

## THE SYMPATHETIC VINE

At a certain place, which is marked by a river, a furrow, a hedge, and a range of hills, there dwelt a prince who made his people very unhappy. A Brahmin, going into the forest to do penance, had told the prince that there was a great supply of gold in his dominions.

“How shall I get it?” the prince inquired.

“Dig for it,” said the Brahmin.

“Where shall I dig?” asked the prince.

“In the space of land,” replied the Brahmin, “that is marked off by a river, a furrow, a hedge, and a range of hills.”

The Brahmin, after receiving the kindest treatment, took his leave and went forward into the forest. The prince immediately summoned his subjects and told them that, as there was to be a great scarcity of food the next year, the best thing they could do would be to become farmers.

“You have little land,” said the prince, “but I have plenty. Go yonder where the land is marked off by a river, a furrow, a hedge, and a range of hills. Dig there, and make the ground arable. The mists will rise