bigger and bigger he grew, till at last he was ten times the size of Ahmeek, and could barely manage to move around. in his lodge. He was perfectly happy.

But one day the beaver who kept watch up above, among the rushes of the pond, came swimming to the lodge in a state of great excitement.

"The hunters are after us," he panted. "It is indeed Mana-bo-zho himself, with his hunters. They are breaking down our dam!"

Even as he spoke, the water in the pond sank lower and lower; the next moment came the tramping of feet, as the hunters leapt upon the roof of the lodge, trying to break it open.

All the beavers but Grasshopper scampered out of the lodge, and escaped into the stream, where they hid themselves in some deep pools, or swam far down with the current. Grasshopper did his best to follow them, but could not. The doorway was too small for his big, fat body; when he attempted to go through it, he found himself stuck fast.

Then the roof gave way, and the head of an Indian

appeared.

"*Ty-au!*" he called. "*Tut-ty-au!* See what's here! This must be Me-shau-mik, the King of the beavers."

Man-a-bo-zho came, and gave one look.

"It's Grasshopper!" he cried. "I can see through his tricks. It's Grasshopper in the skin of a beaver."

Then they fell upon him with their clubs; and eight tall Indians, having swung his limp carcass upon poles, carried it off in triumph through the woods.

But his *Jee-bi*, or spirit, was still in the body of the beaver, and struggled to escape. The Indians bore him to their lodges and prepared to make a feast. Then, when the squaws were ready to skin him, his flesh was quite cold, and the spirit of Grasshopper left the beaver's body, and glided swiftly away. As the shadowy shape fled across the prairie, into the forest, the watchful Man-a-bo-zho saw it take the human form of Grasshopper, and he started in pursuit.

Grasshopper's life among the beavers had made him lazier than ever, and as he ran he looked around for some easier way than running. Soon he came upon a herd of elk, a species of deer with large, spreading horns. The elk were feeding contentedly, and looked sleek and fat.

"They lead a free and happy life," said Grasshopper as he watched them. "Why fatigue myself with running? I'll change myself into an elk, and join their band."

Horns sprouted from his head; in a few minutes the transformation was complete. Still he was not satisfied.

"I am hardly big enough," he said to the leader. "My feet are much too small, and my horns should be twice the size of yours. Is there nothing I can do to make them grow?"

"Yes," answered the leader of the elks. "But you do it at your own risk."

He took Grasshopper into the woods, and showed him a bright red berry that hung in clusters on some small, low bushes.

"Eat these," he said, "and nothing else, and your horns and feet will soon be much bigger than ours. However, it would be wise if you did not eat too many of them."

The berries were delicious. Grasshopper felt that he could not get enough, and he ate them greedily whenever he could find them. Before long his feet had grown so large and heavy he could hardly keep up with the herd, while his horns had such a huge spread that he sometimes found them rather in his way.

One cold day the herd went into the woods for shelter; pretty soon some of the elks who had lingered behind came rushing by with snorts of alarm. Hunters were pursuing them.

"Run!" called out the leader to Grasshopper. "Follow us out on the prairie, where the Indians cannot catch us."

Grasshopper tried to follow them; but his big feet weighted him down, and he ran slowly. Then, as he plunged madly through a thicket, his spreading horns were entangled in some low branches that held him fast. Already several arrows had whizzed by him; another pierced his heart, and he sank to the ground.

Along came the hunters, with a whoop. "Ty-au!" they exclaimed when they saw the enormous elk. "It is he who made the large tracks on the prairie. Ty-au!"

As they were skinning him, Man-a-bo-zho joined the party; and at that moment the *Jee-bi*, or spirit, of Grasshopper escaped through the mouth of the dead elk, and passed swiftly to the open plains, like a puff of white smoke driven before the wind. Then, as Man-a-bo-zho watched it melt away, he saw once more the mortal shape of Grasshopper; and once more he followed after, breathing vengeance.

As Grasshopper ran on, a new thought came into his head. Above him in the clear blue sky the birds wheeled and soared. "There is the place for me," he said, "far up in the sky. Let me have wings, and I can laugh at Man-a-bo-zho."

Ahead of him was a lake; approaching it, he saw a flock

of wild geese known as brant, feeding among the rushes. "Ha," said Grasshopper, admiring them as they sailed smoothly here and there. "They will soon be winging their way to the North. I would like to fly in their company."

He spoke to them, calling them Pish-ne-kuh, his brothers, and they consented to receive him as one of the flock. So he floated on his back till feathers sprouted on him, and he became a brant, with a broad black beak, and a tail that would guide him through the air as a rudder steers a ship.

Greedy as ever, he fed long after the others had had enough, so that he soon grew into the biggest brant ever seen. His beak looked like the paddles of a canoe; when he spread his wings they were as large as two large *au-puk-wa*, or mats. The wild geese gazed at him in astonishment. "You must fly in the lead," they said.

"No," answered Grasshopper. "I would rather fly behind."

"As you please," they told him. "But you will have to be careful. By all means keep your head and neck straight out before you, and do not look down as you fly, or you may meet with an accident."

It was a beautiful sight to see them flap their wings, stretch their long necks, and rise with a "whir" from the lake, mounting the wind, and rushing on before it. They flew with a breeze from the south, faster and faster, till their speed was like the flight of an arrow.

One day, passing over a village, they could hear the people shouting. The Indians were amazed at the size of the big brant, flying in the rear of the flock; yelling as loud as they could yell, their cries made Grasshopper curious. One voice especially seemed familiar to him, and he could not resist the temptation to draw in his neck and stretch it down toward the earth. As he did so, the strong wind caught his tail, and turned him over and over. In vain he tried to recover his balance; the wind whirled him round and round, as it whirls a leaf. The earth came nearer, the shouts of the Indians grew

louder in his ears; at last he fell with a thud, and lay lifeless.

It was a fine feast of wild goose that had dropped so suddenly from the skies. The hungry Indians pounced upon him, and began to pluck his feathers. This was the very village where Grasshopper had once lived; little had he dreamed that he would ever return to supply it with such a dinner, a dinner at which he himself was to be the best dish.

But again his *Jee-bi*, or spirit, went forth, and fled in the form of Grasshopper; again Man-a-bo-zho, shouting his war-cry, followed after.

Grasshopper had now come to the desert places, where there were few trees, and no signs of animal life. Man-abo-zho was gaining on him; he must play some new trick. Coming at last to a tall pine-tree growing in the rock, he climbed it, pulled off all the green needles, and scattered them about, leaving the branches quite bare. Then he took to his heels again. When Man-a-bo-zho came, the pine spoke to him, saying:

"See what Grasshopper has done. Without my foliage I am sure to die. Great Manito, I pray you give me back my green dress."

Man-a-bo-zho, who loves and protects all trees, had pity on the pine. He collected the scattered needles, and restored them to the branches. Then he hastened on with such speed that he overtook Grasshopper, and put his hand out to clutch him. But Grasshopper stepped quickly aside, and spun round and round on one leg in his whirlwind dance, till the air all about was filled with leaves and sand. In the midst of this whirlwind he sprang into a hollow tree, and changed himself into a snake. Then he crept out through the roots, and not a moment too soon; for Man-a-bo-zho smote the tree with one of his magic mittens, and crumbled it to powder.

Grasshopper changed himself back into his human form, and ran for dear life. The only thing left for him to do was to hide. But where? In his headlong flight he had come again to

the shores of the Great Lake; and he saw rising before him the high cliff of the Picture Rocks. If he could but manage to reach these rocks, the Manito of the Mountain, who lived in one of the gloomy caverns, might let him in. Sure enough! As he reached the cliff, calling out for help, the Manito opened the door, and told him to enter.

Hardly had the big door closed with a bang, than along came Man-a-bo-zho. With his mitten he gave a tap on the rock that made the splinters fly.

"Open!" he cried, in a terrible voice.

But the Manito was brave and hospitable.

"I have sheltered you," he said to Grasshopper, "and I would rather die myself than give you up."

Man-a-bo-zho waited, but no answer came.

"As you will," he said at last. "If the door is not opened to me by night, I shall call upon the Thunder and the Lightning to do my bidding."

The hours passed; darkness fell. Then from a black cloud that had gathered over the Great Lake, Way-wass-i-mo, the red-eyed Lightning, shot his bolts of fire. Crash—boom—crash! An-ne-mee-kee, the Thunder, shouted hoarsely from the heavens. A wild wind arose; the trees of the forest swayed and groaned, and the foxes hid in their holes.

Way-wass-i-mo, the Lightning, leapt from the black cloud, and darted at the cliff. The rock trembled; the door was shivered, and fell apart. Out from his gloomy cavern came the Manito of the Mountain, asking Man-a-bo-zho for mercy. It was granted, and the Manito fled to the hills.

Grasshopper then appeared; the next moment he was buried under a mass of rock shaken loose by An-ne-mee-kee, the Thunder. This time he had been killed in his human form, he could play his mad pranks no more.

But Man-a-bo-zho, the merciful, remembered that Grasshopper was not wholly bad.

"Your *Jee-bi*," he said, "must no longer remain upon the

earth in any form whatever. As a man you lived an idle, foolish life, and you are no longer wanted here. Instead, I shall permit you to inhabit the skies."

Saying this, he took the ghost of Grasshopper, and clothed it with the shape of the war-eagle, bidding him to be chief of all the fowls.

But Grasshopper, the mischievous, is not forgotten by the people. In the late winter days, snow fine as powder fills the air like a vapor. It keeps the hunter from his traps, the fisherman from his hole in the ice. Suddenly a puff of wind seizes this light, powdery snow, blows it round and round, and sets it whirling along; and when this happens, the Indians laugh and say:

"Look! There goes Grasshopper. See how well he dances."

Mish-O-Sha, the Magician

In the heart of the great green forest once lived a hunter whose lodge was many miles distant from the wigwams of his tribe. His wife had long since died, and he dwelt there all alone with his two young sons, who grew up as best they could without a mother's care.

When the father was away on a hunting trip, the boys had no companions but the birds and beasts of the forest, and with some of the smaller animals they became fast friends. Ad-ji-dau-mo, the squirrel, scampering from tree to tree, would let his nut-shells fall plump on the roof of the lodge. That was his way of knocking at the door, coming to pay a morning call. He was a great talker, without much to say—as is often so with those whose voices are seldom still. But he was bright and merry, chattering away cheerfully about nothing in particular; and it made no difference whether you listened to him or not.

Wa-bo-se, the little white hare, was another friend. One winter's day, when forest food was scarce, O-ne-o-ta, the lynx, was just about to pounce upon him, when the boys' father let fly an arrow—and O-ne-o-ta was no longer interested in little white hares.

Wa-bo-se was grateful for this, and sometimes in his shy way he tried to show it.

The father and the boys lived mostly on big game, like bear and venison. This meat would be cut in strips, and cured; sometimes it had to last them many a long day, when game was scarce, or the woods so dry for want of rain that the twigs would snap under the hunter's feet, and warn the animals he was coming. So the boys were used to being left alone for

weeks at a time, when their father was absent.

Then came a season of famine. No berries grew on the bushes, grass withered on the stalk, few acorns hung on the oaks. Some of the brooks went dry. Thus it happened that the hunter had gone far in search of game.

Many months passed. When Seegwun, the elder boy, saw that but little meat remained, he said to his younger brother Ioscoda:

"Let us take what meat is left, and strike out through the forest, toward the North. I remember our father saying that many moons distant lies a great lake called Gitche Gumee, whose waters are alive with fish."

"But can we find our way?" asked Ioscoda, doubtfully. "Never fear!" called out a voice from overhead. It was Ad-ji-dau-mo, the squirrel, frisky as ever, though a little lean for lack of nuts.

"I'll go along with you," he continued, "and so will Wa-bo-se, the white hare. He can hop ahead and find the trail, and I can jump from tree to tree, and keep a look-out. Between us, we are bound to go right."

It proved to be a good idea, and Wa-bo-se took the lead. Where the trail was overgrown with grass, he would nose his way along the ground, without once going wrong; where the track was plain, he would run ahead, then stop and sit up on his haunches, to wait for the boys, his long ears pricked up and moving, to detect the slightest danger.

But nothing happened to alarm them. The lynx, the wild-cat and the wolf had all fled before the famine, and the silent forest was empty of savage beasts. On and on they went, till it seemed as if the woods would never end. Then, one day, Ad-ji-dau-mo climbed a tall pine, from whose topmost bough he could see far over the forest. The sun was shining bright; as he cocked his eye and looked toward the north, something that seemed to meet the sky sparkled like silver. It was Gitche Gumee, the Great Lake.

