

Abdalla of the Land.

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

by
Wm. DONAHUE

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor fisherman, named Abdalla, who was rich in children but poor in money. On the day that his tenth child was born he grieved greatly. "How can I feed this child," he said, "when I cannot catch enough fish to be sure all those I have already are not hungry?" But he took his nets and went to the seashore determined to work harder than ever, so this latest baby should not want. Luck was against him, however; he caught even less fish than usual, and at night had practically nothing to take home to his family.

As he was dragging wearily home he passed the shop of an old schoolmate of his who had become a baker, and a prosperous one. The baker saw him, called him in, asked why he was so mournful, and, upon hearing the story, said, "Do not grieve, Abdalla. I know you for a hard working, honest man. Take what bread you want from my shop and pay me whenever you can."

Abdalla thanked him and went home with bread for his children. But luck did not change. It grew worse. Day after day his nets were empty, and his debt to the good baker was growing so large he dreaded to remember it, or to take any more bread, although he needed it more every day.

He told his wife how matters stood, and she tried to cheer him, saying: "At least go to the good baker. He has not urged for payment, and our children must not starve."

"I don't know," said Abdalla bitterly; "sometimes I think we'd better all be dead than living on charity." But nevertheless he went back to work that day and threw his nets over and over till he grew weary. But at last the net felt heavy as he started to pull it in. He pulled till his hands bled, and at last it came to the top, and inside was not fish, nor treasure of any sort—but a human being!

Quite sure that only a genie or fairy of some sort could live in the water, and feeling that there might be trouble for him in having caught such a creature in his net, Abdalla started to run away. But the man called after him. "Do not be afraid. Come back."

"Are you not a genie?" asked Abdalla.

"No," said the other; "I am a human being like yourself in all but one thing: instead of living upon the land, my home is within the sea. Come closer, that we may talk together. I was just now walking about down there, when whisk! down dropped your net over my shoulders and you drew me up to the top. However, I have always been curious to see what the land and land people were like, so come and talk to me."

Abdalla went close to the stranger, loosened the net from about his shoulders, and was astonished to observe that he was truly a man, with nothing in the least fishlike about him. "What is your name?" he asked, and was naturally surprised when the stranger answered, "Abdalla."

"That is my name, too," cried the fisherman. "I am Abdalla of the Land, you are Abdalla of the Sea."

"How strange," said Abdalla of the Sea. "Come, my land brother, tell me about yourself."

Poor Abdalla of the Land had longed for some friend to tell his troubles to, and now he poured out his whole heart to Abdalla of the Sea, who listened gravely.

At the end of the story he said: "I can help you, and I will. It will, too, be easy for you to repay me, so that you will not feel indebted to me. Here on the land you have fruits, melons and pomegranates, oranges, peaches and pears, which cost you little but which are the most priceless luxuries to me. One the other hand, we in the sea have, instead of fruits, jewels—sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, coral, aquamarine—all sorts of stone, which are valuable to you but only beautiful to us. See, then, my friend, I will bring you jewels, such wonderful ones as the people in your city have seldom even seen, and you in return shall bring me fruits, which will be as valuable to me as the jewels to you. So we can both be happy. Is it a bargain? Do you agree?"

"O, yes," cried Abdalla of the Land excitedly.

"Then wait till I bring you a present," said Abdalla of the Sea. And slipping into the

water he sank at once from sight. He was gone so long that Abdalla of the Land began to wonder if he had dreamed the whole thing. But at last up through the water came Abdalla of the Sea, and his hands were full of the most wonderful of stones!

"It is too bad," he said, "that I had no basket. If I had had one I could have brought you so many more. When you bring me fruit leave me the basket, and next time you shall have many more jewels. Will you be here with my fruit at this time tomorrow?"

"I certainly will," said Abdalla of the Land, his eyes shining with joy. "And thank you a thousand times. O, what happiness there will be in my home tonight. I cannot wait—good-by!"

He hurried off and went first to the good baker. "You have done so much for me," he cried; "see how I shall repay you now!" He put his hand into his pocket and pulled it out filled with half the stones Abdalla of the Sea had brought him.

