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HERE was once a woman who had a son. To whatever school she sent him, he always ran away. Perplexed, the mother asked the boy "Where shall I send you?" To which he answered: "Do not send me, but go with me; if I like the place I will not run away." So she took him with her to market, and there they watched a number of men working at various handicrafts, and among them was a wizard.

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The boy was very much attracted by this last, and requested his mother to apprentice him to the wizard. She went to the man and told him her son's desire. The matter was soon arranged to their mutual satisfaction, and the boy was left with his master, as the wizard was henceforth to be.

In the course of time the youth had learnt all that the wizard was able to teach him, and one day his master said: "I will transform myself into a ram; take me to market and sell me, but be sure to keep the rope." The youth agreed, and the wizard accordingly changed himself into a ram. The youth took the animal to the auctioneer, who sold it in the marketplace. It was bought by a man for five hundred

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piastres, but the youth kept the rope as he was instructed. In the evening the master, having resumed his human form, escaped from the buyer of the ram and came home.

Next day the wizard said to his pupil: "I am now going to transform myself into a horse; take me and sell me, but guard the rope." "I understand," answered the youth, and led the horse to market, where it was sold by auction for a thousand piastres. The pupil kept the rope, however, and came home. An idea struck him: "Now let me see," said he to himself, "whether I cannot help myself," and he went to his mother. "Mother," said he when they met, "I have learnt all that was to be learnt. Many thanks for apprenticing me to that wizard; I shall now be able to make a great deal of money." The poor woman did not understand what he meant, and said: "My son, what will you do? I hope you are not going to run away again and give me further trouble." "No," he answered. "Tomorrow I shall change myself into a bathing establishment, which you will sell; but take care not to sell the key of the door with it, or I am lost."

While the youth was thus discoursing with his mother, the wizard escaped from the man who had bought him as a horse, and came home. Finding his apprentice not there, he became angry. "You good-for-nothing; you have sold me completely this time, it seems; but wait until you fall into my hands again!" That night he remained at home, and next morning went out in search of his truant pupil.

The youth transformed himself into a beautiful bathing establishment, which his mother put up for sale by auction. All the people of the town were astonished at its magnificence, and multitudes collected round the auctioneer. The wizard was among the crowd, and guessed at once that this stately building was in reality his rascally pupil. He said nothing of that, however, but when all the pashas, beys, and other people had bid their highest he bid higher still, and the building was knocked down to him. The woman was called, and when the wizard was about

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| He showed her that he had plenty of money |

to hand her the money she explained that she could not give up the key. Then the wizard said he would not pay unless he received it. He showed her that he had plenty of money, and observed to the woman that that particular key was of no importance to her; she could easily buy another if she must have one. Many of the bystanders expressed their agreement with the purchaser, and as the woman knew not the true significance of keeping the key, she parted with it to the wizard in return for the price of the bathing establishment. When she gave up the key the youth felt that his time had come, so he changed himself into a bird and flew away. His master, however, changed himself into a falcon and pursued him. They both flew a long distance until they reached another town, where the Padishah was entertaining himself with his court in the palace garden.

As a last resource, the youth now changed himself into a beautiful rose and fell at the feet of the Padishah. The King expressed his surprise at seeing the rose, as that flower was not then in season. " It is a gift from Allah," he concluded. "It smells so sweetly that not even in the rose-flowering season could its equal be found."

The wizard now resumed his human form and entered the garden, lute

in hand, as a minnesinger. As he was striking his instrument he was observed by the Padishah, who, calling him, ordered him to play and sing his songs. In one of his impromptu ballads the singer requested the Padishah to give him the rose. Hearing this the King was angry, and said: "What say you, fellow? This rose was given me by Allah! How dare you, a mere wanderer, demand it?" "O Shah," answered the singer, " my occupation is obvious; I have fallen in love with the rose you possess. I have been seeking it for many years, but till now have I been unable to find it. If you give it not to me I shall kill myself. Would not that be a pity? I have followed it over hill and fell, to find it now in the hands of the mild and gracious Padishah. Have you no pity for a poor man like me, who has lost love and light and happiness? Is it seemly to afflict me thus? I will not move from this spot until you give me the rose."