They had reached a place where nuts were plentiful, and many green things grew that would fatten the white hare. So Wa-bo-se and the squirrel bade good-bye to the boys, who could now make their way with ease. Soon they came to the edge of the woods. They heard a piping cry. It was Twee-tweesh-ke-way, the plover, flying along the beach; in another moment the great glittering waters lay before them.

Seegwun with his sharp hunting knife cut a limb from an ash-tree, and made a bow; from an oak bough he whittled some arrows, which he tipped with flint. He found feathers fallen from a gull's wing for the shaft; a strip cut from his deer-skin shirt supplied the bow-string. Then giving the bow and arrow to Ioscoda, to practice with, he gathered some seed pods from the wild rose, to stay their hunger.

An arrow, badly aimed by his brother, fell into the lake, and Seegwun waded in, to recover it. He had walked into the water till it reached his waist, and put out his hand to grasp the arrow, when suddenly, as if by magic, a canoe came skimming along like a bird. In the canoe was an ugly old man, who reached out, seized the astonished boy, and pulled him on board.

"If I must go with you, take my brother, too!" begged Seegwun. "If he is left here, all alone, he will starve."

But Mish-o-sha, the Magician, only laughed. Then striking the side of the canoe with his hand, and uttering the magic words, *Chemaun Poll*, it shot across the lake like a thing alive, so that the beach was quickly lost to sight. Soon it came to rest on a sandy shore, and Mish-o-sha, leaping out, beckoned him to follow.

They had landed on an island. Before them, in a grove of cedars, were two wigwams, or lodges; from the smaller one two lovely young girls came out, and stood looking at them.

To Seegwun, who had never before seen a girl, these maidens looked like spirits from the skies. He gazed at them in wonder, half expecting they would vanish. For their part

they looked at him without smiling; in their dark eyes were only sympathy and sadness.

"My daughters!" said the old man to Seegwun, with a chuckle that displayed his long, yellow teeth. Then turning to the girls:

"Are you not glad to see me safely back?" he asked, "and are you not pleased with my handsome young friend here?"

They bent their heads politely, but said nothing.

"It's a long time since you were favored with such a visitor," he went on, in a loud whisper to the elder girl. "He would make you a fine husband."

The maiden murmured something under her breath, and Mish-o-sha gave her a wicked look.

"We shall see, we shall see!" he muttered to himself, laughing like a magpie, and rubbing his long, bony hands together.

Seegwun, much troubled in mind, and hardly knowing what to make of it all, resolved to keep his eyes open. Luckily Mish-o-sha was sometimes careless. He walked on ahead, and entered his lodge, leaving the others together; whereupon the elder girl, approaching Seegwun, spoke to him quickly:

"We are not his daughters," she said. "He brought us here as he brought you. He hates the human race. Every moon he seizes a young man, and pretends he has borne him here as a husband for me. But soon he takes him off in his canoe, and the young man never comes back. We feel sure Mish-o-sha has made away with them all."

"What must I do?" asked Seegwun. "I care less for myself than for my little brother. He was left behind on a wild beach, and may die of hunger."

"Ah!" said the maiden. "You are really good and unselfish; so, no matter what comes of it, we must aid you. Koko-ko-ho, the great owl, keeps watch all night on the bare limb of that big cedar. Wait till Mish-o-sha falls asleep, then wrap yourself from head to foot in his blanket, and steal softly to the door

of our lodge. Whisper my name, Nin-i-mo-sha, and I shall come out and tell you what to do."

"Nin-i-mo-sha," murmured the youth. "What a beautiful name!" Then, before he could thank her, the girls were gone.

Mish-o-sha now appeared, and made a sign to Seegwun to join him. The old man seemed to be in a good humor, and passed the time telling stories; but Seegwun was not deceived by this pretense of friendship. When the Magician was sound asleep, he rose, wrapped Mish-o-sha's blanket around him, and walked carefully to the door of the little lodge.

"Nin-i-mo-sha!" he whispered, and his heart beat fast; for Nin-i-mo-sha in the Indian tongue is "My Sweetheart."

"Seegwun!" she answered; and his name, meaning "Spring," came like music from her lips.

She drew aside the curtain, and came out.

"Here," she said, "is food that will last your brother for several days. Get into Mish-o-sha's canoe, pronounce the magic charm, and it will take you where you wish. You can be back before daybreak."

"But the owl?" asked Seegwun. "Will he not cry out?"

"Walk with a stoop, the way Mish-o-sha walks," she explained. "Ko-ko-ko-ho, when he sees you, will cry 'Hoot, hoot!' You must answer, 'Hoot, hoot, whoo! Mish-o-sha.' Then he will let you pass."

Seegwun did as he was told, and was soon skimming across the lake. Having landed on the beach, he began to bark like a squirrel; and at this friendly signal his brother ran up and flung his arms around him. Seegwun made a shelter for the boy, and told him he would come again. Then he returned in the canoe, and was soon fast asleep in the Magician's lodge.

Mish-o-sha, who trusted in his owl, suspected nothing. How should he know what lovers can do when they put their heads together?

"You have slept well, my son," said he. "And now we have a pleasant journey before us. We are going to an island where

thousands of gulls lay their eggs in the sand, and we shall get all we can carry away."

Remembering what Nin-i-mo-sha had said, Seegwun shivered. But she kissed her hand, and waved him a good-bye; and this put heart in him.

As the canoe sped away, he made sure that his hunting knife slipped easily in its sheath, and he did not take his eyes off Mish-o-sha for a moment.

When they reached the island the gulls rose in great numbers, and flew screaming above their heads.

"You gather the eggs," said the Magician, "while I keep watch in the canoe."

Seegwun hastened ashore, glad to quit the old man's company. Then the Magician cried out to the gulls:

"Ho, my feathered friends! Here is the human offering I promised you when you agreed to call me master. Fly down, my pretty ones! Fly down, and devour him!"

Striking the side of his canoe, he abandoned the youth to the mercy of the birds.

With harsh cries, the gulls swept down on Seegwun. Never had he heard such a clamor. Ten thousand wings beat the air, and stirred it like a storm. Whirling and darting they came upon him in a cloud. But Seegwun did not flinch. Shouting the *Saw-saw-quan*, or war-cry, he seized the first bird that attacked him. Then grasping it by the neck, he held it high above his head in his left hand, and with his right hand drew his knife, which glittered in the sun.

"Hold!" he cried. "Hold, you poor fools! Beware the vengeance of the Great Spirit."

The gulls paused in their attack, but still circled around him, with sharp beaks extended.

"Hear me, O Gulls!" he continued. "The Great Spirit gave you life that you might serve mankind. Slay me, and you slay one made to rule over all the beasts and birds. I tell you, beware!"

"But Mish-o-sha is all powerful." screamed the gulls. "He has bidden us destroy you."

"Mish-o-sha is no Manito," answered Seegwun. "He is only a wicked magician who would use you for his own evil ends. Bear me on your wings back to his island; for it is he who must be destroyed."

Then the gulls, persuaded that Mish-o-sha had tricked them, drew close together, that the youth might lie upon their backs. Rising on the wind, they carried him across the waters, setting him down gently by the lodge before the Magician had arrived there.

Nin-i-mo-sha rejoiced when she saw it was really Seegwun. "I was not mistaken in you," she told him. "It is plain that the Great Spirit protects you. But Mish-o-sha will try again, so be on your guard."

The Magician now arrived in his magic canoe. When he saw Seegwun he tried to smile pleasantly. But having had little practice in thinking kind thoughts, he only grinned like a gargoyle, which, excepting perhaps the hyena, has the most painful possible smile.

"Good, my son!" he managed to say. "You must not misunderstand me. I did it to test your courage; and now Nin-i-mo-sha is sure to love you. Ah, my children, you will make a happy pair!"

Nin-i-mo-sha turned away to hide her disgust, but Seegwun pretended to believe the malicious old man was in earnest.

"However," continued the Magician, "I owe you something for having seemed to play you such a trick. I see you wear no ornaments. Come with me, then, to the Island of Glittering Shells, and soon you will be attired as becomes a handsome warrior."

The island where they landed was indeed a wonderful place, covered with colored shells that gleamed in the sun like jewels.

"Look!" said Mish-o-sha, as they walked along the beach. "Out there a little way. See it shining on the bottom."

Seegwun waded in. When the water reached his thighs, the Magician made a leap for the canoe, and shoved it far out into the lake.

"Come, King of Fishes!" he called. "You have always served me well. Here is your reward."

Then, striking his canoe, he quickly disappeared.

Immediately an enormous fish, with jaws wide open, rose to the surface a few feet away. But Seegwun only smiled, saying as he drew his long blade:

"Know, Monster, that I am Seegwun—named after him whose breath warms the ice-bound waters and clothes the hills with green. The cowardly Mish-o-sha, fearing the anger of the Great Spirit, seeks to make you do what he dares not do himself. Spill but one drop of my blood, and it will dye the waters of the lake, in which all your tribe will miserably perish."

"Mish-o-sha has deceived me," said the King of Fishes. "He promised me a tender maiden, and has brought instead a youth with the eyes of a warrior. How shall I aid you, my Master?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Seegwun. "Rejoice that he did not keep his frightful promise. You deserve to die at my hands, but I give you a chance to repent. Take me on your back to the island of Mish-o-sha, and I will spare your life."

The King of Fishes hastened to take Seegwun astride his broad back, and swam so swiftly that he reached the island soon after Mish-o-sha. The Magician was explaining to Nini-mo-sha how the youth had fallen from the canoe into the jaws of a big fish, when along came Seegwun himself, strolling up from the Lake as if he had returned from an everyday excursion. Even so, Mish-o-sha still sought to excuse himself.

"My daughter," said he. "I was only trying to find out how much you cared for him."

But all the while he was saying to himself that the next time he would not fail. And the next time was the very next day.

"My owl is growing old, and cannot live much longer," he explained. "I should like to catch a young eagle, and tame him. Will you help me?"

Seegwun consented, and went with him in the magic canoe to a rocky point of land reaching out into the lake. There, in the fork of a tall pine, was an eagle's nest, in which were some young eagles, who could not yet fly.

"Quick!" said Mish-o-sha. "Climb the tree before the old birds return."

Seegwun had almost reached the nest when the Magician spoke to the pine, commanding it to grow taller. At once it began to rise, until it was so high, and swayed so in the wind, that he felt it would take all his courage to get down again. At the same time the Magician uttered a peculiar cry, at which the father and mother eagles came swooping from the clouds to protect their young.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mish-o-sha. "This time I have made no mistake. Either you will fall and break your neck, or the eagles will scratch your eyes out."

Striking his canoe, he vanished in the mist.

The eagles now circled around Seegwun, who, resting on a branch, thus addressed them:

"My brothers, behold the eagle's feather in my hair! It proves my admiration for your bravery and skill. Yet in me you see your master; for I am a man, and you are only birds. Obey me, then, and bear me to Mish-o-sha's island."

This praise pleased the eagles, who respected the youth's cool courage. Mounting on the back of the enormous male bird, Seegwun was borne through the air, and set down safely on the enchanted island.

Mish-o-sha now saw that neither bird nor beast would harm this handsome youth, who seemed to be protected by

some powerful Manito. It must be done some other way.

"One more test," he said to Seegwun, "and then you may take Nin-i-mo-sha for your wife. But first you must prove your skill as a hunter. Come!"

They made a lodge in the forest; and Mish-o-sha, by his magic, caused a snow-storm, with a stinging gale from the north, like a flight of icy arrows. Seegwun, that night, before going to sleep, had hung his moccasins and leggings by the fire to dry; and Mish-o-sha, rising first, at daybreak, took one of each and threw them into the flames. Then he rubbed his hands, and laughed like a prairie wolf.

"What is it?" asked Seegwun, sitting up.

"Alas, my son!" said Mish-o-sha. "I was just too late. This is the season of the moon when fire attracts all things. It has drawn to it one of your moccasins and leggings, and destroyed them. *Yeo, yeo!* I should have warned you."

Seegwun held his tongue, though the thing was plain enough. Mish-o-sha meant that he should freeze to death. But Seegwun, praying silently to his Manito for aid, took from the fireplace a charred stick with which he blackened one leg and foot, murmuring at the same time a charm. Then putting on his remaining moccasin and legging, he was ready for the hunt.

Their way led through snow and ice, into thickets of thorn, and over bogs half-frozen, where Seegwun sank to the knees. But his prayer had been heard; the charm worked, and the youth walked on, dry shod. With his first arrow he slew a bear.

"Now," he said, looking the Magician full in the eye. "I see you are suffering from the cold. Let us go back to your island."

At Seegwun's bold look, Mish-o-sha bent his head, and mumbled some foolish answer. At last he had met his match: and he knew it.

