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# TIBETAN TALES



by David Macdonald.



# TIBETAN TALES

With a foreword

By

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## FOREWORD.

It is a great pleasure for me to accede to my friend Mr. David Macdonald's request that I should contribute a short Foreword to his collection of Tibetan Tales. I have known Mr. Macdonald intimately ever since, ~~he~~ was Dux boy in the Government High School in Darjeeling, and was recommended to me by the Headmaster, through his training in literary Tibetan and knowledge of the Tibetan vernacular, as a promising assistant in my researches into the great body of the Tibetan sacred canonical books and commentaries, and into Tibetan customs, floating traditions, and superstitions. Latterly, he was my official assistant, in the Lhasa Mission of 1904 in the task of collecting, classifying, and cataloguing for the British National Libraries the greatest collection of Tibetan books, sacred and secular, that ever reached Europe before or since that expedition. As a result of this unusual acquaintance with the Tibetan religion, language, and customs, and his business ability, he was appointed British Trade Agent in Tibet. In this latter capacity, whilst his headquarters were at Gyantse, his duties led him for long periods to Lhasa, where he became an intimate personal friend of the Dalai Lama, the priest king of Tibet, and was on the staff of the latter on his pilgrimage to India to visit the Birthplace of Buddha and the other ancient Buddhist shrines. I mention these circumstances in order to indicate the unique qualifications and opportunities enjoyed by Mr. Macdonald for collecting Tibetan tales from the lips of the people and for translating into English these and those found in booklets, manuscript or printed.

The sources of his present collection of Tibetan tales, are partly oral, picked up from Tibetan traders and itinerant Lamas, many of whom carry little manuscript booklets of tales, as a sort of chapbooks; and these form the tales numbered 2 to 9 of the collection. But the preliminary series of tales in the collection are translations of a manuscript collection

presented to Mr. Macdonald by the Tibetan general Neto Depon of Lhasa. These latter tales are therein ascribed jointly to, (1), the famous Indian Buddhist patriarch Nagarjuna (c. A. D. 160-200), who is the author of several dogmatic volumes in the Great Canon and commentaries, but latterly gained the reputation of being a wizard, and whose name is literally translated into Tibetan as "Ludup" with the prefix of *Lo-pen* or "Teacher," and, (2), a reputed Indian prince called in Tibetan Deche Zangpo, which is the translation of the Indian Sanskrit name of Sankara Bhadra, or Sankara-the-Good. The latter, I think, may probably be identified with Sankara-Deva, the king of Eastern Nepal, c. 660 A. D., and a contemporary of the great Tibetan king Srong-tsan Gampo, who married a Nepalese princess and was converted to Buddhism by the latter and by his Chinese wife, an imperial princess, and first introduced Buddhism into Tibet from India by way of Nepal, along with Indian Buddhist books which he got translated into Tibetan by Indian Buddhist monks whom he invited to Lhasa. As the civilization of Nepal at that period was of Indian origin, the remote source of these tales, as well as "Nagarjuna's," was presumably early Indian. None of these tales, however, appear to be found in the great encyclopaedic printed sacred canon and commentaries, and are thus unlike Schiefner's *Tibetan Tales from Indian Sources* rendered into English by W. R. Ralston in Trubner's Oriental Series, all of which are taken from the canon or commentaries. The reason why Nagarjuna's great name came latterly to be associated with such mythological tales, of which I have seen numerous others current in manuscript in Tibet, seems to me probably owing to his great name meaning "The White Serpent or Dragon"; for it seems inconceivable that such an orthodox Buddhist patriarch was himself the author of these mythological popular tales.

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# TIBETAN TALES

Ascribed to Nagarjuna (Ludup) and Prince Deche Zangpo

Dedication by the Tibetan Authors.

Salutation to the Great Second Master, Nagarjuna,  
whose advent was prophesied by the Buddha,  
and who blessed the Outer and Inner Mysteries  
of the Ten Perfect Vessels.

Greatly excelling his compeers, he interpreted  
the Doctrines of the Middle Path.

The following wonderful tales were written by  
Lopon Ludrup and Prince Deche Zangpo.

It is believed that the mere hearing of  
them will bestow good fortune on those  
who listen.

## 1. The Story of the Seven Magicians.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the Central-Middle Kingdom of Asia seven brothers, all of whom were magicians well versed in all forms of sorcery and magic. This kingdom was ruled by two Princes. One day the elder said to his brother,—“Brother! I have decided to become a magician, and for this purpose I shall go to study the arts of magic and sorcery with the seven noted sorcerers for seven years!”

So the elder Prince abode with the seven brothers for seven years, but was not able to master their mysteries. At the end of that period the younger Prince, tired of his loneliness, went to pay his brother a visit, taking with him many gifts.

When he arrived at the magicians' house, however, his brother was not to be seen, so he spent the time of

awaiting his arrival in observing the sorcerers at work. So great was his intelligence, that, in the course of an hour or two, he had mastered many of their secrets, even those which his brother had failed to acquire. So, when the elder Prince returned from wherever he had gone, his brother decided not to offer his gifts, but, instead, said,—“O Brother! Of what use is sorcery and magic to us? Return with me to our palace, for you are only wasting your time here!” After a little persuasion, the elder agreed to abandon his studies, and the Prince returned to their ancestral home together.

One day, soon after this, the younger said to the elder,—“Now, since you have given up the study of magic, will you not take up some other occupation to pass your time?” The elder enquired if his brother had any suggestions to offer, which brought the reply,—“Tied in the courtyard is a beautiful white horse! Why not take it and set forth on a trading venture to foreign lands? Of one thing, however, I must warn you! This is that, whatever else you do, never allow the horse to take you near the house of the seven magicians.” Having spoken thus, the younger Prince ran quickly down to the courtyard, and transformed himself into a white stallion. The elder Prince did as had been suggested, but no sooner had he got on the horse than he lost control over it. Do what he would, he could not prevent it from taking him towards the magicians’ house. Arrived there, breathless and humiliated, he called out, “Would any of you like to buy my horse?”

Now, by their magic powers, the sorcerers recognised the transformed Prince, and, having consulted together, decided to buy the animal, paying the price asked at once, without any argument, their idea being to kill the animal, and so kill the younger Prince, who had stolen their secrets.

They tied the horse in their black-tiled courtyard, that was close by the river bank. The horse took counsel with himself, having overheard that his death was planned, as to how he might escape. "May-be," he considered, "if I take the form of another creature, I can escape from these evil men!"

Just then, he noticed a fish swimming in the river and immediately, by his magic powers, transformed himself into a similar shape, and thankfully slipped into the water. His troubles, however, were by no means at an end, for the magicians changed into seven hawks, and harried him in the shallow water till he was exhausted. Desperately he glanced skywards, and, seeing a pigeon flying above, he turned from a fish into a similar bird. The seven hawks immediately became seven falcons, and continued their pursuit of the now completely exhausted Prince. Southwards he flew, over hill and dale, the falcons gradually gaining on him. Just as they were about to stoop for the kill, the pigeon dropped to the ground, and entered a cave. This was in the land of Beta, far from his home. Inside the cave the Prince found the hermit Lupon Ludrup, seated in deep meditation. Still in the form of a pigeon, the Prince addressed the sage thus,—“O Master! I am pursued by seven wicked men in the form of falcons. These have now arrived at your retreat and have transformed themselves into seven mendicant lamas, who stand asking for your blessing. Will you not save me? I will change myself into the principal bead of your rosary, and, when they approach, please place me in your mouth for safety.”

The sage agreed, and no sooner had the trembling pigeon disappeared than the seven mendicant lamas approached and asked the hermit's blessing. Lupon Ludrup

quickly placed the chief bead of his rosary in his mouth, but, as he was in the act of blessing the supplicants, the string of the beads broke, and, with the exception of the one in his mouth, all the beads fell on the ground, where they became worms. Instantly the seven mendicants transformed themselves into seven fowls, which quickly gobbled up all the worms. Upon this, the principal bead dropped from the holy man's mouth, and lo! there stood the Prince in human form. Snatching up a stick, the youth slew the birds, but, instead of the bodies of fowls, there were seven human corpses strewn on the ground.

The hermit was much angered, and said,—“O Prince! I saved your life, and you repay me by strewing my dwelling with corpses, seven lives having been lost! However, the fact of my having aided you absolves you from sin, even though you deserve punishment.”

“O Sage!” replied the Prince, “because you have aided me and saved my life, I will willingly perform any task you set me!”

“Very well!” returned the hermit, “Go to the place of burial, and bring me back the ‘Luck-Conferring Ghost,’ whose body is fashioned from pure gold, whose hair is of turquoise threads, and whose limbs are of the finest turquoise! If you can accomplish this, I shall be fully satisfied!”

Now this Ghost was the chief of all Spirits in Jambuling, (i.e. the Indian continent in Tibetan Buddhist cosmogony), and had lived over a thousand years.

The Master then instructed the Prince to make all preparations for a long journey, and, these completed, gave the following parting advice:—“On your way you will pass through a strange and lonely place, full of graves. From these the livid corpses will rise and advance towards you

to hinder your progress. Be not afraid, however, but cast upon them this magic dust, at the same time repeating the spell "Hala! Hala! Swaha!" They will then no longer vex you. Still further on your journey you will come to another graveyard, where only little children are interred. Their corpses will also rise from the sepulchres, but repeat the *mantra* "Tira Phet!" and throw over them this second substance. From their midst the Lucky Ghost will run to a tree, in the branches of which it will take refuge! As soon, however, as you begin to fell the tree with this axe, which I give you, the Ghost will become alarmed, and will descend. Then, as soon as you can lay hands on it, bind it, and place it in this sack, which you must take with you for the purpose. Bring the Ghost to me here, at this cave called *Deche*, and henceforth you shall be known among men as Prince Deche Zangpo, or "The Prince of the Happy Place." So saying, the hermit bade the Prince farewell, giving as his last advice that on no account should he exchange any words with the Ghost, once he had captured it.

The Prince set forth, and all came to pass as the sage had foretold, and when the Ghost fled for shelter in the tree, the Prince addressed it thus,—“O Ghost, the saintly Nagarjuna has sent me, Deche Zangpo, to bring you to his cave! The cord I have for binding you is thin, but strong, nor is my sack too small to hold you. Unless you come down, I shall fell this tree.”

“O Deche Zangpo!”, cried the Ghost, “Do not cut the tree down, for I will descend.”

After binding the Ghost in the sack, the Prince shouldered his burden, and started on his homeward journey. After travelling in silence for some time, the Ghost said,—“O Deche Zangpo, the day is long, and the road

seems endless. Will you not tell me a story to pass the hours?" But the Prince, remembering the hermit's injunction, answered not a word.

"O Prince!", the Ghost continued, "if you will not tell me a story, I will tell you one. If you desire to hear it, just nod your head." Upon the Prince silently acquiescing, the Ghost began:—

### The Story of the Six Friends.

"Once upon a time, in a great city in China, there lived six boys, one the son of a physician, one of an artist, and one each of an astrologer, a carpenter, a rich man, and a blacksmith. These six lads, bored with the uneventful tenor of their lives, set out one day in search of adventure. In due course their wanderings led them to a foreign land, and, having arrived at a certain spot, they agreed to seek their fortunes each for himself. Before they separated, however, each of the six planted a 'soul tree,' with the arrangement that in six years' time they would all meet at the same place. Should any of the trees have died, and he who planted it fail to turn up at the rendezvous, the others were to go in search of him.