The Padishah was moved, and said to himself: "After all, of what consequence is the rose to me? Let the unfortunate man attain his object." Saying these words he stepped forward and handed the flower to the singer. But before the latter could grasp it, it fell to the ground and was changed into millet pulp. Quickly the wizard transformed himself into a cock and ate



it up. One grain, however, fell under the Padishah's foot and so escaped the cock's attention. This grain suddenly changed into the youth, who picked up the cock and wrung its neck--in other words, he disposed of his master.

The Padishah was astonished at these strange proceedings, and commanded the young man to explain the riddle. He told the King every thing from beginning to end, and the monarch was so delighted with his skill in magic that he appointed him Grand Vezir and gave him his daughter in marriage. The young man was now able to provide for his mother, and thus everybody lived happily ever after.

The Forty Princes and the Seven-headed Dragon

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HERE was once a Padishah who had forty sons, and they spent the whole day in the forest, hunting and snaring birds.

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When the youngest had completed his fourteenth year their father thought it was time they were getting married, so he called them together and spoke to them about the matter, "We are willing to marry," said the forty brothers, "but only if we can meet with forty sisters all having the same father and mother." The Padishah therefore sought throughout his dominions for such a family, but in vain: the greatest number of sisters in all the land was thirty-nine. "The fortieth will have to take another," said the Padishah to his sons. But they refused to agree to that, and begged their father to allow them to travel in

foreign countries to seek the desired brides. What was the Padishah to do? As he could not dissuade them, he grudgingly granted their request. Before they set out, however, the Padishah said to them: "There are three things which you must bear well in mind. When you reach a large spring, do not spend the night anywhere near it. Farther on is a hân; do not spend the night there, either. Beyond the hân is a great plain; do not linger there a moment." The sons, promising to remember their father's advice, mounted their steeds and rode away.

Smoking and talking, they wended their forward course, and as evening drew on they came to the spring.

"Now we take not a single step farther," observed the eldest. "We are fatigued and it is night. Besides, what have forty men to fear?"

So they alighted, ate their supper, and lay down to rest. The youngest, the fourteen-year-old brother, kept watch, however. Towards midnight he heard a rustling sound. Cautiously he drew his weapon, and as the sound came nearer he saw a seven-headed dragon. Both beast and youth rushed to attack one another. Three times the dragon wrestled with the youth, but could obtain no advantage over him.

"Now it is my turn," cried the Prince, and with these words he struck the dragon such a powerful blow that six heads fell from his body.



"Strike once more," gasped the dragon. "Not I," returned the youth. The dragon sank to the earth, and behold! one of his heads began to roll, and it rolled and rolled till it reached a well. "Let him who has taken my life, take also my treasure," said the head as it fell down the well.

The youth now took a rope, bound one end to a rock, and with it let himself down the well. At the bottom he found an iron gate. Opening it and entering, he saw a palace even more beautiful than that of his father. In the palace were forty apartments, and in each apartment sat a maiden at an embroidery table, near which immense treasures were piled up.

"Are you a man or a jin?" asked the terror-stricken maidens. "[I](http://sacred-texts.com/asia/ftft/errata.htm#2) am a human being," answered the Prince. "I killed the seven-headed dragon and came to this place by following one of his rolling heads." Now the forty maidens rejoiced. They all embraced him and begged him to remain with them. Incidentally they informed him that they were forty sisters whom the dragon had stolen. He had killed their parents, and now they had not a single friend or relation in the wide world.

"We are forty brothers," said the Prince, "and seek forty maidens." Then he told them he must ascend to his brothers, but that soon he would come again to fetch them away. He came up from the well and went to the spring, where he lay down and fell asleep.

Early next morning when the forty brothers awoke, they began to laugh at their father's attempt to frighten them about the spring. They set off again and continued their way until evening, when behold! the hân their father had mentioned stood before them. "We go no farther tonight " said the elder Princes. The youngest, however, expressed the opinion that it might be well to follow their father's advice, but the others would not listen to him. They ate their supper, said their prayers, and lay down, but the youngest kept watch as before.

