



# The Flying Trunk

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE

## Chapter VI.

Before I tell you what the terrible thing was I must tell you how the people of the town talked about the prophet.

"I saw the great prophet with my own eyes," said one Turk.

"That man's eyes certainly sparkled like fire," said another man.

"The prophet had a beard like a foaming sea," said another one.

The merchant's son was very happy to hear all these strange things about himself.

"I'll go back to the woods now," he said. "I'll find my Flying Trunk and get it ready for my final trip to the palace." He went back, accordingly.

Alas, his trunk was in a little heap of ashes! A spark from one of the firecrackers he had shot into the air fell into the trunk. The first little breeze that blew fanned it into a flame and the trunk burned up. The poor merchant's son could never fly any more. He didn't know what to do or where to go. But he decided that he must leave the country at once. He took one last, lingering look at the palace and started on his journey.

The poor princess, sad at heart and very sorrowful, sat in her apartments and waited and waited! But her Turkish prophet never came. Instead he went about the world telling stories to people and tried to forget his princess.

(The End.)

Brown—Why, man, can't you see the joke? I nearly split my sides when I first heard that story. Smith (glumly)—So did I.



The Princess Waits!

## I DREAM'D IN A DREAM

By Walt Whitman.

I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city  
invincible to the attacks of the whole  
of the rest of the earth;

I dream'd that was the new City  
of Friends;

Nothing was greater there than  
the quality of robust love—it led the  
rest;

It was seen every hour in the ac-  
tions of the men of that city,  
And in all their looks and words.