"The rich man's son went northwards, and after many days of lonely wandering arrived in a beautiful forest, in a clearing in which was a small house. Seated at the door were an aged couple, who, as the boy approached, said,—“Son, whence have you come? And whither are you bound?” “I have come,” replied the lad, “from a far country, and I am very tired and very hungry. Will you not give me some food?” “Enter,” cried the old couple, “you are very welcome here!” They led the youth into their house, they fed him and made him comfortable. As he was about to take his departure, on the

morrow, the old people were reluctant to let him go. "O Youth!" they said, "We have a beautiful young daughter! As we are very lonely here, will you not marry her and settle down with us?" In the meantime, the girl had entered the room, and, seeing that she really was very beautiful, the rich man's son thought that he might do much worse than marry her and settle down. The maiden also seemed to be attracted towards him, and in due course they were married. During their courtship, the damsel was very interested in his adventures and asked him many questions about his country. They lived very happily together, with the girl's aged parents.

"One day, when the servants of the king of that country were bathing in the river, one of them found a wonderful ring, set with many gems. Now this ring belonged to the young wife of the rich man's son, who had inadvertently dropped it in the stream, in the sands of which it had come down. The king's servants took the jewel to their master, who marvelling at its beauty and delicate workmanship, ordered his men to follow up the course of the river in order to find out to whom it belonged.

"Accordingly they set forth, and eventually arrived at the little house in the forest, and there saw the owner of the ring. They informed her that she must go to the monarch; so, accompanied by her husband, she in due course arrived at the palace. "This is no mortal maiden!" exclaimed the king, when he set eyes on her beauty. "She is a daughter of the Gods! Compared to her my other wives are as sows and bitches!" He consulted an astrologer, who divined that, should the king marry the girl, no misfortune would follow.

"The young wife was in despair at the turn events were taking, for she loved her husband dearly, but she

was powerless to do anything against the king's wishes. This ruler, the next day, ordered his men to kill the rich man's son, and this was done by placing him in a pit at the river's bank, and rolling heavy boulders on top of him. The girl was then taken to wife by the monarch.

"At the end of six years, as agreed, the other five friends reassembled at the appointed spot, and examined the trees they had planted. With the exception of that belonging to the rich man's son, all these were doing well, but that one had withered and died. Sadly the youths set out to look for their missing friend, but could find no traces of him, till at length the astrologer's son, by divination, discovered that his body would be found near a river, in a pit. The friends eventually found the spot, but the boulders were so heavy that they could not roll them aside. Thereupon the blacksmith's son, by using an immense hammer, broke them into small pieces, which they were able to remove, finding beneath them the body of their friend, the son of the rich man. It was now the turn of the doctor's son, and he, by pouring down the corpse's throat some life-giving elixir, brought animation to the body. Then the rich man's son sat up, and having greeted his friends, related his story. The latter were incredulous. "It is impossible," they said, "for such a beautiful woman to exist? Anyway, whoever she may be, we must get her away from this king!"

"To this end, the carpenter's son constructed a large wooden eagle, with wings which, when agitated, carried it skywards. It was realistically painted by the son of the artist. Then the reanimated son of the rich man entered into the eagle's body, and flew to the king's palace, over which he hovered. That monarch and his courtiers were greatly astonished at the sight of the great bird, and



wished to capture it. To this end the king ordered grain to be spread on the palace roof, and instructed his favourite queen to supervise this. No sooner, however, had she set foot on the roof, than the eagle came down, and from its body there stepped her former husband. "If you really love me better than this king," he asked her, "fly away with me in this wooden bird." The girl lost no time in entering the bird, and the two of them flew to where their friends were awaiting them.

"The rich man's son assisted his wife to alight from the eagle, but, no sooner had his friends seen her, than each of them fell violently in love, so great was her beauty. Turning to his companions, her husband said,—' You have saved me from the dead, and given me back my wife! What can I do for you in return?' Everyone of them asked for the girl, and quarrels arose as to who should possess her. The rich man's son claimed her because he was her husband, but, after much argument, his friends exclaimed,—"She is breaking our friendship! Let her be cut in pieces and divided among us, and each will be equally satisfied!"

Here, Prince Deche Zangpo, to whom the story was being related by the Ghost, forgetting all his instructions, so deeply interested had he become, and so sorry did he feel for its heroine, exclaimed,—"Alas! The poor Princess!" Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the Ghost was free.

As related, the Ghost escaped, and only after a long chase did Prince Deche Zangpo manage to recapture it. At length he succeeded in tying it up in the sack again, and had resumed his journey, when the Ghost, without waiting for any permission or invitation, again began a story which ran as follows:—

### The Story of the Two Frogs.

"A long time ago, there lived in China a powerful king, whose country, however, suffered much from drought, its only water supply being from a great lake in the hills to the north. This lake was under the care of two gigantic frogs, one of which was turquoise in colour, and the other of golden hue. These frogs demanded that a human sacrifice should be made to them every year, the victim to be chosen alternately from the poorer classes of the people, and from the nobility, family by family. Failing this sacrifice, the lake would run dry, and famine certainly follow.

"At length the year arrived during which the royal family itself had to provide the victim, and the king said,— "I am old and will soon be dead in any case. Therefore I myself will be the sacrifice, and my son shall reign in my stead!" "Not so, father," replied the eldest Prince, "it is not meet that you should go, as, without your experienced guidance, the kingdom will suffer. Let me offer myself in your stead!" The queen also offered herself, but the Prince was not to be moved from his resolve.

"On the appointed day, therefore, the Prince bade good-bye to his weeping parents, and, amid the wailings of the people, took the path to the lake. His road passed by the house of a friend, on whom he called to take his last farewell. This friend, however, refused to part from him, and insisted on accompanying him on his fatal errand. As they quietly approached the lake, the Prince, who understood the language of all the animals and reptiles, overheard the two frogs conversing. "If the Prince and his friend," said the golden frog, "knew this fact, and beat us both to death, and if I was to be eaten by the Prince, and you, O turquoise coloured one, were to be eaten by his companion, whenever they vomited the former would bring up gold, and the latter turquoise, and moreover, since we

would both be dead, there would be no further need of human sacrifices."

"Hearing these words, the Prince took up a heavy stick, and, motioning his friend to do likewise, they beat the frogs to death, and each of the young men ate up his particular one. Then the companion said,—“O Prince! Let us now return to our homes, for the water is flowing unrestrictedly into the fields, and the sacrifice is no longer necessary.” “They will beat us!” demurred the Prince. “They will look on us as ghosts or demons, saying,—“How can the dead rise up?” No! It is much better for us to disappear quietly, and seek our fortunes in another land.”

“Therefore the two young men crossed the frontier passes, and journeyed on into a country unknown to either of them, till at length they came to a tavern, which was kept by an old crone and her daughter. Here they ordered wine, but, when it came to paying for it they found that neither of them had any money. They thereupon decided to test the words of the frog, and, making themselves sick, they brought up gold and turquoise. The innkeeper and her daughter, seeing this, plied them with more and stronger liquor till they were very drunk, thus causing them to vomit almost without ceasing for the whole night. In the early morning, while they were still asleep, the two hags carried them out of the inn, and shut the door upon them.

“When the Prince and his companion had somewhat recovered, they were very angry with the innkeeper, but, deciding after a time that they were powerless, they departed on their way. This led them across a wide plain, in the centre of which some children were noisily disputing.

“On enquiry it appeared that the cause of the quarrel was a hat, the ownership of which could not be agreed upon. The Prince asked them why they should fight over

such a trifle, and was astonished to learn that this was no ordinary hat, but one which conferred on its wearer invisibility from gods, demons, or human beings. "Well," said the Prince, "as you cannot agree among yourselves, I will settle the dispute for you. All of you go to the other end of the plain, and to him who returns here first I will give the hat." The children raced off, but, when the Prince came to look for the hat to give to the winner, neither the hat nor his companion was to be seen anywhere. After searching for a time, the children, disappointed, trooped off, and, as soon as they had gone, the friend removed the hat of invisibility, and was standing by the Prince's side.

"Journeying on, the two young men came across some demons quarrelling over a pair of old boots, and, when asked what they were doing with such useless articles, they replied,—“Useless! Why, whoever puts on these boots may travel in the twinkling of an eye to whatever place he wishes, without any fatigue or trouble.” “Well,” replied the Prince, “if that is so, I will soon decide this affair! Go up to the end of the road yonder and race back, and whoever comes to me first, to him will I give the boots.” But by the time the demons had returned to the spot where they had left the Prince, neither that personage nor his companion was anywhere to be seen. They had each put on one of the boots, and simply wished themselves elsewhere.

“At length, tired out, they lay down to sleep, but, before they finally dropped off into the land of dreams, they each pulled on one of the boots, and wished that, when they awoke, they should find themselves in a place where they would be made rulers.

“On arising next morning, they found themselves in a strange town, and, walking into the market place, they

were told that the king had just died, and the people were looking for his successor. Presently a priest came out of the royal palace, and informed the assembled people that the Princess, the late monarch's daughter, would throw rice from the palace roof, and that the man upon whose head it should fall should be crowned king.

"To get a better view of the proceedings, the Prince and his companion climbed into a tree near the palace, and it was into this tree that the rice fell when thrown by the Princess. "How can a tree be our king?", cried the people, but the old priest, being curious, instructed them to see if there was anyone in the tree. Of course the Prince and his friend were discovered, but, as soon as their disreputable condition was seen, the people refused to accept either of them as their ruler. However, as soon as the young men started vomiting gold and turquoise, a different complexion was given to affairs, and they were welcomed. The Prince was installed on the throne, while his companion was made the Chief Minister. In a very short time, also, the new king married his predecessor's daughter, who reigned by his side.

"Not far from the palace were the ruins of an old, disused fortress, to which none but the queen ever went. She visited it every day, alone, at noon. The Chief Minister grew very curious as to what took her there so frequently, and one day, donning the hat of invisibility, he followed her. Arrived in the old building, they traversed dim corridors and vast and empty halls, till at last they came to a room, beautifully furnished. Incense was burning in a corner, while golden vessels of holy water were placed in a conspicuous position. The queen changed her dress for a wonderful silken robe, and seated herself on one of the luxurious divans with which the apartment was provided. Presently a handsome bird appeared and hovered near the window, and, seeing it,

the queen rose and, placing more incense in the burner, thus produced a cloud of scented smoke. The bird seemed to take this as a sign of welcome, and having flown inside was transformed into a handsome youth, obviously of supernatural origin. The queen addressed him as Togkarko, and their lips met in a long greeting.

“When they were seated, and had partaken of the delicious viands with which the tables were laden, Togkarko asked,—“What is your husband like?” “He is yet but a youth,” the queen replied, “nor have I known him long enough to discover either his faults or his worth. However, let us not talk about him. Remember that from to-morrow I shall come here earlier.” With these words they parted for the day, the queen returning to the palace.

“The next day the Chief Minister again followed the queen, and, as she was leaving her lover, overheard him say,—“To-morrow, in the form of a little bird, I shall come to the palace to see for myself what this husband of yours is like!”

“The Minister now revealed what was happening to the king, and between them they arranged the following plot. A thousand men were to sit in the audience chamber on the morrow, and the Minister was to catch the bird and hurl it into the fire, while the king was to cut it to pieces with his sword.

“Next morning, the king and the queen were sitting in the audience chamber, with a thousand warriors as a bodyguard, when in flew the lover of the queen, in the form of little bird, as arranged. At its appearance, the queen seemed agitated, and threw it a swift glance of warning. Before it could fly away, however, the Minister, who had donned the cap of invisibility, seized it and threw it on a brazier, while the king drew his sword to slay it. His

descending arm, however, was caught by the queen, who sprang up just in time to save the bird's life. The latter though badly burned, managed to flutter out of the hall, whence it disappeared. The queen fell back in a dead faint.

