

Tales of the Sun or Folklore of Southern India

The author of Tales of the Sun or Folklore from Southern India, Ms. Howard Kingscote, is a woman with quite a biography. Georgiana Kingscote, whose full name was Adeline Georgiana Isabella Kingscote, wrote several novels as “author Lucas Cleeve.” In 1890, Tales of the Sun was published after she gathered stories from Pandit Natesa Sastri. The book’s foreword addresses how she was fascinated that folklorists from across the world saw so many countries have the same stories told in new ways, and she especially liked how the tales of India involved magic, gods and other elements. Born in 1860, Georgiana Kingscote was the daughter of a MP, and married when she was 24. Quickly after the wedding, Georgiana went to India with her new husband, Howard Kingscote, and the two had three children in 1886, 1887, and 1888. Shortly after her youngest child was born, Kingscote had two books published: Tales of the Sun, and The English Baby in India and How to Rear It.

She became fascinated with the local folklore her servants told her, but found that she didn’t have the complete versions, as the servants had learned “corrupt” stories from the local bazaar workers. Paṇḍit Natêśa Sástrî, a scholar of 18 languages and a former government worker in the Department of Art and Sculpture Archeology, helped her gather the true and authentic stories for Tales of the Sun. The fantasy and allure of the the stories the duo gathered is nothing compared to the life Kingscote was living in the pages of the British papers.

Shortly before Tales of the Sun was published, Howard Howard Kingscote had become a Colonel. The Kingscote family returned to England and lived in Dover. Georgiana’s first novel, The Woman Who Wouldn’t, was published to great reception and sold out quickly in 1895, but the real story was in the papers later. A scandal erupted as Georgiana began to let herself be supported by a number of wealthy men, including two Vicars, and a Lord Byron. She went bankrupt in 1899, and the press couldn’t get enough of the sordid details. She ran away to Switzerland with her children, one of whom became an Olympian tennis player. Upon her death in 1908, she had written 65 books.

THE BEGGAR AND THE FIVE MUFFINS

In a certain village there lived a poor beggar and his wife. The man used to go out every morning with a clean vessel in his hand, return home with rice enough for the day’s meal, and thus they lived on in extreme poverty.

One day a poor Mádharma Brâhmin invited the pair to a feast, and among Mádhas muffins (*tôśai*) are always a part of the good things on festive occasions. So during the feast the beggar and his wife had their fill of muffins. They were so pleased with them, that the woman was extremely anxious to prepare some muffins in her own house, and began to save a little rice every day from what her husband brought her for the purpose. When enough had been thus collected she begged a poor neighbour's wife to give her a little black pulse which the latter—praised be her charity—readily did. The faces of the beggar and his wife literally glowed with joy that day, for were they not to taste the long-desired muffins for a second time?

The woman soon turned the rice she had been saving, and the black pulse she had obtained from her neighbour into a paste, and mixing it well with a little salt, green chillies, coriander seed and curds, set it in a pan on the fire; and with her mouth watering all the while, prepared five muffins! By the time her husband had returned from his collection of alms, she was just turning out of the pan the fifth muffin! And when she placed the whole five muffins before him his mouth, too, began to water. He kept two for himself and two he placed before his wife, but what was to be done with the fifth? He did not understand the way out of this difficulty. That half and half made one, and that each could take two and a half muffins was a question too hard for him to solve. The beloved muffins must not be torn in pieces; so he said to his wife that either he or she must take the remaining one. But how were they to decide which should be the lucky one?

Proposed the husband:—"Let us both shut our eyes and stretch ourselves as if in sleep, each on a verandah on either side the kitchen. Whoever opens an eye and speaks first gets only two muffins; and the other gets three."

So great was the desire of each to get the three muffins, that they both abided by the agreement, and the woman, though her mouth watered for the muffins, resolved to go through the ordeal. She placed the five cakes in a pan and covered it over with another pan. She then carefully bolted the door inside and asking her husband to go into the east verandah, she lay down in the west one. Sleep she had none, and with closed eyes kept guard over her husband: for if he spoke first he would have only two muffins, and the other three would come to her share. Equally watchful was her husband over her.

