

THE STUPID PEASANT V

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It was in the month of October, when a man from the villages came to the city to sell his cotton. It was his first visit. As he walked through the *bázzár* he noticed the goldsmiths constantly putting gold ornaments into the fire, and then selling them directly afterwards. Thought he, “There must be some trick in this. I will do the same. Why should I wander all over the place to sell my cotton when I can thus command purchasers?” So he went to a blacksmith’s shop and threw his basket of cotton into the furnace, and then waited. Of course the cotton was destroyed^[1].

[0] Narrator’s name, Pandit Lál Chand of Khunamuh. ↑

[1] Customers nearly always oblige the goldsmith to test the metal in the fire and on the touchstone. There is a Kashmiri proverb, “Gold is known bursts on the stone, whether it is alloyed or pure.” ↑

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