

THIS is another part of the story found in the parchment concerning which Omar wrote. It tells of the dreams of Al Araaf, the magician, who slept while the magic of Al Araaf was drawing near to the Castle of Al Kabo. It is also the story of what came of those dreams of the magician. Now, upon the right hand of Al Araaf there was a magic ring for protection. When the senses of Al Araaf were asleep the ring kept his mind busy. As he fell upon the castle floor the magic ring struck upon a sword that stood by a curtain, and the sword wounded the magician's hand so that he bled. And the blood touched the garments of the slumbering mice, and they were all turned to a fiery red, and the magic of Al Araaf was with them from that moment.

In the dream of Al Araaf his blood was like a river, wide and swift. Flowing from his veins, the drops were multiplied beyond number, so that a trickling rill became a mighty flood, that chafed the shores of a great valley set between two mountain ranges and sped onward until the flood came to where there was a castle, in which the giant, Abramindin, was. Out from the Black Forest, that surrounded the castle walls, came ranging wild beasts—lions, tigers, leopards, and all the wild beasts of the forests of all the world, and they plunged into the flood and drank, and they were all made proof against fire and water and spears and swords. Wherefore, although they fought savagely and each tore the flanks of the other with fierce claws and teeth, yet there was not one to die. Seeing that they could not vanquish their enemies, they fought the more angrily, for when was such a thing ever seen before from the foundation of the world?

From the castle walked abroad Abramindin. Now, when his ears heard the noise of the wild beasts he climbed upon the wall of the castle and gazed. When he saw that the beasts could not die by wounds of teeth or of claws, he was afraid, for he had the heart of a coward.

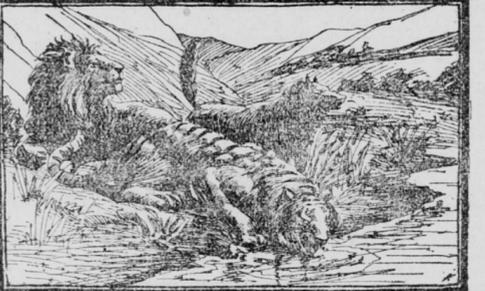
Red rolled the flood around the castle, and its waves came closer and closer to the castle, the tide ever rising, rising. When the flood reached the gate of the castle it could not be kept out, but crept in like a thief and ran toward the castle and stealthily went across the floor. More and more it filled the castle gardens, and there was no place left uncovered in the castle grounds. So now the giant Abramindin was forced to keep within the castle, for the flood was over the wall and upon its surface came swimming all the fierce wild beasts, calling aloud for vengeance upon Abramindin, whom they had come to think was their enemy. Up the sides of the castle the wild beasts crept, their sharp claws holding to the vines that had been trained from the ground to the roofs and tower tops. Into every window they gazed, and tried to enter by tearing off the iron bars that had been embedded by the giants in the stones. Within the castle were all the giants who had lived in that land. They, with great knotted clubs, reaching from the windows, fought the wild beasts, striking them terrifically upon their cruel heads; but all in vain. The wild beasts could not be driven off, but clung to the walls until the red flood, rising higher and higher, and running more and more swiftly, carried them away.

"So," said the magician, Al Araaf, as he dreamed, "I see that this means that I shall cause the giants to die, and that the whole land will swim in blood, and that the wild beasts shall not remain to occupy the land after all the giants are gone forever. That will be all the better for me, for then I will own all the land, and there will be neither man nor beast to dispute me."

The CASTLE of AL KABO.

And Al Araaf, the wicked, dreamed again. The red flood was gone away and the land was bare once more. Into the sea every tree and every castle that had belonged to giants, and all the fields had been swept by the flood. The soil that had borne fruitful crops was all gone, and below, where the soil had been, was only a world of stone. In all directions were awful mountains of solid black rocks and valleys of flint, in all of which was no living thing. "It does not matter," said the magician, "I will go hence upon my magic carpet and journey until I find the Blessed Islands, which are surrounded by a high wall, made so stout by the magicians who live there that not even the sea can break through it. There I will feast and dwell."

