The Master and the Gander

Once there was a landowner; one day he went out to the market and bought himself a canary for fifty rubles. A peasant happened to be there; the peasant came home and says to his wife:
— Do you know something, wife?
— What is it?
— I went to the market today; the landowner was there too, and he bought himself a little bird — he paid fifty rubles. Let me take my gander to him: maybe he'll buy it?
— Take it!
So the peasant took the gander and carried it to the landowner. He brings it:
— Buy the gander, master.
— What's the price? — asked the landowner.
— A hundred rubles.
— Ah, you fool!
— Well, if you didn't begrudge fifty for a little bird, then a hundred is cheap for this one!
The landowner got angry, beat the peasant and took his goose for free.
— Well, all right, — said the peasant, — you'll remember this goose!
He returned home, dressed up as a carpenter, took a saw and an axe in his hands and went again; he walks past the landowner's house and shouts:
— Who needs warm porches built?
The landowner heard, calls him over:
— Can you really do it?
— Why not; right here nearby grows a warm forest: if you build the porches from that wood, you won't need to heat them in winter.
— Ah, brother, — said the landowner, — show me this forest quickly.
— Certainly, I'll show you.
They went to the forest together.
In the forest the peasant felled a huge pine and began splitting it in two; he split the tree from one end and started driving in a wedge, and the landowner watched and watched, and in his simplicity put his hand into the crack. As soon as he did that, the peasant pulled the wedge back and tightly pinched his hand. Then he took a leather whip and began beating him, saying:
— Don't beat the peasant, don't take the goose! Don't beat the peasant, don't take the goose!
He beat him and beat him! He had his fill and said:

— Well, master, I've beaten you once; I'll beat you a second time if you don't give back the goose and a hundred rubles on top.
He said it and left, and the landowner stayed until evening: they only missed him late at home, and while they found him and freed him from the vise, a lot of time passed!
So the landowner fell ill, lies in bed groaning; and the peasant gathered herbs and flowers, stuck them all around himself, dressed up as a doctor and again goes past the landowner's yard and shouts:
— Whom shall I cure?
The landowner heard, calls him:
— What kind of person are you?
— I'm a doctor: I cure every illness.
— Ah, brother, please cure me!
— Why not cure? Order the bathhouse heated.
Immediately they heated the bathhouse.
— Well, — the peasant says to the landowner, — let's go get cured; just don't take anyone with you into the bathhouse, beware the evil eye!
They went to the bathhouse together; the landowner undressed.
— Well, sir, — asks the doctor, — can you bear it if I start smearing you with ointment in such heat?
— No, I can't bear it! — says the landowner.
— What's to be done? You won't let me tie you up?
— Please, tie me up.
The peasant tied him with twine, took a knout and started beating him soundly. He beat and beat, and said:
— Don't beat the peasant, don't take the goose! Don't beat the peasant, don't take the goose!
Afterwards, leaving, he said:
— Well, master, I've beaten you twice; I'll beat you a third time if you don't give back the goose and two hundred rubles on top.
The landowner crawled out of the bathhouse barely alive, didn't want to wait for the third time and sent the peasant both the goose and two hundred rubles.