"When the queen went the following morning to the old fort, the Minister again followed her, but for a long time no bird came near the place. At length a moaning sound was heard outside the window, and the bird flew in. Having transformed itself into the form of a youth, the queen tended his wounds, and told him that in the future she would meet him only once every month.

"By this time, however, the Chief Minister was tired of playing the spy, and decided not to return to his master at once, but to go in search of adventures for a while. As he was passing the door of a temple, he saw the caretaker spread a lifesize drawing of a donkey on the ground and roll on it. At once, to his amazement, the man was transformed into a real donkey, which ran about the yard braying. After thus disporting himself for some time, he rolled on the ground once more, and resumed his human form. Rolling up the drawing, the caretaker entered the temple, and placed it on the knees of the principal image, after which he left the building. The Minister thereupon entered the temple, and taking the paper with him, went on his way.

"In due course of time, he came to the inn where he and the Prince had been so inhospitably treated. After greeting the proprietress and her daughter, he said he had come to thank them for their former kindness. The old woman was surprised and asked what he intended to do for them. "I have with me a wonderful drawing," replied the Minister, "and if you and your daughter will only roll

upon it, you will never want for money." Highly delighted, the two women lost no time in doing as he instructed, but no sooner had their prostrate bodies touched the paper, than they were transformed into two donkeys. The Minister then returned to the king, and presented him with the animals, which were set to work carrying stones for the rebuilding of the old fort. After three years, the king happened one day to notice them, and, pointing out how thin they were, also showed the Minister how sore were their backs. "They have suffered enough," said the king, "for their former avarice! Let them return to their human forms, and allow them to depart to their home." The Minister thereupon rolled them on the ground, and they arose as two wretched crookbacked old women, covered with sores."

Yet again Prince Deche Zangpo forgot what the hermit had told him, and ejaculated,—“Poor things! What became of them?” And the Ghost he was carrying again escaped.

Once more, after a long pursuit, Prince Deche Zangpo managed to secure the Ghost, and once more started off for the hermit's cave. This time he fully determined he would not be caught napping again. Therefore, when the Ghost asked him to tell a story to while away the time, he maintained a stony silence. This however, did not perturb the loquacious Ghost, for he again began to relate a tale. Prince Deche could not tell him to hold his peace, so he had perforce to listen. The narrative began:—

### The Story of Yakro Kharto

“One day, a widowed landowner, who lived in a pleasant valley, was out walking, carrying his bow, in case he came across any game. As he was strolling along, enjoying the air, he came upon a strange being, with a



human body and limbs, but with a bull's head and tail. Thinking this was very peculiar, the old man fitted an arrow to his bow, with the full intention of shooting the monster, but the latter spoke, "O, my father," it said, "spare my life, and one day I will repay your kindness and mercy!" The old man did not fire at him, and the monster disappeared into the forest. Now this creature's name was Yakro Kharto, and, as he went along through the glades, he saw a black man sitting under a tree. "And what is your name?" he asked. "I am called the Forest-Born," replied the stranger, "And who may you be, may I ask? Shall we be friends?" So they went on together, until they espied a green youth seated on the sward. On asking his name, they were told that he was called Born-in-the Grass, and that he wished to join their company. The three thus journeyed on till they met yet a fourth person, whose body was of glass, and whose name was Born-in-a-Glass-House. He also accompanied them, and the four friends travelled on until they came out on to an uninhabited plain. In a small valley opening on to this, they found a house, fully furnished and provisioned, with a herd of cattle grazing in an enclosure. No human being was, however, to be seen. Therefore the four youths settled down and were quite comfortable and happy. They went out hunting, and whatever they caught they divided into four equal portions.

"One day, when Born-in-the-Forest was engaged in making butter, and cooking, inside the house, the door creaked. He got up to see who had come, and suddenly saw a tall woman standing before him. She asked him to show her what he was doing, but, no sooner had he done this, than the butter vanished into thin air, and the stewpot was empty. The woman also disappeared. Born-in-the-Forest was very upset, and, fearing the anger of

his companions when they returned hungry from the forest, thought of a stratagem. Taking two horses' hoofs that he found in a cupboard, he marked the ground around the house with their prints, strewed arrows about the place, and then, closing all the doors he sat with his bow across his knees, to wait for his friends. As soon as they arrived, they asked for food. "There is none;" replied Born-in-the-Forest, "To-day, a body of mounted men attacked the house, beat me, and took away the food. I alone could not fight them, but, now that you have returned, let us go and look for them." The other three went out, and seeing the hoof-marks, and the arrows strewn in the grass, quite believed the story.

"The next day, Born-in-the-Grass stayed at home to prepare the food, but the same thing happened. This time the excuse made was that men on yaks had come and stolen the meal, and, to lend colour to the story, Born-in-the-Grass drove some yaks about in front of the house, cutting up the ground.

"Again, when Born-in-a-Glass-House remained behind, the food was once more missing, a still different reason being assigned by the delinquent.

"At length, however, it came to the turn of Yakro Kharto to prepare the food. As in the case of his companions, the woman arrived in the middle of the preparations. "O wonderful youth!" she said, "What kind of a man do I find here to-day? I beg of you, show me the food you are getting ready." Now Yakro Kharto took counsel with himself and came to the conclusion that a similar occurrence had happened to his friends, but that lying stories had been told by them. He thought that, if he showed her the food, something might happen to it "O sister!", he replied, "before I show you the cooking pots, will you please bring some water in this vessel."

He handed her an earthenware pot, in the bottom of which he made a small hole. The woman went to fill the pot, but, as fast as she poured the water in, it ran out through the bottom. While she was absent, Yakro Kharto quickly opened a bundle she had brought with her and took from it a rope fashioned from human tendons, an iron chisel, and an iron hammer. In their places he substituted a rope of grass, and a hammer and chisel of light flimsy wood. At length the woman, who, it must be mentioned, was a witch, returned, saying that she could not bring the water in the vessel supplied to her. "However," she continued. "let us play a game! I will tie you up with my rope, and then you tie me up with one of yours."

"She bound Yakro Kharto with the rope he had substituted for her own, and he was soon able to break this and free himself, but when he tied the witch up with the rope of human tendons, she could not even move her limbs. "Well," she said, "in this you have the advantage! Let us try another test!" Taking the lath chisel, she tried to drive it into the youth's chest, but the wood snapped. Then Yakro Kharto, seizing the iron chisel, succeeded in inflicting a severe wound. The witch, remarking on his strength, suggested that they went outside to see who could hit the hardest blow with a hammer. When she struck Yakro Kharto, her hammer flew in pieces, but, when he struck her, she fell dead into a deep, empty well, at the edge of which the contest took place.

"When his friends returned from the hunt, he taxed them with lying and cowardice, and invited them to see the witch's corpse. Looking down into the well, they saw the body and around it wonderful treasures, gold, silver, and turquoise. "Now!", said Yakro Kharto, "Will you go down and send up these treasures, or must I?" "You

go down," replied his friends, "we dare not, for we are frightened of the body of the witch!" So Yakro Kharto was lowered by a rope, by which he sent up the gold and other precious things, but, while he was below, his three companions plotted to share the spoil and leave him down there to starve. So, when the last load had been drawn up, they withdrew the rope, and decamped with the wealth.

"Poor Yakro Kharto, realising that they had deserted him, looked round the well for something to eat, but found only a peach stone. He planted this, and prayed that, if it did not become a tree, laden with fruits, before he awoke, that he might die in his sleep. He lay down to rest, using the corpse of the witch for a pillow, and the influence of this was such as to cause him to sleep for several years. Therefore, when he awoke, he found that the peach tree had grown to the lip of the well, and, by climbing it, he was soon free. Returning to his former home, he found it deserted. He was, however, fortunately able to find his bow and some arrows. With these in his hand he went in search of his false friends.

"At length he found their habitation, and, discovering that they were married, asked their wives where their husbands had gone. He was told that they were out hunting. Yakro Kharto went out to meet them, and in the evening encountered them returning home with their kill. As soon as they saw him, they were very ashamed, and asked his forgiveness, saying that as a penance they would leave their homes, and go to a far country. Yakro Kharto forgave them, but, when they invited him to stay with them, he refused, saying that he intended to visit his parents.

"On his way home, he passed by a pool, to the brink of which led the footprints of a maiden, and in

each impression a flower was growing. Yakro Kharto followed the tracks, which finally led him into the realm of King Gyajin, who welcomed him.

“At this time,” the monarch said, “the various kinds of evil spirits, in the forms of black yaks, are disputing with the demi-gods, who have assumed the forms of white yaks, and neither side can prevail. If you will shoot the king of the black yaks, the devils will be vanquished and flee away.” Yakro Kharto promised to assist the demi-gods, and the very next day succeeded in piercing the skull of the immense chief of the demons, so that he fell. His followers fled, taking the carcass with them. In spite, however, of the repeated invitations of the king, Yakro Kharto refused to remain longer with him, so impatient was he to see his parents. Before he departed, however, the monarch gave him some advice. “O Yakro Kharto!”, he said, “you are almost certain to lose your way, and if you do, you will arrive at the house of the devil king. Do not be afraid, nevertheless, but say that you are a physician, and all will be well.”

“Even as the king had said, the youth did mistake the road, and, having arrived at the house of the king of the demons, he knocked at the door, until a female devil, breathing out flames, emerged and asked him who he was. Yakro Kharto told her that he was a physician. Hearing this the she-fiend invited him to attend the devil king, who was sorely wounded in the forehead, the arrow still being in the wound. Yakro Kharto, after regarding the sick king for a few moments, seized the arrow, but, instead of pulling it out, plunged it into the demon king’s brain, so that he died.

“Yakro Kharto then fled, pursued by the she-devil, who flung flaming darts after him. The gods, however,

seeing his desperate plight, let down a chain from heaven, to pull him up, but, so violent were his efforts to avoid the fiery missiles, that before he knew where he was he had landed among the stars!"

"Oh!" cried Deche Zangpo, surprised out of himself... and the ghost had escaped yet once more. When Prince Deche Zangpo had again caught the Ghost, that garrulous object started yet another story. "Listen to me!", it said, but Deche Zangpo made no reply. So the the Ghost began:—

### **The Story of the Magician with the Boar's Head.**

"Once upon a time, in a certain country, there dwelt a married couple. The husband was incorrigibly lazy and loathed anything in the shape of work, sleeping all day as well as all night. Indeed, he would hardly move from his couch to take his meals. One day, his wife's patience came to an end. "Do not behave like this any longer!" she cried. "All our money is finished! Get up and do something even if it is only to look after the house while I work in the fields." Her husband heeded her words, and one day, as he sat meditating on the roof, a great idea came to him. He would go to a distant land and seek his fortune. So, when his wife returned, he told her of his resolve, instructing her to saddle their pony, and to call his dog. Putting on his white hat, adorned with three magic wheels, he then took his departure, in the direction that first came into his mind.

"As he was riding along, he saw a fox, and gave chase, but the animal managed to elude him, and crawled down a hole in the ground. Dismounting, and tying his bow and quiver to his saddle, he placed his hat on top of them, tying the dog to the bridle, so that neither of them should run away. Suddenly, however, the fox bolted

from the hole, frightening the pony so that the hat fell on its head. The dog, also excited, gave chase, dragging the horse after him. All three animals then disappeared in the distance. The lazy man followed as fast as he could, but soon lost sight of them.

