



# FATMA

A Story for Children.

From the German of Wilhelm Hauf.

## I.



USTAPHA and his sister, Fatma, were about the same age—the brother being at most two years older than her. A sincere affection existed between the two, and they both united in the effort to brighten the declining years of their invalid father.

On Fatma's seventeenth birthday, her brother held a feast and invited all her girl-companions; the meal was spread in the garden, and in the evening Mustapha proposed they should accompany him in a yacht, which he had hired and decorated for the purpose. Fatma and her friends joyously consented, for the evening was fine, and the town, especially at that time of day, afforded a charming sight when beheld from the sea. The young ladies were so delighted,

that they begged Mustapha still further to put out to sea. This, however, he did unwillingly, as a corsair had been seen in those waters only a few days before. Not far from the town rises a promontory in the sea,

and here the ladies wished to go to watch the sunset. As they approached the spot, they perceived at a short distance from them a vessel manned by armed men. Suspecting nothing good from this, Mustapha ordered his men to turn round and row to the land. Immediately his anxiety was increased, as he saw the strange vessel bear swiftly towards him and station itself between him and the land. The girls, on seeing their danger, were in the utmost alarm, and all crowded to the farther side of the yacht with cries of terror. Mustapha had no control over the affrighted maidens, and, ere he could prevent it, this rush had capsized the yacht.

Meanwhile, they had been observed from the shore, and the manœuvres of the strange vessel having excited suspicion, several boats had put out to the assistance of the pleasure-seekers. Two of these were on the

spot just in time to pick up the drowning ladies, and, in the confusion of the moment, the corsair escaped; but, upon the two boats which had come so opportunely, it was uncertain whether all of the unfortunate party had been picked up. They, therefore, approached one another, and, alas! it was found that Fatma and one of her companions were missing. At the same time they found in one of the boats a dark-looking man whom none knew. Upon the threats of Mustapha, this stranger confessed that he belonged to the corsair, which now lay anchored about a league out to sea. In their flight his companions had left him behind while he was helping to pick up the drowning ladies—two of whom he had helped up into his ship.

The grief of the aged father was boundless, but not less was Mustapha overwhelmed, for not only had he lost his sister and was himself the cause of the misfortune, but, in the companion who was to share Fatma's lot, he lost his affianced bride. He had already obtained the consent of her parents to the union, but had not yet dared to inform his father of his choice, as she was poor and not of noble descent. After the first shock of grief was over, the father, who was a stern and passionate man, ordered Mustapha to come before him, and said:—

"Thy foolhardiness hath robbed me of the joy of my eyes and the comfort of my old age. Go hence. I banish thee from my sight for ever, and only when thou bringest back my Fatma shalt thou be free from an old father's curse."

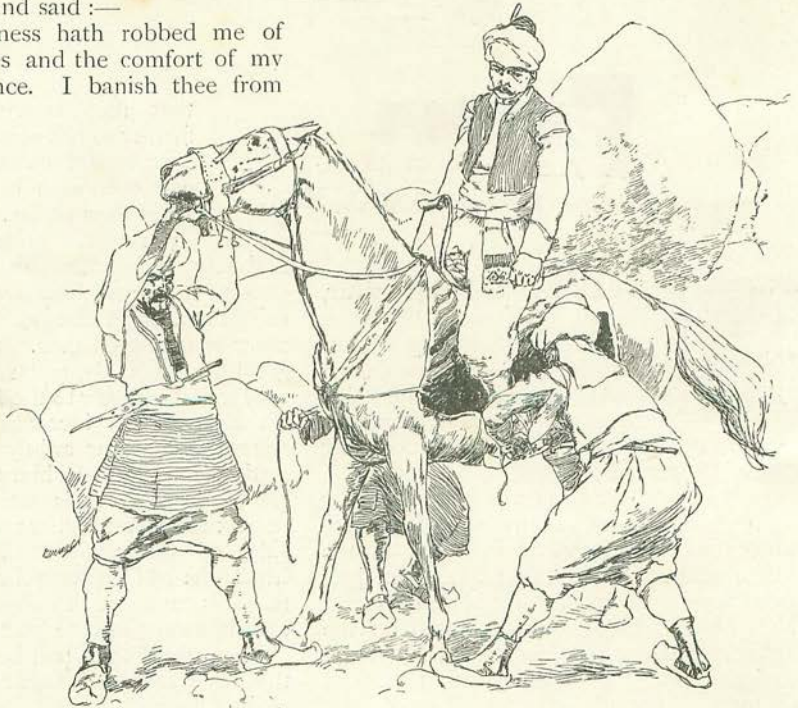
Mustapha did not expect this severity. He had already resolved to find and bring back his sister and her companion, and was on the point of seeking his father's blessing on the quest, when he was sent away with a curse! He was almost overcome by grief and despair, but now this unexpected

