



# ABDALLA of the SEA

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY Wm. DONAHEY

**SYNOPSIS OF ABDALLA OF THE LAND.**  
Abdalla, a poor fisherman, can hardly feed his children. One day he catches in his net a man who says he is a citizen of the sea, named Abdalla, and tells of people who live in the water, as others do on land. In return for fruits of the earth he promises Abdalla of the Land untold jewels, and gives him immediately enough to make him rich. Abdalla, trying to sell the finer stones to a jeweler, is fallen upon, beaten, and carried off.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

It seems that some valuable jewels had been stolen from the wife of the sultan, and the jeweler was sure Abdalla must be the thief. But when the stones were given to the sultana, she sent them back, saying they were much finer than those she had owned, and would the sultan kindly purchase them for her and for their daughter?

This made the case of Abdalla more amazing. Where had such a poor man got such gorgeous jewels? And to make this odder yet he insisted on giving these to the sultan and brought out more to be sold.

The sultan sent for him, and Abdalla felt that he must tell his strange story, so he did, to the sultan's astonishment.

"And," said the sultan, "do you mean to tell me that you can get more of these jewels whenever you please?"

"I can," answered Abdalla. The sultan talked to him a great deal and discovered that, though poor, Abdalla was wise and a pleasant companion. So he gave him a post of honor in his court, and Abdalla, with his family, moved to a great house, where they lived in luxury, waited upon by slaves.

But never did Abdalla of the Land forget Abdalla of the Sea. He allowed no one else to carry the fruit to Abdalla, but went himself through the streets, with the great basket on his head; and people, seeing this strange sight of a richly dressed man, working like a porter, would say: "See, there goes Abdalla of the Land to visit Abdalla of the Sea and exchange with him riches."

But no one ever followed him, for Abdalla had forbidden it. His friend of the sea did not wish to have people come and stare at him.

One day, as they sat talking together, Abdalla of the Sea said: "O, my brother, why will you not come down and visit me and see the wonders of the ocean in which I live?"

But Abdalla answered him, "Why do you not come with me?"

"Because," said the other, "if I left the sea behind, the winds of the earth, would blow upon me and dry me up and I should die."

"Well, and I, too, should die in the sea; for that reason I cannot come," answered Abdalla.

But Abdalla of the Sea answered, "O, I can arrange that," and, hastening away, he returned with a bottle filled with oil.

"This," he said, "is the oil of a huge fish called the dendan. It is bigger than any land animal there is. It could eat two elephants for breakfast. Rub yourself with this oil and you can safely come with me."

"But what if I meet a dendan?" asked Abdalla, who was rather a coward.

"He is afraid of nothing but an earth man," said Abdalla of the Sea. "He will not harm you in the least. Come."

So, filled with curiosity, Abdalla of the Land anointed himself with the oil, took the hand of his brother of the sea, and stepped down into the water. Deeper and deeper he went, till the water closed above his head, and still he breathed easily. At last they were walking along on the bottom of the ocean, past the wonders of the deep, and Abdalla saw for himself the countless jewels from which his friend had brought him a store. It was a wonderful sight. But suddenly there appeared above them a huge cloud that grew denser and denser, and Ab-



"She was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, with great dark eyes and a lovely figure—but she had a tail."

Abdalla of the Land, feeling his friend trembled, cried, "What is this?"

"A dendan," cried Abdalla of the Sea. "Cry out at it, my brother, for it is coming to eat me—of you it is afraid."

So Abdalla of the Land bravely rushed at the dendan, shrieking at it, and the great

shape turned about and fled before him in terror. After that he feared nothing and enjoyed everything. Abdalla of the Sea took him in eighty days to eighty cities, in which he amused himself with the strange sights and sounds, missing only one thing. That, however, was important. He had nothing to eat but raw fish!

Now Abdallah was fond of fish, boiled or fried—but raw, that was another story. He looked at the wonderfu, ocean buildings of coral, set with jewels; he visited the city where all the inhabitants were beautiful women, who would not suffer a man to dwell among them, and another town where lived only men. He saw many strange things, but never did he have anything really good to eat.

At last he said: "Have I not seen all the wonders of the ocean cities?"

"O, no," said Abdalla of the Sea. "You have seen a very few. I might take you about for years and you would not see it all. But if you are weary I will take you to my own home, where you can rest."

