THE STORY OF THE TWO MAGICIANS OF BAGDAD

THE SPELL THEY WOVE IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE

T WAS in the days when Abdul the Good reigned over the City of Bagdad; and Moose, the porter, waited for cus-

om at a corner of his palace. With old Moosa his little son, Ahmed, waited to run awiftly on errands which required no carrying of heavy burdens. Ahmed noticed that every morning two nan dressed in flowing robes came along, turned down the side street, and after knocking at a door in the wall which guarded the Sultan's garden, were ad-

Much he wondered who the mysteriou visitors, tall and gaunt and piercing of eye, might be, and when it began to be whispered around that the Sultan was indulging in magic and neglecting affairs of state, the boy came to the conclusion that the men daily admitted at the garden gate were magicians.

About the hour of evening prayer the two men would emerge from the gate and, talking earnestly together, would take their way to some obscure part of the crowded city.

Much Ahmed longed to see beyond the walls of the garden and to know what hocus-pocus was taking place within. One morning early, while yet the mists of the river lay over "Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold and high-walled gardens green and old," the boy saw the two magicians hurrying toward the garden as usual, and, as they passed him, he heard one say: "Will nothing undo the heard one say: "Will nothing undo the spell?" To which the other replied: "Oh yes; simple enough—the sesame seed."
That evening when the muczzin was

calling to prayer from the marble min-aret, which reared itself against the western sky, Ahmed, watching the gate, saw one man come forth and hurry away instead of two, as usual. Every day after that it was one magician only who came and went.

and went.

Then rumors began to be noised about of a great change which had taken place in the disposition of the Sultan. Before, he had been mild and generous; now he became grasping and cruel, and things went on from bad to worse until all Bagdid groaned under his oppression.

Almed was certain that the change in the Sultan was connected somehow with

the Sultan was connected somehow with the disappearance of the first magician, and he noticed that the second magician no longer had to knock at the garden gate, but carried a key to it, and came and went to pleasure. "If I could get into that garden," though the boy, "I could discover what the secret is, and perhaps relieve the people from their burdens."

One day the opportunity he longed for came. The magician, in hurrying away, accidentally dropped the key to the gar-

den gate.

Ahmed picked it up and ran home with it, where he quickly took an impression of the key in wax and then hurried back to his corner. Presently he saw the magician coming back, looking on the ground and apparently searching for something. Ahmed had dropped the key again close to the gate, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the magician pounce upon it with joyful exclamation. Carrying the wax impression to a locksmith. Ahmed had a key made to fit and the next night, when all Bagdad was bathed in moonlight and the sound of music and laughter came from the shallops on the river, and from the citron kled with many colored lights and showed sounds of wild, coarse revelry.

ing, the boy crept to the garden gate and let himself in. Within the wall all was glorious with bear with a heavy collar around its neck flowers and fountains and marble pavil-was chained to a stake driven into the ions sleeping in the moonlight, while on ground. But not another living thing did Within the wall all was glorious with

Scientists have been investigating

the enmity between these animals,

and they believe that the distinctive

cat because she is a cat.

batred which certain beasts feel of each

groves where the young people were danc-

the boy; but the bear only groaned as if in distress. Hearing a footstep the boy sprang into

Hearing a footstep the boy sprang into a clump of bushes and saw from his hiding place a man come down the walk whom he at once recognized as the Sultan. The Sultan went up to the bear and began to taunt him, saying: "Ha! ha! your highness, how goes it now? I trust you are enjoying yourself. Have you any commands for your slave?" and much more to the same effect, while the bear tried valuity to get at him and toar him to pleces.

had overheard the magician say about the sesame seeds, he returned the next night with a lot of them in his pocket. Sprinkling these on the bear he saw it gradually change into the real Sultan, Abdul the Good.

Abmed shouted for joy, and at the sound the sham Sultan came running out of the palace with his scimitar drawn, and calling for his guards. As he rushed toward Ahmed and the real Sultan to cut them down, the boy flung a handful of sesame seeds in his face, and lo! in a twinkling, the shame Sultan was changed into the wicked magician again, and fell, begging for mercy, at the feet of the true begging for mercy, at the feet of the true Sultan.

you are enjoying yourself. Have you any commands for your siave?" and much more to the same effect, while the bear tried vainly to get at him and toar him to pieces.

"How now?" said the man, "why this rage? Am I not as good a Sultan as you were? My revenue is greater, anyway."