blow served to rouse his strength of will and urge him to action.

He betook himself to the captive sea-robber, and learned that the corsair was bound for Balsora, where a notorious slave-market was held, and there, no doubt, the two captured maidens would be disposed of. On returning again to the house, the father's anger seemed to have been appeased so far that he had left a purse of money to assist his son on his expedition.

Mustapha took a sorrowful farewell of the parents of Zoraida, for that was his bride's name, and then set out for Balsora.

He had to make the journey by land, since no vessels sailed direct from the town to Balsora, and thus he must travel as rapidly as possible in order to arrive there not too long after the sea-robbers. Still, he had a good horse and no luggage, and he might do the distance in seven days. At the end of the fourth day's journey he was suddenly accosted by three men, all well armed and mounted. Seeing that they sought after his money and his horse rather than to take his life, he at once offered to surrender these. They took his gold, and then, dismounting, they bound his feet to his horse's body, and



“THEY BOUND HIS FEET TO HIS HORSE'S BODY.”

then, without uttering a word, they took to the saddle and led him off between them at a sharp trot.

Mustapha gave way to despair: his father's curse seemed already to be in fulfilment. How could he hope to save his sister and her companion, robbed, as he now was, of all his means? The silent party had hurried on for about an hour, when they turned aside into a narrow valley, which was shut in by high trees. A small, rapid brook ran through the valley, and the rich, soft turf seemed to invite rest. Fifteen or twenty tents were erected, around which were grazing a number of camels and fine-looking steeds, whilst from one of the tents came forth the sounds of a zither and the voices of two men. It seemed to Mustapha that the occupants of this jovial camping-place could not intend any bodily harm to their captive, and he, therefore, felt no fear when his conductor loosed his bands and motioned him to follow. He was led into one of the tents, which was larger than the rest, and richly furnished. Splendid cushions, embroidered with gold, soft carpets and golden braziers would elsewhere have denoted wealth, but here they only showed the result of successful robberies. On one of the cushions reclined a short, old man, with an ugly face and dark, shiny skin. A look of defiance and cunning about eyes and mouth gave him a most hateful expression. Although this man affected to be of some importance, Mustapha soon saw that he was not master of the luxuriousness around him, and the words of his captors confirmed this opinion.

"Where is the chief?" they inquired of the short, shiny man.

"He is out for a hunt," replied he, "and has left me to represent him in his absence."

"Then he has not done wisely," answered one of the robbers, "for we must know at once whether this dog must die or pay, and you cannot decide that."

The little man arose and stretched himself out with the obvious intention of revenging this attack on his dignity by a blow, which, however, he was not tall enough to carry into effect, and instead, broke out into a rage of imprecations, in which the others joined until the tent shook with the tumult. At that moment a curtain was drawn aside and there appeared a tall, noble-looking figure, young and handsome as some Persian prince. Besides a jewelled dagger and a richly ornamented sabre, his arms and clothing were plain and simple, but his firm glance and

stately bearing commanded respect without inspiring fear.

"Who dares to raise strife under my tent?" he demanded.