As he was crossing a Pass, he met a party of travellers, and asked them if they had seen a fox with a white hat, pursued by a dog dragging a pony. The travellers decided that anyone who asked such questions must surely be mad, and beat him unmercifully, finally stripping him of his clothes and leaving him naked by the roadside. When he had recovered a little, he thought that the only thing to do was to go on and seek shelter, and this he did, arriving eventually in a farmyard, which belonged to the king of that country. Here he hid himself among the piled hay, to rest. He had not been there long, before he saw a beautiful lady approach, the king's daughter, and as she bent to tie her boot string, a wonderful turquoise fell from her headdress. She did not notice this, and soon walked away.

Later on, when the cattle were driven in for the night a cow trod the jewel into the mire, thus hiding it. In the morning, when the poor naked man awoke, he saw a cowherd, who was cleaning up the yard, throw a spadeful of dung, containing the turquoise, up against a wall, where it stuck.

When the Princess noticed her loss, she told the king, who had a search made in all likely places, without finding the gem. He therefore summoned his magicians, and told them to divine its whereabouts.

While the lazy man was sitting up in the hay, a servant of the king entered the yard, and, seeing him, asked him who he was, and if he knew aught of the

missing turquoise. He furthermore informed him that all the magicians and sorcerers of the country had been summoned to locate its whereabouts, as the king's good-fortune was bound up in it. "I am a magician!" replied the lazy one. "I am well versed in divination. But, before I can come to the palace, I must have clothes." The servant reported this to the monarch immediately, and was sent back with a gift of robes, and summons to the palace. When the sluggard arrived before the king, he was asked what he needed in order to perform his magic, and demanded the head of a large boar, which had to be adorned with silk of five different colours, and rice for offerings. These were provided, and, as soon as they arrived he made a large mound of rice, on the top of which he placed the decorated boar's head. Then, for three days, with beating of drums and clashing of cymbals, he performed certain ceremonies to the gods. When these were finished he requested the king to summon all the people, and, when he had carefully examined each only he told the monarch that none of his subjects had stolen the jewel. After this, as though by divination, he led the king to the farmyard and pointing to the heap of muck which was piled against the wall, spoke to the king thus,—“Your Highness!” he said, “You will find your lucky turquoise in that heap.” These words proved correct, and the king was astonished at the lazy one's powers. On the spot he conferred on him the title of *Moton Phaggo*, or “The Boar's Head Magician,” and asked him what reward he desired. The pseudo-sorcerer thought for a moment before replying. “O king!” he said at length, “I desire a white hat with three magic wheels (of life), a horse, with a saddle and all appurtenances, a dog, and a bow and a quiverful of arrows.” The king thought that his demands were very moderate, and that his new magician was not in any way avaricious, and was



thereby greatly pleased. He bestowed the gifts on Moton Phaggo, and in addition offered him many other presents, providing pack animals with which to carry them away. In due course, having taken leave of the generous monarch, Moton Phaggo arrived at his home.

“ His wife spied him returning, and ran to meet him. “ O ! ” she cried, “ what woman has a husband like you, but myself ? ” She sang his praises day and night. After he had entered his house, and had shown the presents to his wife, who put them away, she said to him, — “ Now tell me how you came by all this good fortune ! ” Her husband related all his adventures in detail, but, after the tale was finished, her greed was aroused, and at length she thought that the rewards for finding the luck-bringing turquoise were not large enough. Accordingly she presented herself before the king and asked for more gifts which the monarch good-humouredly gave her. Among the things which her husband had brought was the boar's head from which he took his title.

“ Now at that time, in another land, there dwelt a king who had seven sons. One day, while these princes were out hunting in the forest, they came upon a beautiful damsel, accompanied by a huge bull, in one of the glades. All of them at once fell in love with her, and, having escorted her to the palace, they all, after the Tibetan custom, married her. They secured the bull also placing him in a spacious and comfortable stall. The maiden told them that she was a princess from a southern land, and that while following the bull, she had lost her way. The real truth was, however, that the bull was a very malignant devil, who had assumed the form of an animal, while the beautiful princess was none other than a very dreadful she-fiend. Each successive year one of the princes died,

killed by the spells of these demons, and was devoured by them, until at length only the youngest prince was left. In course of time, he also fell ill, and became sick to death, to the sorrow of all his friends and counsellors. "When the other princes were ill," they said, "all the treatment they had was of no avail. Let us, therefore, send for the magician of the boar's head, who lives over the hills to the north. Perchance he may make our master well!"

"They despatched mounted messengers to summon the magician, but, when these arrived at his house, they found, on enquiry from his wife, that he was seated in deep meditation, but that he would consider their request, and give them reply in the morning. As a matter of fact, Moton Phaggo was not in meditation at all, but, realising that he had no magic powers at all, was very worried. At last however, his wife persuaded him that it would do no harm to see the prince, and that he might possibly, by good luck, be able to do him some good.

"So, the next morning, he told messengers that he had divined the cause of the trouble, and that he would accompany them to their master. He put on the ceremonial robes presented to him by his former patron, and, taking with him the boar's head and a rosary, he set forth. Having entered the sick man's room, Moton Phaggo made a high rice offering near his pillow, and, having set the boar's head on the top, sat down by the bedside and began to recite certain prayers and *mantras*. The demon and his wife, the pseudo-princess, were very much alarmed at all this, and were frightened that their true characters would be recognised by the magician. So long as the rice offering remained by the bedside, the demons were powerless, nor did they dare to remove it. For his part, Moton Phaggo sat by the Prince's bed until his groans ceased. The prince

seemed to be dropping into a stupor, and the wretched magician, not recognising this as a deep refreshing sleep, became greatly alarmed. He called the prince by name, but got no reply, so deep was the slumber. At length, thinking that the young man was dead, and fearing punishment Moton Phaggo rushed out of the room, carrying the boar's head, straight into the arms of a watchman who was patrolling the corridor. Shouting out "A thief has come! A thief has come!" he fled past him to the kitchens, where he startled the cooks by the same exclamation. The poor magician then thought that it would not be possible to escape that night, and decided to hide in a barn until the morning. He therefore made his way to an outhouse where he found a great bull asleep on a pile of straw. On his entry, the animal displayed signs of anger, and seemed about to attack him, so Moton Phaggo hit him three times on the head with the boar's head. No sooner had he done this, than the bull was transformed into a rushing wind, which blew into the room where the she fiend was sitting. Moton Phaggo followed, and listened from outside to the conversation that ensued. By this time the demon had assumed his own dreadful form. "Moton Phaggo recognised me!" the fiend said to his wife. "Even in the form of a bull he knew me, and smote me three times with his magic boar's head! What shall I do?" "I too am afraid!", replied his wife, "I think he knows me, and I dare not meet him again!" Having heard the foregoing enlightening conversation, and having peeped into the room and seen the devils in their true guise, Moton Phaggo returned at once to the prince's room, where he quickly replaced the boar's head on the pile of rice. The prince was awake, and recovered from him malady, and heartily thanked the magician for all he had done for him. But that individual's task was not yet finished. He asked the

prince to give orders that wood and oil should be brought in large quantities to a certain field.

"This was done the next morning, and a great pyre was built and the oil poured over it. Then Moton Phaggo, carrying the boar's head, arrived at the spot riding the great bull. He handed this over to some servants to hold, and asked the prince to send for his wife. She was brought along, weeping, by her maids, and as soon as she had arrived at the spot, Moton Phaggo struck both her and the bull with the boar's head. They at once assumed their own devilish forms, to the no small amazement of the prince and his people. The latter were ordered to cast the demons on to the pyre, where they were burned to death. Moton Phaggo then explained how all the six brothers of the prince had been killed and devoured by this hideous pair, but that no more harm could be done now that they were burned.

"Moton Phaggo was almost worshipped by the people, and was loaded with gifts by the grateful prince. The magician taking his boar's head with him, then returned home to his wife, who again was not satisfied with his rewards. She persuaded her husband to return with her to the prince, who had in the meantime become the king of his country. On hearing the woman's requests, the king offered her husband an equal share in the ruling of his realm, for, as he said, without the magician's aid he would never have lived to sit on his throne. So the lazy man's wife became as a queen in the land."

"What a lucky woman!" cried Prince Deche Zangpo, forgetting himself, and the Ghost was free once more. Once more, after Prince Deche Zangpo had again caught the Lucky Ghost, the latter began yet another tale.

## The Story of the Two Princes.

"Long long ago, in the land of Hor, there reigned a king named Kunsang. This monarch was happily married to a lovely queen, who in the course of time presented him with a son, whom his father named Nyima Ozer, or "The Sun's Ray." Shortly after the child's birth, however, the mother died, prostrating the king with grief. His ministers at length persuaded him to take another wife, and, so beautiful was the princess they chose for him, that he regained his happiness. He loved her very dearly. She bore him a son, whom he named Dawe Ozer "The Moon's Ray." Now the new queen thought that, as long as the king's eldest son was alive, her own child would be prevented from succeeding his father on the throne, and so she took counsel with herself as to how she could remove him, for she determined that her own son should be the next monarch. One day, the queen, feigning illness, sent for the king, who, when he saw her writhing in pretended agony, was very upset. "Tell me, O Beautiful One," he cried, "why you are suffering this agony! Tell me what ails you!" "Your Majesty!", replied the queen, "there is only one way to cure me, but I know that this remedy I can never obtain." The king asked her what this remedy might be, but only after a lot of persuasion did the queen tell him. "Only by a medicine made from the heart of one of your sons," said the queen, "can my sickness be cured? But I know that this is impossible, for how could you sacrifice Nyima Ozer, and how could I devour the heart of my own child? No! I must resign myself to death!" The king, loving his wife as he did, was greatly upset by her words, and a wave of pity for her plight swept over him. "Wife!" he said, turning to the queen, "To save you from death I will even sacrifice my eldest son! He shall be killed that you may live!"

"Now the younger prince, Dawe Ozer, overheard this conversation, and immediately ran to his half-brother and told him what had been said, for the two boys were very fond of one another. Nyima Ozer thought for a little while before he spoke. "Dawe," he said, "I shall run away! Do you remain here and be a good son to our father!" But the younger boy would have none of this, and insisted on accompanying his brother, who at last gave way to him. They managed to collect some food, and the next morning, at dawn, they left the palace and travelled to the north. Day and night, stopping only when absolutely tired out, the boys journeyed on over the Passes and through the valleys, until at last they found themselves in a waterless desert. Their provisions had long since been exhausted, and for some days they had been living on what they could pick up in the forests. Now even that source of food had disappeared. At length Dawe Ozer could go no farther, and sinking to the ground besought his brother to leave him and save himself if he could. But Nyima Ozer would not desert him. "You rest here awhile, O brother," he said, "I will not leave you to die. Be of good cheer; and rest for a time, while I find some water." He went off, but looked in vain for the life-giving fluid, and had to return empty-handed. When he reached the younger boy, the latter had died. Nyima Ozer was grief-stricken, and, clasping the corpse in his arms, sought to bring his half-brother back to life, but in vain.

"At length, his grief having subsided a little, he left the body and went on over two high Passes, coming at length to a hermit's hut. He knocked on the door, and an old man came out. Nyima Ozer told him his story, and, taking pity on him, the aged hermit invited him to stay with him and be as his son. Nyima agreed, and settled

down to the simple life of the hermitage.

"It so happened in that country that it was the custom to sacrifice every year a youth born in the "Tiger Year" to a terrible serpent who lived in the waters of a great lake, and the king had searched in vain for a suitable victim. One day, however, a herdsman reported to the monarch that a boy born in the Tiger Year was living with an old hermit near the Pass. The man said he had seen and spoken with him when grazing his cattle in those parts. The king immediately despatched three men to bring this boy. In due course they arrived at the old hermit's hut, and demanded the boy from him. "Old man," they said, "the king has heard that you have a son who was born in the Tiger Year, and we have come to take him before His Majesty!" "I have no son!" replied the sage, and so saying, leaving the messengers at the door, went inside the hut, and pulling Nyima Ozer into a large empty earthenware winopot, placed the lid securely on it. He had only just finished concealing the boy, when the king's messengers entered and searched the place, without, however, finding anything. Angered at their vain journey, and regretting the trouble they had taken for nothing, they handled the old man roughly, even going to the length of beating him. Nyima Ozer, from his hiding-place, heard all that went on, and, unable to bear it any longer, for he had grown to love the old man, rose from his concealment, and begged the men not to beat his father, but to take him without further molestation of the hermit. This they immediately did, leaving the poor old man in tears at being bereft of the only person he loved.