Ahmed saw it all now. The sham Sultan was the wicked magician who had not returned one day from the garden with his companion, but who had changed himself into a likeness of the real Sultan, whom he had transformed into a bear.

When the sham Sultan had returned to the palace, Ahmed made his way out of

WHEN BETTY GOLFED BY RUBY DOUGLAS

"What is it?" she asked without taking her attention from the little mound of wet sand she was building. "Look up a minute." His tone was un

mistakably pleading. "Not now," she replied, placing a ball carefully on the tiny heap. "Wait until

I drive off." He glanced at her delicious profile as she gauged the distance ahead of them on the links. The wind blew all her lov-

able curis out of imprisonment and let them caress her cheek. He was jealous of them.

"I can't wait," he said, impulsively, stepping nearer to her as she drew a club from the bag. "I—Betty. I love you. Aren't you ever going to marry me?"

She gave him a swift glance which settled the fragments of his hores to be said.

"I'm not tired," he said, without slackening his pace. scattered the fragments of his hopes to

strength of her graceful little body, she drove off the tec. For a fraction of a minute she gazed after the ball. It had gone wide of its stopping. mark; in her impulsive drive she had

struck wildly. "Now, see what you've done!" she cried,

stamping her foot. "You've spoiled a good drive with your foolishness." "Will you, Betty?" he persisted, never glancing in the direction of the misdi-"No, I won't!" A pretty color had crept up to meet the curls, and her eyes spar-kled. "There is no earthly use in our for

kied. "There is no earthly use in our fin-ishing now. You've spoiled the whole game." And, with an air of finality, she replaced her driver in the bag. Elevating her obstinate but bewitching little chin, she turned in the direction of

"May I come?" He had every inten-tion of doing so, but Betty liked to be consulted in such matters, especially when she was cross.
"Only to suppress remarks from the Ahmed see in the whole beautiful garden, though from the palace he heard the sounds of wild, coarse revelry.

The bear, seeing Ahmed, ran toward him as far as his chain would allow, and then stood on its hind legs and held out its paws as if beseeching for something. people on the verandas," she retorted unamlably. What an accent she put on the first word.

Silently they tramped across the irregular ground, up hill and down.
"Let's talk," he suggested.
She ignored him utterly.

"I say, Betty, you forgot that ball," he ventured again. he ventured sgain.

"And you forget—everything," she said, searching hopelessly for the final word.

"Except you, Betty dear," He smiled amusedly, but Betty's gaze was leveled midway between sky and earth straight

Again the goddess of all that is silent tripped along beside them. Betty had gradually quickened the pace until she was almost running, but the big, stealthy

lected to watch the ground and had put her foot into a mole hole.

"Betty, are you hurt?" asked the young man, bending over her. Betty's head was in her lap, one hand on her ankle. "No!" she replied, with

all the force she could muster up.

Slowly she tried to rise, but she was compelled to drop back. "It does hurt—
a little," she admitted rejuctantly, but the flush had left her cheeks.

Kneeling by her side he took his hand-

kerchief and folded it, bandagewise. "Let me look at it," he asked very tenderly, all the teasing gone from his tone. Betty put out her foot, but caught her reath when he moved it ever so slightly. Skillfully, if slowly, he bound the handkerchief closely about her ankle. Betty had not known he could be so gentle and kind. And never before had she noticed how splendidly firm and strong and white his hands were. They were the hands of a man and a gentleman. Betty thought

as she watched him.

When he looked up she gave him just the faintest smile. "Thank you," she sald

He had unburdened himself of her golf bag, a caddy had seemed to be in the way when they started out that afternoon. Looking down at her he said, very firmly, "Now, I shall carry you to the club." "Oh!" she gasped. And yet she knew, way down in her heart that she could not walk, and something danced about and said, "Oh, I'm glad! glad!" Betty called them nymphlike devils—those little somethings that said wicked things in her

He picked her up in his arms-Betty

was not much larger than a good-sized minute, except in her own estimation. Without a word, she put her arms about his neck as he told her, very imperatively, she thought, for a man who pre-tended to be in love with a girl. What if he should not be, she asked herself, as he trudged across the green with her. Instinctively she drew closer to him. Instinctively she drew closer to him. What if he should lose patience with a girl who became cross so easily over a misguided golfball? Betty looked up into his face. His features bespoke a man of determination, a man who would not stand too much trifling. Just the least supplies of a phinary control of the stand to be stand too much trifling.

ening his pace.