Thus passed one whole day—two—three! The house was never opened! No beggar came to receive the morning dole. The whole village began to enquire after the missing beggar. What had become of him? What had become of his wife?

"See whether his house is locked on the outside and whether he has left us to go to some other village," spoke the greyheads.

So the village watchman came and tried to push the door open, but it would not open!

"Surely," said they, "it is locked on the inside! Some great calamity must have happened. Perhaps thieves have entered the house, and after plundering their property, murdered the inmates."

"But what property is a beggar likely to have?" thought the village assembly, and not liking to waste time in idle speculations, they sent two watchmen to climb the roof and open the latch from the inside.

Meanwhile the whole village, men, women, and children, stood outside the beggar's house to see what had taken place inside. The watchmen jumped into the house, and to their horror found the beggar and his wife stretched on opposite verandahs like two corpses. They opened the door, and the whole village rushed in. They, too, saw the beggar and his wife lying so still that they thought them to be dead. And though the beggar pair had heard everything that passed around them, neither would open an eye or speak. For whoever did it first would get only two muffins!

At the public expense of the village two green litters of bamboo and cocoanut leaves were prepared on which to remove the unfortunate pair to the cremation ground.

"How loving they must have been to have died together like this!" said some greybeards of the village.

In time the cremation ground was reached, and village watchmen had collected a score of dried cowdung cakes and a bundle of firewood from each house, for the funeral pyre. From these charitable contributions *two* pyres had been prepared, one for the man and one for the woman. The pyre was then lighted, and when the fire approached his leg, the man thought it time to give up the ordeal and to be satisfied with only two muffins! So while the villagers were still continuing the funeral rites, they suddenly heard a voice:—

"I shall be satisfied with two muffins!"

Immediately another voice replied from the woman's pyre:—

"I have gained the day; let me have the three!"

The villagers were amazed and ran away. One bold man alone stood face to face with the supposed dead husband and wife. He was a bold man, indeed for when a dead man or a man supposed to have died comes to life, village people consider him to be a ghost. However, this bold villager questioned the beggars until he came to know their story. He then went after the runaways and related to them the whole story of the five muffins to their great amazement.

But what was to be done to the people who had thus voluntarily faced death out of love for muffins. Persons who had ascended the green litter and slept on the funeral pyre could never come back to the village! If they did the whole village would perish. So the elders built a small hut in a deserted meadow outside the village and made the beggar and his wife live there.

Ever after that memorable day our hero and his wife were called the muffin beggar, and the muffin beggar's wife, and many old ladies and young children from the village use to bring them muffins in the morning and evening, out of pity for them, for had they not loved muffin so much that they underwent death in life?

The Beggar and the Five Muffins

Once upon a time, there lived a poor beggar and his wife. With no livelihood, the husband would sit on the street and beg for their meal. Thus the couple survived to the next day from kindness of others.

One day, someone gave the couple a gift of muffins. This is was a considered luxury and

the two happily devoured the treat. Now having gotten a taste of muffins once, the couple decided to put some money aside so they might make their own. With their only source of income being donations, it took a long time to save enough to purchase the ingredients. When the big day finally came around, the wife was able to make five muffins with the ingredients they bought. They looked and smelled delicious. But there was a problem. There was two of them and five muffins, and neither wanted to split apart a muffin they had worked so hard putting together.

The husband suggested a solution. *“Let us lay down and close our eyes. Whomever opens their eyes first and speaks, only gets two muffins. The winner gets three.”* The wife finding this fair, agreed to the terms, and the pair laid down in silence.

A whole day passed. Then two. Neither had moved an inch. By the third day, the townsfolk became concerned by the sudden disappearance of their local beggar. Usually he was out and about, but for the past couple days no one had seen him. The townsfolk went to his shabby house and knocked on the door. Usually the beggar’s wife would have answered, but no one came to open the door. Concerned that foul play was at work, the villagers broke down the door to their house.

