



JOUDAR THE TREASURE HUNTER

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Wm. DONAHEY

SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.
 Joudar, son of a merchant named Omar, is left a fortune which he loses through the trickery of his older brothers. They and his mother become dependent upon him. He becomes a fisherman, and going one day to the Lake of Karoun, has an adventure through which he meets a Mograbin, or native of northern Africa, who says that through Joudar alone can he win four treasures which he desires—a sword which will enable its owner to conquer the world; a kohl pot, from which one can anoint one's eyes and thereafter see the treasures of the earth; a signet ring, the owner of which will be more powerful than the most powerful king, and a celestial planisphere, the owner of which can sit at home and see all countries of the world reflected in the glass. Joudar consents to go in search of these treasures, and the Mograbin, giving his mother a thousand pieces of gold, they set out on a magic mule, fed from magic saddle bags which produce the most delicious food whenever it is needed.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

THE door flew open and Joudar saw before him a beautiful young girl who was the daughter of the Mograbin. He was entertained right royally for many days, till at last the two men set out upon mules and came at the middle of the day to a mighty river. On its banks they took from the magic saddle bags a wonderful repast, and as they ate it the Mograbin said, "It is now time, Joudar, to help me."

And Joudar replied, "I am at your service." First, the Mograbin took out the two small boxes in which he had so tightly sealed the fish he had brought with him from Lake Karoun and said spells over them till the boxes burst open and two great genii, with hands bound and heads hanging, came out, begging mercy. "I will give you your lives if you will open to me the treasure of Sham-aradal," said the Mograbin.

"We promise," they cried, "if you will see to it that Joudar the fisherman goes after it."

"He is here," answered the Mograbin, and the genii promised again and vanished. As they went the Mograbin said to Joudar, "I will now say a charm which will cause this broad river to dry up. In the center of its bed you will see a great door big as a city gate. Knock at it twice, then three times

rapidly without stopping, and a voice will cry, 'Who are you?' Answer, 'I am Joudar, son of Omar.' The door will open to you and a man will come towards you with a sword, threatening to cut off your head. Bend to him your neck, and though he will strike at you, he will not hurt you. But if you try to resist him he will kill you. So you will go on and on, through many rooms and many doors, guarded with all sorts of dreadful perils. Whatever threatens you, bow your head. You must pass through many rooms, and at the end of each will be the door guarded by some fearful man or beast to threaten you. But remember, they are bodies without souls. Resist them and you die. Bow to them all and you are safe. Are you ready?"

"W-why-y-yes," said Joudar, rather shakily, it must be admitted. He did not like this treasure hunting as much as he had imagined he might.

"Well, then," said the Mograbin, "remember one thing more. When you reach the treasure chamber you will see gold piled up in heaps about, but do not touch it. You are after something much more valuable. Go to the curtain which you will see before you and draw it aside. Behind it you will find the famous diviner, Sham-aradal, himself, lying asleep. On his forehead you will see something round and glowing, like a moon. It is the celestial planisphere. The magic sword will be hanging at his side, the powerful signet ring will be upon his finger, and about his neck will be a gold chain with the kohl pot suspended from it. Carefully remove all these treasures. He will not wake. And should he, after you have them all, you are safe. Follow my directions and you will be none the worse and both of us much richer."

As he spoke, the Mograbin went towards the river. Then, standing on its bank, he began to recite a charm in some strange tongue, and immediately, to the astonishment and awe of Joudar, the mighty river vanished and its bed became as dry as a road, while in the center of the bed he saw gleaming the great doors through which he must pass.

Bracing up his courage, Joudar descended to the door and knocked as he had been directed. And from then on he moved forward

