



"A body of horsemen suddenly appeared."

The king of Harran was the father of fifty sons. Prince Codadad, one of the king's sons, was born and brought up in a distant country. Codadad goes as a stranger to his father's court and offers himself as a soldier in the king's army. The king does not know Codadad is his son, but becomes fond of him, making him governor of his sons, who soon grow jealous of him. By a clever trick the prince leads his father to believe they are lost through the carelessness of Codadad. The king orders Codadad to go in search of them, and one day while looking for his lost brothers Codadad comes to a castle where he finds a beautiful woman at a barred window, who tells him she is the prisoner of a giant who will surely kill him. The giant appears, and, drawing his sword, Codadad goes to meet him. He kills the giant and with the lovely woman goes to liberate the giant's prisoners, among whom he finds his forty-nine brothers. The woman, who is a princess driven from her own home, tells her story, and Codadad marries her. He tells his brothers who he really is, and they, being more jealous than ever, stab him during the night and flee. His wife goes to get help, and on her return finds that Codadad has vanished.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

THE doctor and the princess searched everywhere, but no sign of Codadad could they find. He had disappeared as completely as though the ground had opened and swallowed him. Believing that her husband had been carried away by some wild beast, the princess gave herself up to tears and cries of woe. The kind hearted doctor persuaded her to return to his home with him, where she could

rest, and she accepted his invitation. When she was feeling better, the physician asked her to tell him her story.

He listened with the deepest interest and when she had finished, said, "My dear lady, you should avenge your husband's death. Go to the king of Harran and tell him how your husband has been murdered by his jealous brothers. The king is a wise and just ruler and I am sure he will listen to your wrongs."

The princess was much cheered by the good doctor's words and agreed to follow his advice if he would accompany her.

"Gladly," cried the doctor, "I will gladly go as your protector." So early next morning, mounted on camels, the two set out for Harran. On arriving in Harran they went at once to an inn and asked for the latest news of the court. They were told that the king was greatly worried over the absence of one of his sons, Prince Codadad.

"It seems that the king did not know Codadad was his son," said the porter at the inn, "until the princess, his mother, arrived at court from a distant land and informed the king of the fact."

The doctor thought it would be wise for them to see Codadad's mother first, before visiting the king.

"Now," said the good doctor, "you must stay here at the inn, for if the king's wicked sons should see you, they might wish to do you harm, fearing you would tell the king how they had murdered their brother. I will go and make

an appointment with your husband's mother, so you can go to her and tell her your story."

The doctor at once set out and soon arrived at the palace, where he asked for Princess Pirouze, Codadad's mother. He was directed to her apartments, where he told one of the slaves that he had news for the princess of her lost son. The slave told him to wait and hurried away. Presently he returned and told the doctor that his mistress wished to see him at once. He followed the slave into a large room, where Princess Pirouze sat, surrounded by her attendants. The princess received the doctor kindly and asked for news of her son.

The doctor told the princess about Codadad and his brothers, and when he told how cruelly the young man had been stabbed by his wicked brothers, his mother fainted away. When she had recovered the doctor told her of Codadad's marriage, and of the Princess Deryabar, and of his strange disappearance while his wife had gone for help.

"Your kindness shall be rewarded," cried the grateful mother. "Go to the Princess Deryabar and tell her that the king of Harran will soon receive her as his son's wife."

The doctor thanked Pirouze and left the room. When the poor mother was left alone she burst into tears, for she felt sure that she would never see her son again. While she was still weeping the king of Harran entered the room and at once the princess told him the whole story, as she had heard it from the doctor.

When the king heard of the wicked deed of his sons he was very angry and ordered that they should be arrested and thrown into prison. He told his grand vizier to go to the inn where Codadad's wife was staying and to bring her and the doctor both to the palace.

When the princess of Deryabar arrived at the palace she was received with great respect by the king, who at once took her into the presence of Codadad's mother. Princess Pirouze received her daughter-in-law with much affection,

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY
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embracing her many times. At the request of Codadad's father and mother the princess repeated the story of their unhappy adventures and of her husband's disappearance and begged the king to punish the wicked brothers for their cruel treatment of one who had rescued them from death.

"Though the murderers are my sons," cried the king, "they shall certainly suffer for this wicked deed."

In order that the people might know that he was acting justly, the king told his grand vizier to inform the public of Codadad's murder and that the forty-nine princes were to die for the crime. The king ordered that public prayers should be said for nine days, and on the tenth day he declared that the young princes, his sons, should die.

