



# PRINCE AHMED SAVES THE PRINCESS

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS  
By DONAHEY

### SYNOPSIS OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY.

The three sons of the King of India all wish to marry the Princess Nouranika. The king, not liking to choose between his sons, says that the one bringing to him at the end of a year the most unusual present can have the princess. The three princes travel in different directions, each in search of some strange object. Prince Houssain buys a magical rug, which will instantly carry one to any place where one wishes to go. Prince Ali finds an ivory tube, in which one may see any object desired to behold. Prince Ahmed purchases an apple, the smell of which will cure any one who is sick. At the end of a year the three princes, having agreed to meet at a certain place, gather there. Prince Ali becomes curious to see what his brothers have bought, shows them his tube and tells its magical power. Prince Houssain, wishing to see the princess, snatches the tube from his brother and looks into it. He suddenly turns pale and drops at the feet of his brothers.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

FILLED with horror, the princes sprang to their feet and carried their brother to a couch. Prince Ahmed brought water and bathed his head, while Prince Ali frantically rubbed his hands.

Presently Prince Houssain opened his eyes and motioned wildly toward the tube.

"The princess—look, the princess," he muttered in a tone so low his brothers could hardly hear him. Prince Ali ran to the tube, caught it up and placed it to his eyes. He gazed into it for some time and then said in a quivering voice: "Brothers, the princess is dying."

"Dying," cried Prince Ahmed, and running up he snatched the tube from his brother's trembling hands. Prince Ahmed looked into the tube and saw the princess lying upon her bed. Her beautiful face was as white as marble and many people stood about her weeping. One swift glance was enough to show him that the princess had but a short time to live.

"Oh, brother," cried the prince, "if we could reach the princess in time I could save her life. I have a wonderful apple. It has a strange magical power. By placing it to the nose of the princess she will instantly be cured."

"But how are we to reach her in time?" cried Prince Ali. We are a full day's journey from the palace and the princess has but a few hours to live.

Prince Houssain, who had partly recovered, and now sat on the side of the couch in a dazed sort of way, sprang to his feet and staggered to a bundle on the opposite side of the room. He

pulled an old rug from it, and spreading the rug upon the floor he shouted, "the rug—my magical rug—will carry us to the princess. If we all sit upon it and wish to be carried to her, we will immediately find ourselves by her bedside."

With a cry of joy the brothers threw themselves upon the rug and all wished very hard to be carried to the princess. Instantly they found themselves seated upon the floor of her bedroom. The people gathered about the bed were greatly alarmed at seeing the three princes appear so suddenly out of nowhere, but their surprise was even greater when they saw Prince Ahmed spring from the rug and place the magical apple to the nose of the dying princess.

Presently the color came into her white cheeks again, her eyelids quivered, her dark eyes softly opened and she smiled up into the faces of the anxious young men. The princess then did a very strange thing for a person supposed to be dying. She sat straight up in bed and said: "Bring my clothes to me. I am going to get up."

The three brothers hurried to their father and knelt at his feet, each anxious to show what he had brought and to explain its wonderful charm. "Arise, my sons," cried the king, "Arise and rejoice with me at the happy recovery of the princess."

After the princes had embraced their father, they reminded him of his promise to give the princess in marriage to the one who brought back from his travels the most wonderful present.

"I mean to keep my promise," said the king, "but before I pass judgment I must hear your story. I have heard how the presents you brought with you made possible the recovery of the princess. Now let each one explain to me the advantages of his present."

Prince Houssain then spread his rug before the king. He told of its magical power, where

he found it, and how it had carried the three brothers to the bedside of the princess in time to save her life. Prince Ali explained the great advantage of his ivory tube. "It was by looking through his marvelous tube," cried he, holding the tube before the eyes of the king, "that we knew of the dangerous illness of the princess." When Ali had finished, Prince Ahmed stepped before the king. Holding his present in his outstretched hand, he cried: "Behold the apple that saved the princess! If it had not been for this magical apple we would now all be mourning her death. So you see it was my present that saved her, and I think that I should be the one to win her hand."

"Yes," said the king slowly, nodding his head, "it is true your magical apple has saved the life of our dear princess."

"But the apple could not have saved her life if I hadn't brought it in time on my magical rug," cried Prince Houssain excitedly.

"If it had not been for my tube," put in Prince Ali, "we would not have known of her sickness and she'd have died long before we reached home. It would then have been too late to use the apple. So I think it was my wonderful tube that saved her."