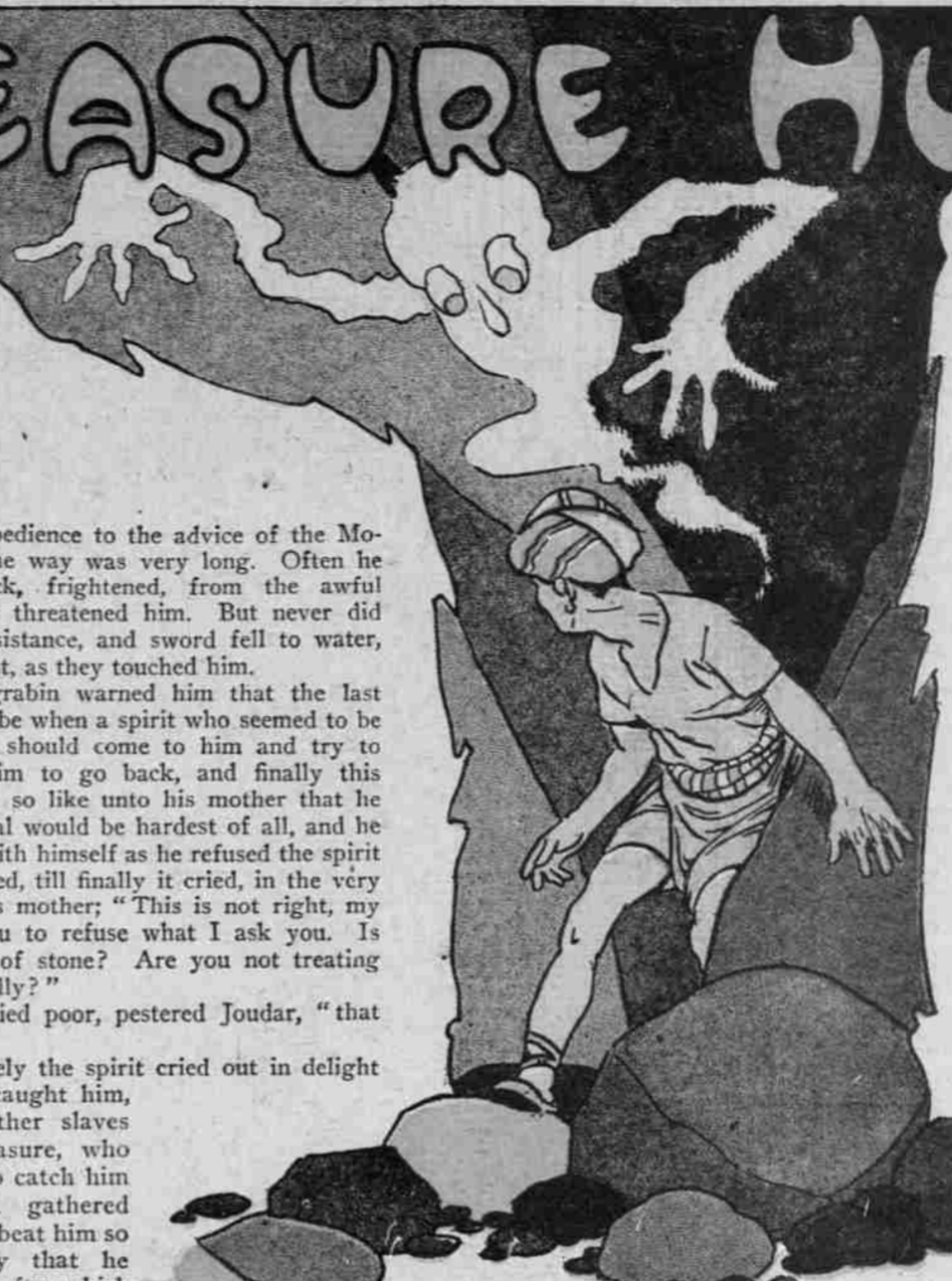
in direct obedience to the advice of the Mograbin. The way was very long. Often he shrank back, frightened, from the awful shapes that threatened him. But never did he offer resistance, and sword fell to water, clubs to dust, as they touched him.

The Mograbin warned him that the last trial would be when a spirit who seemed to be his mother should come to him and try to persuade him to go back, and finally this spirit came, so like unto his mother that he felt this trial would be hardest of all, and he struggled with himself as he refused the spirit what it asked, till finally it cried, in the very tones of his mother; "This is not right, my son, for you to refuse what I ask you. Is your heart of stone? Are you not treating me unlawfully?"

"Yes," cried poor, pestered Joudar, "that I am!"

Immediately the spirit cried out in delight at having caught him, and the other slaves of the treasure, who had tried to catch him and failed, gathered around and beat him so unmercifully that he nearly died, after which they took him up and cast him outside the door of the treasure room, and he found himself, groaning and weak, on the dried-up bed of the river with the Mograbin standing over him asking what had happened.

Joudar explained in deep fear, feeling that the Mograbin might in turn punish him for his failure to hold out against a danger of which he had been warned. But the Mograbin simply said, "You have not treated either me or yourself fairly this day. Come home



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with me now. Nothing more can be done for an entire year."

He helped the groaning Joudar up the bank and, having repeated a charm so that once more the great river filled its bed, he took Joudar home with him, doctored the wounds the whips had made upon him, and fed him and clothed him like a prince.

