Riddles

Near the main road a peasant was sowing a little clearing. At that time the Tsar was riding by, stopped opposite the peasant and said:
— God help you, peasant!
— Thank you, kind sir! (He did not know that this was the Tsar.)
— Do you get much profit from this clearing? — asked the Tsar.
— Well, with a good harvest, about eighty rubles.
— Where do you put this money?
— Twenty rubles I pay in tax, twenty I pay toward a debt, twenty I lend out, and twenty I throw out the window.
— Explain then, brother, what debt you are paying, to whom you lend, and why you throw it out the window?
— I pay the debt — I support my father, I lend — I feed my son, I throw out the window — I feed my daughter.
— You speak true! — said the sovereign.
He gave him a handful of silver, revealed himself as the Tsar, and commanded: without his leave, tell those words to no one:
— Whoever asks, tell no one!
The Tsar arrived in his capital and summoned the boyars and generals:
— Solve for me — he says — a riddle. I saw a peasant by the road — sowing a clearing; I asked him: how much profit he gets and where he puts the money? The peasant answered me: with a harvest I get eighty rubles; twenty I pay in tax, twenty I pay toward a debt, twenty I lend, and twenty I throw out the window. Whoever of you solves this riddle, I will honor with great rewards and great honors.
The boyars and generals thought and thought, but could not solve it.
So one boyar thought of a plan and went to that peasant with whom the Tsar had spoken, heaped upon him a whole pile of silver rubles and begs:
— Explain, interpret the Tsar's riddle!
The peasant coveted the money, took it and told the boyar everything; and the boyar returned to the Tsar and at once explained his riddle.
The Tsar sees that the peasant did not keep the command, and ordered him brought before him.
The peasant appeared before the Tsar and at first confessed that it was he who told the boyar.
— Well, brother, blame yourself, and for such an offense I order you put to death!
— Your Majesty! I am in no way guilty, because — I told the boyar in your royal

presence.
Then the peasant took out of his pocket a silver ruble bearing the Tsar's image and showed it to the sovereign.
— You speak true! — said the sovereign. — This is my image.
He rewarded the peasant generously and let him go home.
see also:
The Unsolved Riddle;