The occupants were taken by surprise, and, for a moment, all were silent. At last the robber who had led in Mustapha told how the strife began. The chief's face flushed with anger as he asked:—

"When did I ever require you, Hassan, to represent my place?"

The little man thus addressed seemed to shrink still smaller from fear, and slunk behind the tent door. The three men then led Mustapha before their chief, who laid himself upon the cushions in the tent, and said:—

"We bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

The chief looked carefully on the prisoner, and then said to him: "Bassa von Suleika, your own conscience will tell you why you stand before Orbasan."

On hearing these words Mustapha threw himself down before the chief, and replied: "Oh, Orbasan, you are doubtless in error, for I am a poor stranger and not the Bassa whom you appear to want."

At this, a look of surprise was seen on all who heard it, but the chief added: "It can be of no good to you to attempt a disguise, for I have here persons who know you well." And he commanded Zuleima to be fetched before him.

An old woman appeared, and was asked if she knew who the man was.

"That do I," said she, "and by the beard of our Prophet I swear it is the Bassa, and no one else."

"Do you see, craven," began the chief, in anger, "how your cunning comes to nought? You are too vile for me to stain my sword in your base blood: you shall be tied to my horse's tail, and shall hang thus while we hunt in the woods from morning till mid-day!"

Mustapha was helpless. "This is the curse of my father pursuing me to a horrible death," he cried in tears, "and you also, my sister, are lost, and you, Zoraida!"

"Your feigning is to no purpose," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind him and leading him to the door. Orbasan bit his lips in scorn and his hand itched to grasp his dagger. "If you would still live one night longer, come, and at once."

Just as the robbers were leading Mustapha out of the tent they were met by three others of their party leading with them a prisoner. They entered Orbasan's tent and said: "We



“YOUR FEIGNING IS TO NO PURPOSE,” SAID ONE OF THE ROBBERS.”

bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture.”

As Mustapha passed out, he was struck by the great likeness of the captive to himself, only his moustache was blacker and his face of darker colour.

The chief was astonished at the appearance of the second prisoner, and demanded: “Who, then, is the right one?”

“If you mean who is Bassa von Suleika,” answered the prisoner, in a proud, haughty tone, “I am the right one.”

The chief gazed on him with his keenest look, and then in silence motioned his men to lead him away. He then went himself up to Mustapha, and taking his dagger he loosed his bands, and, conducting him up to his own seat, said: “Stranger, I am right sorry to have mistaken you for that monster; but you have to thank Heaven that you have fallen into our hands just at the time which brings yonder traitor to his doom.”

Mustapha then begged for the single favour that he might continue his journey at once, as every hour's delay was of serious consequence to him. Orbasan inquired the business which demanded

such haste, and on hearing his story, he begged Mustapha to remain the night with him as his guest, and, in the morning, he would show him a path which would take him in thirty hours to Balsora. As both Mustapha and his horse were in need of rest, he willingly consented, and was served with a costly repast, and then lay down to rest in the chief robber's tent.

The next morning he awoke and found himself alone in the tent. But on the other side of the door curtain he heard several voices speaking all together, and, among them, those of the chief and the little man were recognisable. The latter was demanding that Mustapha should at once be put to death, for, should he once more become free, their own safety would be endangered.

Mustapha was greatly disturbed by what he heard, and it was plain to him that he was an object of special hatred to the little man, no doubt because he had been the unwilling instrument of his discomfiture on the previous day. Orbasan, the robber chief, considered for a few moments and then replied, firmly: “No, he is my guest, and my promised hospitality shall not be violated; and, besides, he does not look like one who would betray us.” With these words he drew aside the curtain and entered the tent.

“Peace be with you, Mustapha. Let us drink a parting cup together, and then you shall prepare for your journey.” Handing him a cup of sherbet, they drank it off, and Orbasan, himself, prepared to accompany him.

