

FABLE VI.

There was a wheel-wright in the town of Yauvanas'ri named Mandamati (Dull-wit). He knew his wife was false, but had never seen her, with his own eyes, with her lover in the same place. Then the wheel-wright saying that he was going to a village set out, but after having gone some way he returned secretly and hid himself in his house under the cot. Now the wife of the wheel-wright, confident that he had gone to another village, called her lover just in the evening. There after, as she was sporting heartily with him on the cot, she got a slight touch of his (the wheel-wright's) body as he lay under the cot, and feeling sure that it was her husband, became disconcerted. Thereupon the gallant asked her—Why don't you sport with me lustily to-day but appear to be bewildered? To this she replied—You are quite ignorant of the truth. He who is the lord of my life, and with whom I have been in friendship from childhood has gone to a village. Without him, this village, although full of people, is to me as a desert. How has he fared in that strange place? What has he eaten? How has he managed for his bedding?—with such thoughts is my mind distracted. What then, asked the gallant, is that wheel-wright such an object of love to you? The whore replied—You block-head, why do you chatter thus? Listen—

She, who, although addressed in harsh words or looked at with angry eyes, receives her husband with a cheerful countenance, is the abode of religious merit.

- P. 68 The worlds of great bliss are (in reserve) for those women who love their husband, whether living in a city or a wilderness, whether reprobate or virtuous. Again,

The husband is the most precious ornament of a woman although without (other) ornaments: for without him, she, even though decorated, is without grace.

You are a paramour. Through levity of heart, I sometimes consort with you, as I would chew a roll of betel-nut leaves or put on flowers. But he is my master, having power to sell me, or to give me away to the gods or the Bráhmaṇas. In short, I live while he lives, and will die with him when he dies. This is my resolve. For,

For years three crores and a half—which is the number of hair on the human body—does a woman live in heaven, who follows her husband in death. Moreover,