



"Sir, where can I find an inn?"

tor, and another which slipped suddenly down a hillock's side, continuing along a valley. In the early year this valley was threaded by a lazy stream fed by the snows and rains from the hills; but summer suns had greedily sucked it dry, so that nothing but scorching rocks remained. Along this torrid bed the rough road ran.

When the Wayfarer reached the fork in the road, he grew thoughtful. He sat down and said:

"This is a case for the family doctor, Fate. Come hither, old leech, and decide this turn for me!"

Then he croaked, in a doleful voice:

"The road to the right should always be left,  
The road to the left is right;  
And if you turn three times where the road  
be cleft,  
You'll sup ere the droop of night."

He sprang to his feet and shouted with glee:

"Bravo! old quack — I'd turn a thousand and three for such a promise—the road to the left be it!"

He whirled round on his heel three times, then, with a new expression of satisfied confidence on his face, he went down the hillock at a bound, and followed the trail, cursing its roughness.

After he had travelled ten minutes or so; he stopped quickly, ears pricked. A new sound reached him. From directly ahead of him came a gentle tap—tap, tap—tap. At first he thought it might be a woodpecker, but, thinking again, he found the slow tapping, which had now ceased, not at all like the rapid rivetting of the bird. Then came a single tap, and, after a slight pause, two more.