Towards midnight he again heard a noise. With his drawn sword in hand, the young Prince found himself confronting another seven-headed dragon, larger and more frightful than the one he had slain the day before. The dragon straightway attacked the youth, but without effect; then the youth fell on the dragon so furiously that six of his seven heads fell. The monster begged for another blow as a coup de grâce, but the Prince declined. As on the previous occasion one of the heads rolled into a well. The youth followed it and discovered a larger palace and greater treasures. Noting the place, he returned to his brothers, lay down, and fell asleep so soundly after the fatigues of his combat that his brothers had to rouse him next morning.

Mounting their horses again they pursued their journey up hill and down dale until by sunset they had reached a great plain. They ate and drank, and were just going to lie down when suddenly an awful shriek was heard and the mountains seemed to quake. Terror seized every one as they caught sight of a gigantic seven-headed dragon, spitting fire and roaring: "Who has killed my two brothers? Bring him to me that I may slay him!"

The youngest saw plainly that all his brothers were paralysed with fear and unable to do anything. He delivered to them the keys of both wells, telling them to take home the forty maidens and the treasure. He promised that when he had killed the dragon he would follow them. The thirty-nine sprang on their horses and rode away.

Now we will return to the youngest.

The conflict between the Prince and the dragon was a stern one, and they fought a long time without either overcoming the other. When the dragon realized that the struggle was in vain he said to the Prince: "If you will go to the land of Chinimatchin and bring me the Padishah's daughter, I will spare your life." The Prince consented to the condition, for he was too exhausted to continue the combat any longer.

Champalak--as the dragon was called--gave the Prince a bridle and

instructed him as follows: "Every day a magic horse, Ajgyr, grazes here: Catch him, put this bridle on him, and command him to take you to the land of Chinimatchin."

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| She called him to the window |

So the youth took the bridle and waited for the magic horse. The golden-hued steed came flying through the air, and no sooner was the bridle laid upon him than he said: "Command me, little Sultan! Shut your eyes--open your eyes!" and behold there was the youngest Prince in the far-off land of Chinimatchin! He alighted from the horse, took off the bridle, and walked into the city.

Entering an old woman's hut, he asked whether she could find him lodgings. "Willingly," answered the old woman. She offered him a seat, and prepared some coffee. While he was drinking he made inquiries as to the condition of the country.

"A seven-headed dragon," said the old woman, "has fallen violently in love with our Sultan's daughter. For years there has been war on her account and we cannot get rid of the monster." "And the Sultan's daughter?" questioned the Prince. "She inhabits a kiosk in the Padishah's garden," answered the old woman, "and away from it she dares not stir a step."

Next day the Prince went to the Padishah's garden and asked the gardener to take him into his service. He begged so earnestly

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that at length the man took pity upon him. "you have no other duty but to water the flowers," said the gardener. The Sultan's daughter saw the young man, and she called him to the window, asking him how he came to be in that land. The young man told her that his father was a Padishah, and then he described his fight with Champalak, and how he had promised to bring him the Sultan's daughter. "But fear not," continued the Prince, "my love is much greater than that of the dragon, and if you will come with me, I know how to destroy him."

The maiden had herself fallen in love with the handsome Prince, and moreover wished to escape from her constant imprisonment. Her trust in the Prince was so great that one night they left the kiosk together in secret and repaired to Champalak's plain. On the way they discussed what the maiden might do to discover the dragon's talisman, for through that talisman the Prince meant to destroy the monster.

We may imagine Champalak's joy when he saw the Sultan's daughter before him. "What happiness that you have come! What happiness that you have come!" he repeated again and again, as he caressed the Princess, who was weeping all the time. Days and weeks elapsed, but this should be kept in mine.



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HERE was once a cunning woman who had two husbands, neither of whom knew of the other's existence. The one got his living by cheating, the other by stealing, each of which excellent industries they had learnt from the woman.

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The thief went with his stolen goods to the merchant, sold them, and took the money to the woman. Then came the other to the merchant, gripped him by the collar, and said: "That is my property; that and more besides have been stolen from me--by thee I am certain. I will that thou takest it all back again to the place whence thou hast stolen it." But the other protested: "Woe is me! I am no thief; I have bought these things from others; how sayest thou they are thine? Let me go, and seek the real thief." There was a great uproar. The thief perceived that they would soon be on his track, so he went home without loss of time. His wife informed him that his theft had been discovered, and advised him to go away for a few days to escape capture by the police.