"Take up the bear on your shoulders!" commanded

Seegwun.

Again the Magician obeyed. For the first time they returned together to the island, where the two young girls looked on in amazement to see the proud Mish-o-sha staggering under the weight of the bear, grunting with helpless rage.

"His power is broken," agreed Nin-i-mo-sha, when Seegwun had told her all. "But we shall never sleep in safety until we are really rid of him. What is best to do?"

They put their heads together; and when they had talked it over, Nin-i-mo-sha laughed merrily.

"He deserves a greater punishment," she said. "The world will not be safe as long as he has life. Yet what we plan to do will revenge us, without shedding a single drop of blood."

The next day Seegwun said to the Magician:

"It is time that we rescued my brother, whom we left all alone on the beach. Come with me."

Mish-o-sha made a wry face, but prepared to go. Landing on the beach, they soon spied the boy, who joyfully clambered into the canoe. Then Seegwun said to the old man:

"Those red willows over on the bank would make good smoking mixture. Could you manage to climb up there and cut me some?"

"To be sure, my son, to be sure," answered Mish-o-sha, walking rapidly toward the willows. "I am not so weak and good-for-nothing as you seem to think."

Seegwun struck the canoe with his hand, pronouncing the magic words, *Chemaun Poll*; and away it went with the two brothers aboard, leaving the Magician high and dry, and gnashing his yellow teeth.

The girls ran to meet them at the shore, Nin-i-mo-sha rejoicing that the old man had been left behind, while her sister could think of nothing but the attractive boy who looked so much like his big brother.

"But Mish-o-sha can call the canoe back to him," said Nin-i-mo-sha, "until a way is found to break the charm. Some

one must keep watch, with his hand upon it."

Ioscoda begged permission to do his part; so they left him, with night coming on, sitting on the sand and holding fast to the canoe.

It was a tiresome task for a little boy already weary with long waiting. To amuse himself he began to count the stars. First he counted those in the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, then the ones that look like a high-back chair, and the three big bright ones in the belt of Orion the Hunter. He did not know them by these names, which were given them long afterward; but he recognized the cluster called O-jeeg An-nung, the Fisher, who brought Summer from the sky because his boy was cold.

Ioscoda also was cold, sitting there in the wet sand. But Indian boys do not complain. Yet seeing the Fisher stars, he thought of his own dear father, and wondered where he might be. Had Ioscoda been a white boy, instead of a red, we think the sand he sat on might have been a little wetter for his tears. As it was, he found himself looking at the sky through a kind of fog. What was it? He rubbed his eyes, lost his count, and began all over again.

The worst of it was that Indians could reckon only with their fingers—unless you include their toes; and Ioscoda's toes were tucked away snugly in his moccasins, quite out of sight and question. How many fingers had he counted—and how—many—stars —?

The fog, or whatever it was, filled his eyes. Lap, lap! went the little waves, rocking the canoe like a cradle. Soo, soo! sighed the wind in the cedars. All else earthly nodded and was still; even the stars blinked and winked, as if weary of watching the world.

And Ioscoda slept.

Whoo, whoo! The cry of Ko-ko-ko-ho, the owl, shrilled evilly on the ears. It was only for a moment. The shadows lifted, a squirrel barked. Wa-bun, the East Wind, rising above

the rim of the waters, let loose his silver arrows. It was day.

Ioscoda sat up, only half aroused, and looked out over the lake. Was he still on the wild beach, waiting for his brother? Then he remembered, and gave a guilty start. The canoe was gone!

Gone, but come again! There it appeared, gliding straight toward him; and in it sat Mish-o-sha.

"Good-morning, child!" called the Magician, as the canoe grated on the sand. "Are you not glad to see your grandfather again?"

Ioscoda clenched his small fists. He was very brave, and he was angry.

"You are *not* my grandfather," he said, "and I am not glad to see you again."

"*Esa, esa!* (Shame, shame!)" chuckled the old man. "But Seegwun will be glad to see me, and so will my dear daughters. I hope they have not been worried about me."

He was much pleased with his cleverness in outwitting them all, and was now as impudent as before. But Seegwun bided his time. He thought of another plan.

"Grandfather," said he, "it seems that we must continue to live here together. Let us therefore lay in a supply of meat for the winter. Come with me to the mainland. I am sure you must be a mighty hunter."

Mish-o-sha's vanity was his weakest point.

"Eh, yah!" he answered, boastfully. "I can run all day with a dead deer on my back. I have done it."

"Good!" said Seegwun. "The wind is going north again, and we shall need all our strength on the march."

Now Seegwun had somehow learned the Magician's dearest secret, which was this: Mish-o-sha's left leg and foot were the only parts of his body that could be harmed. No arrow could pierce his heart; a war-club brought down upon his head would be shivered into splinters. As well strike him with a straw. But his left leg and foot. Ah! It was not for

rheumatism that his legging was so well laced. And why did he always sit down with his left foot tucked up under him? Ha! Why, indeed? Seegwun had found the answer.

They made a rude lodge in the forest, just as they had done before. And again it came bitter cold; only this time it was Seegwun that brought the storm. He could not help laughing. There was the blazing fire, and there on the couch was Mish-o-sha, sound asleep.

Seegwun softly rose, took both the Magician's moccasins and leggings, and threw them into the flames.

"Get up, grandfather," he called. "It's the season when fire attracts all things, and I fear you have lost something you may need."

When Mish-o-sha saw what had happened he looked so frightened that Seegwun was almost sorry for him. But remembering Nin-i-mo-sha and his little brother, he could think of no other way. "We must be going," he said.

They set out through the snow. My, how cold it was! Mish-o-sha began to run, thinking this would help; while Seegwun followed, fearing that if he led, the Magician might send an arrow through his back. After running for an hour, the Magician was quite out of breath, and his legs and feet were growing numb and stiff.

They had come to the edge of the forest, and reached the shore of the lake. Here Mish-o-sha stopped. When he tried to take another step, he could not lift his feet. How heavy they had grown! He tried again; but something strange had happened. His toes sank into the sand, and took the form of roots. The feathers in his hair, and then the hair itself, changed gradually into leaves. His outstretched arms were branches, swaying in the wind; bark appeared on his body.

Seegwun looked and wondered. That which had been Mish-o-sha was no longer a man, but a tree, a sycamore hung with button-balls, leaning crookedly toward the lake.

At last the wicked old Magician had met his master. No

more would his evil spell be cast on the young and innocent Seegwun lingered a moment, to make sure that Mish-o-sha would not come to life. Then he took his way across the water, where the others, anxiously awaiting him, were told the good news.

"Mish-o-sha is no more," said Seegwun. "He can never harm us again. Let us leave this place where we have suffered so much, and make our home on the mainland."

So together they went forth, his sweetheart, her sister, and the boy, with Seegwun showing the way. The trail he took led them again to the great forest, and once more to the lodge from which he had set out. And there they lived happily for the rest of their days.

The Fairy Bride

Once there was a lovely young girl named Neen-i-zu, the only daughter of an Indian chief, who lived on the shore of Lake Superior; Neen-i-zu, in the Indian language, means "My Dear Life." It was plain that her parents loved her tenderly, and did everything in their power to make her happy and to shield her from any possible harm.

There was but one thing that made them uneasy. Neen-i-zu was a favorite with the other young girls of the village, and joined them in their play. But she liked best of all to walk by herself in the forest, or to follow some dim trail that led to the heart of the little hills. Sometimes she would be absent for many hours; and when she returned, her eyes had the look of one who has dwelt in secret places, and seen things strange and mysterious. Nowadays, some persons would have called Neen-i-zu "romantic." Others, who can never see a thing that is not just beneath their noses, would have laughed a little, in a superior sort of way, and said she was a "dreamer."

What was it that Neen-i-zu saw and heard, during these lonely walks in the secret places of the hills? Was it perhaps the fairies? She did not say. But her mother, who wished her to be more like other girls, and who would have liked to see her marry and settle down, was much disturbed in mind.

The mischievous little fairies known as Puk-Wudjies were believed to inhabit the sand dunes where Neen-i-zu so often went to walk. These were the sand-hills made by Grasshopper, when he danced so madly at Man-a-bo-zho's wedding, whirling the sand into great drifts and mounds that may be seen to this very day. The Puk-Wudjies loved these hills, which were seldom visited by the Indians. It was just the place

for leap-frog and all-hands-'round; in the twilight of summer days they were said to gather here in little bands, playing all manner of pranks. Then, as night came, they would make haste to hide themselves in a grove of pine-trees known as the *Manito Wac*, or the Wood of the Spirits.

No one had ever come close to them; but fishermen, paddling their canoes on the lake, had caught glimpses of them from afar, and had heard the tiny voices of these merry little men, as they laughed and called to one another. When the fishermen tried to follow, the Puk-Wudjies would vanish in the woods; but their foot-prints, no larger than a child's, could be seen on the damp sand of a little lake in the hills.

If anything more were needed to convince those doubters who did not believe in fairies, the proof was quickly supplied by fishermen and hunters who were victims of their tricks. The Puk-Wudjies never really harmed anyone, but they were up to many kinds of mischief. Sometimes a hunter, picking up his cap in the morning, would find the feathers plucked out; sometimes a fisherman, missing his paddle, would discover it at last in a tree. When such things happened it was perfectly plain that Puk-Wudjies had been up to their pranks, and few persons were still stupid enough to believe it could be anything else.

Neen-i-zu had her own ideas concerning these little men; for she, like Morning Glory, had often listened to the tales that old Iagoo told. One of these stories was the story of a Happy Land, a far-off place where it was always Summer; where no one wept or suffered sorrow.

It was for this land that she sighed. It filled her thoughts by day, when she sought the secret places of the hills, and sat in some lonely spot, listening to the mysterious voices that whispered in the breeze. Where was this Happy Land—this place without pain or care?

Tired out at night, she would sink into her bed. Then from their hiding places would come stealing the small messengers

of Weenz, the Spirit of Sleep. These kindly gnomes—too small for the human eye to see—crept quickly up the face of the weary Neen-i-zu and tapped gently on her forehead with their tiny war-clubs, called *pub-ga-mau-guns*. Tap—tap—tap!—till her eyelids closed, and she sought the Happy Land in that other pleasant land of dreams.

She, too, had seen the foot-prints of the Puk-Wudjies on the sandy beach of the little lake, and had heard their merry laughter ring out in the grove of pines. Was it their only dwelling place, she asked herself, or were they not messengers from the Happy Land, sent to show the way to that mortal who believed in it, and longed to enter.

Neen-i-zu came to think that this must be really so. Oftener than ever, she made her way to the meadow bordering on the Spirit Wood, and sat there gazing into the grove. Perhaps the Puk-Wudjies would understand, and tell the fairies whom they served. Then some day a fairy would appear at the edge of the pines, and beckon her to come. That would surely happen, she thought, if she wished it long enough, and could give her wishes wings. So, sitting there, she composed the words of a song, and set it to the music the pines make when the south wind stirs their branches. Then she sang:

Spirit of the laughing leaves,
  Fairy of the forest pine,
Listen to the maid who grieves
  For that happy land of thine.
From your haunt in summer glade
  Hasten to your mournful maid.

Was it only her fancy, that she seemed to hear the closing words of her song echoed from the deep woods where the merry little men had vanished? Or was it the Puk-Wudjies mocking her?

She had lingered later than usual; it was time to go. The new moon swung low in the western sky, with its points

turned upwards to the heavens. An Indian would say he could hang his powder horn upon it, and that it meant dry weather, when the leaves crackled under the hunter's feet, and the animals fled before him, so that he was unable to come near enough to shoot. And Neen-i-zu was glad of this. In the Happy Land, she declared no one would suffer, and no life would be taken.

Yet it was a hunter that her mother wished her to marry, a man who spent his whole life in slaying the red deer of the forest; who thought and talked of almost nothing else.

This came into her mind as she rose from her seat in the meadow, and cast a farewell glance at the pines. The rays of the crescent moon touched them with a faint light; and again her fancy came into play. What was it that seemed to move along the edge of the mysterious woods? Something with the dim likeness of a youth—taller than the Puk-Wudjies—who glided rather than walked, and whose garments of light green stood out against the darker green of the pines. Neeni-zu looked again; but the moon hid behind the hills. All was black to the eye; to the ear came no sound but the creepy cry of the whip-poor-will. She hastened home.

That night she heard from her mother's lips what she had long expected and feared. "Neen-i-zu," said her mother. "I named you 'My dear Life,' and you are as dear as life to me. That is why I wish you to be safe and happy. That is why I wish you to marry a good man who will take the best care of you now, and will protect and comfort you when I am gone. You know the man I mean."