At the end of the year, on the anniversary of that same day, they went once more to the

river. Again everything happened as it had before, only this time Joudar successfully passed all the servants of the treasure who were trying to shield it from him, reached the sleeping diviner, and took from him the kohl pot, the sword, the celestial planisphere, and the signet ring. And no sooner did he have them all in his possession than their slaves, who had tried to keep him away, came and prostrated themselves, and hailed him as master! So he took his treasures back and gave them to the Mograbin, who rejoiced exceedingly and gave a great feast that night at his home. And at the end of the feast he said, "Joudar you have served me well. What will you have as a reward?"

Now, Joudar had always thought most marvelous those saddle bags, from which the Mograbin was always able to take such delicious food, so he asked for them, and they were given him. "Put your hand inside and say, 'Servant of the bags, I desire such and such a dish,' and it will be ready," the Mograbin told him, "but these bags give you things to eat only. I will give you more which will hold an endless store of money. Take them with you, and may the rest of your life be peaceful and happy."

Joudar thanked him. He put his hand into the new saddle bags and, drawing it out full of gold, felt that indeed his fortune had been made.

Next day he bought a fine horse, and with his two sets of saddle bags before him set out upon his homeward way. The trip home was longer than that coming to Fez, for now he had not a magic mule to carry him. But he

enjoyed it greatly and reached his own home in Cairo to find his mother in great need of him, as his two rascally brothers had taken from her the gold Joudar had left her and she was in great need. The brothers had vanished. So Joudar and his mother settled down to the enjoyment of his riches in one of the most beautiful houses in the city, and never did either of them want for anything again. Their magic saddle bags supplied them with all luxuries. (Another Arabian Nights story will appear next Sunday.)

THE TEENIE WEENIES GO AFTER MEDICINE

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"GENERAL," said the Doctor, walking into the Teenie Weenie sitting room, where the General sat smoking his after breakfast cigar, "I need some help."
 "What's the trouble, Doc?" asked the General, flipping the ashes from his cigar.
 "Well, to begin with," answered the Doctor, "several of the children have a bad cough, and—"
 "I knew it, I knew it," cried the Old Soldier. "I knew they'd get their feet wet. They were over in the garden yesterday, sliding on some rubber ice in a saucer, and I told them that ice was dreadfully thin and it would break, and they'd slip in and get wet and catch their death of cold."
 "You're right," said the Doctor, "they got their feet wet, caught bad colds, and I haven't a bit of cough syrup in the house."
 "I know where there's some," cried the Clown, who had been listening to the conversation. "The Dunce and I were looking for some pills to use as bowling balls, and we saw a big bottle of cough syrup on the bathroom window sill of that house next door."
 "We'll go over and get some for you, Doc," said the General. "It will do us good to have the exercise." Glad of an excuse to get out, the Teenie Weenies were soon on their way after the cough syrup.
 The window sill on which the bottle of syrup stood was very high, but the Clown and the Cowboy soon climbed to the top. Lowering a piece of thread that two Teenie Weenies had carried between them for just such use, they soon pulled the rest of the little people up beside them.
 "Now," said the Turk, who had been examining the bottle of syrup, "four or five of you fellows get hold and tip the bottle, and I'll hold the spoon somebody has thoughtfully left beside it, while you pour out a dose."
 "Goodness gracious," cried the Lady of Fashion, "we don't need a whole spoonful!"
 "Well, it says on the bottle, 'one teaspoonful for children,'" said the Turk.
 "So it does, so it does," cried the little lady, as she stood on her tip toes and carefully read the label on the bottle.
 "You see I'm right, don't you?" asked the Turk. "The Doctor told me to read very carefully what it said on the bottle, and to bring about three doses. It says one teaspoonful is a dose for children, so we'll take about three spoonfuls."
 "But that does seem an awful lot of medicine," said the Lady of Fashion doubtfully.
 "It makes no difference," announced the Turk, "I'm going according to directions."
 The Teenie Weenies poured out three spoonfuls of the syrup, which filled two teenie weenie wash tubs.
 "Mercy on us," cried the Doctor, when he saw the Teenie Weenies carrying the heavy tubs of syrup up the walk to the Shoe House. "You don't bathe in cough syrup."
 "Well," muttered the Turk; "I went according to directions."
 "The directions are all right for big children," laughed the Doctor, "but ours are Teenie Weenie children."
 "O, my," exclaimed the Turk. "I never thought of that!"

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