

they passed through the doorway. Then we sat down to think.

That evening, I fear I took quite as much good brew into me as the gods had ever intended I should in two hard sittings. We could do nothing but talk of the craft of the man. It beat anything I had ever met with. And when we thought the matter over, his being safe and sound in his shop explained many things, not the least of which was the cheerfulness of the little witch all the time her lover was supposed to be buried in the mountain. To be sure, it was all very plain now. She had easily learned the purport of each message which was being sent into the mountain, and at once let her lover know its essence, so that he might write the reply and drop it into the stream above the net during the hours of darkness; very likely this part of the job she also did for him.

After the first burst of joy over the recovery of the man and the breeches had somewhat subsided, and when they had drank a little more than enough, it was then that there stole into the breasts of the people a feeling of soreness, and a tendency to let the matter of the dispute pass for the time into sudden oblivion. For people do resent being tricked, especially if