And Al Araaf, the wicked, dreamed again. Behold, he had four-



neyed over the seas and had entered into the Blessed Islands. Flowering gardens and fruit-wen orchards of the apple and the orange and peach and plum and cherry, and all other fruits of the earth, were there. He saw his brother magicians, who came forward to greet him and to tell him that this should be his home. And he was happy, and never thought once of all the unhappy ones in other parts of the world who had lost their homes and their all and were in distress, for he was wicked. There was upon the Blessed Islands a King of Magicians, who was very bad-tempered. To him came Al Araaf and quarreled. Filled with anger against Al Araaf was the King, and he counseled with his friends what to do. It was not possible to send Al Araaf away; nor would the magic arts of the King work against Al Araaf without bringing trouble upon all the magicians, for he was the greatest of them all excepting the King. Wherefore Al Araaf, having learned of this determined to make the King a prisoner in a

mountain cave deep under the sea. He opened a great chasm where the King would pass, and when the King fell in he closed up the ground and spoke such words over it that even the King was not able to break the spell and get out. Then once more Al Araaf rejoiced, for all the other magicians were compelled to do his bidding, and he was the King while he should keep the rightful King a prisoner.

"It is as easy," he said, "to put out a King of Magicians from his islands as it was to trick the giant Abramindin out of his castle. And Al Araaf was very proud of his skill and wickedness."

And Al Araaf dreamed again. He was the King of the Magicians upon the Blessed Island; but he was not at ease. The King, who was imprisoned in the cave under the sea, would not rest until he could secure his own once more, and from his prison he was able to see Al Araaf, and knew all that he did. His charms were not enough to disturb Al Araaf. Wherefore the King, in his anger, burning hotly, said: "I will rend open the earth, even down to its innermost and most awful fires; into this cavern I will let in the sea. The water of the sea shall fill the middle of the earth. The water shall turn into steam, and the steam shall burst open the roof of my prison, and all the Blessed Islands shall be destroyed, since I can no more return to them. It is well; for vengeance upon Al Araaf must be mine. He shall not reign. Ungrateful Al Araaf, to whom I gave a home and who has robbed me of my power and cast me into a dungeon!" Filled with fury, the King worked day and night for many days; but only when Al Araaf slept. The King saw the dismal fires in the heart of the earth glowing with white heat, and then, the hour having come, he let in the sea to his cave. The waves rushed in with loud, glad voices and leaped in a sheer fall, and with a mighty shock, far down into the earth.

The cave was filled with steam, which, being imprisoned, shook the earth with a great sound and commotion. High as the sky the rocky roof of the cave was hurled. All the earth trembled to its foundations. Not one stone was left upon another of all the mighty castles of the giants in all the world. Rent wide apart by the shock, the Blessed Islands crumbled into the sea and disappeared. Al Araaf, swimming in the sea, which was now one terrible whirlpool strewn thickly with jagged rocks, made his way painfully to an island, around which the waters surged fearfully. If he had refused to seek safety he might have been still a great magician, but when he sought to save himself, just as any ordinary man might do, his magic left him, and he wept.

And Al Araaf dreamed again. There was a mighty Prince who came to a high castle, and beating upon the castle gate with the hilt of his sword, ordered it to swing upon its hinges; but it was steadfast and would not move. Then the Prince fastened a knot of black cloth to his sword hilt and commanded the castle to open.

"Open, in the name of the Black Robe!"

Then the gate was opened by itself, and the Prince came into the courtyard of the castle and drew near the castle door, and having seen that the castle was grown full of poppies he shouted:

"Come out, Giant Abramindin, great coward that you are, and fight Prince I Don't Care, who is here!"

And then Al Araaf saw the giant Abramindin come in through the castle gate.

"Die, dwarf!" shrieked the giant, as he ran forward, trying to

strike Prince I Don't Care with a sword.

"Hi!" cried Prince I Don't Care merrily, as he ran behind a huge Tebo tree, which was so large that a regiment might have made their camp under the shade of its branches.

Around and around the Tebo tree nimbly ran Prince I Don't Care, and the giant Abramindin followed until he was out of breath, but never catching up with the Prince. When the giant was tired he sat down upon a stump of a tree to rest, and the Prince sat upon the ground and laughed at the giant.

"Ho, ho, lazy bones!" cried the Prince. "You are slower than the



snails are in my land. Who ever told you that you could run?"

Then Abramindin was furious, and called upon his brother, Hardist, who had just come in through the castle gate, to seize Prince I Don't Care. Now the boasting Prince was a prisoner once again.

"I don't care," said the little man, "this may be a new adventure."

The two giants would have killed Prince I Don't Care then and there, but Abramindin saw that the castle doors and castle windows were filled with poppies.

"Come, brother, let us solve this mystery first, and then we will look out for the little Prince," said Abramindin to Hardist. But the giants did not get far. The smell of the poppies put them to sleep, for the poppies still had power over giants, and they fell upon the floor of the castle. Then they were at the mercy of Prince I Don't Care.

The Prince did not draw his sword. "Tush," he said, "I will wait until they awake before I fight the giants. But, now, let me see what all this means. Let me play fair, whatever happens!"

