

Mahammed whose fest was none of the soundest after toying and turning and severing the night would last forever he rose and beheld Ghete afoza in all her charms sleeping in a careless posture "Ah said he this unlucky patienta takes a terrible time to cure a fever"

"Come weal or woe I forward go."

The moment he touched her cesties the arch tormenter started from sleep and said in a bitter tone "Senseless creature that you will you persist in banishing yourself from my society and bringing irretreivable disgrace on your unlucky head Desist or be instantly transformed into some brutat shape that alone is worthy of you" At this oration every word of which Melech Mahammed knew to be verity he was terribly disconcerted and instantly slunk off to his couch in a most pitiful manner where a thousand torturing reflections came to his consolation in about an hour the golden plumed peacock of the dawn raised his radiant head the bright morning undrew the dusky curtains of the dis faced night and the light of the world displayed his beams above the mountains of Budukshan Ghete afoza