A mango-tree grew on the bank of a great river. The fruit fell from some of the branches of this tree into the river, and from other branches it fell on the ground.

Every night a troop of Monkeys gathered the fruit that lay on the ground and climbed up into the tree to get the mangoes, which were like large, juicy peaches.

One day the king of the country stood on the bank of this same river, but many miles below where the mango-tree grew. The king was watching the fishermen with their nets.

As they drew in their nets, the fishermen found not only fishes but a strange fruit. They went to the king with the strange fruit. “What is this?” asked the king. “We do not know, O King,” they said. “Call the foresters,” said the king, “They will know what it is.” So they called the foresters and they said that it was a mango. “Is it good to eat?” asked the king.

The foresters said it was very good. So the king cut the mango and giving some to the princes, he ate some of it himself. He liked it very much, and they all liked it.

Then the king said to the foresters, “Where does the mango-tree grow?” The foresters told him that it grew on the river bank many miles farther up the river. “Let us go and see the tree and get some mangoes,” said the king. So he had many rafts joined together, and they went up the river until they came to the place where the mango-tree grew. The foresters said, “O King, this is the mango-tree.” “We will land here,” said the king, and they did so. The king and all the men with him gathered the mangoes that lay on the ground under the tree. They all liked them so well that the king said, “Let us stay here to-night, and gather more fruit in the morning.” So they had their supper under the trees, and then lay down to sleep. When all was quiet, the Chief of the Monkeys came with his troop. All the mangoes on the ground had been eaten, so the monkeys jumped from branch to branch, picking and eating mangoes, and chattering to one another. They made so much noise that they woke up the king. He called his archers saying: “Stand under the mango-tree and shoot the Monkeys as they come down to the ground to get away. Then in the
The Monkeys did as the Chief told them to do. They ran along the branch, stepped on his back, then ran along the branch of the other tree. They swung themselves down to the ground, and away they went back to their home.

The king saw all that was done by the Chief and his troop. “That big Monkey,” said the king to the archers, “saved the whole troop. I will see to it that he is taken care of the rest of his life.” And the king kept his promise.