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The woman took a sheep's tail and cut it in two halves, one of which she made into a package with bread and gave to the thief, who soon shook the dust of the town from his feet.



In a short time the cheat came home and told the woman that his game was up; his deception could no longer be hidden. "Give me food," he said, "and I will withdraw myself from public notice until the storm has blown over." So the woman gave him the half loaf and the other half of the sheep's tail, and he quickly took himself off. The first, the thief, weary from long tramping, came to a river, where he sat down to rest. As he was unpacking his food the deceiver came up, sat down, and opening his packet pre pared to eat. The former said: "Friend, let us eat together." So they sat face to face. Presently the one called attention to the similarity of their respective pieces of bread, and putting them together they found the two formed a complete loaf. Presently the two pieces of sheep's tail attracted their notice; these were also put together, and a complete sheep's tail was the result.

Astounded, the deceiver said to the thief: "If I may ask, whence comest thou?" "From such and such a town," was the answer. "What street?" "In such and such a street lives a certain woman--she is my wife." The deceiver was almost choking with excitement. "Allah! Allah!" he cried; "that woman is my wife; she has been my wife for a year. Why dost thou lie?"

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| The Deceiver abstracted the wallet from the man's bosom |

"Man, art thou out of thy senses, or joking?" returned the thief, "That woman has been my wife for a long time," Knowing not what to make of it, they both scratched their heads. At length the deceiver said: "This is a matter we cannot decide ourselves; let us go to the woman and ask her. Thus shall we know which of us two is her husband." They got up and set forth together. When the woman saw them both coming together she suspected what was the matter. She greeted them, invited them to take seats, and sat herself opposite them. The deceiver opened the conversation. "Tell us," he said, "whose wife art thou?" "Hitherto," she replied, "I have been the wife of you both; henceforth I intend to be his who is the cleverer of you. I have taught you each a trade; he shall be my husband who plies it most to my satisfaction." Both men confessed them selves content to abide by the lady's decision. Said the deceiver to the thief: "Today I will prove my skill, tomorrow thou canst prove thine." On this they left the house together and went to the marketplace.

Now the deceiver observed a man put a thousand gold-pieces into his wallet, which he then hid in his bosom. The former stole after him, and in the pressure of the crowd, abstracted the wallet from the man's bosom. Going to a secluded spot, he took out nine gold-pieces, slipped his seal-ring from his finger into the wallet, fastened it up, and went

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back and replaced it without observation in the bosom of its rightful owner.

We have said he did this "without observation"; there was one person, however, by whom the trick was observed--this was the thief, The deceiver now went away, and returned some time after to the owner of the wallet, grasped him by the scruff of the neck, and shouted: "Ah, rascal! thou hast stolen my wallet with the ducats!" The man was embarrassed, not understanding the accusation, but answered: "My friend, go thy way and leave me in peace. I do not know thee." To this the deceiver replied: "It is not necessary for thee to know me; come with me to the judge." There was nothing for it but to go. The deceiver was the accuser. "How many gold-pieces are there here?" demanded the judge of the accused. "A thousand," was the immediate answer. Then the judge turned to the accuser: "And how many have been stolen from thee?" "Nine hundred and ninety-one," readily replied he, "and my seal-ring will also be found in the wallet." The judge counted the ducats, and lo! there were exactly nine hundred and ninety-one and the seal-ring! The rightful owners was beaten severely, and the ducats handed to the deceiver, who went away.

The next evening the thief took a rope, and in company with the deceiver, went to the palace of the Padishah. The thief threw the rope over the wall, where it caught; he climbed up it and his friend followed. They entered the treasure chamber after trying various keys; and now the thief advised the deceiver to take away as many ducats as he could carry. He himself, dazzled by the sight of so much gold, got together as much as he could put on his back, and away they went. The thief went to the fowl-house, caught a goose, wrung its neck, put it on a spit, made a fire under it and set it to cook, ordering his companion to turn it to prevent its burning. This done he went back to the Padishah's sleeping-chamber. The deceiver called after him

"Stop! Whither goest thou?" "I am going," he answered, "to tell

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the Padishah what a clever thing I've done, and to ask him whether he thinks the woman should belong to me or to thee." His companion called back: "For God's sake, let us go away from here. I'll give up the woman; thou canst have her." "Oh, yes," was the retort, "now thou sayst thus; tomorrow thou wilt alter thy mind. But if the Padishah decides the matter thou art bound to agree."