You will understand that Prince I Don't Care could not be put to sleep by the poppies any more, and he was not afraid of all the giants on earth, he took the chance of their waking as he boldly cut his way into the castle among the poppies with his sword.

This last dream of Al Araaf was real. The Prince soon found him, and by the use of the knot of cloth on his sword hilt, which was a piece of the Black Robe, succeeded in making him open his eyes. Up jumped the magician, now wide awake, the poppies having been destroyed by the Prince, and Al Araaf shouted:

"Who are you?"

"Prince I Don't Care, at your service."

The magician threatened the Prince. At the same instant, there being no more poppies to make them sleep, Prince I Don't Care having destroyed the plants, the two giants came running swiftly up the castle stairs. Prince I Don't Care was therefore threatened by the two giants on one side and by Al Araaf upon the other. Above the head of the magician the sword of light once more sparkled. That was a dangerous time for the Prince.

D. H. W.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMEL AND THE TREE THAT RAN AWAY

ONCE upon a time there lived in a great desert a poor old one-eyed camel. He was very very old; so old he could barely move about.

There was not much to eat or much to drink in that desert, but every here and there grew a blade of grass, and occasionally there was found a pool of water, and by constantly moving around the old fellow managed to get something to eat and also something to drink.

One day while in search of his customary blade of grass and drink of water he saw away off in the distance a tree. At the sight of it his only eye lit up with great pleasure, for he knew where there was a tree there are a lot of trees, and where there are a lot of trees there is a lot of grass, and where there is a lot of grass there is a lot of water, and where there is a lot of water there are a lot of camels. That is what made the poor old forlorn camel so happy, and he gave a loud cry of joy and started off as fast as he could toward it.

And he ran, and he ran, and he ran. And he ran all that day and all the next day, but, much to his surprise, got no nearer it.

"Well," he said to himself, "that is a remarkable funny tree. I have run as fast as I could for two days and one night, and it seems as far off as ever. Then he stopped and took a good look at it.

"Yes, it is a sure enough tree, but one can see so far in the desert that I have misjudged the distance. But I think I cannot be very far away from it now, and I will try again."

So once more he ran toward it. And he ran, and he ran, and he ran. And he ran all that day and all the next day, but still got no nearer to it.

"It is a tree, sure enough," he said, "but why don't I come to it?" And he scratched his head with his left hind hoof.

"I must be dreaming," he again said, when he looked and still saw the tree just ahead of him. He shut his eye for

a few moments and again looked. It was still there.

Then he scratched his head again, and this time with his right hind hoof, and then he started for it once more.

And he ran, and he ran, and he ran. And he ran all that day and all the next day, but still got no nearer to it.

So he gave it up, and seeing a blade of grass and a drink of water he made haste to eat his supper.

Then he lay down to sleep, and, much to his surprise, the tree lay down, too. That is a strange tree," said the camel, and he got up, and the tree also got up.

That tickled the camel so he laughed, and the tree laughed, too, which so startled the old fellow that he jumped sideways. Then the camel moved backward, and the tree moved forward. Then the camel moved forward, and the tree moved backward, and they kept this backward and forward movement up all night, and in the morning the camel got mad and again ran after the tree.

And he ran, and he ran, and he ran. And he ran all that day and all the next day, but got no nearer to it.

"I guess I will give it up," he said. He was very, very tired, so he lay down and went to sleep, but before he closed his eyes he saw the tree lie down, too.

The old fellow was so worn out that he slept for five days and nights, and when he awoke he still saw the tree lying down, but he decided to pay no more attention to it. When he awoke, the tree also arose.

Then, much to his surprise, the tree came toward him, and very soon came to where he was. Then the tree bowed very low and politely, and said: "Good morning, Mr. Camel; how are you?"

The camel also bowed politely and answered: "I am very well, I thank you."

"Why did you run away from me?"

"I ran after you," said the camel, "because I saw you, and knew where

there is a tree there are a lot of trees, and where there are a lot of trees there is a lot of grass, and where there is a lot of grass there is a lot of water, and where there is a lot of water there are a lot of camels. That is why I ran after you, Mr. Tree."

"I know where there are a lot of trees," said the other, "and if that is all you want I will take you to them."

The two started off, and they walked and they walked and they walked all that day and all the next day, but still saw

they walked half a day, when the tree said: "I see them now, I think. But let me get on your back and I will be able to see much plainer."

The camel knelt, as requested, and the tree got on his back and wrapped his roots around him. Then he told the poor old fellow he saw the trees a little off to the right.

The camel looked and looked and looked, but could see nothing. "That is because I am higher than you," said the tree. "But if you walk real fast we will

am tired of walking, and as I am showing you the way you ought to carry me."

