Another Story about the Makām of the Sūltān Badr.

One day some goats belonging to the descendants of Sūltān Badr were stolen, and, after investigation, it was found that the robbers were from the Awlād el-Zaghāreh of the people of Jērāsh. The owner went there and asked for the return of his goats, but the people denied them, and said they had no goats of his. At last he demanded that they should take an oath upon Sūltān Badr, which they agreed to do the next Friday. On that day they assembled at Deir esh-Sheikh. There were present at the same time some people from Deir Eyūb, who had been compelled to come and swear at the makām that they had not taken some cattle, a theft of which they were accused. While there, these people asked the sheikh of the makām to persuade their accusers to accept twenty majīdīs and to let them off from taking the oath. The sheikh replied: “I do not interfere in these affairs; you had better make terms with those you have robbed and make restitution.” Meanwhile the people of Jērāsh had boldly entered the shrine, taken the oath, and gone away. When the people of Deir Eyūb saw these people, who they were sure had stolen the goats of Sūltān Badr, take the oath with impunity, even adding after the oath, “Let your grandfather (i.e., Sūltān Badr), bring back to you the goats which have been stolen,” they grew bold. They said to each other, “We have not robbed anything from the wely. Let us enter the makām and take the oaths and pay nothing. If the wely had any power it would have been shown against those who have robbed him of his property before they left the makām.” After that they all came together to the makām, and one of the robbers asked the sheikh to open the door. He replied: “I do not open the door; you
open it and enter in and make your oath." The man opened the
door and entered, and as he passed the threshold a snake leapt upon
him and bit him on the ear. And he at once began to tremble
and fell to the ground, and blood poured from his mouth and nose,
and blood poured from him, and they carried him out dead from
the door of the wely.

But, as the people of Jerash were returning home, one of their
number stopped by the road side (لاجل يشغ), and God brought
upon him a serpent, which bit him so that he died at once, and
his companions buried him there as he lay. And the next year, as
his brother was passing the same spot, having turned aside from
the road to view his brother's grave, suddenly a serpent went
between his legs and bit him in the groin (في مباضمة) so that
he died immediately. It was commonly reported that this was the
same serpent that had killed the other brother the year before.
After he had laid some time by the roadside, some camel-drivers
discovered him with the snake still clinging to him. The snake,
however, made off on their approach, and the camel-men carried
him on a camel to his village, and when they put him down his
bowels burst, and they buried him in his uncleanness\(^1\) without being
washed.

\((e)\) Another Story of the Makām of Sultan Badr.

One day a man called Mahmūd, of the village of Zakariyeh, had
some property—clothes and ornaments of his wife—stolen from his
house. In consequence, there was a quarrel between him and his
fellow villagers, as Mahmūd accused them of the theft. At length
when Mahmūd was about to lay the affair before the government
a man came to him and said: "O Mahmūd! do not bring harm
upon these people; the robber of your wife's property is your own
father." Mahmūd was greatly taken aback, and said to himself:
"It is incredible that a father should rob his own son's house." The
informant repeated again: "Your father is the robber and the stolen
goods he has deposited with Muhammad Mustapha, with whom they
now are." Mahmūd went to his father and said: "Shall I bring the
people into danger when you really are the robber." His father
began to swear by God that he had stolen nothing, and added that
the real thief and mischief maker was the man who had acted as

\(^1\) *I.e.*, without the ceremonial washing prescribed by the religion.
informer. The son, however, was now convinced that his father was the real culprit, while the people whom he had accused said: “If you want us to take an oath you must make your father take one at the same time.” So the son at last took courage to ask his father and Muhammad Mustapha to take a solemn oath of innocence at the makām of Sultan Badr at Deir esh-Sheikh. They went therefore on Friday to Deir esh-Sheikh. In the makām was a box of candles for the people who made vows of offerings, and when they came to enter the shrine, all these candles were lighted supernaturally. Then the sheikh—the servant of the makām—exclaimed: “Do not swear, because your oath has been proved false already,” and they all departed. But the father of Mahmūd, on reaching Zakariyeh, fell ill with a fever and died; and Muhammad Mustapha got his hands and feet paralysed; and Muhammad Mustapha is still living, but he can do nothing with his hands, because the fingers are contracted into the palms; and the toes of his feet are also deformed. This affair is known to everybody.