So they went back through the water to a smaller city than they had yet seen, where Abdalla lived. And here were no towering buildings of coral and jewels, but caves, hollowed out of the coral rocks themselves. Abdalla lived in one of the most beautiful, and his daughter came to meet them at the door. She was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, with great dark eyes and a lovely figure—but she had a tail! Moreover, when she saw Abdalla of the Land she laughed and called her mother, saying, "Come, look at this tailless creature," and her mother came with three younger children, all munching small raw fish, as land children might munch candy, and they all looked and laughed till Abdalla grew angry.

"Did you bring me here to be mocked at?" he asked. "And why this laughter? I never noticed that you had a tail yourself!"

"O, but I have," said Abdalla of the Sea,

"only in consideration for you I have not shown it. I have a beautiful tail. All our people have, and look with pity on those who have not. Any tailless creatures who come here must always go before our ruler, so he may see the interesting sight. My wife tells me the command has already come for you to go. But first rest and eat and forgive my family for laughing. They shall be reproved."

Abdalla of the Land rested well upon the bed of soft sponges in the home of his friend, but the feast they gave him he could hardly touch, as it was made up entirely of raw fish.

The next morning a great escort of soldiers, all with tails, was sent by the ruler to escort Abdalla of the Land to the palace, where he was received with great pomp and well treated, though he felt that all eyes were upon him, as a great curiosity, and did not like that very well. In fact, he became more and more unhappy, till he asked permission to go home again, saying he much preferred the land. "How can you?" asked the ruler and Abdalla of the Sea. "It is so dry up there and there are no nice raw fish to eat." But when they understood that those were the very things Abdalla liked they allowed him to go. They first gave him, however, as many precious jewels as he could carry. "For," said Abdalla of the Sea, "I can no longer come to see you when you call. I, too, must remain at home, like you."

But Abdalla took with him jewels enough to make five men rich, and went back to his own country, where his wife and children received him with great joy, and the sultan, after hearing the outline of his adventures, said: "You and yours must come and live in the palace with me and entertain me. No other man can tell such wonderful stories as you can, and you must be near by, where you can come to me whenever I want you."

So Abdalla sold his house and his jewels and then went to live in the palace of the sultan, no longer a poor and discouraged fisherman, but one of the richest and most famous men in all that country. And during his entire life he was happy, and died greatly mourned and honored.

(Another Arabian Nights story will appear next Sunday.)

# THE TEENIE WEEENIE LADY OF FASHION READS A STORY.

BY Wm. DONAHEY



ONE Sunday afternoon, while out walking, the Teenie Weenies ran into a house, to escape a sudden shower of rain. While the little people were waiting for the rain to stop, they found some books lying on the library table.

"Oh, somebody read us a story," cried the Dunce, who was fond of stories.

"Well," said the Lady of Fashion, "if some of you boys will turn the pages, I will read to you."

Several of the Teenie Weenies agreed to turn the leaves of the book, while the rest made themselves comfortable, and were ready to enjoy the story. Crawling up onto the book, the Lady of Fashion began,

"Once there was an old widowed cat, who lived with her only son. The son was a handsome kitten, but he was lazy. He would lie around the house and sleep all day, and at night he spent his time gadding around in bad company. The good old mother was patient, always bathing him while he slept, and when he awoke in the evening, she would have a fat mouse for his supper.

"Soon his reckless way of living began to tell on the kitten. He began to get thin, and great dark circles showed beneath his eyes. This made the old mother feel badly, and one day she said to him, 'My son, I wish you would not go out at night, and keep such bad company. I wish you'd stay at home and catch mice, as good kittens should.'

"'Ha, ha,' laughed the kitten. 'Why mother, you're old fashioned! They have traps to catch mice these days. And besides, I want to have some fun.' "One night, while singing near a house, with a lot of carousing cats, the kitten was struck on the head by a boot, which was thrown from a window.

"He was just able to find his way home, where he fainted at the feet of his mother. The widow put her son to bed, and tenderly bathed the big bump on his head. The kitten was very sick, but with the aid of mouse broth and catnip tea, the mother finally brought him back to health.

"While the kitten was sick, he had plenty of time to think, and he made up his mind that he would turn over a new leaf. So now the kitten spends his nights peacefully snoring at the side of his mother, and during the day, he spends the time prowling about the house for mice, just as all good cats should."

"That's a fine story," shouted the Cook, as the Lady of Fashion finished. "But if we're going to have a baked raisin for dessert tonight, I've got to get home and put it in the oven."

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