Betty looked ready to cry. "Bob-" A pause and a stubborn effort to stay the the four winds. Then, with all the words that would come -"put me down anyway."
"When we get to the club." Without

"No, now. I-I want to tell you some

Tenderly he put her down on the vel-vety grass of the hillside, and stood look-ing at her. Now, sit down." He obeyed. Slowly, and with the pink again mount-

ng to her cheek, she laid her head on his shoulder. "I-what did you ask me, Bob, out there?" With one arm about her and the other hand under her chin, he looked into her eyes. "Is it 'yes?" he asked.

And after awhile when they had almos And after awhile when they had almost forgotten the ankle and she had confided to him that it really was not so terribly bad, she said: "I intended to say yes all the time, but you spoiled my drive and—" "Nothing matters now," he whispered, and when he picked her up again she cuddled contentedly against his big shoulder.

Trees That Grow on Other Trees

660 RCHIDS aren't the only plants that grow in the air," said an employe of the Government bureau of forestry recently in discussing tropical plants. "In the Hawalian Islands is a tree, growing from 30 to 100 feet high, which often begins life away up on top of other trees. Unless it did this it could not exist at all in those dark, dank forests. It is a sunloving tree, of the kind that foresters call "intolerant," because they will not tolerate other trees near enough to them to shade them.

"These trees are the lehuas. When a mature lehua casts its seeds, a good proportion of them fall on other trees. Whether these other trees are allve or dead, the lehua seed begins to germinate on them as healthily as if it had fallen into the richest ground.

"As soon as the seed opens and begins to sprout, tiny roots go climbing down With time, as the little plant becomes large, the roots increase in girth, until at last they are great, solid things, as thick and powerful as those of any other

"Usually the tree on which the lehua grows begins to decay about this time, and after a while it withers and rots away. This leaves the lehua standing on its roots high in the air; and such forest presents a wonderful and weird

"It is no joke to get through a lehua forest where all the trees have grown this way. The roots run one way and another, and interlace so that often there isn't a space big enough for a rabbit to crawl through. There is no use in trying to cut or hew a way into the lehita woods, for the roots are as tough as roots generally are, and no American farmer's boy who has ever put in a season at breaking out stumps needs to be told just how tough that it."

A Suspension Bridge That Is Disappearing

WITH the building of rallways and wagon roads into the heart of the South American Andes there is gradually disappearing a type of suspension bridge peculiar to that region of which travelers used to speak with horror.

These bridges are on the mountain trails. Long ropes of twisted vines are stretched from one side of a deep gorge to the other and made fast to trees on each side. Then a rude flooring is laid and other ropes of twisted vines form handrails on either side of the footway. The bridge is so loosely hung that it sways frightfully under foot, and roaring torrents dash over rocks a thousand feet or more below. Yet the Indians cross them without fear or dizziness, carrying heavy loads on their backs, and minding the passage no more than if they were walking across the Brooklyn Bridge.

To others, however, they are dangerous places, for if a man loses his "nerve," or becomes dizzy, the chances are that he will fall off and be dashed to pleces, because the side ropes are so loose they offer little or no protection, and the roaring of the torrent, the swaying of the frail structure, which hardly allows the traveler to keep his feet, and the sense of being suspended in midair above immense depths is enough to try the hardlest and most level-headed person. When the Spaniards conquered Peru these were the only sort of bridges there; but the Inca Kings had them built on such a grand scale that the invaders were able to ride across them on their horses clothed in full mail, though they took the precaution to bandage the eyes of their chargers before they urged them on the swaying structures.

Are Moon Craters Coral Reefs? Everybody who has seen a chart of the noon as drawn by astronomers knows of the curious, irregular, ragged rings which have been called "moon craters" for many

Now astronomers have raised the ques-

THE GARDEN FOLKS

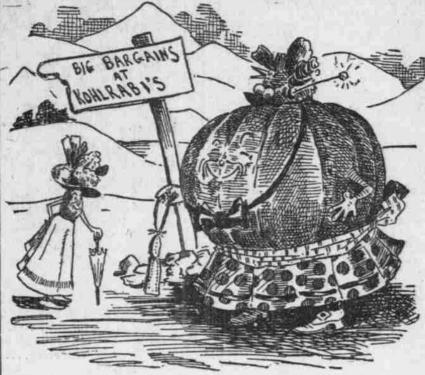
By Clarence A. Hough-Illustrated by B. F. McCutch-eon-Copyrighted 1904 by International Press Bure au.