Mustapha mounted his horse with a lighter heart than when he came there the previous day. They soon left the tents behind them, and struck a broad path leading through the woods. Orbasan told his companion that the Bassa whom they had just captured was a neighbouring chieftain who had given his word of honour that he and his men might pass unmolested in and out of his territory; but, notwithstanding this, he had captured

one of his bravest men and put him to a most cruel death. For some weeks they had been waiting an opportunity to avenge this treachery, and yesterday he had fallen into their hands, to forfeit his life in return for his broken promise.

At the end of the woods Orbasan drew bridle, and, after indicating the rest of the way which Mustapha was to take, he offered him his hand and said: "Mustapha, you have been, in a strange manner, the guest of the robber Orbasan. I will not ask your promise not to betray what you have seen and heard. You have suffered some inconvenience here, and I am in your debt. Take this dagger, and if you are, at any time, in want of aid, send me this signal and I will hasten to your assistance; this purse, too, you will need want to continue your journey."

Mustapha thanked his guide and took the dagger; the purse, however, he declined to

at the liberality of his host, for the purse was filled with gold pieces. He then thanked Allah for his deliverance, and commending to him the large-hearted robber from whom he had just parted, he once more rode on his way to Balsora.

## II.

At noon on the seventh day from starting, Mustapha entered the gates of Balsora. He hastened to the first caravansery, and, dismounting, he made inquiries when the slave-market, which was held in that town every year, would take place; but, what was his dismay to learn that he was already two days too late: the market was over! The caravansery-keeper informed him that he had indeed missed an unusual sight. Among the slaves had been two women of extraordinary beauty, who attracted the admiration of the whole market. And, indeed, the buyers had almost fought over this rare purchase. But

they had been sold for such an enormous price, that only their present owner could afford such a sum. Mustapha showed a great interest in this story, and from what he heard, was convinced that the slaves in question were none other than his sister, Fatma, and her companion, Zoraida. Their purchaser, he learned, was Thiulikos, a rich merchant, who had retired to pass the rest of his life in quiet and rest. His palace was some two days' journey from Balsora.

Mustapha was about to spring again into his saddle and hasten after the objects of his search, but he be-

thought himself that he was alone and only armed with a dagger, and he would have no chance of success in case of resistance. He, therefore, thought of another plan to attain his purpose. Remembering his near likeness to the Bassa von Suleika,

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"MUSTAPHA THANKED HIS GUIDE AND TOOK THE DAGGER."

receive. Orbasan pressed his hand in farewell, and then, throwing the purse upon the ground, set spurs to his steed, and was lost to sight in the woods. Seeing that he would not return to take the purse, Mustapha dismounted to pick it up. He was astonished

which had so nearly cost him his life, he determined to personate this man, and thus attempt the rescue of his sister. He, there-upon, hired one or two servants, and with Orbasan's purse of gold, he was enabled to buy horses for them; and then, arraying himself in a jewelled cape, he made towards Thiuli's palace. This was situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, and the palace itself was surrounded by a high wall. On arriving there, Mustapha, to complete his disguise, dyed his moustache black and stained his face with the juice of a plant to give the darker shade of Bassa's skin, and dismounting, he sent one of his servants to request, under the name of Bassa von Suleika, that he might pass the night within the palace.

The servant soon returned, and, with him, four richly clad slaves, who took Mustapha's horse to the courtyard and led him into the palace, up a vast marble stair into the presence of Thiuli-Kos. The latter was an elderly man with a most friendly, affable mien. He set before his guest the best of repasts which his slaves could procure, and, after Mustapha had eaten, he entered easily into conversation with him. They soon brought the talk to the latest news of the slave-market, and Thiuli was high in praise of his two new slaves, who, however, he said, were very dejected in spirit, and seemed to be pining away; this he hoped would not last long. Mustapha was greatly pleased with his reception, and, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, was full of hopes as to his ultimate success.