He slid stealthily into the Padishah's bed chamber. From where he hid he had a good view of the interior, and saw the Padishah lying in bed; a slave was chafing his feet and chewing a raisin. Taking a horsehair which lay on the floor, the thief stuck one end in the slave's mouth so that it adhered to the raisin. The slave being very sleepy he commenced to yawn, and no sooner had he opened his mouth than the thief withdrew the raisin by means of the horse hair and transferred it to his own mouth. The slave now opened his eyes very wide, looked all about the floor, but nowhere could he find his raisin. Shortly afterwards he fell asleep. The thief held a phial of strong spirits under his nose until he lost

his senses and fell to the floor like a log. Lifting him gently, the thief put him in a basket, hung the basket from the balcony, and commenced himself to chafe the monarch's feet. (The deceiver, who had followed, saw all this from the door of the apartment.) Suddenly the Padishah stirred, and the thief said in a low tone: "O King, if thou permittest, I will tell thee a story." "It is well," murmured the sleepy Padishah; "let me hear."

On this the thief related all that had happened between him and his companion. (Turning to him at the door, he admonished him to go and turn the goose lest it should burn.) He told of his burglary of the treasure-chamber, of the theft of the slave's raisin from his mouth. (All this time his companion was trembling just outside the door and continually crying in his fear: "Come away; let us go." To which the thief, interrupting his story, would retort: "Go and mind the goose.") "Now, O Padishah," concluded the thief, "whose exploit is the greater, mine or my friend's? Which of us has won the woman?" The King answered that the thief's was certainly the greater, and therefore the woman was rightfully his.

The thief continued to chafe the Padishah's feet a little longer until the latter was fast asleep; he then stole noiselessly away and rejoined his companion. " Hast heard what the Padishah said--that the woman belongs to me?" "Yes, yes, I heard," answered the other. Then the thief pressed the point: "Whose is the woman?" "I have said it, she is thine," answered the other rather testily. "Now let us get away from here, lest we should be discovered. I am nearly dead; I shall soon lose my wits." The deceiver was certainly nearly out of his mind with fright. Then the thief began again: "Thou hast lied; I will go once more and ask the Padishah." Terror-stricken, the other shrieked: "Thou wilt be caught. For all the world, let us go away out of this. Not only shall the woman be thy wife, but I also will be thy bond-slave!" At length they went away and took the money with them. They went

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directly to the woman, who was so pleased with the thief's prowess that she married him without further delay.

Next morning the Padishah woke up and called for his slaves. Deep silence reigned everywhere. Seeing that no one came, the monarch waited a little, then called again. Still no slave came. Then, his anger rising, the Padishah sprang from his bed and saw the basket suspended from the balcony. "What's this?" he said, and taking down the basket, saw his attendant in a state of insensibility within. Then calling more loudly, a number of slaves ran in and brought back the stupefied man to consciousness. The King demanded to know what was the matter with the man. He was quite unable to say. Now it began to dawn upon the Padishah that he had during the night listened to some story told by a thief. He seated himself at once on his throne and sent for his vezirs. All the vezirs, beys, and mighty men came, and when they were assembled the King related his experience of the previous night. "This thief must be found," he concluded; "let heralds proclaim in all the city that he may come to me in confidence. I swear by Allah that no harm shall be done him; he may keep the gold he has stolen and he shall have a pension besides."

Thus the heralds proclaimed the will of their lord and master. The thief heard, and when he knew that the Padishah had sworn he went boldly into his presence and said: "O Shah, thou mayst kill me or reward me: I am the man!"

"Why hast thou done this thing?" demanded the monarch. The thief related all from beginning to end.

True to his oath, the Padishah allowed the thief to keep the stolen treasure, and settled a pension on him for life. But the latter, out of gratitude for the Padishah's clemency, vowed on his heart and soul that he would never steal again; and both he and his wife prayed constantly for the health and happiness of the Padishah as long as they lived.

