

Gándharva form of marriage. So the Gándharva marriage being concluded I lived there enjoying the sweets of her company. One day she said to me in private—Lord, you may enjoy everything here according to your wishes; but you should never touch this Vidyádhara female, Svarnarekhá by name, painted here. Thereafter my curiosity being roused, I touched that Svarnarekhá with my hand. Then I was struck by her with her lotus-like foot, though a mere picture, so that I came, and fell in my kingdom. Then being smitten with grief I turned out a recluse and in the course of my wandering came to this city. Here, yesterday, while lying down, at the house of a cowherd I saw—As the cowherd came home in the evening from the liquor-shop kept by his friend, he saw his wife planning something with a procuress. Then he beat the cowherdess, made her fast to a post and went to bed. Then at midnight the procuress, the wife of this barber, again came to the cowherd's wife and said—That noble person, burnt by the fire of your separation, and pierced with the shafts of the god of love, is about to die for you. Pained at heart on finding him in that condition I have come here to persuade you. I will then wait here having tied myself to the post; you should go there and return quickly after having acted to his wishes. After that was done the cowkeeper awoke and said to her—Why dost thou not go to your gallant now? But as she returned no reply, he saying, 'How is it that you, in your vanity, do not even give me an answer', seized a pair of scissors in a rage and cut off her nose. This done, the cowherd again lay down and sank into sleep. Now the cowherd's wife, returning, asked the barber's wife P.50 what the news was. The procuress replied—Look here, my face will tell you the news. Thereafter the cowherdess tied herself to the post and stood as before. The procuress, too, took up her nose and having gone home lay there. Then in the morning when this barber asked her for the razor-case, she gave him one razor only. Thereupon, this barber, going into a passion as the whole case was not handed over to him, threw the razor from some distance into the house. Upon this setting up a cry of pain and saying 'Without any provocation he has cut off my nose' she brought him to the officer of justice. In the meanwhile, the cowherd's wife being again asked by the cowherd exclaimed—Who, vile wretch, is able to disfigure me who am so very chaste. The eight guardians of the world alone know how free from sin all my actions are. For,