He had not slept more than an hour when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp, which fell brightly on his eyes. He sprang up as in a dream, and found before him the little, shiny-skinned man whom he had seen in Orbasan's tent. He held a lamp in his hand, and a malicious smile distorted his mouth. Mustapha at first believed he was still dreaming, but, finding that the grinning object was a reality:—

"What can you want in disturbing my rest?" he demanded.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," replied the figure before him; "I can well guess why you have come here, and I have not forgotten your honoured features, although had I not helped with my own hands to hang the real Bassa von Suleika, I might have been deceived by your clever disguise. But what I want here is to ask you one favour."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," asked Mustapha, angered at being found out.

"Simply told," replied the other. "I and Orbasan could no longer agree, so I came here. But you will remember that you were the cause of our little difference, and now I come to ask you to allow your sister to become my wife. If you say 'yes,' I will aid you in rescuing her and her companion; if you refuse, I go and enlighten my master about the new Bassa von Suleika."

Mustapha was beside himself with rage and disappointment. Just when he seemed so near the accomplishment of his plans, this wretch steps in to frustrate all. Only one thing remained for him to do: this little, grinning object must die. With a single bound he leapt from his couch; but the dwarf, anticipating the action, sprang aside, throwing down the lamp, and escaped to raise the alarm of treachery.

Mustapha now gave up all thought of saving his sister, and looked around for means of saving his own life. The window of his room was a considerable height from the ground, but, as he heard voices approaching his door, he was forced to leap out, taking with him his dagger and clothes. The fall was a hard one, but no limbs were broken; he got up and made for the wall which surrounded the palace. To the surprise of his pursuers, he climbed over this and was thus out of danger. He hurried off until he entered a wood some distance away, and there he flung himself down, exhausted. What was he to do next? His horse and his servants were left behind, but he still had his gold, which he carried in his girdle.

His inventive imagination soon discovered another plan. Going on through the wood he came to a little village, where he bought a horse for a low price, and then rode on to the nearest town. Arrived there, he inquired after a physician, and was directed to an old man, credited with great learning and experience. This man he dazzled with his gold pieces, and obtained from him a medicine which would produce a death-like sleep; which, however, could be at any moment counteracted upon administering a second draught. In possession of these drugs, he provided himself with a long gown, a white beard and wig, and numerous medicine cases and boxes. Loading the medicines upon an ass, he disguised himself as a travelling physician and returned to the palace of Thiuli-Kos.

He came slowly up to the palace entrance and announced himself as the Physician Chakamankabudibaba. As he expected, the gullible Thiuli was dazzled by the name, and



“THE DWARF SPRANG ASIDE.”

at once invited the physician to his own table. Chakamankabudibaba appeared before his host, who was as affable as he had been the day previous, and he ended by offering to subject all his slaves to the treatment of this learned physician. The latter was scarcely able to disguise his joy at the thought of actually seeing his sister and his loved one, and he followed with beating heart, whilst Thiuli led the way to his seraglio. They entered a lofty chamber, beautifully draped and furnished, but no one was to be seen in it.

“Worthy Chambaba, or whatever your honoured name may be, behold yonder hole in the wall : each of my slaves shall put her arm through there, and you shall feel the pulse, if she is ailing or healthy.”

He then drew out a long ivory tablet, on which were written the names of all his slaves, and he called them one by one to put their arms out for the learned physician to treat. The first six were declared to be quite healthy, but the seventh came, and Thiuli read out the name “Fatma.” Mustapha’s fingers trembled as he laid them upon his sister’s

hand, and, shaking his head seriously, he pronounced her to be dangerously ill. Thiuli was greatly concerned, and ordered him to prepare a medicine for her at once. Mustapha went out to make the draught, and, at the same time, he wrote upon a slip of parchment : “Fatma, I can see you if you will take a strong sleeping dose which will make you sleep for two days. I have the means of awakening you again. If you consent to drink it, say that the medicine I now give you has no effect.” He then returned with a harmless mixture, felt the patient’s pulse once more, and, in doing so, put the note into her hand together with the medicine.

Thiuli seemed to be much moved by the condition of Fatma, and put off the treatment of the other slaves till another day.

On leaving the chamber together, he asked : “Chadibaba, what is the matter with Fatma ? She is one of my most costly slaves.”