The Horse-Dew and the Witch



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NCE a Padishah had three daughters. Before setting out on a journey he called his daughters before him and instructed them to feed his favourite horse personally, and not to entrust that duty to any other, as he would allow no stranger near it. The Padishah went away, and the eldest daughter carried food to the stable: the horse, however, would not permit her to approach him. The second daughter made the attempt, with no better result. Then the youngest went to the horse, who was perfectly quiet, and willingly received the food and drink from her hands. The two eldest sisters were glad thus to be relieved of an irksome and disagreeable duty.

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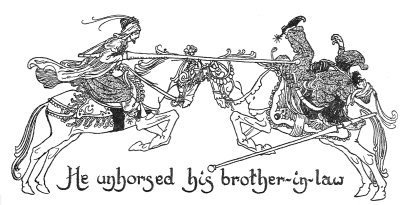
When the Padishah returned home his first inquiry was as to whether his horse had been properly attended to during his absence. "He would not allow us even to go near him," answered the two elder daughters, "but our youngest sister has fed him."

On hearing this the monarch said that she should be wife to the horse, his other

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daughters being given in marriage to the Vezir and Sheik-ul-Islam respectively, The triple wedding festivities lasted forty days, and the youngest then went to her stable, while her sisters were taken to their splendid palaces,

Only in the daytime, how ever, had the youngest sister a horse for a husband and a stable for a dwelling. By night the stable was transformed into a rose garden and the horse into a handsome youth. Thus they lived in the utmost felicity, no one except themselves knowing their secret.



It came to pass that the Padishah arranged a tournament in the court yard of the palace, and the bravest of all the knights who took part therein were the husbands of the monarch's eldest daughters, "Look!" said they to their sister of the stable, "our husbands are like lions: see how beautifully they throw their lances. Where is your horse-husband?" At this the horse shook himself, changed into human form, mounted a steed, and begging his wife not to reveal his identity, he plunged into the fray. He overcame all the combatants, unhorsed his

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brothers-in-law, then vanished as completely as though he had never been there.

Next day the tournament was continued, and the elder sisters treated the youngest with scorn and contempt; but again the unknown hero appeared, struck down all his opponents, and vanished as before.

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N the third day the horse-knight said to his wife: "If at any time I am in danger, or you are in need of help, burn these three hairs, and wherever you may be, I will come to you.'' Then he hastened to the tournament and fought again with his brothers-in-law. His prowess evoked universal admiration even his sisters-in-law could not withhold their tribute of praise; but in ill-natured raillery they said to their youngest sister: "See how these knights understand the tournament; they are not like your horse-husband."

The poor woman could no longer forbear to answer that the beautiful and valiant knight was her husband; but even as she turned to point him out, he vanished. This reminded her that he had warned her never to divulge the secret. Overcome with remorse, she awaited eagerly his return to the stable, but in vain; neither horse nor man came--neither roses nor garden were to be hers that night.

"Woe is me!" she groaned, "I have betrayed my husband; I have broken my promise; thus am I punished!" She did not close her eyes all night, but wept until morning. When it was daylight she went to her father the Padishah, and with tears told him what had happened, vowing that she would go in search of her husband even if she journeyed to the ends of the earth. In vain her father attempted to dissuade her. He reminded her that her husband was a Dew and consequently she would never find him; but all his arguments failed to shake her resolution.

Grief stricken she set out on her quest, and walked so long that at last she sank exhausted at the foot of a mountain. Here, remembering the three hairs, she burned one of them, and the next instant her husband enfolded her in his arms. Both were almost speechless with joy.

"Did I not counsel you never to betray our secret to anyone?" gently chided the youth. "If my mother sees us now she will separate us immediately. This mountain is our abode; my mother will be here directly, and woe to us if she catch sight of us."

The poor girl was terrified at these words, grieving bitterly that no sooner had she found her husband than she must lose him again. The Dew-son pitied her, gave her a light blow and changed her into an apple, which he put upon a shelf. Shrieking loudly, the witch flew down from the mountain, crying that she could smell human flesh and that human flesh she must have. In vain her son denied it--she refused to believe him.

"If you will swear on the egg to do it no harm, I will show you what I have hidden," said the youth. The witch accordingly promised, whereon the youth gave the apple a light blow and the beautiful maiden appeared. "Behold my wife!" said he. The old woman said nothing, but set her daughter-in-law some simple tasks, and went back to her work.