THE LOST PUMPKIN SEED.

A pumpkin once was laughing In a most uproarious way At something that a bean l About the time of day.

III. The pumpkin staggered back a bit And swooned upon the earth, And the bean at once regretted He'd excited so much mirth.

She laughed so long and laughed so hard While the pumpkin lay quite still and pale That several times she cried, Her seeds ran out the crack; Until at last she split herself Their scramble waked the pumpkin up And a crack ran down her side. And she tried to call them back.



Come back to ma," she cried in tears, "I fear that you'll get lost, It's growing dark, the wind is high, There's apt to be a frost."

Oh, no, dear ma," the young seeds cried, "We want to see great things— We wish to visit foreign lands And try on the crown of kings."

The little tots took to their heels.

And scampered o'er the clods, While mamma lost her temper so That peas shook in their pods.

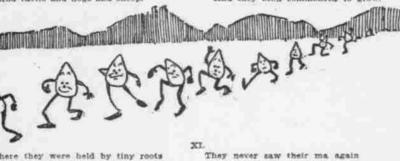
With yells and shouts the seeds ran on Till, o'ertaken by the night, They then began to think of home And regret their hasty flight.

VIII.



Each one lay down upon the ground And cried himself to sleep, And dreamed of home and mamma dear

Alack, alas for the pumpkin seeds, The tears which they let flow Watered the earth and made them sprout



Till all were fully grown, But soon had seeds of their own

THE NUT QUARTET.

Four nuts once got together In a playful sort of way, And began to try their voices On a home-made little lay.

"To us and no one else," said they,
"This singing art belongs," And the funny thing about it was The things they sang were songs.

The acorn and the fat pecan Trilled all the lower notes; The peanut and the hazel sang So high they hurt their throats. IV.

"Life's nothing but a fall for us, We never will have wives, While the changes of the weather

ion whether or not they really are the raters of extinct volcanoes, as has been upposed for so long. One of them asks: 'How would the ocean bottoms of the earth appear to a man in the moon if all our seas were to disappear?" "Exactly as the moon craters look to us," is the answer.

So now some of the astronomers are increated in the attempts to prove that the oon's curious surface is not at all volcanic and that the "craters" are nothing more or less than coral reefs and the re-mains of other coral-like structures which have been left high and dry by the evap-

The enmity between cats and dogs tive, the wild cat, have never harmed the seems to be due more to hatred on the race of dogs; but their great speckled any creature that smells like a leopard. cousin is, and niways has been, the most Dogs and cats are not the only animals part of the dog than of the cat. The latter animal apparently hates dogs because feroclous of dog-murderers, and the cat | that still show inherited fear or hatred dogs chase her; while the dog hates the Authorities agree that there is no ani-A cat will feed at a place where a dog mal that the leopard would rather eat frantically in fear of anything white, and has been without betraying any signs of than the dog; as a result there are many naturalists say that this is because once

cat anywhere near his food or sleeping-

through open doors long vistas of gold and splendid hangings. In one corner of the garden a small

WHY THE ENMITY BETWEEN DOGS AND CATS?

It Seems to Date Back to the Time of the Leopards.

anything that happens between dogs

WHY does the dog hate the cat? the two which should be the most friendly. The domestic cat and her larger rela-

break into the houses to seize their favor-Now this enmity is not to be explained ite dish. But, says the doubter, the modern dog

human history goes. In all these thou-sands of years dogs and cats have been have been no leopards since man first

That is true, says Dr. Zell. But he But the reverse is the case. One nat- points to the fact that dogs have a habit uralist, Dr. Zell, secks it in the fact that of turning around several times before the common cat not only looks like, but they lie down. This, he says, is due to smells like, the great cats of prey. And of these cats of prey there is one, much state they had to do this to press down of these cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which times, when the animals met in a wild state and preyed on each other.