Chakamankabudibaba answered, sighing deeply : “May the Prophet comfort you, she has a falling fever, which may very soon prove fatal.”

At this, Thiuli fell into a rage.

"Cursed dog," said he, "you say that; and shall she who cost me 2,000 gold pieces die like a cow? If you do not save her life you shall lose your head!"

Mustapha saw his mistake, and now reassured his host that she might yet be cured. At that moment a black slave entered to say that the medicine had had no effect.

"Do all that your art can do, Chakambaba, and I will pay you whatever you ask," shrieked out Thiuli, enraged at the thought of losing so much money.

"I will give her a juice which will not fail to cure her," said the physician.

"Yes, yes, give her a juice," sobbed the old man.

Delighted at his success, Mustapha hastened to fetch the sleeping draught, and, handing it to the black slave, gave instructions that it should be taken all at one dose. He then said he must go down to the sea-shore to get some herbs, and slowly left the palace. At the water's edge he stripped off his false clothing and concealed himself among the thick bushes until night came on, when he took his way to the burying-place of the palace.

An hour or more after Mustapha had left the palace a servant appeared before Thiuli with the news that Fatma was dying. He sent at once down to the sea-shore to bring back Chakamankabudibaba in all haste; but the messenger soon returned and stated that the poor physician had fallen into the water and was drowned, and he had seen his long gown floating about in the waves. Seeing that there was now no help for his favourite slave, Thiuli was quite beside himself: he raged and cursed himself and everybody around him.

Meanwhile, word was brought to him that Fatma lay lifeless in the arms of her attendants. On hearing this he gave orders to make a coffin without an hour's delay—for the superstitious old man could not bear to have a dead body in his house for a single night—and carry the corpse away to the burying-place outside the palace.

The bearers of the coffin accordingly brought their burden ere it was quite dark, and proceeded to lay it in its last resting-place, when, hearing low groans and sighs come from amidst the other tombs, they hastily laid it down and fled in terror.

Mustapha, who was the cause of their flight, now came out of his hiding-place and, lighting a lamp which he had brought for the purpose, he drew out the awakening draught and then began to open the lid of the coffin. What, however, was his astonishment and dismay to find by the light of his lamp a strange face lying

there, and neither his sister, Fatma, nor yet Zoraida! It was some time before he could recover himself from this fresh disappointment of his hopes, but at last his compassion for the creature helpless there aroused him, and he poured the potion through her lips. She opened her eyes, breathed deeply, and then seemed to consider where she was. At length, remembering what had taken place, she got up and threw herself at the feet of her deliverer.

"How can I thank you," said she, "for rescu-

ing me from that frightful captivity?" Mustapha, interrupting her words, asked how it was that she and not his sister, Fatma, had escaped.

For a moment she looked at him in



"A STRANGE FACE."



surprise, then exclaimed: "Now I begin to see through it; now it is quite clear to me how I have been saved. They call me Fatma in the palace, and it was to me that you gave the bit of parchment and the medicine."

Mustapha then inquired after his sister, and learned that both she and Zoraida were within the palace, but in accordance with Thiuli's custom, they bore other names, and were called Mirza and Nurmahal.

Mustapha was greatly disheartened, and, as this showed itself in his face, Fatma tried to encourage him and informed him that she knew of a plan by which his sister and her friend might yet be saved. He was inspired with fresh hope on hearing this, and begged her to tell him of her plan. She then began:—

"I have been five months in yonder prison, but all the time I had been looking round for means of escape; but, for a solitary girl, the task was too hard. You will no doubt have noticed a fountain in the inner courtyard of the palace, the water flowing from ten jets. This fountain attracted my attention. I remembered we had one also in my father's castle which was supplied with water through broad pipes. In order to learn if this fountain was made in the same way, I admired its splendour one day in Thiuli's presence. He replied: 'That is all my own design, and what you see is but the least part of it. The water comes from a lake half a mile distant from here, and is brought here through a vaulted passage as high as yourself, and all of it is my own design.' Often since then have I wished for a man's arms to lift up a marble block from the fountain side, then I might have been free! I can show you the passage and the fountain, but you will require at least two men with you if you attempt to get into the palace, as two armed slaves always guard the entrance of the seraglio."

