



THE WASPS AROUSED.

GUESS JOHN A. FINDS OUT HE'S NOT FOOLING WITH ONTARIO NOW.

THE CALIPH'S JUDGMENT.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

'Twas morning in Bagdad. A thousand domes and minarets glittered in the sunlight. The Muezzin's call to prayer rang through the city and the faithful turned aside from business for a few minutes for their devotions. When the traffic in the market-place was resumed, Ali Hassan, the Barmecide, remained prostrate upon the pavement. Water-carriers and porters stumbled over him expressing the wish that his father's grave might be defiled, that he might eat dirt, and other choice Oriental imprecations, but he moved not.

"Get up, lazy dog," said Yussuf, the fig merchant. "Don't you see that you are blocking the traffic in front of my bazaar. Here is the steward of the Caliph who wants to look at some fresh figs just arrived from Samarcand, and you are in his way. Clear out, or may the swine root among the bones of your ancestors even to the forty-second generation."

Ali Hassan looked lazily up toward the angry merchant. "I shall not get up," he replied, "till you give me a piastre—for, lo! I am an hungered, having fasted since yesterday morning. Give me where withal to obtain food and I will depart quickly."

"By the beard of the Prophet, not so," replied Yussuf. "Can I feed all the beggars of Bagdad?"

"Out of the way—son of a swine!" exclaimed a vender of pomegranates who tripped over the prostrate Ali Hassan as he tried to pass through the crowd.

"To the Cadi with him," cried the assembled merchants. "Is the traffic of the bazaar to be obstructed all day by this fellow?"

So Ali Hassan was dragged before the judgment seat of the Cadi near by. Now it chanced that the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, as was his wont, had mingled with the throng in disguise and followed to the Cadi's court.

"Give him one hundred blows of the bastinado," said the Cadi.