"Yes, mother," answered Neen-i-zu. "I know him well enough—as well as ever I want to know him. He hunts the deer, he kills the deer, he skins the deer. That is all he does, that is all he thinks, that is all he talks about. It is perhaps well that someone should do this, lest we starve for want of meat. Yet there are many other things in the world, and this hunter of yours is content if he does but kill."

"Poor child!" said her mother. "You are too young to know what is best for you."

"I am old enough, mother dear," answered Neen-i-zu, "to know what my heart tells me. Besides, this hunter you would have me marry is as tall as a young oak, while I am not much taller than one of the Puk-Wudjies. When I stand up very straight, my head comes little higher than his waist. A pretty pair we would make!"

What she said was quite true. Neen-i-zu had never grown to be much larger than a child. She had a graceful, slender body, little hands and feet, eyes black as midnight, and a mouth like a meadow flower. One who saw her for the first time, passing upon the hills, her slight figure sketched against the sky, might have thought that she herself was a fairy.

For all her gentle, quiet ways, and her love of lonely places, Neen-i-zu was often merry. But now she seldom laughed; her step was slow; and she walked with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "When she is married," thought her mother, "she will have other things to occupy her mind, and she will no longer go dreaming among the hills."

But the hills were her one great joy—the hills, and the flowery meadows where the lark swayed to and fro, bidding her be of good cheer, as he perched on a mullein stalk. Every afternoon she sat, singing her little song. Soon she would sing no more. The setting sun would gild the pine grove, the whip-poor-will would complain to the stars; but the picture would be incomplete; there would be no Neen-i-zu. For the wedding day was named; she must be the hunter's wife.

On this day set for her marriage to the man she so disliked, Neen-i-zu put on the garments of a bride. Never had she looked so lovely. Blood-red blossoms flamed in her jet-black hair; in her hand she held a bunch of meadow flowers mingled with the tassels of the pine.

Thus arrayed, she set out for a farewell visit to the grove. It was a thing they could not well deny her; but as she went

her way, and the hills hid her from sight, the wedding guests looked uneasily at one another. It was something they could not explain. At that moment a cloud blew up from nowhere, across the sun; where light had been there was now a shadow. Was it a sign? They glanced sidelong at the hunter, but the bridegroom was sharpening his sheath knife on a stone. Sunshine or shadow, his thoughts were following the deer.

Time passed; but Neen-i-zu did not return. Then so late was the hour, that the wedding guests wondered and bestirred themselves. What could be keeping her so long? At last they searched the hills; she was not there. They tracked her to the meadow, where the prints of her little moccasins led on and on—into the grove itself; then the tracks disappeared. Neen-i-zu had vanished.

They never saw her more. The next day a hunter brought them strange news. He had climbed a hill, on his way home by a short cut, and had paused there a moment to look around. Just then his dog ran up to him, whining, with its tail between its legs. It was a brave dog, he said, that would not run from a bear, but this one acted as if he had seen something that was not mortal.

Then the hunter heard a voice, singing. Soon the singing stopped, and he made out—far off—the figure of Neen-i-zu, walking straight toward the grove, with her arms held out before her. He called to her, but she did not hear, and drew nearer and nearer to the Spirit wood.

"She walked like one who dreams," said the hunter, "and when she had almost reached the woods, a young man, slender as a reed, came out to meet her. He was not one of our tribe. No, no! I have never seen his like. He was dressed in the leaves of the forest, and green plumes nodded on his head. He took her by the hand. They entered the Sacred Grove. There is no doubt that he was a fairy—the fairy Evergreen. There is nothing more; I have finished."

So Neen-i-zu became a bride, after all.

The Daughter of the Stars

Once upon a time as a young hunter was walking along over the prairie, he noticed a strange sight. It was a ring in the grass. It appeared as if steps had worn a path in the shape of a circle.

There was nothing strange in this alone, but the hunter saw that there was no path leading to the ring or from it. No men, therefore, could have made it; it was certainly a magic circle.

"I will stay here and watch," the young man said to himself. "I will discover if I can how this ring was made."

He lay down in the tall grass and prepared to wait patiently for what he might see. He did not have long to wait, for soon the sounds of sweet music were heard in the air above him. At the same time the watcher saw a tiny, tiny cloud far away in the sky overhead. It did not stay there, however, for it moved slowly downwards toward the earth.

As the hunter looked, he saw that it grew larger and larger till at last when it had drawn near the spot where he lay hidden, he discovered that he was mistaken and that it was not a cloud at all. It was a basket-car and in it were twelve lovely maidens, the fairest and most beautiful his eyes had ever beheld.

And now the basket reached the ground, landing in the very center of the magic ring. The maidens sprang out and began to dance. Round and round the ring they moved and at each step they touched a shining ball with their feet.

The young hunter admired the maidens, but the youngest one of all won his heart completely. He sprang from his hiding place that he might take her in his arms, but the very moment

he appeared the beautiful strangers took fright. They sprang into the light basket which had borne them to the earth and rose rapidly in the air till they were quite lost to sight

The young man's heart was sad for he thought he should never again see the maidens. He went slowly home to his lodge and tried to fill his mind with his usual tasks.

Yet somehow the world had lost its joy. No longer did he care to hunt the wild creatures of the prairie. The stories of the old warriors around the evening fire were without their usual charm. The maidens of his tribe had no more interest for him. His mind turned again and again to the magic ring worn in the prairie grass and the beautiful beings who had delighted to frolic within its bounds.

Even when the young hunter was asleep he seemed to hear the heavenly music and see the maidens who did not belong to this earth.

"I will go back to the ring in the grass," he said to himself. "It may be that they will come again. This time I will change my shape into that of an ugly opossum; then if they see me they will not be afraid, nor flee from my sight."

He kept his word. The next day he went to the prairie and hid in the long grass near the magic ring, but he no longer had the form of a young Indian brave. He looked for all the world like that ugly, stupid creature, the opossum.

Not long after he had settled himself in his hiding place, the sound of sweet music floated downward through the air, and the hunter saw what he had longed for so earnestly—the basket-car bearing the twelve beautiful maidens. Downward it floated till it lighted on the very spot where it had rested before—the center of the magic circle.

Again, as on that other day, the maidens sprang out and began their joyous dance. Then the seeming opossum crept out from the tall grass and moved slowly toward the dancers. As soon as they noticed him, the music suddenly came to an end, the light feet stopped their gay tripping, and the

frightened maidens sprang into the car which began to rise at once.

While it was still close to the earth, the hunter heard the oldest of the dancers tell her sisters that there was no cause for fear; the ugly creature they saw might have wished to show them how the people of the earth played the game they had been playing.

But the youngest maiden cried out, "No, no, it cannot be; let us rise at once."

These were the only words the listener could hear, as the basket moved swiftly upward and was soon lost to sight The young man was almost hopeless. What form could he possibly take so that the heavenly maidens would have no fear of him?

As he stood thinking, his eyes fell upon the hollow trunk of a tree which stood near the magic ring. A family of field mice were running in and out of the trunk which seemed to be their home.

"Ah!" thought the hunter, "I will change myself into a mouse. Such a tiny creature as a mouse would hardly be noticed."

He moved the trunk still nearer the magic ring. Then he went home to his lodge to wait anxiously for the next day.

Soon after the sun's bright rays bade "good morning" to the earth, the hunter went back to the prairie and in the shape of a mouse took his place in the hollow trunk.

Very soon there was the sound of music; then the watcher, peeping anxiously out of his hole, saw the wished-for car float down to the earth.

Again his eyes feasted on the twelve beautiful maidens as they sprang from the car and began their graceful dance; but most of all he gazed at the youngest of the dancers, who enchanted him more than all the others. All at once one of the maidens noticed the old trunk.

"That was not there yesterday," she said to her sisters. "Look! What does it mean?"

But the others only laughed. They tripped lightly to the trunk and struck it. The mice came running out, and among them was the young hunter still in the form of these humble creatures.

The maidens ran here and there, chasing the mice and killing all of them except the young hunter. He was clever enough not only to escape being killed but also to manage so that the youngest of the maidens should follow him.

While she was chasing him about she caught up a stick from the ground and was on the point of striking him with it when he suddenly changed himself back into his true shape. Then before she could escape he caught her in his arms. At last he had his prize!

When the other maidens saw what had happened, they fled in fright to their airy basket and quickly rose from the earth. Their sister looked longingly after them, but she was now a prisoner.

"I will make her happy," the hunter said. "My prize shall be made to love me and to forget her home in the stars."

He gently led the maiden to his lodge, where he treated her most tenderly. He told her stories of his life and of the wild creatures he hunted. He tried in every way to turn her thoughts from her sisters in the heavens and to make her love the life of the red man.

Her fear quickly passed away. She soon learned to love the young and handsome hunter and was quite willing to become his bride.

Many moons passed by and a beautiful child came to bless the young couple and to bring more love and brightness into the lodge. Yet the child's mother began to have a great longing to return to her home in the heavens. If only she might make a visit to her father, the star-chief, she felt that she would be satisfied.

She did not tell her husband of her wish; nay, she kept it hidden carefully in her heart that he might not have the

slightest thought how she felt.

In the meantime she set to work to make a basket within the magic ring where she and her sisters used to dance. She worked only while her husband was away from the lodge on his long hunts.

When everything was completed she carried there all the dainties of this earth that she thought would be pleasing to her father. Then she went back to the lodge, took her little son in her arms, and hurried to the magic circle. Leaping into the basket she began to sing. Instantly the basket rose, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Before long, the daughter of the stars had reached her old home and friends.

Now it happened that her husband, although he was a long way off, heard his wife's song as she rose into the air in her magic basket. He hurried to the prairie as fast as he could go, but alas! he was too late. He called to his wife in pitiful tones and begged her to return to earth and make his lodge happy once more. But she did not stop in her course or give any heed to his words.

He was alone with his sorrow. He lay down on the prairie with his face to the ground. It seemed as though his heart would break. If only his child had been left to him, he might have borne the loss of his wife. But to lose both! It was too much.

At last he rose from the ground and went back to his lodge. How bright it had seemed to him yesterday, how dark and lonely to-day.

Many moons passed by and still the hunter mourned. All this time the days were going merrily for his wife in her starry home. There was so much to enjoy that she might have forgotten the little lodge on earth and the handsome hunter, her husband, if it had not been for one thing. Her child kept saying, "Let me go to my dear father. Please take me where I can see his kind smile and hear his loving words."

At last the boy's grandfather, the star-chief, said:

"My daughter, it is but right that your son should see his father. Go back to earth and get your husband. Bring him with you to our home in the heavens; but bring also one of each kind of living creature that he kills while hunting."

His daughter did as her father commanded. The hunter was never far away from the magic ring, and when he once more heard his wife's voice as she floated down toward the earth, he hastened to the charmed spot and was there to greet her as the basket landed.

And now once more he held his dear ones in his strong arms as he told them how he had missed them and how lonely his life had been without their company.

"My father bids me invite you to return with us to our home above," his wife said to him. She also spoke of the star-chief's wish for the birds and beasts of the earth.

Her husband was only too glad to do what she asked. He went hunting day after day, striving to make a choice collection of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field to be found in all the country round.

He did not keep the whole body of each of these creatures, however. If it was a bird, he saved only the wing or a claw. Or, if his prey happened to be a four-footed creature, he preserved the tail or a single foot. These were quite enough to show his wise father-in-law to what kind of creatures they belonged.

At last when he could do no more, he told his wife he was ready to go with her on the visit to her father. The little family, laden with their presents, entered the basket-car and rose to the realms above.

How gladly they were greeted! What joy there was in the star-home of the hunter's wife! Soon after they arrived, her father held a great feast to which he invited all his people. It was like no other that had ever been heard of before.

When the guests had come together, the host invited each one to choose a present for himself out of the things the hunter had brought from earth.

Everyone made haste to select something. As soon as the choice was made, a strange change took place: those who had taken legs or wings at once became birds; while the ones who chose claws or tails were instantly changed into the forms of animals.

Now it happened that the emblem of the hunter's family was a white hawk; he, therefore, as well as his wife and son, chose feathers of that bird, and they were at once changed into hawks.

Spreading their wings, they flew downwards from the heavens, never stopping in their airy flight till they had reached the earth itself.

The Star and the Lily

Sometimes after the little red child has been paddling for hours over the blue surface of the lake, he becomes tired of the sport. Then, drawing in his paddle, he lies back in his canoe and feasts his mind on the beautiful legends his grandmother has told him. As the gentle breeze moves his boat here and there, he floats among clumps of lily-pads. He can just see the white blossoms reaching their heads above the water.

"Ah!" thinks the child, "these flowers are given to make us happy and fill us with love, for they bind us to the starry heavens."

