

from the river and help you, and the dew will fall from the hills and make the soil sweet.”

So they went, some gladly, but others with a bad grace.

“How shall we begin?” asked one old man.

“Dig,” said the prince.

“When we have dug, what then?” asked a young man.

“Continue to dig,” replied the prince.

Now, the prince, being afraid that the people would find the gold and hide it, took his stand by a tree on the range of hills and watched them, and at night when they could no longer work he caused the laborers to pass near him, in single file, so that he might question them. To each he said, “What have you found?” and the reply was, “Nothing but the trouble of digging.”

This happened day after day, and the workers got no rest except the little they found at night. The young men asked when it could end, and the old men shook their heads. Life is a little span, but greed runs from generation to generation. So the people dug and dug from day to day, and the prince sat by the tree and watched them.