The couple still lay on the ground, trying to out wait the other. Three days without food and water had given the beggars a corpse like appearance. The townsfolk assumed that they had died of hunger, and began to make preparations to cremate them. The couple refused to budge, even as they were taken to the cremation grounds. Two pyres were made for the husband and wife. The bodies were laid down, some prayers were said over them, and the pyres were lit.

As the flames licked the husband’s feet, he realized he would be satisfied with just two muffins. *“I GIVE UP!”* came the cry from the husband’s pyre. *“HAHA! I WIN!”* Came the cry from the wife’s. And with that, the two corpse like figures escaped the flames.

The townsfolk were terrified by the corpses speaking, but soon realized that the couple had not actually been dead. This was confirmed when the beggar explained why they had remained so still. The townsfolk couldn’t believe this all happened over a muffin. The situation was all taken with good humor, as the villagers built a new home for the couple just outside of the town. A sign was hung over their door, it read *“Here lives the Muffin Beggar and the Muffin Beggar’s wife.”* From that day forward, old and young alike would bring them muffins and listen to their strange tale.

The End

Notes: There’s many versions of this story, but this was the one I enjoyed the most. This particular one originated in India. While the translation I had said “muffins” as well, it would be more accurate to say they ate a [dosa](#)-like dish- most likely [uttapam](#) from the ingredients they added. I ended up keeping muffins and making the particular location vague. Originally a new house had to be built because it’s unlucky to have someone that has gone through the funerary rituals living in the village.

The Brahmarâkshas and the Hair

In a certain village there lived a very rich landlord, who owned several villages, but was such a great miser that no tenant would willingly cultivate his lands, and those he had gave him not a little trouble. He was indeed so vexed with them that he left all his lands untilled, and his

tanks and irrigation channels dried up. All this, of course, made him poorer and poorer day by day. Nevertheless he never liked the idea of freely opening his purse to his tenants and obtaining their good will.

While he was in this frame of mind a learned Sanyâsi paid him a visit, and on his representing his case to him, he said:—

“My dear son,—I know an incantation (mantra) in which I can instruct you. If you repeat it for three months day and night, a Brahmarâkshas will appear before you on the first day of the fourth month. Make him your servant, and then you can set at naught all your petty troubles with your tenants. The Brahmarâkshas will obey all your orders, and you will find him equal to one hundred servants.”

Our hero fell at his feet and begged to be instructed at once. The sage then sat facing the east and his disciple the landlord facing the west, and in this position formal instruction was given, after which the Sanyâsi went his way.

The landlord, mightily pleased at what he had learnt, went on practising the incantation, till, on the first day of the fourth month, the great Brahmarâkshas stood before him.

“What do you want, sir, from my hands?” said he; “what is the object of your having propitiated me for these three months?”

The landlord was thunderstruck at the huge monster who now stood before him and still more so at his terrible voice, but nevertheless he said:—

“I want you to become my servant and obey all my commands.”

“Agreed,” answered the Brahmarâkshas in a very mild tone, for it was his duty to leave off his impertinent ways when any one who had performed the required penance wanted him to become his servant; “Agreed. But you must always give me work to do; when one job is finished you must at once give me a second, and so on.

If you fail I shall kill you.”

The landlord, thinking that he would have work for several such Brahmarâkshas, was pleased to see that his demoniacal servant was so eager to help him. He at once took him to a big tank which had been dried up for several years, and pointing it out spoke as follows:—

“You see this big tank; you must make it as deep as the height of two palmyra trees and repair the embankment wherever it is broken.”

“Yes, my master, your orders shall be obeyed,” humbly replied the servant and fell to work.

The landlord, thinking that it would take several months, if not years, to do the work in the tank, for it was two kos long and one kos broad, returned delighted to his home, where his people were awaiting him with a sumptuous dinner. When enemies were approaching the Brahmarâkshas came to inform his master that he had finished his work in the tank. He was indeed astonished and feared for his own life!