The poor camel was tired too, but he thought it a fair bargain, and kept on until dark. But still they saw no trees, and he wanted to lie down and rest, but the selfish tree refused to let him.

The old fellow begged and begged and begged, but the tree would not get off. Then the camel lay down and tried to roll the other off, but failed.

Then the tree said: "You had better

Kiss it and make it well.

There's hardly a grievance that babyhood knows; from wee pinched fingers and flubbed little toes; But to kiss it will make it well.

And great grown-up children, so blithe and so gay, How often the wee, bravely hidden away, could scamper, if oftener some one would say: "Let me kiss it and make it well."

BY MARY MACY, LOMIS, CAL.



no trees. And the poor old camel got very, very tired. The tree tried to cheer him up. "We will surely find them to-morrow." But they walked all that day and all the next day and the day after and the day after that, but still saw no trees.

After a good night's rest the tree persuaded the camel to try again, and

move on." And the camel said, "I will not!" And the tree said, "You will, or I will choke you!" "You will be hanged if you do," said the camel. "I will be hanged if I don't," swore the tree. Then the camel lay down again, and the tree choked the poor old fellow, and was hanged, just as the camel said he would be.

R. W. RIGGS.

A QUIET CHAT WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

YOU did not all guess all the puzzles last week—not by any means. That will be made clear to you by the correct answers, which are given as follows: Sacramento, Auburn, Bakersfield, Truckee, Grass Valley (valet), Millbrae (bray), Tres Pinos. Your failures were mostly with the names Grass Valley, Tres Pinos. Those were somewhat hard to find out. The idea was to give only the names of very well known California towns. This week you may pursue your studies in the geography by making out the names of California mountains as they are herewith pictured. Here is the roll of honor for last week:

- Allie Akin, 302 Twenty-fourth street, San Francisco; (Allie) and the town names puzzles and also the Revolutionary War names puzzle correctly; Edith Searle, 215 Alameda avenue, San Francisco; Howard Taylor, 24 William street, Oakland; Raymond de Sanno, Vallejo; Olivia Wright, Berkeley; Esmeralda Church, San Francisco; Gertrude Langstaff, 23 Tremont avenue, San Francisco; Hazel Brier, 1118 Thirtieth street, Sacramento; Theodore Smith, 132 Seventh avenue, East Oakland; Carrie G. Burbank, 1761 Alcatraz avenue, Loma; Lulu Schroeder, Alameda; Grace Taylor, 23 Sutter street, San Francisco; Mamie Fitzgerald, Gilroy; Hazel Allen, Lincoln, Cal.; W. C. Culbert, 219 Turk street, San Francisco; Hazel Watson, San Francisco; Luella Shubert, Red Bluff; Elmo Bennett, Gilroy; Emelle Houston, 42 Silver street, San Francisco; Jean McGeography, 1222 Gornia street, San Francisco; Leita Roberts, 92 Dolores street, San Francisco; Edna Prosek, 508 Hermann street, San Francisco; Henry A. Hussey, Vallejo;

rectly but one; Philip Zipp of Grass Valley oddly enough failed to recognize his own town, but made out all the others. Others who were right with one exception are: Paul Turner, Santa Rosa; Gertrude O'Keefe, 132 West St. James street, San Jose; Alice Partington, 1121 Eddy street, San Francisco; Amanda Hermann, 1123 Shotwell street, San Francisco. One of our puzzlers sent in a nearly correct list from 1530 Eddy street, and forgot to send his (?) name.

Two little girls, seeing a picture of two men walking in the town names (puzzles) figured out that the name was San Joaquin (walkin'), which was very ingenious, truly.

Articles written by George W. Simonton of Vallejo, Cal.; Isabel Wilkie, 433 Oak street, San Francisco, and Robbie Rhodes, Ukiah, Cal., will be published.

Viola Hanson of Redwood City sends the following answers to her Revolutionary War names puzzle published last Sunday morning:

- 1-Andre 8-Princeton 15-Sunter
- 2-Gates 9-Ward 16-Yorktown
- 3-White 10-Adams 17-Cowpens
- 4-Bain 11-Putnam 18-Tire
- 5-Greene 12-Charlton 19-Henry
- 6-Howe 13-town 20-Moran
- 7-Lafayette 14-Washington 21-James Car-
- and 22-Hill
- 7-Stony Point 14-Lee

The pictures published this morning, representing the letter carrier bringing answers from the children to the puzzles, may be a little overdrawn. Bronstrup was given permission to picture a humorous view of the situation. Fun is something that we all like.