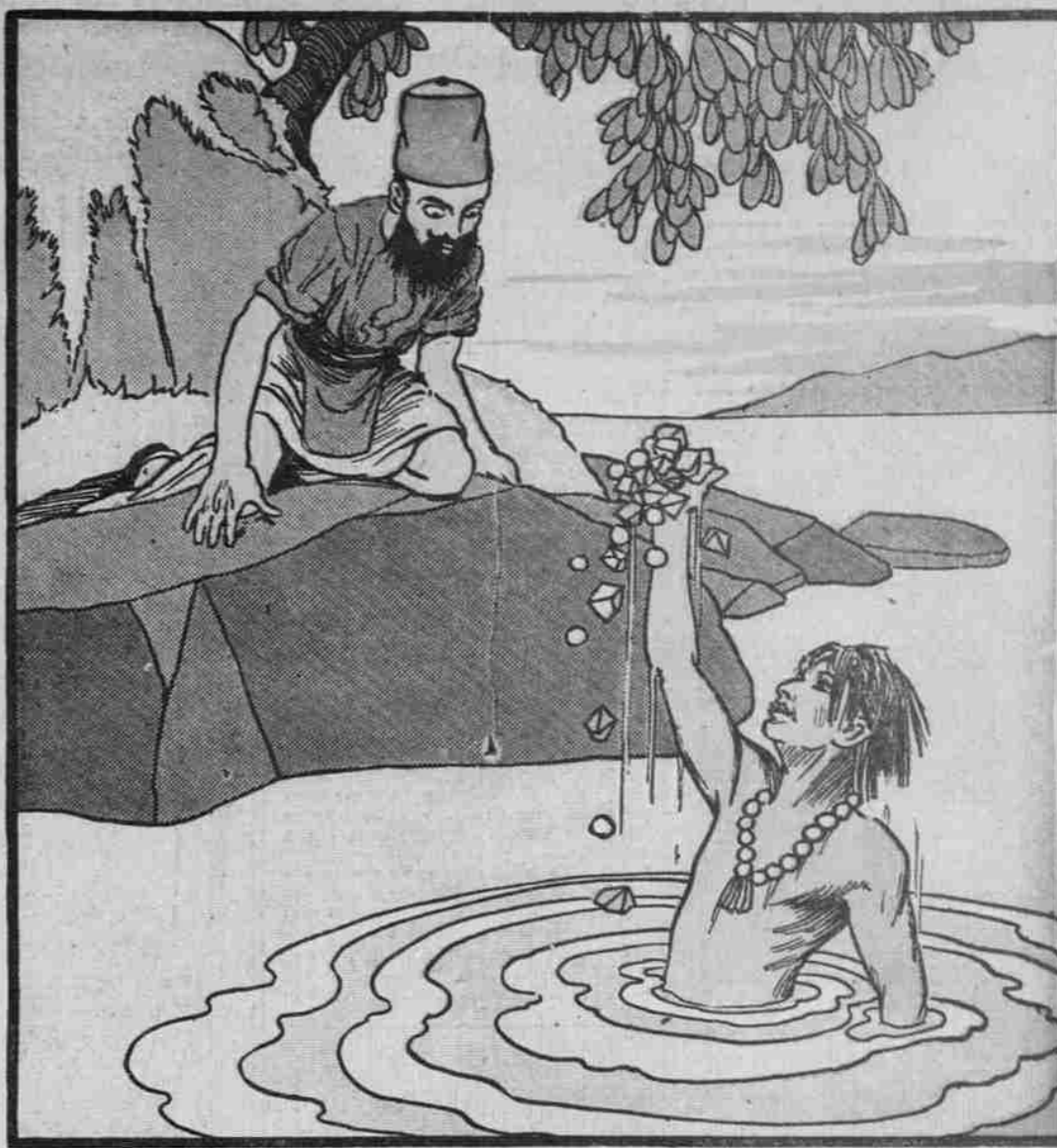
"Give me a little money, so I can buy food for tonight," he cried, "and the rest of the jewels are yours."

Marveling, the baker gave him money and bread, and Abdalla carried home that night such a feast that his wife cried with pleasure and surprise.

"Whence comes this wealth?" she asked. And her husband showed her the money he had left and the jewels, and told her the story. "Be careful," she warned, frightened. "Tell no one. The jewels may be stolen from you."