"The messengers arrived at the palace with their captive, but, as they were passing through the courtyard, the king's daughter happened to see the youth, and immediately fell in love with him. She knew that on the

morrow he was to be sacrificed to the serpent, and with tears and entreaties besought her father to spare his life, as she loved him so dearly. Her father refused. "Then if he must die," cried the maiden, "let me die with him!" "Since that is your own wish," replied her unnatural father, "so be it!"

"Now what the king had once ordered could never be withdrawn. Therefore, the next morning, Nyima Ozer and the princess were sewn into a hide bag together, and flung into the lake. Nyima Ozer did not mind so much for himself, but he felt great pity for the lovely damsel who had elected to share his fate. But the serpent god of the waters, pitying them, took them from the bag, and placed them both on the shore, nor did he stop the supply of water to the people on account of his rejection of the sacrifice, so that everybody was pleased that their lives had been spared. Nyima Ozer asked the princess to return to the palace, while he went back to the old hermit, who was overjoyed at his preservation. Those of the courtiers who had not witnessed her deliverance were dumbfounded at her reappearance, and even the hard-hearted monarch, her father, relented, and embraced her fondly. She then told the king that the serpent god had promised that in future he would demand no more human sacrifices. The king was amazed, and asked where Nyima Ozer was. His daughter told him that he had gone to see the hermit, and thereupon messengers were despatched to summon them both before the ruler.

"As the old man and the youth were journeying towards the palace, the latter made a point of visiting the spot where his half-brother had died, for it did not take them far out of their road. They found the body miraculously preserved, there was no change in it whatever, and the sage, seeing Nyima Ozer's grief, said that he knew



a way of bringing back life to the corpse. Taking a magic fluid from his pouch, he forced a few drops between his livid lips, and after a few moments Dawe Ozer sat up, and was alive once more. And so the three journeyed on to the king's palace, where they were received with great honour. Here, seated beside the king, the monarch asked Nyima Ozer his history. "I am the eldest son of a king!" replied the youth. "Owing to the plots of my stepmother, who wished to kill me, I was compelled to flee from my father's palace." He related the whole of his life history, taking this opportunity of introducing his half-brother, Dawe Ozer, to the monarch.

"The two brothers soon afterwards both married the princess, according to the Tibetan custom, and, having been loaded with gifts, prepared to return to their father's court. That king, since the departure of his sons, had mourned them as dead, and his joy was therefore very great when he saw them once more, and realised that they had been spared to him. The wicked queen, who was really an ogress, was so chagrined at the miscarriage of her plans, that in a fit of rage she had a haemorrhage and died."

"Served her right!" commented Deche Zangpo. And yet again the Ghost won free. When Prince Deche Zangpo had recaptured the too voluble Ghost, that loquacious spirit, without any delay, broke into another narrative.

### The Story of the Bird who turned into a Prince

"Once upon a time, in the country of Mo-tshul, there lived a farmer who had three lovely daughters. These girls went out in turn each day to tend the cattle. When it came to the eldest maiden's turn, after she had reached the grazing ground, it came on to rain heavily, and she

took shelter in a cave, where she fell asleep. When she woke up, the rain had ceased, but, when she went to look for the cattle, they were nowhere to be seen. She searched the whole valley for the missing animals, without success. At last, in a narrow pass, she saw a red door, which she opened, to discover behind it a golden door, and behind that again a turquoise door. This last door opened on to a magnificent apartment, beautifully decorated and glittering with gems and gold. Opening off from it were other rooms, equally richly furnished. On a golden, turquoise-studded throne at one end of the chamber, a great white bird was seated. The damsel asked him if he knew anything of her lost cattle, and the bird replied,—“If you will promise to marry me, I will tell you where they are, but, if will not, then you will never find them.” The maiden indignantly refused, and, leaving the place, returned to her home. The next day the second girl went out to search for the missing beasts, and exactly the same thing happened, she also refusing to marry the bird. On the third morning, the youngest and most beautiful of the three sisters undertook the search, and, like the other girls, arrived at the bird's house. When he asked her to marry him, she agreed, and, as soon as the missing cattle had been returned to her father, she went to live with him in the wonderful house.

“It so happened that shortly afterwards there was a festival in a local temple, the occasion being marked by a thirteen-day fair, to which all the people for miles around flocked, dressed in their best. It was the custom at this fair to select the best-dressed and handsomest couple, and to parade them round the ground. The damsel attended this entertainment.

“On the first day, the youngest of the three sisters was chosen as the most lovely lady, her cavalier being a

handsome youth, who rode a beautiful grey pony. As they rode around, their appearance called forth the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd. When she returned home, the bird asked her who had been chosen as the handsomest cavalier. "A young man," she replied, "who rode a beautiful grey horse. The Queen of Beauty was myself!"

"The same thing happened every day of the fair until the last day but one. On this occasion, as the damsel was returning home, she happened to rest for a little while in the house of an old woman who was a witch. The aged dame asked her all about the fair, and was told of the handsome youth. "If only," the maiden sighed, "I could be married to such a husband, instead of a bird, I should ask for no greater bliss either in this world or the next!" "Nonsense!", answered the witch, "the handsome young cavalier at the fair was none other than your husband, in his real form! Listen! To-morrow, the last day of the fair, do you only pretend to leave the house, but hide yourself in one of the rooms. You will see your husband shed his feathered cloak and become a man. Then, when, he has gone, burn this cloak!"

"The next morning everything turned out as the witch had said, and the maiden burned the feathered cloak and sat down to await her husband's return. At sunset he came back from the fair. "Did you return early!" he asked his wife. "What has happened?" And when she nodded her head he demanded, — "And what has become of my bird cloak?" "I have burned it!", she replied. "Whatever for!" he returned, "it is an ill thing that you have done, for that cloak was my only protection against the demons!" "What shall we do now, then?" asked his weeping wife. "There is very little that can be done," her husband answered. "Anyhow, you sit at this door, and keeping on

the alert for seven days, turn this devil's stick. If you stop revolving it, the demons will carry me away. I myself will have to do battle with them for that period.'

'So, having propped her eyelids open with little sticks the wife revolved the devil-rod for seven days. At the end of the last day, she heard a thud, as though someone had fallen to the ground. Alarmed, she called out to her husband, but, getting no reply, dropped the stick and went to look for him, but, in vain. She ran outside and began to search the countryside for signs of her loved one. At last she heard his voice coming from the summit of a hill, and having climbed it, she found him there. "Wife," he said, "you see these boots I am wearing? Well! Until they are worn out I must continue travelling at the behest of the devils! Now do you return home and make another feathered cloak, and, if you pray hard enough for my soul to return, I shall be able to come back to you some day!" So saying, he was whisked away as though by a gale of rushing wind, and was soon lost to sight. His wife returned home, and made the cloak as required, and offered fervent prayers for her husband's return. And sure enough, in a little while she saw him approaching the door."

"How glad she must have been to get him back!" burst in the impetuous Prince Deche Zangpo. "Aha!" replied the Ghost. "now I am free once more!" The Ghost had to be caught again, and the same thing occurred as before. Once he was bound, he began to tell a story:—

### The Story of the Artist and the Carpenter.

"In the land of Kun Mou there once reigned a king named Kun Nang, who was succeeded by his son Kun Kyong. This son was a most superstitious and credulous man. Attached to the palace staff were an artist and a

carpenter, each of whom was very jealous of the other. One day the artist presented himself before Kun Kyong, and said,—“Your Majesty! Your revered father is born again! He summoned me, and I went to see him. He has sent you a letter by my hand?” With these words, the artist produced a letter purporting to have been written by the late king Kun Nang to his son, but this was in reality a forgery prepared by this artist. The letter ran as follows:—“To my son, Kun Kyong! Greetings! I am reborn in the world of the gods, and am happy and carefree. However, I desire to build a temple, and for this purpose I require a carpenter. I therefore request you to send me your own court carpenter. The bearer of this letter will instruct him how to approach this realm, where I now am.” When Kun Kyong had read the screed, he was overjoyed at his late father’s happiness, and, wishing to carry out his wishes, summoned the carpenter. “O carpenter!”, the monarch said, when he had arrived, “I have received a letter from my late revered father, who is now in the realm of the gods! He wishes to build a temple, and requires your services!” The king handed the letter to the carpenter who as soon as he saw it, decided that it was a forgery perpetrated by his enemy the artist. He returned to the king and, handing back the letter, asked how he should proceed to the realm of the gods. “Let us consult the artist,” said the monarch, and, that worthy having been sent for, was asked to explain how the carpenter could get to the realm of the gods. The artist replied as follows:—“Let a high pyre be built, and the wood thereof soaked in mustard oil. Then let the carpenter, with his tools, seat himself in its midst. Then, amidst the sounding of trumpets and the beating of drums, he will ride to the realm of the gods on the smoke which will result when the fire is lit.” The carpenter, seeing through the trap,

bethought himself of a way of escape, for he could not directly refuse to comply with the late king's alleged instructions. He said that near his own house there was a pile of suitable wood, and promised to start for the realm of the gods in seven days' time.

"When he got home, he said to his wife, after he had related what had happened,—“This thing has been arranged by that artist, my enemy, and, as I have to start in seven days' time, I must find a way of escape!” After a little thought, he began to dig a tunnel from his house to the middle of the field in which the pyre was to be built, concealing its end with earth laid on twigs and branches. When the seven days had elapsed, the king repaired to the spot to supervise the despatch of the carpenter to his father. That individual, when the pyre was about two feet high, sat in the middle of it, and the rest of the wood was built around him. As soon as the wood had been lit, the carpenter, his actions concealed by the smoke from the oily wood, got into the tunnel he had made, and escaped to his house, where he remained in concealment from all except his wife for the next month.

“At the end of this period, having donned fine new robes, he presented himself before king Kun Kyong saying that he had returned from the realm of the gods. He also had provided himself with a counterfeit letter, and this he handed to the monarch. “To my son Kun Kyong!”, it ran, “Greetings! I was pleased to hear that you are in good health, and are ruling your kingdom in accordance with the principles of religion! This carpenter has been most useful to me in building the temple, the construction of which is now finished. I still require, however, an artist to paint the pictures for it, so please send me the one who is at your court, in the same way as you sent me the

carpenter. Moreover, make liberal gifts to this woodworker, for he has pleased me well!" Kun Kyong was delighted with this, and sent for the artist and ordered him to prepare himself to go to the realm of the gods, in the smoke of a funeral pyre. The carpenter was given handsome presents. The wretched artist was astounded at seeing the carpenter alive, and thought that possibly, by magic, he also might survive the flames. In any case, he dared not refuse, especially after the carpenter had gone through the ordeal. Accordingly a pyre was prepared as before, and the artist, bearing a letter from the king to his father, seated himself in its centre. No sooner, however, had the wood begun to blaze, than he leapt down to the ground with a scream, badly burned."