The execution was delayed, however, for suddenly a great army of enemies came marching upon the city. The loss of Codadad was now deeply felt by the king, for this son had been a gifted brave soldier, who was greatly feared by his enemies. However, the king bravely marched out with his army and a great battle soon was fought outside the walls of the city. Although the king of Harran and all his soldiers fought bravely they were slowly driven back by the other army, which was much stronger in numbers.

Just as the king's army was about to be defeated, a body of horsemen suddenly appeared and fell upon the king's enemies with such force that they were soon driven off, leaving a great many dead upon the field. The king of Harran was very grateful for the sudden change of fortune, and when he rode up to thank the brave strangers for their timely aid, he was filled with the greatest astonishment to

find that their leader was no other than his supposedly dead son, Codadad!

The news of Codadad's return and of how he had turned defeat into victory for his father traveled very rapidly and when he rode into the city at the head of the army, he was proclaimed a great hero on every side.

There was a happy meeting between Codadad and his mother and his wife and when he heard their story the king demanded of him to tell what had befallen him—why he had vanished so strangely and how he had recovered of his wounds.

"Well," cried the happy prince, "when the princess left me to go in search of the doctor, a peasant passed by, and seeing that I was badly hurt, he picked me up, placed me upon his mule, and carried me away to his own hut. He dressed my wounds and took such good care of me that I finally pulled through and soon gained all my strength back again. As soon as I was strong enough I gave him all the money and jewels I had with me and after thanking him for his kindness I started off for the palace of Harran. While I was on my way there I learned that a host of enemies was about to attack the city of Harran. I quickly persuaded the soldiers of the villages I passed through to join me and, as you know, we arrived just in time."

When Codadad learned that the young princes, his brothers, were about to be beheaded, he begged his father so earnestly to pardon them that the king finally consented. That very day the young princes were released from prison, Codadad himself taking off their chains and gladly forgiving them for their unkindness to him.

The good doctor was heartily thanked and when he left the city his camel fairly staggered under the load of gold and presents Codadad had given him. The king built a magnificent palace for Codadad and his beautiful wife, and they lived there in peace and happiness for many years.

(Another Arabian Nights story will appear next Sunday.)

The TEENIE WEEENIES

BY W. DONAHEY

HAVE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
AND THE DUNCE GETS INTO TROUBLE.

"WHAT are you boys doing?" asked the Lady of Fashion as she peered under a mullein leaf at several Teenie Weenies who were lying about in the cozy place.

"Oh, we're just talking about good things to eat," answered the Turk. "Come on in and join us."

Dodging out from the shade, the Cook soon returned with a big pink rose petal and spread it out upon the ground.

"Oh, thank you," said the Lady of Fashion, smoothing out her dainty skirt and sitting down on the leaf. "Now, go right on. What were you talking about when I came along?"

"I was just saying," answered the Cow Boy, "that I thought a nice fresh slice of juicy cherry was about as good a thing as anybody could wish for."

"Umm! Cherry pie for mine! Yummyyum!" cried the Dunce, rubbing his teenie weenie tummie and smacking his lips.

"How about strawberry short cake?" put in the Lady of Fashion.

"Oh, say!" shouted the Dunce, "I know where there are some strawberries. They're on the kitchen table of a house not far away. I seen 'em this morning!"

"You what?" asked the Lady of Fashion, with a frown.

"I—I—I mean I saw them," corrected the Dunce.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," broke in the Cook; "if you fellows will help me get a couple of berries, I'll make strawberry short cake for our supper."

"Sure we'll help you," cried the rest, and jumping to their feet they hurried off after the berries.

Soon they climbed on to the table, where they found a big box of fresh strawberries. While the Cook was picking out the berries he wanted for the short cake, the Dunce crawled up on a cup that was standing on the table.

"Oh, yum yum—it's molasses," cried the Dunce as he leaned over and stuck his finger down to get a taste.

But, just as he touched the thick brown stuff, he lost his balance and tumbled straight down into the sticky mess!

After a great deal of trouble he was pulled out and sent home.

"Put him to bed," called the General, as the Policeman led the sticky Dunce away, crying. "And he shan't have any strawberry short cake tonight, either."

That evening, as the Teenie Weenies were enjoying the good short cake, the poor Dunce lay sobbing in his bed, for he was very fond of short cake, and he could not keep back the tears. Presently the door was opened softly, and before the Dunce knew what had happened the kind hearted Lady of Fashion placed something on his bed and then ran out of the room.

"Oh," cried the happy Dunce, looking at what had been left beside him, "it's strawberry short cake—a big piece, too!"

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