The domestic cat and her larger relations of these cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which hunts dogs by preference. This big cat is a bed for themselves; and as they have not overcome this habit in all they years not finish her sentence. In her attempt of domesticity, it is quite natural that to keep her chin uplifted she had negof domesticity, it is quite natural that they should still inherit fierce hatred of

THE BEAR CHANGED INTO THE REAL SULTAN.

of other beasts which they have never seen themselves. Thus the rhinoceros is anger; but a dog generally becomes ex-cited and wild if he scents the trail of a are plentiful where nobody can keep a ed him. But that must have been long are plentiful where nobody can keep a ed him. But that must have been long dog. The great cats will not hesitate to ago, for there are no big white animals

now where the rhinoceros dwells. Chickens that have never seen a fex will cackle and run in fear if they come dragged. If a fox has been anywhere near a cat's drinking dish, the cat will

and cats in domesticity or anything that certainly could not have known leopards across the place where the animal has ever happened between them as long as human history goes. In all these thou-

DEVELOPMENTS OF STUDY OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

he past few years the desire of man-khd to discover a means of navigating up the next hill. Only in the eagle's case his hills were of air. the sr has led to a deep study of the flightspf birds and a great deal of material hasbeen gathered.

It is beginning to be the consensus of opinion that the bird world as a whole is not nearly perfect in its attainment of All birds that have to flap their wings

thrushes, croys and so on, are still in an imperfect stage. More advanced are such birds as pigcons, swallows, etc., because they can dart shead for a space after they have gained a good stak by the rapid flapping

continually, such as sparrows, finches,

of the pinions. But the only perfed fliers are the eagles, vultures, albatrosses and other great fowl that cag rise and fall, sway and soar in the air indefinitely without moving their

wings perceptfbly. Now, how do these bg birds manage to ascend to great heights without flap-ping their wings? It is certain that such birds as the eagle and the vulture can soar into the air gradually antil they dis-appear from the eye of the scholder, and yet it will be quite impossible to denote single motion of anything except the

One observer, Erich Hoffman, had an unusual opportunity to gather same facts that bear on this question. Two years ago he was in the Caucasus on a mo peak that ascended close to snother one. Over the latter there soared a great engle, and, far as he was from earth, he was

quite close to Mr. Hoffman.

When he was seen first he was hanging almost motionless in the air. Suddenly he moved swiftly ahead, pointing his head slightly toward the sky, and thus he glided along without flapping a wing till his motion had ceased of itself. As it stopped, he lifted his wings high in the air, dropped his head and permitted himself to fall.

As soon as he had fallen a short distance, his broad pinions spread out to their fullest extent again, and immediately the impetus gained by the fall sent him gliding forward and upward, so that with-in a few moments he had actually slid upon the air to a position higher than he

Why Leaves Turn in Autumn

WHEN the leaves begin to turn, most of the people who admire the beauty of the woods then and say "How wonderful!" never wonder what it is that changes the green into the splendid. changes the green into glowing tints of Autumn.

Ask nine persons out of ten, and if they hazard a guess at all, they will probably say that the frost has tinted the leaves. But the front has nothing to do with it. Leaves colored by a frost look quite different from leaves colored in the due course of nature.

The coloring of the leaves is due to a

genuine preparation for Winter which

goes on among the trees and shrubs, just as it does in the animal world. The leaves, as you know, are the feeders of the trees. Now, as the Autumn arrives, and the time approaches when the leaves must suspend their functions. there is a great hurry in the arteries and veins of the plants to extract all the nourishment that is left, and to store it away deep in the trunk and branches, to stay there through the time of frost

and snow. This increased activity, which sets all the tiny pumps of cells working from root to crown, extracts the matter from the leaves which is known as chlorophyle, and which serves to give the leaves their bright green colors. All the albumen and starches in the leaves are changed into liquid at this time and pumped busily into the storage-houses under the bark, where they are preserved, safe and sound, till the follow

ing Spring, when they furnish food for new leaves and sprouts. The most prominent color of an Au-tumn scene is yellow. This yellow is caused by waste matter-stuff that is left behind as useless when the little pumps take in the material that makes the green color; and crystals of lime that were left when the chemical factories of the plant turned the albumen into liquid so it could be pumped, also help to make the yellow. To change the starchy matter into sweet liquid, another chemical process had been in before.

After he had done this five times he is used, and as it does not succeed well had ascended so high without flying once that the observer could see him only as a black speck in the sir.

If the light is too strong, the plants manufacture a curious substance which black speck in the sir. The eagle's method was exactly that of the many acids that exist in almost all

Thus, the red, yellow and orange col ors of the Autumn woods are anything except mere tricks of nature, intended only to delight. As everybody knows, these tints are especially powerful for re-sisting the passage of the sun's rays. Furthermore, they have the property of changing light into heat. This heat, again, spurs all the plant's cells to new activity, so the Autumn foliage of the woods is by no means a sign of sleep. It is then that the chemical laboratories

The Best Flying Birds Slide Up and Down on the Air. are at their most feverish toil