(f) Another Story of the Makām of Sultan Badr.

In the makām of Sultan Badr is a servant called Sheikh Muhammad—a descendant of Sultan Badr. He is a man of kindly disposition, living in close communion with Allah on account of his good and pure deeds. He is a dervish and has taken powers from the four sects of dervishes, namely:

1. The way of Rafā‘eh (الرفاعي).
2. The way of Edusūkeh (الدوسوكي).
3. The way of Ahmed el-Bdawe (أحمد البدوتي).
4. The way of Sultan abd el-Kādr (السلطان عبد الغادر).

Sheikh Muhammad belongs to all four sects, but does not make open profession of any of them.

One day, some dozen years ago, there were two brothers belonging to the village of Welajeh, working on the railway line near Deir esh-Sheikh. Their father was of great age, and their names were el-Hajj Khalil the elder and ‘Ali the younger. One night, the old father when asleep, saw in a dream three men on horseback. One of these, who wore a green turban, said to him: “Peace be to thee,” and when he heard these words the old man rose up in great fear, and the wearer of the green turban asked him about ‘Ali and
said: "Fear not, because thy road is white (i.e., lucky), and what is on the mind of thy son is guarded." The old man rose up to invite them to be his guests, and to ask them from whence they came; but when he was on his feet, lo, they had disappeared! And he remained sleepless till morning, thinking over the vision.

In the morning when his son Khalil came to see him he narrated to him all that had happened. And Khalil said: "It is not desirable that thou speak about the affair. These are holy people and thou wilt not see them again. God preserve us from the vision!" And he left his father and went to work. Soon after this his brother 'Ali was at work with the other workmen when he suddenly put his hands to his head, exclaiming, "Oh my head!" and he leaned against a wall without saying another word. And his brother and the other workmen asked him what the matter was, but 'Ali was unable to speak and made signs to them to carry him home. But as this was far off they laid him in the shadow of a tree to sleep, and put his cloak over him and went on with their work, but Khalil stayed by his brother. And presently 'Ali began exclaiming: "By Allah! O my lord, I never spoke, and never met with anyone, and never told my thoughts to anyone." And after a little, he woke up and began to speak and raised his eyes and saw his brother Khalil, and said: "Alas, carry me to the house, because I am not able to raise my head." And they carried him home and left him there and went away. And in the house he began to speak in an unknown language, and to beckon with his hands, looking about him from side to side. After an hour he slept and remained asleep and alone till his brother returned; and as Khalil stood at his head he heard him saying: "By Allah, O cursed people, lo, he has come now." Then Khalil asked him of whom he was speaking and what had happened to him, to which 'Ali replied: "Wait a little because I cannot speak to thee before this multitude." And Khalil brought water and washed his face and made him coffee to drink. Then 'Ali said: "Tell your father to pay the vow which he made to Sultan Badr. He promised a lamb and thou promised a quarter of a majidi's worth of bakhūr (incense). Why dost thou not pay thy vow?" Khalil said: "It is true I promised the incense, but of the lamb I, by Allah! know nothing. But to-morrow, Friday, we will take the offering to Sultan Badr and pay our vow." Khalil at once went to his father and told him all that had happened to 'Ali and about the vow. On the Friday morning all the family of
'Ali, men and women, went with the lamb and about a rotl of bruised corn (حريشة تعص) to the makām of Sultan Badr. They slew the lamb and cooked it with the bruised corn, and ate and distributed it to the people of the village until all were satisfied. And from the blessing of Sultan Badr some of the food and the broth remained. And as they were preparing to depart they asked each other what should they do with the food that was left over: and they put it in a bāteyeh (wooden dish) and gave it to a woman to carry. And as she went out of the gate of the makām with the bāteyeh on her head the dish broke in two with a noise like thunder and all the food in it was spilled out.