"Served him right!", exclaimed Deche Zangpo, and again all his work was undone. No sooner had Prince Deche Zangpo got the Ghost secured once more than the next story began:—

### The Story of the Courageous Girl.

"In the land of Puram Lingphel, there lived a king named Nang Dze. Before he died, he married his son, a handsome, strong, and able youth, to the daughter of one of the governors of the southern provinces. There was no love, however, between this husband and wife, and, after his father's death, as soon as he had ascended the throne, the young monarch looked elsewhere for solace. This he found in the person of a young damsel, accomplished, clever, and beautiful, who owned some property near his palace. The king was very fond of her, his affection being returned in full measure.

"Now one day the young ruler fell ill, and shortly afterwards died. His lover, who was expecting a child,

had not heard of his death. One night, someone tapped at her door, and, looking out of a window, she saw someone whom she took to be the king, but which was really his spirit. She ran down and admitted him, and, after talking for a while, the wraith asked her to come with him. She did so, and, as they arrived outside the palace, she heard the sounds of wailing, and the solemn music and chanting of the priests. "What is wrong?" she asked, and the wraith replied,—“The king is dead!” The spectre went on to say that she would shortly be delivered of a child, and instructed her that the child should be born within the cattle-yard attached to the palace. It continued:—“My mother and my wife are quarrelling over a wonderful turquoise that I have hidden, and that they cannot find. I have placed it below the altar in my private chapel. Do you tell this to my wife, and, when she has obtained the gem, she will go back to her own country. I desire you and my mother to govern the realm, and do not wish a king to be appointed.” The spirit then vanished, leaving the girl in tears, and overcome with grief.

“Soon, however, she felt the pangs of labour, and, going to the cattle enclosure in the palace yard, she gave birth that same night to a son. At dawn, the cowherd came to drive the beasts out to graze, and spied the mother and the new-born babe. “What does this mean?”, he exclaimed. “Do you know that by giving birth to a child in this place you have defiled it?” “No harm has been done,” answered the girl, “Do you go and summon the late king’s mother, for I have important news for her.” The king’s mother came, and the maiden told her the whole story, and, when she had finished, the old lady took her into the palace. The girl gave the turquoise hidden below the altar to the late monarch’s wife, who, as had been foretold by the wraith, returned to her own people.



The mother of the late king and the girl ruled over the country.

"A wonderful thing then happened, for, on the night of the next full moon, the dead king came and visited his lover, disappearing again at dawn the next morning. The damsel told the mother about this, but the latter was incredulous. "Show me something belonging to my son, that he took with him to the grave, and I will believe your story," she said. And so, the next full moon night, when the deceased monarch again visited his lover, she got from him a signet ring, and, on showing this to the old lady, the latter was convinced. "O girl!" she entreated, "If it be possible, arrange a meeting between myself and my lost son!"

"When next the king came to visit her, the girl bemoaned her fate at seeing him so seldom. "Is it not possible," she asked, "for us to live together always?" "Listen!" said the monarch. "If you have courage, it can come to pass!" "Husband!", she answered, "even though my flesh be torn from my bones yet will I accomplish what has to be done!" "Then this is what you must do," answered the spirit. "On the night of the next full moon, walk towards the south, till you meet a man fashioned from iron, who is drinking molten brass. Give him some wine in a cup to drink. You will shortly afterwards see two rams. Give them some grain to eat. Further on, you will meet a party of soldiers, fully armed, and you must provide them with meat for food. At last you will come to a grim black castle, of which the gates will be guarded by two fearsome-looking giants. Be not afraid, but give them a little of your blood as an offering. Then go into the castle, and you will find an altar, surrounded by eight fierce devil priests. On the altar you will see nine human hearts. The eighth heart will say, "Take me!" but the ninth and freshest heart will exclaim, "Do not take me."

Without the slightest hesitation pick up the latter, and, without casting a single glance over your shoulder, flee from that place. If you can successfully accomplish this, we shall be able to live together always."

"The damsel remembered all these things, and on the night of the next full moon set off to the south, carrying the necessary gifts. All fell out as the king had foretold and she arrived before the altar. Without the slightest hesitation, she snatched up the heart that said "Do not take me," and fled from the haunted place, without casting one backward glance. The eight devil priests pursued her, and, when they came to the castle gate, called on the two giants to kill her, but they refused, saying that she had given them of her blood, and they therefore could not slay her. In a like manner the soldiers, the rams, and the iron man ignored the requests of the devil priests, who at last had to return to their castle without having been able to harm the girl or recapture the heart.

"As soon as the damsel entered the place, she found the king, alive once more, awaiting her, dressed in gorgeous robes, and bedecked with jewels. Fondly embracing her, he told her that from thenceforth they could always be together, thanks to her courage."

Deche Zangpo's tongue again betrayed him by saying, "How happy they must have been." But this time the Ghost had really escaped, nor was he able to recapture it. Prince Deche Zangpo had perforce to return to the hermit and confess his failure to carry out his request, but that aged seer forgave him and even complimented him on his perseverance.

Thus ended the tales told by the Lucky Ghost.

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## 2. The Story of the Devoted Son.

Many, many years ago, in the land of Derge, there

lived an old woman and her son. This son provided for all his mother's wants by cutting and selling firewood to the townspeople. He was not able to save very much of the money he earned, as almost every penny was used for providing food and clothing for his mother and himself. However, after some time, he managed to collect three ounces of silver, and, having carefully concealed this in his neckcloth, he went about the town asking everybody the current rates for silver. Naturally, this aroused the curiosity of the people, who nevertheless, found it hard to believe that the poor woodcutter could have any large sum of money in his possession.

In the neighbourhood of the woodcutter's hut there lived an old couple who had two daughters. "It seems that this woodcutter has plenty of money!", said the old man to his wife. "He is always asking the price of silver!" "How can a man like him possibly have any wealth?", returned the old woman. "You can tell he is a pauper by just looking at him." But the old man persisted in his belief that the woodcutter was a rich man, and at length suggested that one of his daughters should marry him. In the end, he had his way, and the young couple were married, the husband still continuing to earn his bread by selling firewood.

One day, while he was away in the forest, his wife searched everywhere for the supposed wealth, but, to her chagrin, found nothing. "Husband!", she said to him on his return, "tell me where you keep your money!" But the poor woodcutter, whose only wealth was the three ounces of silver concealed in his neckcloth, naturally could not tell his wife. He therefore pretended that, though he had a great fortune, he did not intend to tell her where he kept it. His wife, however, did not believe him, and again during his absence searched the house, even going

to the length of digging up the floor. Her persistence was rewarded, for beneath the hearthstone she found ten large jars, each full of silver coins.

When her husband returned in the evening, she said,—  
“Husband, even though you did not wish me to know of your wealth, yet I have found it.” Notwithstanding the fact that he was thunderstruck at these words, the woodcutter managed to conceal his surprise, and replied—  
“If that is so, then perhaps you can tell me where I hid it,” “Of course I can!”, answered his wife. “It was buried under the hearthstone.” “Ah well!”, he soliloquised, “it is said that one should not tell one’s secrets even to a close friend, until three years have passed,” (*lit*, till after the birth of three children). “But now that you have found my wealth, I will no longer try to conceal anything from you.”

The real reason for the silver being found was that the gods had decided thus to reward the poor woodcutter for his devotion to his aged mother. Moreover, from the time of finding the treasure, all his affairs prospered, and he became wealthy and powerful in the land.

### 3. The Story of Lhadar.

A long time ago, there lived an old woman named Don-Jhom-Bu-Tshi, who was very avaricious, and who would do anything or commit any crime to obtain more money. She had a son called Lhadar, who was married to a very pretty girl.

In the same village there dwelt a wealthy trader, who fell in love with Lhadar’s wife, whose name was Don-Ma-Kyi-Mo. He tried all he could, by making her presents, and by persuasion, to get her to leave her husband and live with him. Failing in his efforts, he at last enlisted

the help of the old woman, Don-Jhom-Bu-Thi, whom he bribed to assist in the murder of her son. Accordingly, a plan was made to send Lhadar on a trading tour with the merchant, during which the latter would find an opportunity of killing him. So, when the trader announced that he was off to a place called Ta-chien-lu to sell his merchandise, the old woman ordered her son to go with him as his assistant. Being an obedient youth, the young man promised to do as his mother wished. His wife, however, told him that should he go from her side he would be killed, and begged him not to leave her. "Wife!", he replied, "a son must obey his mother, and though I do not want to part from you, I cannot break my promise to my mother. I must go!"

But, when the time for departure arrived, Don-Ma-Kyi-Mo seized her husband's bridle, and would not let him go, even calling on the bystanders to prevent him from setting out. Her husband sorrowfully freed his reins from her grasp, again telling her that he could not break his promise now that it had been given. "Then if you must go," the girl cried, "take me with you! We must never be parted, or misfortune will come!" This, however, neither the mother nor the trader would allow, and, as Lhadar rode off, his wife fell in a swoon. Later, she tried to run away, and catch her husband at the first halting place, but her mother-in-law had locked all the doors and bolted the windows, so that she was a prisoner. She fretted, and fretted, and would not take her food, until she wasted away almost to a skeleton, and her eyes became sunken into her head. Lhadar also, on the journey, grieved for his wife, and, when he remembered how happy they have been together, wept bitterly.

At one of the inns at which they halted on the march, there lived three beautiful sisters. Having welcomed Lha-

dar and the trader, these maidens offered the youth wine, and the eldest said to him,—“O handsome youth! drink this sweet wine, and listen to my song. You have the choice of three things. First, and best, stay with me and be my husband! Second, be my lover for a few nights, and, third, stay with me for to-night only!” “While I have Don-Ma-Kyi-Mo,” replied Lhadar, refusing the wine, “I shall not love another woman! Alas! That she is not here!” The second and youngest sister also tried their utmost to attract him, without success. All three of them were very disappointed and angry, but could do nothing.

Leaving this inn, the trader and Lhadar rode on, and in due course finished their business at Ta-chien-lu, and started on the homeward journey. On the way, they again stopped at the inn where lived the three sisters, and these, driven by jealousy, conspired with the trader to kill Lhadar. They gave him poisoned food, for he would drink no wine.

The next morning, while on the road, the poison began to take effect, causing Lhadar to fall from his horse, and writhe in agony on the ground. As he could go no further, he asked the trader, who would not wait for him, to leave him a horse and some food, and to carry a message to his wife about his sickness, and impending death. Lhadar, as he was dying, was worried by wolves and foxes, and no sooner had the last breath passed from his lungs, than these wild animals devoured him, leaving no trace.

When Don-Ma-Kyi-Mo heard the news of her husband's death from the trader, she fainted away, nor did she recover consciousness for many hours. The trader and the old hag Don-Jhom-Bu-Thi from this time gave the girl no peace, and very soon afterwards she was forced to marry her husband's murderer.

#### 4. The Story of the Two Princes.

Once upon a time, in the great city of Hor, there ruled a king, whose queen died in giving birth to a son. This prince grew up and thrived, but, when he was about five years old, the ministers of the country persuaded his father to marry again, selecting as his bride the daughter of one of their number. She was made the queen, and in due course gave birth to a baby boy. When this second prince was four years old, he was allowed to play with his elder half-brother, and the two boys became in the course of years, the closest of friends. One day, in the palace, the queen overheard an argument between some courtiers as to which prince would succeed the king as ruler of the realm. The debaters eventually decided that the elder boy would be the next king, while the younger would become the chief minister. This caused the queen a considerable amount of heartburning, due to jealousy. A little later, while out walking, she came across the two princes playing. The elder was acting the part of a king, seated on a mound of earth for a throne, while the younger was serving him as a minister. The queen brooded over this, and came to the conclusion that, if the elder prince continued to live, her own son would never come to the throne.