This was, then, Fatma's plan. Mustapha, although twice defeated, was filled again with hopes, and believed that, with the Prophet's blessing, he might yet succeed in accomplishing the new device. He promised to conduct Fatma to her own home if she would first assist him in showing the way into the palace, but here he was at a loss where to find two trusty men to help him. He then remembered the dagger which Orbasan had given him, and he at once resolved to find out the robber chief and claim his promised aid. Leading his companion to the nearest town, he left her in charge of a poor woman until he should return, and with the last of

his gold he bought him a horse and rode off at once by the road he had come—towards Orbasan's camp.

In two days he found the tents still there, and went boldly forward into Orbasan's presence. He related his futile attempts to rescue his sister, and when he told him of his disguise as Chakamankabudidibaba, the robber could not repress a smile; but on hearing of the treachery of his late deserted dwarf he was greatly incensed, and swore to hang the traitor up on the spot where he would find him. He promised to come with Mustapha as soon as his horses were rested after their long ride, and once more Mustapha passed a night within the robber's tent. Early next morning they started, Orbasan and three of his bravest men, and made for the town where Fatma was to await them. After two days' riding they arrived there, and, taking Fatma with them, they proceeded to a wood within sight of the palace, there to await the darkness.

Soon after dark they went, led by Fatma, to the lake, and soon found the vaulted passage. One man remained with Fatma and the horses at the opening, while the others proceeded to enter. Once more, before leaving her, Fatma described minutely the plan of the palace court: they were to remove the marble slab at the fountain side, and would then find themselves in the inner court. On each side were two corridors with entrances to apartments occupied by the female slaves. Fatma and Zoraida were in the chamber through the sixth door on the right, guarded by two black slaves. Orbasan and his men then entered the vaulted passage, and, wading waist deep in water, they made their way to the fountain. Armed with irons, they soon loosened the slab and opened a way into the court. Orbasan scrambled through first, and helped the others up after him. They found the corridors and apartments as had been described to them, but as one door on the right had been bricked up, they were uncertain whether to count this one or not. They did not hesitate long, but Orbasan, marching up to the sixth door, gently opened it, and found within a large porch where six slaves lay sleeping upon the ground. Perceiving this was the wrong door, they were about to withdraw, when a dark figure raised itself in one corner, and the well-known voice of the shiny-skinned dwarf began calling for help. In a second Orbasan had seized him by the throat and stopped his cries. Tearing off his girdle, he bound his arms behind his back, and, before

the other slaves had well awakened, they were served in like manner. With Orbasan's sword pointing to his neck, the dwarf informed them where Mirza and Nurmahal were kept. Mustapha hastened into their room, where they had been awakened by the noise, told them to gather up their things and follow him, and they would be free! Orbasan's men then begged to be allowed to plunder some of these luxurious apartments, but this he refused.

"It shall not be said," replied he, "that Orbasan breaks into houses by night to steal."

Mustapha and one of the others then descended into the vault, bearing with them the two captives, whilst Orbasan and the other man remained behind. Taking a cord which they had with them, they then passed it round the dwarf's neck, and left him

hanging on the highest spout of the fountain. After thus repaying the traitor for his conduct, they also entered the vault and followed the others through it.

Mustapha and his sister were boundless in their gratitude to Orbasan for his noble assistance, but he advised them to continue, without a moment's delay, their flight, as it was almost certain that Thiuli-Kos would send pursuers in all directions. They then separated with much emotion from their deliverer. Fatma, the other freed slave, went disguised to Balsora, where she could get shipped to her own home, while Mustapha and his companions returned to their father's house. The old man was overcome with joy at again seeing his daughter, and rewarded Mustapha by giving his willing consent to his marriage with Zoraida.