Then with eyes half-shut he gazes upward at the blue sky above him and repeats to himself the legend of the Star and the Lily.

Once upon a time the whole world was beautiful. Flowers of all colors adorned the fields and filled the air with their sweet odors. Birds flew hither and thither without fear of harm, for human beings had never as yet lifted their hands against them. No white man had sought the home of the Indian, who lived at peace with all of his race. The tomahawk and the scalping knife had not been thought of, for there was neither war nor bloodshed.

Even the beasts of the field came and went at the command of their master, man. No one suffered want or cold or hunger, and game was plentiful whenever it was needed.

In those happy times, when day ended and darkness fell upon the earth, the red men loved nothing better than to stretch themselves in the green fields and watch the stars come peeping forth, one by one, in the sky above them.

"They are the homes of those who lived good lives on

earth," the watchers would say to each other, "and if we do right now, we too shall go to those beautiful abodes when it is our time to die."

So constantly did they watch the stars that they noticed at once when a new one appeared in the heavens to the south of them, much brighter, and its light seemed softer and more loving than any of the others. Then the red men saw that this star was different in still another way—it was much nearer the earth than its celestial sisters. It seemed almost as though one could reach it if he climbed yonder mountain peak.

What was the meaning of the star? Was it the sign of some great good coming to the red men? Or was it to prepare them for evil days that were drawing near? It was then that one of the old men reminded the people of a story of their fathers; when such a star appeared in the heavens it was the beginning of trouble.

A council of the wise men of the land must be called together. Perhaps they could decide as to the meaning of the star.

One moon passed by and the red men were still in doubt as to the meaning, when one of their young braves had a wonderful dream. A maiden most fair to look upon appeared before him. She was in the midst of a soft and beautiful light. She spoke, and her words were like music.

She told the young man that this land was once that of her father's. She loved its lakes and rivers, its green plains, its high mountains, its birds and flowers. Indeed she loved it so well that she had left her sisters in the heavens that she might dwell here. What shape could she take that she might make it her home? And where could she live in safety?

Then the young man awoke. He hastened to the council of wise men and told his dream.

"The beautiful maiden is none other than the star we have seen in the south," said one of the listeners, and all agreed with him.

"We must send messengers with words of greeting to the star," they all decided.

Five of the noblest and bravest of the young warriors were chosen. That very evening they went to the summit of the mountain south of their home, carrying with them a pipe of peace filled with sweet-smelling herbs. They offered it to their heavenly visitor and bade her welcome.

Then they turned their way homeward, while the star, with wings outspread, followed them on their way and watched lovingly over them and their people till morning light.

That very night the young brave who had dreamed of the beautiful star-maiden had a second dream in which she appeared to him again. Once more she asked him where and how she might live among the red men. The dreamer answered and spoke of different places, but not one of them seemed to suit the star-maiden. Then he told her to choose for herself, and she agreed to do so.

At first she sought the heart of the white rose that grows on the mountain side. But there she was quite hidden from sight and no one could enjoy her beauty. Then she sought a home in the broad fields of the prairie, but alas! she was not safe, for the heavy hoof of the buffalo might destroy her at any moment.

A third time she settled among the steep rocks far up in the mountains; but this home did not suit the star any better than the others, for here she was quite lonely and could have no pleasure with the little red children whom she loved most tenderly.

"I must be where they can see and enjoy me and where we may be happy together," said the star.

At last she thought of a place that suited her. It was the surface of the blue waters, where the red children could glide in their canoes with safety and where they could play with their beautiful friend and be happy in her company.

Not a moment was lost. The star sped downward and alighted upon the calm bosom of the lake. The very next day its waters were dotted with countless starry blossoms which rested quietly in their new home, but whose snow-white petals looked ever upward to the blue heavens above them.

In the early dawn the Eastern Star shown softly down upon the sister who had chosen to make her home on earth; while at the setting of the sun, the Star of the West gleamed brightly in the sky to give her greeting.

Year after year went by and still the children of the red men sped over the waters in their graceful canoes, happy with their friend and playfellow, the Star of the South, who had left her heavenly home to dwell among them in the shape of the water lilies.

White Feather and the Six Giants

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived all alone with his grandfather in the deep woods. The child had no father nor mother, nor brother nor sister. Indeed his grandfather had told him that he had no other relation in the world except himself.

"They were all destroyed by six giants," the old man said. Then he went on to tell how his people had made a wager and set up their own children against those of the giants, and how they had lost them all.

When the child was old enough to walk about and amuse himself, he was given a tiny bow and arrows to play with. Not long afterwards he wandered about till he came to the edge of the woods. There he saw a rabbit running, but he did not know what it was. When he got home he told his grandfather about it and described the little creature as well as he could.

"It is good to eat," he was told. "If you send an arrow into its body, you will kill it."

The child went back to the place where he had seen the rabbit and when it appeared he killed it. He proudly brought it home to his grandfather and asked him to boil it for dinner.

The old man praised the child for shooting the rabbit. Then he told him there were larger creatures in the forest, creatures which it was dangerous to hunt; there were deer and moose and many others that furnish rich food for man.

"What else is there in this world?" thought the boy when he grew older. He had never yet known any people besides his grandfather, and as he looked around the lonely forest he wondered if there were others like himself, and what they were doing.

One day he wandered away from the forest and out upon the edge of the prairie. There he saw a pile of ashes and the poles of a lodge still standing upon the ground. He went home and told his grandfather what he had seen.

"Did you set up those poles?" he asked. "And was it you who built a fire there?"

"No," answered the old man, "nor do I think you saw anything of the kind. You must have dreamed it."

After this the young man, who had become a very good hunter by this time, went out into the forest to see what he might find. When he was a long way from home, he heard a voice calling him, and these were the words:

"Come here! You shall yet wear the White Feather. You have not won it yet although you deserve it. Go home and lie down for a short sleep. You will have a dream and in the dream you will hear a voice telling you to get up and smoke. While you are still dreaming you will see before you a pipe, a smoking-sack, and a white feather. As soon as you wake from your nap, you must hunt till you find these three things. As soon as you have found them, take the feather and place it on your head. From the time that you do this, you will be a great hunter and warrior, able to do wonderful things.

"Now, that you may know I speak truly, I will tell you one thing more: whenever you smoke, the smoke will change at once into pigeons.

"Before I leave you I wish to tell you about your grandfather. He is not as good as he seems, and he is making use of you for his own selfish ends. Your relations have been wronged in the past, but you are old enough now to avenge that wrong.

"See! I place a vine beside you. You must offer to run a race with any enemy you shall meet. This vine is a magic vine and he will not be able to see it. While you are running you must throw it over his head. It will tangle him about and thus you shall always be the winner of the race."

While the voice was speaking to him the young man turned to see who was its owner. There before him stood a strange being whose head seemed alive and like his own, but whose body from the shoulders down was of wood and fastened to the ground. More wonderful still, as the voice stopped speaking the face faded out of sight, as also did the whole figure of the strange being.

The young man went homeward and as soon as he had arrived there he lay down to nap, as he had been told to do. He was soon asleep and then in his sleep he heard a voice in the air above him. When he awoke he found the three gifts that had been promised. He picked up the white feather at once and fastened it on his head.

How surprised his grandfather was when he saw pigeons flying about the lodge as his grandson smoked, and he noticed for the first time the white feather on his forehead. The old man thought at once of what, had been promised long ago for his tribe: that the day would come when a child should grow up and be a great man, doing brave and wonderful deeds. He should be known by the white feather he would wear.

"I shall lose my grandson now," thought the old man sadly. "He bears the mark of the white feather and it will not be possible to keep him with me any longer."

The very next morning the young man, with his three magic gifts, left the lodge in the forest and went forth in search of the six giants who had wronged his people.

He traveled on and on till he reached the wood where the giants lived. It was no surprise to them when they saw him, for the news of his coming had been brought to them in some magic way. They hurried out to meet him and cried scornfully:

"Here comes the man with the white feather who thinks he can do such wonders."

Yet they did not wish to frighten him so he would fear to try his skill against theirs. So they said:

"You certainly have courage, and we want to see some of your brave deeds."

"Let us have a foot-race, then," said White Feather.

"We will be easy with him at first," thought the giants, so they chose the smallest one among them to run the race.

The two runners were to go towards the rising sun to a certain tree, and then back to the starting point; here was an iron war-club. The first one to reach it was to kill the other with it.

It was further agreed between the giants and White Feather that if he won the first race, he should next try his skill with the second giant, and then the third, and so on, till each of the giants had had his turn.

Now was the time for the magic vine to help him, and it did not fail. He won the race and cut off the head of the first giant with the iron war-club.

On the morning of the second day the young man said he was ready for the second race. So the next larger giant prepared to run with him. White Feather was the winner, as he had been before, and the second giant was killed and beheaded just as the first had been.

Five mornings came and went, and each day a race was run with one of the giants and they all came to an end in the very same way.

When the sixth day arrived, only the last and largest giant was left alive. He said to White Feather:

"You have beaten and killed all of my brothers. Now, if you will give me their heads, you may have the start of me in the race we are to run together."

He spoke pleasantly, but in his heart he was planning how to get the better of the young man.

"No," said White Feather, "I will not agree to what you ask, for I wish to keep the heads as trophies of my victories over all of you."

The time drew near for the race and the young man

started towards the giant's lodge. On his way there he heard the same voice that had helped him before. Looking about him, he beheld the very same figure which had filled him with wonder.

"White Feather," said the voice, "the giant is planning to deceive you. Be very careful. Never in your life have you looked upon a woman. Before you reach the giant's lodge, you will meet one who is very, very beautiful. Do not notice her. If, however, you catch her eye, change yourself into an elk at once. Then turn away and begin to feed. Do not look upon the woman again."

White Feather thanked his strange helper and went on his way. Soon a beautiful woman appeared before him. He thought at once of the words of warning and instantly changed himself into an elk.

"Why did you take this form?" she sadly asked. "I have come a long way to meet you, for I heard of your brave deeds and wished to become your wife."

Now was the time that White Feather should have remembered the instructions which his unknown friend had given him and should have kept his eyes turned away; but as he listened he was filled with a great love for this beautiful creature and he forgot everything else. He changed himself back into a man and sat down beside the woman, that he might tell her of his love.

Little did the foolish fellow guess that she was none other than the sixth giant, who had taken this form in order to cheat White Feather and destroy him.

In a little while the young man began to feel drowsy. The smiles and sweet words of the woman were working their magic on him. He laid his head upon her lap and was soon fast asleep.

When the giant was quite sure that White Feather was asleep, he took on his own shape once more. He quickly seized the feather from the young man's forehead and placed

it on his own head. Then he struck the sleeper with his iron war-club and changed him into a dog.

Poor White Feather! There was nothing left for him now but to follow the giant and do his bidding without a word of complaint.

It happened that a long way off there was an Indian village where two sisters were living. These maidens had heard of the brave White Feather and each of them longed to win his love and become his wife. At the very time that the young man was changed into a dog they were fasting so as to get power to draw him to them.

The giant knew this, and as soon as he had put on the magic feather, he set out to make the maidens a visit. While he was still some distance away they saw the white feather moving on the forehead of the giant and took it for a sign that their wishes were about to come true.

The elder of the two maidens had put her lodge into the best order and had decked it out gaily, that it might please the brave visitor whenever he should appear. But the younger sister had done nothing whatever.

As the giant and his dog drew near the elder sister went out to meet him. She welcomed him with her sweetest smiles and most loving words. He followed into her lodge and took her for his wife.

How different it was with the second maiden! She kindly noticed the poor little dog and led him to her lodge, where she fed him and prepared a good bed for his rest and comfort.

The next day the giant went forth to hunt. He felt sure that so long as he wore the white feather he would get whatever he wished. He went about over the prairie shouting to the wild animals to come up and get killed. He made such a noise, however, that he scared them all away. Not one creature did he get the whole long day, and when night came he went back to the lodge with nothing to show for all the hours he had spent hunting. No, not even the shouting did he bring

back, for he was so tired that he left that also on the prairie behind him.

While he was away the dog also went hunting. He trotted down to the river and carefully picked out a certain place. Then he crept into the water and picked up a stone. The stone changed into a beaver as soon as he touched it. He carried it home to the lodge and gave it to the maiden who had taken pity on him and treated him so kindly.

"Hm!" the giant said to himself when he heard of the prey the dog had brought home, "I will follow him and see how he does his hunting."

The next morning the dog started out and the giant followed him. When they came near the river, the giant hid behind a tree to see what would take place. The same thing happened as on the day before. The dog crept down the bank into the water and seized a stone, which at once changed into a beaver.

"I can do what the dog can do," thought the giant. "That is certainly an easy way to hunt."