For a few days the husband and wife were allowed to live in peace, but the old witch was only waiting till her son went away from home to wreak her vengeance on his wife. At last she found an opportunity. "Sweep and don't sweep," she commanded the maiden, and went away. The poor girl was perplexed to know what she must "sweep" and what "not sweep." Recollecting the hairs, she took one and burnt it. Instantly her husband appeared, and she told him her difficulty. He explained that she must "sweep" the room and "not sweep" the courtyard.

The maiden acted accordingly. Towards evening the witch came in and asked whether the work was done. "I have swept and not swept," answered the daughter-in-law. "You deceitful thing!" scolded the old woman, "you have not thought that out for yourself; my son has certainly taught you."

Next day the old witch came again and gave the maiden three bowls, which she ordered her to fill with her tears. The maid wept and wept

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continually, but failed to fill even one of the vessels. In her difficulty she burnt the third hair, whereupon her husband appeared and advised her to fill the bowls with water and add a quantity of salt thereto. This the maiden did, and when the old woman came home in the evening, she was shown the three vessels duly filled. "You cunning creature!" stormed the witch, "that is not your own work; but you and my son shall not cheat me again."

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| The witch scolded her again The witch scolded her again |

On the following day she ordered her daughter-in-law to make a pancake. But though the maiden sought everywhere, not a single ingredient for the purpose could she find. This time she could expect no help, for her husband was away, and the three magic hairs had all been burned. The youth, however, suspecting his mother's wicked intentions, returned home unexpectedly to his wife, and seeing her in such grief he suggested that they should flee. "My mother will not rest until she has wrought your ruin," he said. "Let us escape before she returns." So they went together out into the wide world.

In the evening the witch came home, and saw that both her daughter-in-law and son were missing. "The wretches have abandoned me!" she shrieked, and calling her witch-sister to her, she sent her to follow the fugitives and bring them back. The second witch got into a bowl, made a whip out of snakes, and was off

like a lightning-flash. But the Dew-son, seeing his aunt behind them in the distance, gave the maiden a light blow and changed her into a swimming-bath. He transformed himself into a bath attendant, and stood before the door. The witch came up, alighted from the bowl, and inquired of him whether he had seen a youth and a maiden. "I am just warming the bath," answered the youth; "there is no one in; if you do not believe me, go in and see for yourself." The woman, perceiving she could do nothing with him, reentered the bowl, went back to her sister, and reported the failure of her errand.

The witch asked her whether she had met anyone on the way. "Oh yes," answered she, "I spoke to the attendant at the door of a swimming bath, but he was either deaf or stupid, for I could get nothing out of him." "you were even more stupid," scolded the witch, "not to recognize that the bath and the attendant were my daughter-in-law and son." Now she called another sister and sent her after the fugitives.

The Dew-son looking back, saw his other aunt coming towards them in a bowl. He knocked his wife gently and she became a spring; he himself stood beside and drew water. The witch came up and asked whether he had seen anything of a youth and a maiden. "This spring has excellent drinking-water," the fellow answered with an air of simplicity. The woman, thinking he was too stupid to understand her questions, hurried back to her sister with the intelligence that she could see nothing of the missing couple. The witch inquired whether she had seen anyone on the way. "Only an imbecile drawing water from a spring," was the answer. "That imbecile was my son," exclaimed the witch in a great rage, "and the spring was his wife. I see I shall have to go myself." So she stepped into the bowl, made a whip out of snakes, and set off.

Looking back the youth now saw that his mother herself was coming. Striking the maid gently he turned her into a tree, and himself into a snake coiled round it. The witch knew them, and would have torn the tree to pieces if she could have done so without harming her son. So she said to

the snake, "My son, at least show me the little finger of the maid and then I will leave you in peace."

The son saw that the only way to get rid of his mother was to do as she asked. He therefore allowed one of the maid's fingers to become visible this his mother immediately devoured, and then vanished.

At another gentle blow from her husband the maid again resumed her human form; and the two went home to her father, the Padishah. His talisman having been destroyed, the youth became a mortal, and as he was no longer a Dew, his witch-mother had no more power over him. The Padishah rejoiced in the return of his lost children, their marriage was again celebrated with great pomp, and after the old monarch's decease they reigned in his stead.