

Now, not far from the town there lived a man who had been a brave general in his youth.

He had fought in many battles, and the king had rewarded him with a gift of houses and lands.

In his battles this general had ridden a horse that had carried him through many dangers. The horse was as brave and as well known as his master.

When the general grew old, he cared no more for brave deeds, but became a miser. He sold his lands and houses, and lived with his moneybags in a wretched hut.

He tried to sell his old horse, but no one would buy the worn-out animal. Then he tried to give him away, but no one would take him even as a gift. At last he turned the poor beast out, and left him to shift for himself.

Lame and hungry, the old horse hobbled along the dusty roads, and munched at the blades of grass that he found by the way.

The boys threw stones at him, the dogs barked at him, and in all the world there was no one to take pity on him.