“What! finished the work in one day which I thought would occupy him for months and years; if he goes on at this rate, how shall I keep him employed. And when I cannot find it for him he will kill me!” Thus he thought and began to weep; his wife wiped the tears that ran down his face, and said:—

“My dearest husband, you must not lose courage. Get out of the Brahmarâkshas all the work you can and then let me know. I’ll give him something that will keep him engaged for a very very long time, and then he’ll trouble us no more.”

But her husband only thought her words to be meaningless and followed the Brahmarâkshas to see what he had done. Sure enough the thing was as complete as could be, so he asked him to plough all his lands, which extended over twenty villages! This was done in two ghaṭikâs! He next made him dig and cultivate all his garden lands. This was done in the twinkling of an eye! The landlord now grew hopeless.

“What more work have you for me?” roared the Brahmarâkshas, as he found that his master had nothing for him to do, and that the time for his eating him up was approaching.

“My dear friend,” said he, “my wife says she has a little job to give you; do it please now. I think that that is the last thing I can give you to do, and after it in obedience to the conditions under which you took service with me, I must become your prey!”

At this moment his wife came to them, holding in her left hand a long hair, which she had just pulled out from her head, and said:—

“Well, Brahmarâkshas, I have only a very light job for you. Take this hair, and when you have made it straight, bring it back to me.”

The Brahmarâkshas calmly took it, and sat in a pîpal tree to make it straight. He rolled it several times on his thigh and lifted it up to see if it became straight; but no, it would still bend! Just then it occurred to him that goldsmiths, when they want to make their metal wires straight, have them heated in fire; so he went to a fire and placed the hair over it, and of course it frizzled up with a nasty smell! He was horrified!

“What will my master’s wife say if I do not produce the hair she gave me?”

So he became mightily afraid, and ran away.

This story is told to explain the modern custom of nailing a handful of hair to a tree in which devils are supposed to dwell, to drive them away.

THE GARDENER’S CUNNING WIFE.

In a certain village there lived with his wife a poor gardener who cultivated greens in a small patch in the backyard of his house. They were in thirty little beds, half of which he would water every day. This occupied him from the fifth to the fifteenth *ghaṭikā*.

His wife used to cut a basketful of greens every evening, and he took them in the mornings to sell in the village. The sale brought him a measure or two of rice, and on this the family lived. If he could manage any extra work of an evening he got a few coppers which served to meet their other expenses.

Now in that village there was a temple to Kâlî, before which was a fine tank with a mango tree on its bank. The fish in the tank and the mangoes from the tree were dedicated to the goddess, and were strictly forbidden to the villagers. If any one was discovered cutting a mango or catching a fish, he was at once excommunicated from the village. So strict was the prohibition.

The gardener was returning home one morning after selling his greens and passed the temple. The mangoes, so carefully guarded by religious protection, were hanging on the tree in great numbers, and the gardener's eyes fell on them. His mouth watered. He looked round about him, and fortunately there was no one by, at least, as far as his eyes could reach. So he hastily plucked one of the mangoes and with nimble feet descended into the tank to wash it. Just then a most charming shoal of fish met his eyes. These protected dwellers in the tank had no notion of danger, and so were frolicking about at their ease. The gardener looked about him first and finding no one by caught half a dozen stout fish at one plunge of his hand. He hid them and the mango underneath the rice in his basket and returned home, happy in the thought that he had not been caught. Now he had a special delight in fish, and when he reached his house he showed what he brought to his wife and asked her to prepare a dish with the newly caught fish and the never-till-then tasted mango.

Meanwhile he had to water his garden, and went to the backyard for the purpose. The watering was done by a *pikôṭa*. He used to run up and down the pole while a friend of his, the son of his neighbour, lifted the water and irrigated the garden.

Meanwhile his wife cooked the dish of mango and fish in a pan, and found the flavour so sweet that even while the fish was only half cooked she began to taste one bit of it after another till more than half had already gone down her throat! The dish was at last cooked, and the few remaining slices in the pan were taken off the fire, so she went into the verandah and from thence saw her husband running up and down the *pikôṭa*. She beckoned to him that the dish was ready and that he should come in and taste it. However, he never noticed her, but kept on running up and down the *pikôṭa*, and while running up and down he was obliged to wave his hands about, and this his wife mistook as an indication that she might eat up her portion of the dish. At any rate her imagination made her think so; and she went in and ate a slice, and then went out into the verandah again to call her husband who was still running up and down the *pikôṭa*. Again, her husband, so she thought, waved his hands in permission to go on with her dinner. Again she went in and had another slice. Thus it went on for a full *ghaṭikā* till the last slice was consumed.