Abdalla thought that good advice. That evening the baker gave him more money in return for another jewel, and Abdalla bought with it a great basket which he heaped high with fruit, and early in the morning he went with the fruit to the seashore, where he sat down and called, "Abdalla of the Sea, my brother Abdalla, are you there?" Immediately Abdalla of the Sea rose out of the water and received the fruit with great rejoicing.

"Wait a moment," he said. And, diving down with the basket, he soon returned and gave it back to Abdalla of the Land, filled to the brim with stones bigger and brighter than those he had given him the day before; after which they arranged another meeting, and the man of the sea went back beneath the water, while Abdalla of the Land took his basket of jewels home. Behind locked doors they sorted



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the stones, and when they had found two dozen of wonderful beauty Abdalla took them, wrapped them in a clean handkerchief, and went to a jeweler to sell them.

The jeweler looked at the great things in astonishment. "Have you more of these?" he asked as he admired the stones.

"Yes," said Abdalla. "I have a whole basketful, although these were the biggest and brightest."

"Where did you get them?" asked the jeweler suspiciously.

"That I cannot tell you; but they are honestly mine," said Abdalla.

The jeweler bade him wait a moment, and went out. Presently Abdalla, who had been

dreaming of all the beautiful things he would buy for his wife, his children, and himself, and of the beautiful house he would live in soon, heard a great noise outside, and suddenly the jeweler burst into the room with three of the officers of the sultan's household behind him.

"There he is!" cried the jeweler. "Arrest the villain! He tried to sell me, an honest man, these jewels, but I have discovered him."

Before poor Abdalla could defend himself or ask any questions he was fallen upon, badly beaten, and when he recovered consciousness he was bound to the back of a mule and being borne through a crowd which yelled and jeered at him as he passed.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

The TEENIE WEEENIE CLOWN HAS A CLOSE CALL

by
Wm. DONAHUE

"HOORAY, hooray," shouted the Cowboy, as he bounded into the Teenie Weenie sitting room. "Here's a letter from the Scotchman!" "Well," exclaimed the General, "he's written at last, has he! Give it to me, and I'll read it aloud."

The General tore open the tiny envelope and took out the letter. "Dear Teenie Weenies," he began, "here I am down south, where it is nice and warm. The bird that carried me down was very kind to me. I have built a little house right beside the bird's nest, and am very comfortable. It is pretty far up from the ground, and I have a long climb whenever I go up or down, but the bird takes me on her back, so I—"

"Help! help!" came a voice from the outside.

"What's that?" cried the General, looking up from the letter. Suddenly the front door burst open, and a very much frightened Teenie Weenie boy sprang into the room.

"Quick—help," panted the small boy. "The Clown has broken through the ice, and—ah—he can't get out! Quick—help!"

"Land sakes," cried the General, "where's the Clown?" "He's over in the chicken yard, in a pan of wa-water," gasped the small boy. With all speed the Teenie Weenies made their way to the chicken yard. As they hurried up to the pan they could hear the Clown faintly crying for help. The

Turk and the Dutchman boosted the Sailor up to the top of the pan, where he caught on, and pulled himself over the edge. The poor Clown's head was only just out of the water, and he was holding fast to the edge of the ice.

"Throw me a board or a match, or something strong," shouted the Sailor to the others, waiting below. At once the little people began to dig about in the snow for the desired board.

"Oh dear," cried the Duncie, "if we only had a straw! I've always heard that a drowning man catches at a straw!" "Here," shouted the Old Soldier. "Here's a burnt match, but it's frozen to the ground!"

The Dutchman grabbed the match, and with a mighty heave he pulled it free and threw it up to the waiting Sailor. The Sailor carefully pushed the match out across the hole, and with its help he soon pulled the half frozen Clown from the water. The Clown was quickly carried to the Shoe House, where he was made comfortable.

"How did this thing happen?" the General asked the Clown, as wrapped in blankets he sat before a blazing fire of toothpicks.

"Why, a couple of us were skating," said the Clown, "and all at once the ice cracked, and—and I fell in!"

"Now then, I don't want to hear of any more skating in pans," said the General, shaking his finger at the open mouthed Teenie Weenies, standing about. "Yes, sir," several meekly answered.

"That is," continued the General, "unless they are very shallow pie pans, out of which you could wade. Remember!"

"We will," promised the little people. (Copyright, 1916, By Wm. Donahue.)

