

loaded with all sorts of fruits and sweetmeats. The magician set fire to the wood, and when the flames arose, he threw in some incense and then spoke two magic words which Aladdin did not understand. "Well, then," said the magician, "I will take you with me tomorrow, and clothe you as handsomely as any merchant in the city." Aladdin chose those he liked best and put them on. The magician then took the boy to visit the finest shops in the city, and in the evening he gave him a feast. "You must think of some way of earning a living. I will be glad to help you. If you like, I will take a shop for you and furnish it with fine linens." He saluted Aladdin's mother, and, with tears in his eyes, asked to be shown to the place where his brother used to sit. As soon as they sat down to supper, he began to tell of his travels. "I have been forty years away from this country, and during that time I have traveled in many lands. Are you of any trade?" Aladdin hung his head, and had nothing to say. His mother replied, "Aladdin has never learned a trade. He came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Aladdin to a merchant who sold all sorts of clothes." Aladdin, he replied, "is a good boy and well deserves all that I can do for him. Aladdin soon gathered a great pile. I am indeed sad to learn of my brother's death, but it is a comfort to find that he has so fine a son." Then turning to Aladdin, he asked, "What business do you follow