And when they returned they found 'Ali sitting up, and they told him all that had happened. And 'Ali said: "You ought to have given all the food that remained over to Sheikh Muhammad, for you are not allowed to remove from the makām what has been vowed to the wely."

After a week 'Ali had a dream, and he heard a voice saying to him, "O 'Ali, my desire towards thee is to make thee a sacred dervish for me," and the utterer of the cry blew in his face and told him that the blow he had received upon his head was a test to try him, and to ascertain whether he could keep a secret or not. And 'Ali rose up from sleep trembling, and cried out: "Allah, Allah, Allah, blessed be His name! There is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is His prophet!" And all the people of the house heard his shout.

From that time he gave up eating, and was constantly weeping, and he began to mutter to himself, and to address someone invisible. Anyone hearing the talking could imagine there were a number of people in conversation. And gradually he grew weaker till he was unable to stand and his fever grew more violent than before. At one time, when he was somewhat recovered, he told Khalil to put all the people out of the house as he needed to be alone for a certain purpose. When the people who were with him had all gone out, weeping, 'Ali told his brother that he wanted a favour from him which no one else could do. He wanted him to go to Sheikh Muhammad and give him his greetings and tell him how he ('Ali) was. "When he sees you he will know your wishes. Ask him for a hijāb [amulet] to give me rest and take away the fever, and I beg him for the sake of his lord Sultan Badr to do this thing." Khalil went, as his brother asked, and saw Sheikh Muhammad at the makām of Sultan Badr. When the sheikh saw him coming he said: "Khalil,
why is your expression changed? I trust your coming is for good.” He replied: “My lord, I beg you; my brother ‘Ali is at the point of death, and sent me to ask you to make him a hijāb.”

When the Sheikh Muhammad heard these words he struck his hand to his head exclaiming: “Does it concern ‘Ali?” and he remained quiet for half-an-hour, his hand to his head. Then he said to Khalil: “Now stand up and take my salāms (greetings) to your brother and tell him that today it is useless to make a hijāb. To-morrow, Friday, come to me after midday prayers, and whatever God arranges will be good.” And he returned with this message to ‘Ali, whom he found was more ill than before. And the next day Khalil went to the sheikh, and when he arrived the latter told him to go to the house. Now Khalil had not eaten for two days because of anxiety about his brother, and when he arrived at the sheikh’s house the sheikh asked him: “How is your brother ‘Ali now, and what about this blow which happened to him?” And Khalil told him how the blow had occurred when they were at work, and how ‘Ali used to talk to himself and weep, and sometimes become unconscious, and now he had got a fever, and was out of his mind. The sheikh told him not to be afraid. This, he said, is not fever, it is a blow from holy people, only tell me what he says about me.” Khalil replied: “All our desire and hope is that by the will of God and the help of your grandfather he may be cured. Only I beg you to hasten.” The sheikh began to make the hijāb, and Khalil, from long sleeplessness and weariness, fell asleep. When he woke up he found the sheikh just finishing the hijāb. He folded it up, and at each folding he blew upon it, and when he had finished, he blew again upon it and licked it all over. Then he said: “By the life of Allah, by the name of the healer, by the honour of my lord Sultan Badr, and by what is in him secretly (i.e., occult powers) by the power of Allah, the sick man should take this in his hands, and the secret of his power will be manifest to him.” And he handed Khalil the hijāb saying: “When you arrive at home you will find your brother sleeping, and his tarbūsh (i.e., fez) falling sideways on his head. Take his tarbūsh and put the hijāb between the labādeh1 and the tarbūsh, and then replace the tarbūsh on his head and say: ‘For the secret of Sultan Badr’ But now sit down and I will make you food. The food is ready now, as you shall see. I know that