So she planned to do away with him. Feigning illness, she took to her bed, and, despite all the attentions of the court physicians, she made no progress towards health. Her husband was very worried about her, and asked what he could do to make her well. He promised to do anything she required. "There is a remedy," she told him, "but I do not think you will give it to me!" Again the king reiterated his promise to give her anything she wanted, and, after some persuasion, she told him what she

required. "The only medicine", she asserted, "that will make me well, is the heart of your eldest child, which I must eat." The king was aghast at this, and at last realised that jealousy was at the bottom of his consort's trouble. Despite his oath, moreover, he refused to slay his own child, and contented himself with banishing him from the kingdom, with which the queen had perforce to be content.

And so, having been given a horse, some food for the journey, and robes, the elder prince was sent out of the country. His half-brother, realising what was afoot, also slipped out of the palace, and went with him, for he worshipped the elder boy. The two went on until nightfall, when they took shelter at the foot of a large tree, finding a sleeping place in a hollow formed by its gnarled roots. Very early in the morning, before dawn, they heard a voice, which at last they recognised as coming from a pigeon perched in the branches overhead. "In the pool yonder," said the bird, "you will find a golden fish! If you can catch it, a time will come when it will be of the greatest use to you." Therefore, as soon as it was light enough to see, the younger prince found the pool, and managed to catch the golden fish. He was about to kill it when it spoke. "Don't kill me!", it said. "A time will come when you will need my help badly. On the other hand, if you kill the bird that spoke to you, and eat its head, you will become a king, while if you eat its body you will become a minister." Returning to the tree, the boy managed to kill the pigeon. He himself ate the body, giving the head to the elder prince to eat. Soon after, the younger lad fell asleep. Thinking that, if he left him on his own, the younger prince would return to his father's palace, the elder prince quietly stole away, leaving the horse behind him. He also thought that, by thus abandoning



him, his half-brother would be spared many of the hardships which would otherwise befall him on the road.

After some days, the elder prince arrived in a large city, and, passing by the palace gates, begged for alms. It happened that a powerful chief, a minister of the country saw him, and asked him who he was, and why he had come to the city. He told the minister his history, and, recognising him as royal, the latter called a council, and the boy was appointed as king, for the throne happened at that time to be empty.

In the forest, when the younger prince awoke, he looked round for his half-brother, and was very distressed when he could not find him. He did not, as his brother had thought, return home, but, led by the fate decreed by the actions of his former lives, wandered on to the very city of which the elder prince had been elected the king. He was penniless, and was compelled to beg his bread. One day, he heard that the king was ill, and that the monarch had stated that the only remedy that could save him was a golden fish. Realising that, strange though it might seem, the king was none other than his half brother, the younger prince at once made his way to one of the ministers, and informed him that he had a golden fish such as the king desired. The minister offered the youth half of his lands and wealth if he would give him the fish, which offer was accepted, and the fish handed over. In due course the minister presented his ruler with the fish, and the latter was soon recovered from his illness. The minister was given rich rewards. On thinking the matter over, the minister wickedly decided that, if he held to his promise and gave the beggar boy half his property, it would cost him a lot. He also feared that, if he kept the boy with him, the king would one day find out where the golden fish had really come from. Considering all these

things, he determined to kill the youth, in whom, of course, he did not recognise the scion of a royal house.

Accordingly, by the ministers orders, the hands and feet of the younger prince were cut off, and his eyes put out. He was left dying in a garden near the palace, which was looked after by an old man and his wife. This aged couple taking compassion on the mutilated youth, enquired his story, and, having heard it, took him to their house, and tended his wounds. That same night the gods assembled and miraculously restored his feet, hands, and sight. Treated as their son, the young prince stayed on with the old couple, entertaining them daily by playing on the flute and the guitar.

One day, while he was sitting in the garden playing his flute, the minister who had taken the golden fish happened to pass by and, recognising him, was exceedingly afraid that the truth of the matter would come to the king's ears. He therefore bribed the old couple to send the youth away with a trader, with whom he also made a plan to do away with the prince. However, when some days' journey from the city, the youth suddenly rode off to the north, and thus escaped from the trader and his men.

In the place to which he fled there lived a young queen, who, having reached a marriageable age, was seeking a consort. As soon as she saw the younger prince, she fell in love with him, but he, remembering his elder half-brother, refused to marry her and settle down. He ran away back to his brother, but the young queen, by her magic powers, transformed herself into a flower, which the youth carried with him. On the journey he fell in with the trader who had arranged to kill him, and was captured. Thinking to drown him, the trader's men threw the prince

over a cliff into the river, but the young queen, resuming her mortal shape, cast her apron on the waters, and by it the young man was borne to safety on the bank. Fearing further attempts on his life, the young queen transformed him into a turquoise, which she hid in her bosom. Travelling on, she at length arrived at the garden kept by the old couple who had formerly befriended the prince.

One day, the king, while walking round the city, happened to see her, and at once fell violently in love. He asked her whence she had come, and what she was doing in the town. She replied by telling him a story:—

“Once there was a king,” she said, “who had two sons by different queens. One day, the elder boy, whose mother was dead, was banished from his father’s country. The younger, refusing to be parted from his half-brother, followed him. One day they caught a golden fish, and they killed a pigeon and ate it. Afterwards the elder prince ran away and became a king, and the younger, searching for him, travelled over the whole country.”

The king was astounded at her words, and asked her if she could give him any news of his half-brother, and tell him if he was still alive. Taking the turquoise from her bosom, she at once transformed it into the younger prince, and the two youths embraced each other, and were overcome with joy at their reunion.

Soon after, the young queen was married to the elder brother, the younger also becoming her husband after a few months. The younger prince became the chief minister of the country, and the three lived happily ever after.

## 5. The Story of the Potter and the Princess.

Long ago, in China, there lived a potter, who by making and selling earthenware pots earned a bare living.

One day, while carrying some new pots to the market, it came on to rain heavily, so that the poor man took shelter beneath a tree. The weather grew worse and worse, until it began to thunder, and flashes of lightning played around the tree. Now in this tree there lived a spirit, who was very alarmed at the lightning, and, to protect itself from harm, asked the potter to throw away one of his pots after each flash. "Do as I am telling you," promised the spirit, "and I will reward you handsomely." The potter did as he was requested, and, after he had smashed the last of his pots, the storm passed away. "Now what about my reward?" he demanded from the spirit. "Here it is!", came the reply, and with the words a cloak made from rat-skins fell at his feet. "This cloak has two properties!", warned the spirit. "Put it on, and, if you so desire, you will become invisible, or else, if you wish, you may be transformed into a rat. By simply wishing again, you may regain your human form. If you turn yourself into a rat, you can easily steal fifty cash a day, and thus keep yourself. But beware! If you steal more than this sum, you will get yourself into trouble!" So saying, the spirit was silent.

From that time, by following the spirit's directions, the potter was able to steal enough to keep himself in food and clothing. He was, moreover, careful never to steal more than fifty cash each day.

One day, having transformed himself into a rat, he made his way into the royal palace, and, having reached unobserved the bedchamber of the Emperor's daughter, found the princess asleep. His head was turned by her beauty, and, forgetting all caution, he wished himself back into human form, and woke the princess. He fell in love with her on the spot, and, leading the maiden to believe

that he was a prince in disguise, gained her affections in return. Thus every night, for several weeks, he spent his time with his lover, getting past the guards and servants in the form of a rat. Unfortunately for their romance, however, the princess one day found herself in an interesting condition, of which, as time went on, she had to inform her father. That potentate was amazed and angered, and demanded from the guards and servants whom they had admitted to his daughter's apartments. They loudly protested their innocence, and, to save their heads, besought the princess to tell her father who was the man responsible. At length she stated that she would point out the guilty party in a few days. So, when the potter came to visit her, she hid away the rat-skin cloak, and, when the guards and officials came into the room, that unfortunate individual was unable to escape. He was arrested and brought before the Emperor, who demanded to know how he had managed to elude the vigilance of the guards, which had been doubled. The potter thereupon confessed the matter of the ratskin cloak, which rendered him invisible, and at the same time enabled him to become a rat. The cloak was produced, and before the Emperor's eyes the potter vanished, to reappear in another part of the hall, none having seen him go. The ruler was amazed and made the potter perform many tricks, and at last, so amused was he at his antics, that he took his daughter's seducer on to his private junk, where he made him a kind of court jester.

One morning, having transformed himself into a rat, the potter climbed to the very top of the mast, and sat there looking down on the deck. While he was there, the spirit, who had given him the rat-skin cloak, flew up in the form of an eagle, and, seizing the unfortunate rat in its talons, carried him off to the tree whence the magic

cloak had descended, "Did I not tell you," the angry spirit demanded, "that you must not take more than fifty cash each day? And did you not violate the sanctity of the princess's bedroom?" The potter had no answer. "You have disobeyed me!" continued the spirit, "and you shall therefore return to your former miserable state." The spirit, so saying, snatched away the rat-skin cloak, and was never seen again, while the potter, through his presumption, was compelled to return to his former avocation of making and selling earthenware pots for a daily pittance.

## 6. The Story of how a Poor Youth helped his Friends

In olden times there lived in the Rong country (Sikkim), a poor boy who supported himself by playing his violin. He used to travel all over the countryside thus, begging his bread. One day he was playing in the house of a well-to-do landowner. The son of the house, attracted by the melody and the song it accompanied, also wished to go travelling all over the country, and asked the musician to take him along. The poor boy agreed, and, that night they both crept out of the house, and by morning were far away. While the poor boy played and sang, the rich man's son danced, and thus they made quite a good living. It so happened that after they had performed in the king's palace, that the king's son also wanted to accompany them and see some of the world. Accordingly they made a pact of friendship, and the three youths wandered on together.

At last, tired and hungry, they came to a clearing in the forest where there were numerous fruit-trees, which, unfortunately, were too high and difficult to climb. So, still hungry, they lay down to sleep. Waking before his companions, the poor boy got up, and was strolling round the clearing, when he espied a pretty young girl plucking flowers.

Concealing himself, he watched her for some time. At last she picked a certain red flower, and rubbing this on her cheek, was at once transformed into a monkey, and in this form was able to climb the trees and gather some fruit. When she descended, she rubbed her cheek with a white flower, and became herself once more. Gathering up her fruits, she made her way from the clearing. Without saying anything to his friends, the poor boy tried the experiment rubbing cheek with one of the red flowers, which were growing in profusion. In the form of a monkey he was able to gather a good supply of fruit, and was successful in regaining his human form. Waking his companions, he gave them some of the fruits, and their hunger was allayed.

For many weeks they travelled on together, sometimes hungry and thirsty, and sometimes full and happy, until they came to a wonderful house in the open country. Outside this house they saw several children playing. Their toys were a magic whip, a jar, and a hat. The whip had the power of granting any wish, if it was asked, while the jar contained an inexhaustible supply of food, and the hat, when donned, conferred the gift of invisibility on its wearer. The poor musician greatly desired to possess these things, and made himself very agreeable to the children, who, after a time, allowed him to handle their wonderful toys. Putting on the cap of invisibility, the youth took up the jar and the whip, and promptly disappeared, revealing himself to his companions some distance farther on the road.

At length the three wanderers arrived in a large city, where it so happened that they played, danced, and sang at a wealthy farmer's house. In this house was a young and pretty girl, the daughter of the proprietor, who fell in love with the rich man's son. This youth returned her passion, and so, with the consent of his companion, he married her, and when the other two young men went on,

remained behind. Not long after, hearing that the king of that country was seeking a consort for his daughter, the poor boy led the prince towards the palace, and, while he went forward to see what was happening, concealed the latter in a hollow tree. On that particular day, all the youth of the country had been summoned to attend at the court, that the king might select a husband for the princess.