When the dog had gone away, the big fellow crept out from his hiding place and went down over the bank to the river. He picked up a stone and to his great delight it changed at once into a beaver. He fastened it to his hunting belt and went home. When he reached the lodge he threw it down at the doorway in true Indian fashion. Then he went inside and bade his wife bring in his hunting belt.

She did as he told her, but when she appeared before him he was astonished to see only a stone fastened to the belt instead of a beaver.

The dog very soon discovered that the giant had found out how his hunting was done. So when he went out the next day, he chose a different way. He traveled to a distant wood and looked about till he found a tree which had been badly burned. He broke off one of the charred limbs. Instantly it changed into a bear.

The giant was watching all the time and although he had got nothing from his beaver hunt he still thought he would gain a great deal by copying what the dog did.

He, too, went to the burned tree and broke off one of the charred limbs. It turned at once into a bear. He fastened it to his belt and carried it home; but when his wife went to bring in the prey she found only a stone, as she had the day before.

And so it went on. The dog went hunting again and again and never failed to bring pride to the maiden who treated him so kindly. The giant, on the other hand, copied everything the dog did, yet he never succeeded in what he undertook. His squaw became ashamed of the noisy, boasting fellow and at last she thought:

"I will go to my father and tell him about the husband who brings home only sticks and stones, while pretending they are bears and beavers."

Soon afterwards when the giant started out to hunt, she left the lodge to seek her father. Then the dog, seeing that no one was around except his mistress and himself, went to her and made signs. He wished her to give him a sweat after the manner of the red men.

He had been so good to her that she was willing to please him. She set to work at once and made a tiny lodge,—it was just big enough for the dog to creep inside. Then she carried in hot stones and poured water on them. Clouds of steam began to rise and the dog could sweat himself to his heart's content.

It was no common sweat, however, for he was no common dog. Before long he had sweated all the dog away and was once more a man, and a very handsome one at that. Yet he could not speak, for the sweat had carried away all the voice he had.

In the meantime the elder sister had reached her father's lodge. She was so busy telling about her sister's taking a dog for a husband and sharing her lodge with him that she had no

time to tell about her own troubles.

"Hm!" her father said to himself as he listened to her story, "It is no common dog; there is magic about all these things."

After thinking it all over, he sent a number of young men and women to bring his daughter and her dog to his lodge. When they arrived, they were much surprised to find no dog at all, but in its place there was a handsome young man.

He was quite willing to go with the maiden to her father's lodge where the wisest men of the place gathered to see him. The giant was there too, you may be sure.

At the beginning of the council, the chief took his pipe and filled it. Then, he passed it to each one of the men in turn who smoked and passed it on to the others. When it came to White Feather he handed it at once to the giant, who placed it in his mouth and puffed away with all his might while the feather on his forehead waved back and forth.

There was nothing wonderful to be seen, however. The young man now took it and made a sign to the others to put the magic feather on his head. This was no sooner done than the puffs of smoke coming from his pipe changed into great flocks of blue and white pigeons which flew in all directions over the heads of the astonished people.

At the same instant White Feather found his voice once more and was able to speak for himself. The company saw at once that the giant was no true magician and gladly listened to the story White Feather was able to tell them.

The old chief was quite a magician himself, and as he listened he made up his mind to punish the giant well for his many wicked deeds. He changed him then and there into a dog and ordered that the creature be let loose in the middle of the village and that the boys of the place should put him to death with their clubs.

Thus the last and sixth giant met his death and there was nothing more to fear from him.

As soon as the giant had been killed, White Feather asked the chief to order all the young men to make arrows for four days. The order was given and the young men set to work.

White Feather himself was also busy. He took an old buffalo robe and cut it up into the thinnest of strips. He took these out on the prairie in the night time when no one could see him and sowed them in every direction.

At the end of the four days a great quantity of arrows had been made. Then White Feather invited the young men to go out on the prairie to hunt with him. They saw before them an immense herd of buffaloes, and it was an easy matter to kill as many as they wished.

Then they went back to the village with White Feather and held a great feast to celebrate his brave deeds with the giants. It was a joyous festival and everyone made merry, but like all good things it came to an end at last.

Then White Feather said to his squaw:

"Ask your father to let me take you to visit my grandfather."

When she had told the old chief of her husband's wish, he answered:

"A woman must follow her husband wherever he may choose to go."

White Feather now bade the old chief and his many friends good-bye. He placed the magic plume on his head, and taking his war-club in his hand, he started out into the world with his loving wife.

The Enchanted Youth

A little Indian boy was sitting outside his father's lodge in the evening light. The blue waters of the lake stretched almost at his feet. The sun sank slowly in the west like a ball of fire. The clouds began to take on various colors, soft and delicate pink, bright crimson, faint purple. Then the glory faded away and the stars peeped out one by one, in the heavens above the boy's head. Some were very bright and seemed to send a loving, tender light down upon the earth. Others were so faint that the red child had to strain his eyes to see them.

"They are the homes of great spirits," he said to himself, "and these spirits have power over us people upon the earth. Most of them are good and wish only kindness; yet our wise men say that some of them are cruel and wicked."

The child shivered at the thought. Just then he chanced to look over towards the west where the evening star had just appeared in the heavens. It winked and blinked at the Indian boy as if it wished to say:

"Do not fear, little one. Bad spirits are not as powerful as good ones, and are sure to be overcome if we are only patient."

"Yes, that was the way with Osseo," the child said to himself." He was good and brave and was happy at last."

Just then the boy's father stepped outside the lodge and the child begged him to repeat the story of Osseo, the son of the Evening Star. His father was always glad to please his little son when he could, so he began at once to tell the tale of the Enchanted Youth.

Osseo was a handsome young man whose father ruled

over the star of the west—or as the red men called it, the woman's star; for he had great power over all the women of the earth.

It happened that there was another star who was jealous of Osseo's father and of his greatness and power.

The bad spirit thought, "I will spite the Woman's Star by harming his son."

In the twinkling of an eye, he changed Osseo from a beautiful youth into a feeble old man.

Although Osseo's form was changed, his heart was as young and light as ever, and he soon fell in love with a beautiful maiden, Oweenee, who was one of ten sisters.

Oweenee had many lovers and it seemed strange to all her friends when she chose Osseo, a bent and feeble old man, for her husband. All her sisters married young and handsome men and they pitied Oweenee deeply. They said to each other:

"How fortunate it would be for our poor sister if Osseo should die. Then she could marry someone of her own age and not be bound any longer to an old husband."

It happened one day that they went with their husbands, together with Osseo and Oweenee, to a great feast of their people. As they journeyed along, they said many mean and cruel things about Osseo. They mocked him for being weak and old.

Oweenee, however, treated him most tenderly and helped him on his way.

When Osseo could hear the unkind words of the women no longer, he looked up toward the heavens and cried in a strange voice,

"Pity me, father!"

His wife's cruel sisters did not know what he was saying, but as they heard the sad cry they thought:

"It is too bad that Osseo does not fall and kill himself. Then our poor sister would be free."

Only a short time after Osseo cried out so pitifully, the party passed a hollow log which lay beside the path. As Osseo reached it, he rushed into the hollow with a loud shout. For a moment he was lost to sight, then behold! he appeared at the opening in the other end of the log so changed that no one would have known him. For now he was a young and handsome man who moved with easy, graceful steps as he joined his wife. At that very moment, however, her form became that of an old woman, as weak and feeble as Osseo had been before.

How lovingly he sprang to her side! how tenderly he took her arm and guided her trembling steps! He had not forgotten how she had treated him when he was helpless.

He spoke to her in the gentlest manner, and even called her sweetheart, as a lover would.

At last the party reached the place where the feast was prepared. One by one they went into the lodge and took the places that were given them.

Everyone began to eat except Osseo, who seemed busy thinking. He looked often at his dear wife, whose face once so fair and beautiful was now so wrinkled and homely, and turned his eyes upward towards the heavens again and again.

It happened that this very feast was given in honor of the Evening Star, Osseo's father. Soon after it began, the guests heard sweet music in the air. It seemed to them that it came from the songs of birds in the woods outside.

It was not so with Osseo, however, for he was wiser than they. This seeming music was the voice of his father speaking to him from the heavens, and in this music the son could hear his words plainly. He said to Osseo:

"My dear son, I have known all your troubles, and have pitied you most deeply. I come to you at last to bid you leave the wicked earth where bad spirits walk at night. It is they who have brought you trouble, but it is over at last I ask you now to dwell with me in the Evening Star where you shall be

young forever and your days shall be full of happiness."

Thus spoke the star. Many other things he promised his listening son.

Osseo was most glad to hear that he need not come alone; all who were dear to him were invited to the feast of the star. But he must at once eat of the food spread before him in the lodge; it was magic food. As soon as he had eaten, everything around him would be changed. The dishes would be no longer of wood, nor the kettles of clay; they would shine with the beauty of silver and wampum.

Besides all these things, the Evening Star promised that the women who were gathered at the feast should be changed. They would become birds, as bright and beautiful as the light of the stars.

As the Evening Star finished speaking, the guests felt the lodge shake from end to end. At the same time it rose in the air so rapidly that no one had a chance to jump out and remain upon the earth. As it floated higher and higher, Osseo began to look around him. The words of the Evening Star had indeed come true, for everything was changed. The dishes were now scarlet shells; the poles that held up the lodge were no longer of rough wood—they were of shining silver. The walls were as gorgeous as the wings of the most beautiful insects.

Osseo's friends were also changed. They had become birds of bright plumage and flitted about with happy songs. Yes, all were changed but one; Oweenee, his sweetheart, his dear wife, was still a bent and wrinkled old woman.

How could Osseo be happy if Oweenee could not share the joy of the others? He cried aloud, making the same strange, pitiful sound he had uttered on the way to the feast. His father must have heard the cry, for it had hardly been uttered before Oweenee was changed into her old self, only more lovely than ever. At the same time she found herself with Osseo outside his father's lodge in the Evening Star.

His father bade them enter, for he had much to say. When they had done so he told for the first time why Osseo had met with so much trouble on earth. He said:

"My dear son, there is another star, less powerful than myself, who did this harm to you in order to spite me. Be careful that you never let his light shine upon you or you may again fall under his power. That light that seems so beautiful to the ignorant is the arrow that entered your hearts and changed you into old and feeble creatures."

Both Osseo and Oweenee were quite content to live in the Evening Star and had no wish to return to earth. Time passed by and a little son was born to them. As soon as the child was old enough to run about, his father gave him a bow and arrows and taught him how to use them.

He did not need to go far from the lodge to gain skill, for there was the cage of birds hanging near his own door. Although the child did not know it, the prisoners inside were the cruel aunts and their husbands who had made Osseo so unhappy on earth and had been placed there by the order of the Evening Star.

The boy had hardly learned his first lesson in shooting before his arrow sped straight to one of the birds in the cage. The bird fell lifeless, as the boy thought, but, as he went to take it, it suddenly changed into a lovely young woman, no other than a sister of Oweenee.

The arrow that the boy had shot was fastened in her breast and from the place where it had entered her body drops of blood fell to the ground.

Never before had such a thing happened in the beautiful Evening Star. Up to this time war and bloodshed were not known and no creature ever met with harm. After this it was not possible for the child or his parents to live there. The charm was broken.

He suddenly began to fall down through the soft and fleecy clouds; down, down, through the clear, cool air. And

he did not stop till he found himself on a beautiful island. The waters of a calm blue lake surrounded him on every, side.

He was not left long alone, for many birds came flying about his head. They were his uncles and aunts who had been shut up so long in his home in the Evening Star. These were not to be his only companions, however, for soon the boy saw a beautiful silver lodge come floating downwards through the air. Its walls were tinted in all the colors of the rainbow. It came to rest at last on the very top of the highest hill on the island.

Then to his joy, the boy saw his father and mother step forth from the silver lodge.

A great change now took place, for the shapes of all were transformed in the twinkling of a star. They became their old selves—the same, yet not the same—for they were now so tiny that they were not men and women, as long ago, but beautiful, graceful fairies, with the true fairy nature. Never more should they be sick or in want; neither should they grow old in all the years to come. Their hearts would be filled with joy, and they would sing and dance whenever they pleased.

Even to this day that happy band of fairies gathers on the mountain top on the bright, warm nights of summer, and they dance gaily in honor of the Evening Star. Fishermen, resting in their boats near the shore, have heard their songs and have even seen the silver lodge glistening in the moonlight.

The Snail and the Beaver

There was once a snail that lived on the banks of a great river in the west. For a long time the little creature had no care or worry; food was plentiful on every hand and he could be as idle and happy as he pleased.

