

One hot afternoon, when the people of the town were sleeping, the poor beast wandered into the market-place.

He saw the leaves on the grape-vine that hung from the bell of justice, and stretching out his thin neck, he tried to pull one of them off.

Suddenly the people of the town heard the bell ring. The judges heard it also, and at once they went to the market-place. They wondered who could be ringing the bell at such a time. When they came to the tower, they saw the poor old horse nibbling at the vine.

"See!" they cried; "it is the miser's steed. He has come to call for justice. His master, as everybody knows, has treated him very badly. He shall have justice."

Meanwhile a crowd of men, women, and children had gathered in the market-place, eager to learn what wrong was to be righted.

When they saw the horse, they pressed forward to tell the judges how they had seen the poor beast wandering about, unfed and uncared for, while his master sat at home counting his gold.