

the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private, "I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man. I request, hero, that you will assist me in it." When the king heard that, he consented and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased and he went on to say to that king, "Then I shall be waiting for you at nightfall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a *banyan*-tree, and you must come to me there." The king said, "Well! I will do so." And the mendicant Kshântiśīla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant, which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons, and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhútas and Vetálas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals, so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he found that mendicant under a *banyan*-tree, engaged in making a circle, and he went up to him and said, "Here I am arrived, mendicant; tell me, what can I do for you?"

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted, and said to him, "King, if I have found favor in your eyes, go alone a long way from here toward the south, and you will find an *asoka*-tree. On it there is a dead man hanging up; go and bring him here; assist me in this matter, hero." As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, "I will do so," and went toward the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness

that *asoka*-tree; the tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelled of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhúta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down, it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetála, and said without flinching, "Why do you laugh? Come, let us go off." And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetála, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then King Trivikramasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetála over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him, "King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way, listen.

STORY OF THE PRINCE, WHO WAS HELPED TO A WIFE BY
THE SON OF HIS FATHER'S MINISTER

There is a city (said the demon) named Váránasí, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of Mount Kailása. The river Ganges, ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck; in that city there lived of old time a king named Pratápamukuta, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valor, as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuta, who dashed the god of love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valor. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhīśarīra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valor, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms, waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace of lotuses of various colors; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated with it the heart of that prince. The youth, too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own attire or even her ornaments. And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretense of pastime, a sign to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers, and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra* or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them. The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her attendants, and when she had reached her own house, she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyadhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speak-

ing of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed, "How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known? So why do you offer me false comfort?" When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered, "What! did you not see, what she told you by her signs? By placing the lotus in her ear, she meant to say this, 'I live in the realm of King Karnotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say, 'Know that I am the daughter of a dentist there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmavati; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king named Karnotpala in the country of Kalinga; he has a favorite courtier, a great dentist named Sangramavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmavati, the pearl of the three worlds, whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her."

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object, and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretense of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of King Karnotpala, and searched for and found the palace of that dentist, and the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge. The minister's son gave their horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince, "Do you know, mother, a dentist named Sangramavardhana?" When the old woman heard that, she said to him courteously, "I know him well; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a

duenna; but I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes, for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them." When the minister's son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her, "You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret; go to that Padmávati, the daughter of the dentist, and say to her, 'The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.'" When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmávati, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister's son questioned her, she said to them, "I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face."

When she said this, the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object, but the sagacious minister's son said to him in private, "Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the old woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say, 'Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavorable to an interview.'"

After the minister's son had comforted the prince with these words, he went and sold secretly in the market some gold, which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister's son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmávati, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor, and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmávati, to please her guests, and returned and said to them, "I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your mes-

sage, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her." When the minister's son heard this, he said, of his own accord, to the prince, "Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman's heart, she meant to say: 'I cannot receive you for three nights.'"

When the minister's son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmávati. She went to her palace, and Padmávati honored her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult. Then the people were heard exclaiming, "Alas! Alas! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death." Then Padmávati said to that old woman, "You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house; there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house." After she had said this, she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister's son. Then the minister's son said to the prince, "Your desire is accomplished, for she has shown you by an artifice the way you should take; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved."

When the minister's son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There he saw that rope hanging down with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who

seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him, they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister's son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmavati with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight. As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly, and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the Gandharva form of marriage, and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her one night, "My friend the minister's son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you." When the cunning Padmavati heard that, she said to her lover, "Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you; did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the minister's son?" When she said this, the prince said to her, "I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister's son, who is distinguished for super-human insight, guessed it all, and told it to me." When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him, "Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honor him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries." When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him, that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister's son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmavati came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister's son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister's son said to the prince, "Now observe, prince, I will show you something wonderful." Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister's son, "What is the meaning of this marvel?" And he answered him, "The truth is that the lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him, "You are rightly named Buddhisarira as being an incarnation of wisdom"; and at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude, "Alas! Alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince, "Repair now to Padmavati's palace at night, and there make her drink so much, that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her side with a red hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously."

When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of Padmavati as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the side with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and then he returned to that friend of his. And he showed him the ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the cemetery, and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him, "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments, and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and that everyone may see it being carried about, and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly, "My spiritual preceptor gave it me to sell."

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the necklace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the lookout for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the dentist's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously, "Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the dentist's daughter were stolen during the night?" When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said, "My spiritual preceptor gave it me; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him, "Rev-

erend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil?" When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside, and said, "I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the side. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the dentist's daughter was really marked with a trident on the side. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmavati; and by his advice he ordered her to be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though desolate, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the dentist, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forests, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

When the Vetála had said this, he went on to say to the king, "Now I have a doubt about this story, resolve it for me; was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmávatí? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, king, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetála said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer, "O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of the guilt attaches to King Karnotpala." The Vetála then said, "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said, "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmávatí and the prince, being burned with the fire of the arrows of the god of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But the king Karnotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetála, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving this correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder, and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

The Jar of Olives and the Boy Kazi

From the Arabic

UNDER the reign of the Caliph Harun al-Rashid there dwelt in the city of Baghdad a certain merchant, 'Ali Khwajah hight, who had a small stock of goods wherewith he bought and sold and made a bare livelihood, abiding alone and without a family in the house of his forbears. Now so it came to pass that each night for three nights together he saw in vision a venerable Shaykh who bespake him thus, "Thou art beholden to make a pilgrimage to Meccah; why abidest thou sunk in heedless slumber and farest not forth as it behoveth thee?" Hearing these words he became sore startled and affrighted, so that he sold shop and goods and all that he had; and, with firm intent to visit the Holy House of Almighty Allah, he let his home on hire and joined a caravan that was journeying to Meccah the Magnified. But ere he left his natal city he placed a thousand gold pieces, which were over and above his need for the journey, within an earthen jar filled up with Asafiri or Sparrow-olives; and, having made fast the mouth thereof, he carried the jar to a merchant-friend of many years' standing and said, "Belike, O my brother, thou hast heard tell that I purpose going with a caravan on pilgrimage to Meccah, the Holy City; so I have brought a jar of olives the which, I pray thee, preserve for me in trust against my return." The merchant at once arose and handing the key of his warehouse to Ali Khwajah said, "Here, take the key and open the store and therein place the jar anywhere thou chooseth, and when thou shalt come back thou wilt find it even as thou leftest it." Hereupon Ali Khwajah did his friend's bidding and locking up the door returned the key to its master. Then loading his traveling goods upon a dromedary and mounting a second beast he fared forth with the caravan. They came at length to Meccah the Magnified, and it was the month Zu al-Hijjah wherein myriads of Mos-