A day came, however, when trouble began for the snail. The waters of the river began to rise. They filled the river bed completely and still they kept on rising until the banks were quite out of sight. The waves swept over to right and left so the land on either side was covered for a wide distance.

The poor little snail clung with all his might to an old log which lay on the bank, but the rising water swept it along and it was carried far away from the place where it had been lying. The snail did not know from moment to moment what would happen next. Yet still he kept a tight hold on the log as it was tossed about by the waves.

At last the waters began to go down and the little cast-away found himself stuck fast in the deep mud of the river bank. He was quite helpless; the hot sunshine beat down upon his back; he was weak for want of food and drink. It seemed to him that he must soon die.

All at once he began to feel very different. How strong he was now! He thought, "How foolish I have been to think of giving up. Indeed everything will soon be all right."

At the same time his shell burst and his head rose higher and higher above the mud and slime of the river bank. Next, legs and feet stretched from his body to the ground and arms began to grow from out his sides.

Ah! how differently he breathed now. He was a snail no longer, but a strong and handsome man. At first he could not

think—it was all so wonderful, so very, very wonderful. He could not even remember what he had been, nor whence he had come. Then his old life came slowly back to his mind and he said, "I will seek the place where I used to live."

He was a man, to be sure, but he was quite naked and still suffering for food.

As he walked along looking for his old home, he passed birds and wild animals. They would have furnished him many good meals, but he did not know how to take them.

At last he became so weak that he could not go any farther. He lay down and gave himself up to die, but he soon heard his name called:

"Wasbashas! Wasbashas!" said the voice.

He opened his eyes and looked upwards. There, seated upon an animal white as the snow, sat a wonderful being. His eyes were as stars and a great light like that of the sun was about his head.

"It is the Great Spirit," said Wasbashas, as he bent low before the wonderful sight. He dared not lift his eyes.

Again the voice spoke to him, asking why he was afraid. Wasbashas answered, saying:

"I am weak and faint and tremble at the sight of Him who changed me from a helpless little snail in the river-mud into what I am at this moment."

Then the Great Spirit, in love and pity for Wasbashas, bade the man watch him as he held a bow and arrow in his hands. Placing the arrow upon the string he sent it whizzing through the air. Behold! It went straight into the heart of a bird and it fell lifeless to the ground. A moment afterwards a deer came in sight and it was treated in the same way.

Thus the Great Spirit showed Wasbashas how to get food, but he did not stop here. He taught the man to dress the deer and prepare its skin for clothing. He imparted the wonderful secret of fire, which would make Wasbashas the master of all the animal world and make it possible for him to cook his food

and get warmth when he was cold or wet

Last of all the Great Spirit placed a string of wampum around the man's neck, saying, "This wampum is the badge of your greatness over all other creatures."

With these words he rose into the air and vanished from sight, and Wasbashas was left alone.

After eating some food he went on his way along the shore, seeking for his old home. After he had gone a long distance, he became tired and sat down on the bank to rest and think over all the wonderful things that had been told him.

As he sat there a large beaver came up out of the water and asked who he was that he dared enter the kingdom of the beavers. Wasbashas answered:

"I am now a man, although I was once but a little snail on the shore. But who are you?" The beaver replied:

"I am king over all of my kind. They follow me wherever I lead them through my kingdom of this river. We are busy creatures and have much to do."

Wasbashas was not in the least afraid of the beaver and his proud words. He held up his bow and arrows; then he pointed to his chain of wampum as he said:

"These are the gifts of the Great Spirit. He has made me ruler over all other creatures of the earth. I am master of the birds in the air, the beasts in the field, and the fish in the water. Come, let us divide this kingdom of yours; you shall have half and I half."

After the beaver had seen the man's weapons and the chain of wampum, and after he had learned of the powers given to Wasbashas by the Great Spirit, he saw that the man who stood before him was much greater than he had supposed. His voice was no longer proud as he answered:

"Come with me to my home, where I will entertain you as well as I can. I see quite plainly that we are brothers."

Wasbashas was well pleased with the invitation and started off with the beaver. Before long they came to a beautiful

little village. The beaver stopped before one of the houses and led his visitor inside. How neat and well-kept it was! Wasbashas admired the cone-shaped roof and the floor covered with pine mats.

The beaver's wife and daughter were there, all ready to receive company. They hastened to peel fresh willow and poplar bark for a feast; for this was the daintiest kind of food they knew. The man did not care very much for such a dinner, but he enjoyed himself very well, nevertheless.

The beaver's daughter was so fair to look upon and attended so carefully to the words of her father that she won Wasbashas' heart completely. It was no wonder he had but little thought for the feast she spread before him.

He was so happy in the beaver's home that he had no wish to go away and lead a lonely life. If only the beaver's daughter could go with him, he felt that he would be satisfied. After a while he gained courage to ask her father to give her to him in marriage. His host was pleased with the idea, and not long afterwards there was a grand wedding, to which all the beavers in the country round about were invited.

The wonders did not stop here, for it pleased the Great Spirit to change the young bride into a woman fair to look upon and a fitting wife for the noble and handsome Wasbashas.

And thus it was that from this couple, who were once a humble little snail and a faithful beaver, that men came into the world and were the masters of all other creatures.

Master Rabbit

In the long ago Master Rabbit lived alone with his grandmother. It was winter and the ponds and rivers were frozen over, while the fields were covered with a thick coat of snow. Many a time Master Rabbit had hard work to get enough food even for his small family.

One day he was traveling through the forest when he came to a lonely wigwam on the bank of a river. It was the home of the Otter.

"Come in and be welcome," said the Otter when he saw Master Rabbit in the doorway. Then he turned to his housekeeper and bade her get ready to cook the dinner.

With these words he took down some hooks and left the wigwam to catch fish for the meal. In a moment he was sliding down an icy path that led straight into the water.

Down he went into the water and out of sight. But he soon appeared with a number of eels. The housekeeper took them and put them over the fire to cook.

It was no long time before the Otter was able to give his visitor a good meal.

"Dear me!" thought the Rabbit, "What a cheap and easy way the Otter has of getting food. And he only an Otter, too! I believe I will follow his example."

He was so sure that he could do as well as the Otter that he invited his host to dine with him three days afterwards.

The very next day he told his grandmother to pack up the wigwam and carry it down to the shore of the lake. As soon as this had been done, he set to work and made a coast of ice leading down to the shore. He wanted to do just what the Otter had done.

The visitor arrived in due time and then Master Rabbit turned to his grandmother, saying,

"Get ready to cook the dinner."

"But what shall I cook?" she asked.

"Never mind, I will look after that," was the Rabbit's answer, as he took a stick on which to string the eels. Then he left the wigwam and began to slide down the ice-coast he had made.

It was not like the easy, graceful manner of the Otter, for Master Rabbit went from one side to the other, jerking and bumping, till at last he landed in the icy water.

How cold it felt! And how helpless he was, for he could not swim the least bit in the world. He choked for breath and came near being drowned.

"What is the matter with the Rabbit?" cried the Otter, who stood watching him.

The old grandmother, quite as much astonished as the guest, answered, "It must be that he has seen someone do something, and he is trying to do it, too."

"Ugh!" cried the Otter. "Here, Master Rabbit, don't stay there any longer. Come out of the water, and I'll get the fish."

The poor Rabbit saw it was of no use. He was choking already and in great danger of drowning. He struggled up on to the bank and made his way to the wigwam, looking very much ashamed.

The Otter, with stick in hand, slid easily down the ice-road and a few minutes afterwards appeared before his host with a nice string of eels.

Throwing them down before the Rabbit, he left the wigwam in disgust; he would not even stay to share the dinner.

The Rabbit felt pretty much ashamed, as you have already heard. But nevertheless he was never willing to give up trying new things. One day not long afterwards he had another adventure in which he behaved very much as he had with the Otter.

He was walking through the woods when he came to a wigwam in which there were several young maidens, each of whom had a bright red headdress, for they were woodpeckers. He was very polite and pleasant in his manner, so he was soon invited to join them at dinner.

One of the pretty maidens took a wooden dish and climbed up the trunk of a tree near by. So gracefully and quickly did she move that it seemed as though she really ran up the side of the tree. Every little while she stopped and tapped upon the bark, for she was searching for the tiny insects that look so much like rice. When she had gathered enough for the dinner, she came down with her dish full and they were quickly cooked for the company.

Such a dinner as it was, so tender and so delicate!

"Ah!" thought Master Rabbit as he sat eating, "how easy it was to get this nice food. I believe I could do it as well as these woodpecker girls."

So then and there he invited all the maidens to come to his house the next day but one.

"I will have a good dinner for you," he promised as he bade them good-bye.

When the time came for the feast the guests arrived at Master Rabbit's wigwam. Then, to show how smart he could be, he took the head off the spear with which he caught eels and fastened it on his nose for a beak. He was now all ready for gathering rice, as he thought.

He went to a tree and began to climb it; but how different it was from the easy way of the woodpecker girls! He kept slipping and hurting himself, for it was not work to which he was used. His head was soon scratched and bleeding from the sharp spear-point and he felt sore and unhappy.

The pretty woodpecker girls watched him in wonder and laughed at his clumsy movements.

"What is he trying to do?" they asked the old grandmother.

"Oh, he must have seen someone do something and he is trying to do the same thing," was the answer.

At this one of the woodpecker girls laughed heartily and she called out to Master Rabbit:

"Come down; give me the dish and I will take your place."

As soon as Master Rabbit handed it to her she ran up the tree and was soon back with a very feast of a dinner.

But that was not the end of it, by any means, for Master Rabbit was teased by the pretty woodpecker maidens for many a long day after.

Even now he had not learned the lesson of letting other peoples' trades alone. He was still foolish enough to believe that he could do anything that he saw others doing. One day soon afterwards he had another adventure, very much like the ones with the Otter and the woodpecker girls.

He was making a call on Mooin, the Bear, and while there he was filled with wonder at the manner in which Mr. Bear got a dinner for his hungry family. This was the way:

Mooin put a big pot over the fire. Then he cut a thin slice off his own foot and put in the pot to boil. Lo! that tiny bit of meat grew and grew larger and larger till there was not only enough in the pot to make a dinner for the whole Bear family but there was also a large piece for Master Rabbit to take home to his people.

"Hm!" mused the Rabbit," the wampum of our family tells us that a rabbit can do everything that a bear can do, and more, too. I'll try this thing myself."

So in all confidence he turned to Mooin and said:

"Come to my wigwam the day after to-morrow and share my dinner with me."

When the time came the Bear appeared in Master Rabbit's wigwam and the host, turning to his grandmother, said,

"Put the pot over the fire to boil."

Then sharpening his knife, he tried to cut bits of flesh

from the soles of his feet They were so thin and small, however, that it was hard work to get any; and besides, poor Rabbit hurt himself very much.

Mooin began to growl. "What is the Rabbit trying to do?" he said to the old grandmother.

"I don't know," she answered, "but I think he is trying to do what he has seen someone else do."

"Look here! give me that knife," cried the Bear when he heard this.

As soon as he had taken it he began to cut bits from the soles of his own feet, which were thick and tough. Then he went on to get the dinner in the same way he had done two days before. But the Rabbit, whose tender little feet were aching sadly, could not enjoy it. Indeed, they were so sore that it was many a long day before he was able to run and scamper in the woods in his old gay and happy way. By this time, however, he had learned his lesson and was never as foolish again.

The Magic Moccasins

In the long ago a young girl was living all alone with her little brother. He was called the Wearer of the Ball, for he always carried a magic ball upon his back. There were no other wigwams in all the country round and year after year passed by without these two young people having any company except themselves.

"I wonder if there are no other people in the world," the boy thought. As he grew older he longed more and more to travel and learn for himself. When at last he had become a young man, he went to his sister and asked her:

"Are there no other people in the world but ourselves?"

"Yes," was the answer. "A long, long way from here there is a village where many people are living together."

"Make me some moccasins," her brother instantly replied: "I am old enough now to seek a companion."

As soon as his moccasins were ready, the young man got his war club and started off on his travels. He had walked many miles over the lonely country when he came to a little wigwam. In it there was an old woman sitting by the fireside. As he stood in the doorway, she looked up and bade him enter. She said:

"My grandchild, I think you must be one of those who are searching for the distant village. One after another has met with a sad fate. Now, unless your guardian spirit is more powerful to help you than theirs have been, you too will meet with such a fate as came to them. Be sure to carry with you the magic bones used in the medicine dance. Otherwise, you are sure to fail."

The old woman did not stop here; she went on to give

other advice to the young man. She said:

"In that village which you are seeking, you will notice a large lodge in the very center. It is the home of the chief who has two daughters. Close by the doorway stands a large tree without any bark upon its trunk. A tiny lodge hangs from the tree and in it live the two wicked daughters. It is they who have caused the death of the many visitors to the village. Your own brothers were among those who met death at their hands."

