

serpents, which had risen from his shoulders by the kiss of Eblis, threatened his brain, and would only be quieted by the presentation to their fangs of two warm human heads a day. Quietly at first, and afterwards more publicly, the subjects of the tyrant were kidnapped, and their yet palpitating brains given to the reptiles. Soon there was but one household in which there was not at least one vacant place, and still the besotted people endured the tyranny. Rejoicing in his immunity, Gavah, the smith, went to the palace on matters of business. In the dim courtyard he stumbled over two headless trunks; he bent down and recognized them, they were the bodies of his young sons. Back to the forge he went, with tears in his eyes and fierce resolution in his heart. High on a pole he reared his leather apron, and round it as a rallying point called his bereaved fellow-subjects to arms. As all had suffered from Zohak's barbarous cruelty, all joined in the hoarse cry, "Down with the tyrant!" and, an irresistible army, they hurled him from his throne. Press it home, I say again. Where, throughout the wide earth, is there a home that, in some form or another, has not suffered from the tyrant's power? The evil and the bit-