"Well, well," said the king, in great perplexity, "I can't say that any one of you really saved the life of the princess. It was the combined power of all three of your magical presents, so I cannot possibly give the princess to any one of you after all."

The king leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and thought deeply for some minutes. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and cried: "I have it! As you are all good shots with the bow and arrow we'll hold a contest and the man who shoots his arrow the greatest distance shall have the princess for his wife."

The brothers agreed to the plan of the king and the next day, accompanied by the king and his court, they met on the drill ground near the palace. Prince Houssain shot first. Prince Ali shot next, and his arrow fell far beyond that of his brother. Taking careful aim, Prince Ahmed bent his bow, bent it back so far it almost cracked, and shot. His arrow traveled much farther than the one shot by Prince Ali, and although every one knew he had shot a greater



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distance than his brother, his arrow could not be found, and the king after a long search, decided in favor of Prince Ali.

Broken hearted at losing the princess, Prince Houssain left the court and entered a monastery where he spent the rest of his life as a monk. Prince Ahmed, feeling there was something very strange about the disappearance of his arrow, went in search of it, determined not to return until he had found where it had fallen. He went to the place where his brother's arrow had been picked up and searched the ground carefully for a great distance, but could find no trace of his own.

"This is mighty strange," he thought. "No one could possibly shoot so far as I seem to have shot." Suddenly it occurred to him that some magical power must be at work. So he hunted on till he came to a great forest and there the search was difficult, for he had to examine each tree in his path, fearing that the arrow might have stuck in one of them. At last he came to the side of a high mountain and at the opening of a small cave he saw his arrow. It was lying upon the ground and pointing

straight into the cave. Prince Ahmed looked in the direction the arrow pointed and to his surprise saw there a great iron door.

"Well," he thought, "the arrow points to the door as though it meant that I should enter there."

Placing his hands against the door, he gave it a gentle push. Slowly it swung open! It was as dark as night beyond and as silent as a tomb. Trembling with excitement, Prince Ahmed stepped inside and the great door closed softly behind him.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

# THE TEENIE WEEENIES

## RIDE A CAT

By DONAHEY



"WATCH me hit him this time," whispered the Turk as he chewed up a piece of paper and stuffed it into his teenie weenie blow gun. Sneaking quietly from behind a carpet sweeper, where the rest of the Teenie Weenies were hidden, the Turk skipped across a rug and hid behind the leg of a chair. Near the chair, on the soft rug, lay a cat, sound asleep.

Aiming his blow gun at the sleeping cat, the Turk puffed out his cheeks until they were round as an apple, and then blew with all his might. Ping! went the wad of paper, right in the middle of the cat's head. Several of the Teenie Weenies behind the carpet sweeper giggled, the cat slowly opened one big eye, and sleepily looked around. Seeing the Turk peering from the chair leg the cat jumped to his feet and cried, "Well, goodness gracious, if it isn't the Teenie Weenies!"

"Right you are!" shouted the Turk, as he stepped out from behind the chair leg. "Ho, Ho!" cried the cat, seeing the blow gun in the Turk's hand, "you are the fellow who has been shooting at me. Do you know I had the funniest dream. I dreamed that a lot of mice had captured me, tied me down to the ground with ropes, and were shooting me with cannon," and the cat broke into a loud "ha ha."

The rest of the Teenie Weenies came out, laughing, from their hiding place, and gathered around the merry old cat.

"Mr. Cat," shouted the Lady of Fashion, "won't you please give us all a ride on your back?"

"I would be delighted to give you a ride," cried the cat, lying down flat upon the floor. "I am always glad to be of service to a lady. Hop on."

The Teenie Weenies climbed up on the cat's back, and had a great lot of fun riding about the house.

"O, isn't this great?" cried the lover, looking into his little sweetheart's eyes. "Yes—it's just—" but the little sweetheart never finished the sentence, for just then the cat saw a mouse!

Bang! He jumped half way across the kitchen, bouncing off Teenie Weenie as he went. Then as the mouse scuttled under the refrigerator to escape, down crouched the cat to go after him. In the mad chase every last Teenie Weenie who had succeeded in sticking on during the jumping and the running was scraped right off the back of that excited cat onto the floor—even the Cow Boy couldn't keep his seat.

"That's the last time I'll ever ride a cat," muttered the policeman angrily, as he felt a bump slowly swelling up on the back of his teenie weenie head.

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