1 Woollen cap worn as a lining under the tarbūsh.
you are very hungry." The sheikh then approached a bāteyeh which
was covered with a tabak (a circular straw mat) and exclaimed,
"Stand up, in the name of God, O blessed one," and he took away
the cover, and lo, the bāteyeh was full of new bread, hot as if straight
from the oven. When Khalil saw this he was astounded and
exclaimed: "Mashallah musārak (how great is your secret), O Sheikh
Muhammad." After eating, he paid some money to the sheikh and
grew away to his brother, whom he found lying as the sheikh had
described. He put the hijāb under his tarbūsh as he had been told,
and when ‘Ali at length rose from sleep he asked, how Sheikh
Muhammad was, and his brother replied: "He sends you his salāms."
Then Khalil asked his brother: "How are you now?" and he replied:
"El-hamdu li-'llah (Praise be to Allah) my burden is loosed
and has fallen from me, and now I am at rest. But," he added,
"the sheikh told you something, tell it to me." Khalil replied that
the sheikh had told him to take him to his village and there, by the
permission of Allah, he would be recovered. And so the next
morning Khalil took ‘Ali to his village, Welejeh, and left his
mother and sisters to look after him, while he himself returned to
his work. One day, a little later, when Khalil came to visit him, he
found ‘Ali weeping and he asked him what was the matter. ‘Ali
replied, "I do not want anything, I do not want anyone to approach
me, either man or women, especially women." His mother exclaimed,
"By Allah, my son, no one has entered here except myself." And
when ‘Ali heard that he rose up and said, "May Allah kill the
woman. By Allah, you are lying, for such and such a woman (giving
her name) came to me, and she was in a state of uncleanness." When
Khalil and his father heard that they said angrily: "It is not
necessary that anyone should visit him, not even his mother or his
sister, and whoever wants to visit him must express her wishes
from outside the house." And ‘Ali said to his father, "And you,
O my father, if you love your son do him a service, for sometimes
I am occupied with the people of Allah, and it is not allowed that
women approach me, because it is impossible to be sure which of
them are unclean. This plan brings honour to your son as Sheikh
Muhammad informed me."

And after this they stopped all people from paying visits to ‘Ali.
And very soon ‘Ali began to improve in health, but from time to
time the fever returned, and one day Khalil saw Sheikh Muhammad
and the latter asked about ‘Ali. And Khalil told him how the fever
kept returning and asked if ‘Ali should not consult a doctor. When Sheikh Muhammad heard this he got very angry and said: “Oh! Khalil, don’t spoil your mind, because this illness of your brother’s is one about which the doctors know nothing. It is sickness due to the pious people, and although you see your brother at the point of death do not take him to the doctors. If you go against this you will lose your brother, and the sin will be upon you. I tell you ‘the sin is on your neck.’”

When Khalil heard this he changed his proposal, and, for a time, ‘Ali had recurrent attacks of fever and at last got quite well.¹

And when he had fully recovered the sheikh came to him and ‘Ali kissed his hand and extracted a promise from the sheikh that he should become a dervish. The sheikh promised that this should be done at the beginning of the next month, and he made him promise not to reveal the secret and to hide from all that he was a dervish.

After the death of Sheikh Muhammad, Khalil and ‘Ali came to live at the makām, and there they narrated all the above to our informant, by word of mouth.

(To be continued.)

THE IMMOVABLE EAST.

By Philip J. Baldensperger.

(Continued from Q.S., 1916, p. 26.)

Toilet.

The toilet of the women is performed carefully: special attention is paid to the eyes. The eyebrows are shaved and blackened with kohl (antimony), which is kept in a small bottle, the mukhula, and put on the eyebrows and eyelashes with a fine pencil called mikhāl.²

¹ The attack of illness appears to have been either malignant malarial fever or sunstroke.

² [From the Arabic kohl, with the prefixed article, is derived the word alcohol, the present application of which is relatively modern. In earlier times the word was used (e.g., by Paracelsus) to designate any fine powder.—Ed.]