Soon afterwards, an elephant, which carried in its trunk a golden vase, was led out, and it was announced that the youth to whom the animal offered this vessel would be chosen as the princess's husband. Released from restraint, the great beast, taking no notice of anyone in the assembled crowd, strode straight through the midst of the people, and came to a halt in front of a tree, before which it knelt. Amazed at the elephant's actions, for no one was to be seen near the tree, the king and his ministers went to the spot. There careful examination revealed the hidden prince, who was thereupon hailed as the princess's husband.

After several weeks of feasting, the musician, despite his friend's entreaties to stay and live with him for the rest of his life, determined to continue his wanderings, for he disliked too much court life. His steps took him in the direction of his other friend, the rich man's son, whom he had left, as he thought, happily married. With this young man, however, things were not going as smoothly as they might. It appeared that his wife was treating him very badly. Every day she sent him off to do the heaviest work in the fields, while, when he returned at night, he always found her absent, nor did she return till the early hours of the morning, refusing to say where she had been. The musician determined to help his friend.



That afternoon, putting on his hat of invisibility, he watched his friend's wife, and when she went out of the house, followed her, unseen. He found that she went to a bower in the forest, where she dallied with a youth, who, from their conversation, he gathered was a son of the gods. He overheard, moreover, that the paramour of his friend's wife would come to her house the next day in the form of an eagle. When the husband had gone to the fields the next morning, the musician took the magic whip, and besought it to grant his wish, which was to kill the person responsible for his friend's unhappiness. Putting on the cap of invisibility, he waited for the eagle's arrival and, when it came, was able to seize and kill it with a knife.

Going straight out to his friend in the fields, he found him ploughing. Telling him that his troubles were about to come to an end, he then killed a yak, and, having cut off its tail, he buried the carcass in a hole near the river, which he sealed with rocks. Burying the root of the tail securely in the ground, he told his friend to report to his wife and her family that one of the plough yaks had buried itself in the ground, and that only its tail was to be seen. The friend did this, and the whole household was astounded at the news. Just then, the musician, in the guise of a lama, appeared before them, and was at once requested to divine the meaning of the portent. Pretending to cast lots, he told them that it had been revealed to him that there was a son-in-law in the house, who was really the heir of a wealthy man, but that he was being made to perform menial tasks. If he was not treated properly in the future no good-fortune would ever come to the family.

And so, afterwards, the rich man's son was treated with the greatest respect, and from that time his wife

remained ever faithful to him and their riches increased greatly.

## 7. The Story of the Disinherited Prince

Long, long ago there was a king who had seven queens, but despite all his offerings and prayers to the gods, he had no children. One day, whilst hunting in the forest, he came upon an aged hermit, to whom, as a holy man, he told all his troubles. This seer, for such he was, gave the king a magic fruit, which was to be divided into seven equal portions, and one given to each of the seven queens. If they ate this fruit, said the hermit, they would surely have children. His words proved true, and each of the queens bore a child. That of the youngest, however, was like a pig, and repulsive. Looking on this as sign of ill-fortune, the king expelled his junior consort, who, with her child, was driven away to a far country. Three weeks later, however, the monstrous babe turned into a lovely child, which thrived exceedingly.

Time went on until the boy was seventeen years old, when, hearing that the father who had cast his mother and himself out, was giving alms to all who asked, as an offering to the gods, he betook himself to the palace. When he appeared before his father, the latter of course did not recognise him, and was astounded when asked for an eagle's egg. The youth would take no other gift. Naturally, the king had no eagle's egg to give him at the moment, so he told him to come to the court a week later, by which time he hoped to have one. The king then despatched one of his officers to procure an egg. This man prayed to the tree-god, who transformed him into a large bird, and thus he was able to fly to the eagle's eyry and obtain a newly laid egg.

On the eighth day, when the prince came to the court, he was given the egg he desired, and took it away with him to his home, where he hatched out a young eagle. He tended the bird with great care, giving it the best of food, until it grew to such a prodigious size that it was able to carry him on its back when it flew.

The prince used to fly about the countryside, until at length the people began to bow down before him wherever he went, saying that he was an incarnation of the god Tshong-Pa, (the Hindu Brahma). At last, fearing these reports would reach the ears of the king, who would kill him, the young prince decided to leave his home, and flew on the eagle to a distant land. There he met a princess, who fell in love with him, and he with her, and, borne on his eagle, he used to visit her every night. This went on for some time, until the king discovered that his daughter was to have a child. But, press her as he would, the princess would not divulge the name of her lover. At last the king determined on subterfuge to discover the author of his daughter's misfortune, and caused, unknown to her, a quantity of black powder to be strewed on and near her bed. That same night, riding on his eagle, the prince came to his lover's arms, and, after remaining with her for some time, departed as usual.

Next morning, the woman with whom he lodged noticed some black stains on the prince's robes, and took them to the public washing place for cleansing. Now the king had placed men to watch these wash-houses, and they noticed the stained garments, and, when questioned, the old woman told to whom they belonged at once. She led the officers to her house, where they arrested the prince. Led before the king, he was condemned to death, but, managing to elude his guards for a moment, he leapt on his eagle, which was hovering near, and flew away. The king was amazed

at this, and called out to the prince to return, promising to give him his daughter's hand in marriage.

So, descending to the ground, the prince, who then disclosed his identity, was married to the princess, and both with the wonderful eagle, lived happily ever after.

### 8. The Story of Au Netso.

In the village of Gyun Khar, in the To-Lung Valley, near Lhasa, there once lived an official named Au Netso. This man was of good appearance and address, tall, clever, and well-educated. He was employed by the Deva Shung, the Tibetan Government. He was just, and his work was well done, but all these things caused envy to arise in the breasts of his fellow-officials, whose laziness and venality were shown up by Au Netso's upright actions. They conspired to bring about his ruin and death. Au Netso, however, had three good friends, who kept him informed, as far as they were able, of what was afoot, and, when they heard that a definite date had been fixed for his murder, warned him, so that he was able to flee to Lhasa. There he took sanctuary in the temple of the god Jig-Che.

Foiled in their first attempt on Au Netso's life, his enemies then bribed his wife Drolma to persuade him to leave the sanctuary of the god, for, while he was beneath the deity's shadow, they dared not harm him. Drolma agreed to betray her husband, and from outside the shrine called out to him, that all was safe, and that he could come outside. She insisted that his presence was urgently required on his estates, as work was not progressing satisfactorily during his absence. Believing his wife's words, Au Netso went out and leapt on one of the horses. No sooner had he done so, and left the shrine of the god, than his enemies seized him, and placed him in the prison. This

they were able to do, as they had laid false information against him. In the prison, Au Netso, sorry for his servant told him to return home, as there was no charge against him, but the man said that he would either live or die with his beloved master.

The three friends of the prisoner were powerless to help him at the time of his arrest, but when he was in the gaol they communicated with him, saying,—

“ O friend ! Au Netso, listen to us !  
 Why have you been put into this prison ?  
 Have you said aught to offend the authorities ?  
 Have you sinned by your actions ?  
 What wrong have you committed ? ”

Au Netso replied :—

“ I have neither sinned by my mouth,  
 Nor have I committed wrongful acts with my hands !  
 No ! Even the hair on my head has excited the  
 envy of my enemies !

The beauty of my countenance has aroused their jealousy !  
 My knowledge and scholarship have also aroused enmity !  
 O Friends ! Do not grieve at my plight !  
 This is entirely due to the effect of deeds of a former life !  
 Though I suffer, I do not want my friends to suffer !  
 Those whom I have trusted have cheated me !  
 My wife Drolma has deceived me !  
 I have trusted her too much ! ”

Soon after, Au Netso was condemned to be drowned. So one afternoon, soldiers came and took him from the prison, and having sewn him into a sack, with only his head protruding, cast him into the river. His servant, at his own request, was treated in a like manner. As they floated down the stream, the latter said to his master :—

" O Master! Be of good cheer!  
 Be not angry or disappointed!  
 Reflect that this present fate  
 Is brought about by the deeds of former lives!  
 Meditate on love alone!  
 If you and I die with feelings of anger,  
 We will both fall headlong into hell!  
 Therefore let us think only of love,  
 And we will surely be reborn as gods!"

Thus the servant tried to comfort Au Netso in the hour of his death. Au Netso thought of love, and harboured no enmity against his persecutors. Opposite a hill called Shing Dong Khar they di d.

In due course they were reborn into the realm of the gods, whence even at the present time the spirit of Au Netso wings its way to the human world, there to enter into the bodies of oracles, and thus helps the human race, and especially the people of Gyun Khar in To-Lung.

### 9. The Story of the Goat's Tail.

There once lived an old couple, who, after many years of married life, quarrelled, and decided to separate. Among their joint possessions was a goat, and as neither would agree to allow the other to take the animal, it had to be killed. Before the meat was divided, however, they agreed that they would have a tug-of-war, and that each should retain that portion of the carcass that was left in their hands once it had separated into two pieces. The old man seized the head, and his wife the tail, and, after tugging for some time, the body broke, leaving only the tail in the old woman's hands. Taking his share of the goat, the husband went off to a far country, nor did he ever return.

His aged wife was almost destitute, and, to add to

her troubles, it was winter time, and very cold. She was about to throw the goat's tail away, as useless, when it spoke. "Mother!", it said, "Do not throw me away, for I will render you good service!" "Nonsense!" replied the old dame, "What can you possibly do to help me?" "I can bring you food and drink from the rich man's house," returned the tail. "Very well!" answered the woman, "We are starving! So go and fetch me a bag of barley meal!" The tail disappeared, but soon came back with a bag of meal.

While it was away, the old woman had time to think, and eventually decided that she was being hoaxed. So, to revenge herself on the tail, she dug a hole, and made everything ready to bury the tail when it returned, if it ever did. But, when it came back with the food, the old woman was ashamed, and made some lame excuse to account for the hole, but the tail saw through her deception. Though it was angry, however, it did not desert her, and, going to the rich man's store every day, soon filled its mistress's house with good things, and brought her much money.

Naturally, the rich man noticed the depletion of his goods; and also remarked the growing prosperity of the erstwhile pauper woman. One day he taxed her with stealing his property, and she was forced to confess her guilt. She blamed the tail for the misdeed. The rich man was astonished when he heard the story, and told her that he would not only forgive her crime, but would give her half his wealth if she would cause the tail to steal the king's luck-stone, a turquoise, and hand it over to him.

So it was arranged that the tail should go to the Palace and bring away the luck-bringing gem. Arrived at the main gate, it found a large watchdog tied there, but

was able to remove it to the cowshed, whence it brought a calf which it tied in the dog's place. The tail then took away their weapons from the sleeping guards and hid them. The two watchmen were tied to each other by their pigtails, and in a similar manner the tail also secured two maidservants whom it found sleeping in an anteroom.

Going father into the Palace, the tail came across two nuns, also fast asleep, and by way of a jest placed a large bladder in the bed, between them. At last it came to the king's bedroom, whence, without disturbing anyone, it took the turquoise, and returned to the old woman as fast as it could go.

In the morning, when the queen awoke, she asked the king for the luck-bringing turquoise, as she wished to wear it. The monarch looked for the gem in vain, and at length told the queen that he had given it to her some time before. She denied this, and they became very angry with one another. The two nuns also awoke, and each accused the other of having given birth during the night, for they mistook the bladder, which the tail had placed in their bed. The maidservants and the guards also began to quarrel over who had played the trick of tying their pigtails and plaits together. The whole Palace was in an uproar.

The old woman, however, knew nothing of this, and cared less. She gave the turquoise to the rich man, who faithfully performed his part of the contract, and presented her with half his wealth, so that she and the magic tail lived happily ever after.

THE END