The old woman added very solemnly, "My grandson, be careful to follow my advice."

She now handed him the magic bones that were to save his life, and told him just what he must do after he left her lodge. The Wearer of the Ball put the bones in his bosom and bade the old woman good-bye.

He went bravely on his lonesome journey till he came at last to the village he was seeking. He soon spied the lodge of the chief and the tree without bark standing by the doorway. Yes, and there, too, was the lodge of the wicked daughters hanging in the tree as far from the ground as the height of a man.

He went straight to the tree and, reaching up, tried to get hold of the lodge. Strange to say, as often as he sought to reach it the tree began to tremble and grow taller and the lodge rose far above him.

The young man saw that he alone was powerless; so he called upon his guardian spirit for aid. At the same time, he wished that he might be changed into a squirrel.

Instantly his wish was granted. He sprang into the tree and began to climb with all his speed. Even now, hurry as he would, the lodge kept ever beyond his reach and he was not able to touch it.

"Ah!" thought the young man, "I have not yet used the bones the old woman gave me."

He took one of them from his bosom and thrust it into the

trunk of the tree. Then he repeated the ceremony he had been taught to use with the bones and began once more to climb. Yet still the lodge kept beyond his grasp. Whenever he got tired and out of breath, he would stop and repeat the ceremony, sticking another bone in the tree. Yet the help he looked for was not given him.

By the time the last bone was used, the young man found that he had climbed so high that he had quite lost sight of the earth. He had almost lost hope, yet he determined to try once more. On and on he climbed, yet ever as he went the tree shook and the lodge rose above him.

Ah! the roof of heaven itself was reached at last, and it was not possible for tree or lodge to rise higher.

With a brave heart the Wearer of the Ball sprang toward the doorway and entered the lodge. Yes, there were the two daughters of the chief, even as the old woman had said.

"I am Azhahee," the girl on the left told the young man, and her sister who was sitting at his right said that her name was Negahnahee.

Soon after the young man began talking with them he discovered a queer thing—whenever he spoke to Azhahee the tree trembled and sank downward, but as soon as he talked with the other sister it began to rise again.

"Ah ha!" thought the Wearer of the Ball, "I see plainly that it is wisest for me to converse with Azhahee. That is the only way by which I may hope to reach the earth again."

Doing this, he found that it was not long before he was back in the place from which he had started. The very moment this happened, he took his war club in hand and told the two wicked sisters that he would now revenge the death of his brothers. As he finished speaking, he struck them with his war club and they fell dead at his feet

There was nothing more to keep him in the lodge, so he left the tree and entered the village. There he learned that the two wicked sisters had a brother who lived with his father,

the chief.

This brother was as bad as his two sisters, and had always shared in the spoils gained by their wicked deeds. There was no doubt that when he learned their fate, he would seek to revenge himself on the Wearer of the Ball.

"I must go away at once, if I would be safe," said the young man to himself.

He left the place none too soon. That very evening the chief went to the tree to visit his daughters and discovered what had happened. He made haste to tell the news to his son, who started off at once in search of the Wearer of the Ball, for he was quite sure that he alone had done the deed.

"Do not taste food till you have had your revenge," were the chiefs parting words. "If you do not heed this warning, your power will be gone and you will surely fail."

Now this wicked brother of the two wicked sisters was very fond of eating and his father's words were not at all pleasing to him. He said nothing, however, although he made several ugly faces at the thought of going without food.

It was not long before he came upon the track of the Wearer of the Ball, who had taken care to provide himself with a number of magic arrows. As soon as he saw his enemy drawing near, he climbed into a very tall tree and shot his arrows at the wicked fellow. Sad to say, they did no harm, for the enemy kept coming nearer and nearer. When he saw that he could not stop him in any way, he knew it was of no use to remain in the tree any longer. He climbed down and hastened on at full speed.

Closer and closer upon him came the wicked brother. There was no chance of escape. Quick as thought the Wearer of the Ball changed himself into the skeleton of a dead moose whose flesh was entirely gone from the bones. He placed close by a pair of the magic moccasins his sister had made for him. He spoke to them, saying:

"Go to the ends of the earth."

The moccasins started off, leaving their tracks behind them on the ground.

Soon after this, the wicked brother reached the bones of the moose, but the track did not end there, so he kept on his way, following the track of the moccasins; and he did not stop till he had reached the end of the earth itself. There, indeed, to his disappointment, he found, not the Wearer of the Ball, but a pair of moccasins, for which he did not care the least little bit.

"Hm!" he said to himself as he thought of the skeleton of the moose which he had carelessly passed by. "I will be more careful after this, I believe that old skeleton was none other than the Wearer of the Ball."

He started back on the track he had followed, but when he came to the place where the skeleton had lain there was not a trace of it to be found.

How hungry he was by this time! Yet his father had told him that he must not so much as taste food till he had had revenge for his sisters' blood. There was no time to sit down and think of his empty stomach, so he started off again on his search.

When the Wearer of the Ball saw his enemy drawing near, he changed his shape into that of an old man with two daughters, living in a large lodge in the midst of a lovely garden. Everything around him was so beautiful and attractive that he knew that it would be hard for any traveler to pass by without stopping and entering the garden.

He sat in the lodge making himself seem too old to move about and his two daughters brought him food and tended him like a baby.

When the wicked brother of the two wicked sisters drew near, he was feeling very hungry indeed and longing for food with all his might. Yet still he was trying to keep the thought in his mind:

"I will not eat; no, I will not, till I have avenged my sisters'

blood."

When he saw the garden, it looked very beautiful and tempting; very tempting indeed.

At their father's command, the fairy daughters invited him to enter. Quite willing, he allowed them to lead him into the lodge, where they set to work to spread a feast before his hungry eyes. They boiled corn and prepared other dainty dishes. How sweet was the odor of all this tempting food! No, he could not resist the invitation to enjoy the feast, and he began eating with a will.

By the time he had satisfied his appetite, he became very sleepy and in a few minutes he lost all knowledge of the old man and the two fairy daughters.

The seeming old man was carefully watching. The moment that he saw his enemy was fast asleep, he caused the garden and the fairy daughters to disappear and changed himself back into his natural shape. Then, taking the magic ball which he had always carried on his back, it became a war club with which he struck the wicked brother of the two wicked sisters a heavy blow, sending him where he could never return.

As the Wearer of the Ball turned around after striking the blow, he found himself standing in the midst of a crowd of people in a large village. A beautiful lodge was close by, and in its doorway stood his sister.

The young man went into the lodge and hung up his war club and the magic moccasins, which had returned to him. Then he prepared to rest and smoke his pipe, while the people looked at him with admiring eyes.

There was one among them, however, who was envious of the Wearer of the Ball. This man was once a chief, but he had been beaten in battle so many times that the people would not keep him in this high position. Now he spent his time telling of the wonderful deeds he meant to do in the days to come.

The name of this boaster was Koko, the Owl. When he heard of the brave deeds of the newcomer, he proudly said that he was going to do something wonderful himself.

"The Wearer of the Ball," he declared, "has not half done his work. I will finish it up and show him how it ought to be done."

He went to work at once to get ready. The first thing he did was to get the very ball which had helped its owner to do his brave deeds. He placed it on his back, believing that it would give him great power; but it had lost its charm as soon as he took it into his hands. Then he crept in the darkness of the night into the lodge where the Wearer of the Ball was sleeping and stole the magic moccasins. He also tried to carry off the war club, but it was so heavy he could not even lift it. Yet he was twice as large as the owner!

"Never mind," thought Koko, "any other will do."

So he went to an old chief, from whom he managed to borrow one. Then, with a great shout, he kicked up his heels and set out upon his journey.

He traveled for a whole day and at nightfall reached a small lodge. Inside he found an old woman sitting by the fireside,—the very same, indeed, who had given help to the Wearer of the Ball when he first started on his travels.

"Hm!" thought Koko, "she is the one whom I hoped to meet."

The old woman looked up at Koko and asked him whom he was seeking.

"The two wicked sisters who kill travelers and then steal all that belongs to them," was the answer.

"What! the two women who dwelt in a flying lodge?"

"Yes, they are the very ones," Koko replied, "and I am going to kill them." With these words the Owl gave a fierce and terrible look and lifted up his borrowed war club.

"Oh, but the Wearer of the Ball killed them yesterday," said the old woman.

Koko admitted that he had already heard something about such a deed, "but then," he added, "the wicked brother is still alive. I can kill him, at any rate."

"He is dead, too," the old woman replied.

When he heard this, Koko looked very sad and seemed ready to weep. He asked pitifully if there was no one left in the world for him to kill.

"Yes, there is the father," was the answer. "He would like to meet you, I know."

Koko said at once that he would seek the chief. But first he asked the old woman if she had any bones in the house; they would help him if he had to climb the magic tree.

The old woman replied that she had a plenty, and thereupon gave Koko some fish bones which he carefully placed in his bosom. The foolish fellow believed they were the very ones that had already given help to the Wearer of the Ball.

After thanking her for her kindness, Koko got up and with war club in hand started for the door.

"Do you know what dangers you may meet with? And do you not think you need some advice?" asked the old woman.

Her words only set the vain Koko to scornful laughing, and without stopping any longer he went away. He was careful, however, to step the right foot out of the door first, for he believed this would bring him good luck without fail.

He traveled as fast as his legs would carry him till he came in sight of the magic lodge of the wicked father of the two wicked daughters. When he had come quite near, he stopped running and crept along as though he feared someone might see him. But no one seemed to be looking.

As soon as he reached the tree, he climbed up the side of the trunk. How easy it had seemed to reach the lodge! Yet, as he climbed, it rose ever above him, so he never got any nearer to it than he was at the beginning.

What should he do next? Seeing that he could do nothing by himself, he called upon his guardian spirits to aid him and

change him into a squirrel. Yet no squirrel shape took the place of the big, heavy Koko.

"Make me into an opossum," he now begged, but no change took place. Then he asked to become a bear, a wolf, or a gopher—any creature, indeed, that could climb. Yet, somehow or other, the guardian spirits paid no heed to Koko's prayers.

"Well, I have the bones, at any rate," he thought

He took one of them from his bosom and tried to thrust it into the tree; but there was no magic about it, so it only snapped in his hand and he fell to the ground with the door of the lodge after him.

The wicked father of the two wicked daughters, hearing the noise, appeared in the doorway to see what was the matter.

"Who is there?" he shouted.

"The Wearer of the Ball," was the answer, for Koko thought that this name alone was enough to fill the chief with terror.

"Ah ha! It is, is it? I will come down at once," replied the wicked father of the two wicked daughters.

When Koko saw that the chief meant what he said and was not frightened in the least, he started away on the run, for it was his turn now to be afraid.

The chief came after Koko in hot haste and was fast gaining upon him, so he climbed a tree and began shooting off arrows. But they were common arrows and had no magic power, so they did not do the slightest harm. Seeing this, he was obliged to jump down and hurry along as fast as he could.

Not long after this, he passed by the skeleton of the moose. He wished very much that he could change himself into it, but his guardian spirits had not helped him before so there was little hope they would do so now. On he ran. On, and still on. But the wicked father of the two wicked daughters was close upon him and he did not dare to stop.

Ah! He had still the magic moccasins. He would not send them to the end of the earth. Oh no, he had a better plan than that. He hastily slipped them on his feet with the command, "Go."

They obeyed him, to be sure; but much to his surprise and sorrow they carried him, not away from his enemy, but straight towards him. Koko cried out:

"The other way! Go the other way!"

But they did not turn, and in a moment he had run into the wicked father, who by this time was very angry.

"Here, what do you mean?" exclaimed the chief, dealing quick blows on Koko's ribs.

"Really, I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't," was the mournful answer.

The wicked father of the two wicked daughters, more angry than ever, kept on with his blows, and no one knows when he would have grown tired had not the magic moccasins carried Koko away and out of his reach. The old man called after him:

"Stop, you coward; Shame upon you, to run away."

"Indeed I'm not! indeed —" But the moccasins did not give him a chance to say more, and before long he was out of sight.

"Well, anyway, I'll get home soon at this rate," thought Koko.

But the moccasins seemed to know what was in his mind, for they made a sudden jump and poor Koko found himself lying upon his back. The moccasins left him there while they ran on till they reached their rightful owner, the Wearer of the Ball.

The poor, boastful Koko stayed several days where he had fallen. Then some hunters came passing by.

"How did you succeed with the wicked father?" they asked.

"Oh, I destroyed both him and his magic lodge," was the

proud answer.

With these words he ran off into the woods and has never been heard of since.

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