“Alas!” thought she, “With what great eagerness my husband fetched the fish and the mango, and how sadly, out of greediness, have I disappointed him. Surely his anger will know no bounds when he comes in. I must soon devise some means to save myself.”

So she brought the pan in which she cooked the fish and mango out of the house and covered it with another pan of similar size and sat down before it. Then she undid her hair and twisted it about her head until it was dishevelled. She then began to make a great noise. This action by a woman in an illiterate family of low caste is always supposed to indicate a visitation from a goddess and a demon; so when her husband from the *pikôta* tree saw the state of his wife, his guilty conscience smote him. The change in his wife alarmed him, and he came down suddenly and stood before her. As soon as she saw him she roared out at him:—

“Why have you injured me to-day by plundering my mango and fish? How dare you do such an irreligious act? You shall soon see the results of your impertinence!”

“The goddess has come upon my wife most terribly,” thought the poor man. “Her divine power may soon kill her! What shall I do?”

So he fell at the feet of the divine visitation as he thought it to be, and said:—

“My most holy goddess, your dog of a servant has this day deviated from the straight path. Excuse him this time, and he will never do so a second time.”

“Run then with the pan which contains the fruits of your robbery and dip it deep into my tank. Then shall the fish become alive and the mango shall take its place in the tree.”

The gardener received the order most submissively, and taking the pan in his hand flew to the tank. There he dipped it in the water and came back to his house fully believing that his sin that day had been forgiven, and that the cooked fish had become alive again and the mango a living one. Thus did the cunning wife save herself from her husband’s wrath!

[Web Resource: https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Tales_of_the_Sun/Chapter_21]

Light Brings Prosperity

There is a Tamil proverb *dîpam lakshmîkaram*, meaning, “light makes prosperity,” and the following story is related to explain it:—

In the town of Gôvindapâthî there lived a merchant named Paśupati Śeṭṭi, who had a son and a daughter. The son’s name was Vinîta and the daughter’s Garvî, and while still playmates they made a mutual vow, that in case they ever had children that could be married to each other, they would certainly see that this was done. Garvî grew up to marry a very rich merchant, and gave birth in due course to three daughters, the last of whom was named Sunguṇî. Vinîta, too, had three sons. Before, however, this brother and sister could fulfil their vow an event happened which threw a gloom over all their expectations.

Paśupati Śeṭṭi died, and his creditors—for he had many—grew troublesome. All his property had to be sold to clear his debts, and in a month or two after his father’s death Vinîta was

reduced to the condition of a penniless pauper. But being a sensible person he patiently bore up against his calamity, and tried his best to live an honest life on what little was left to him.

His sister Garvî was, as has been already said, married into a rich family, and when she saw the penniless condition of her brother the engagements she had entered into with him began to trouble her. To give or not to give her daughters in marriage to the sons of her brother! This was the question that occupied her thoughts for several months, till at last she determined within herself never to give poor husbands to her children. Fortunately for her, two young merchants of respectable family offered themselves to her two eldest daughters, she gladly accepted them and had the weddings celebrated. The last daughter, Suguṇî, alone remained unmarried.

Vinîta was sorely troubled in his heart at this disappointment, as he never thought that his sister would thus look down upon his poverty; but, being very sensible, he never interfered and never said a word. The vow of his childhood was, however, known to every one, and some came to sympathise with him; while others spoke in a criticising tone to Garvî for having broken her promise, because her brother had become poor through unforeseen circumstances. Their remarks fell on the ears of Suguṇî, who was as yet unmarried, and also was a very learned and sensible girl. She found her uncle Vinîta extremely courteous and respectful, and his sons all persons of virtue and good nature. The thought that her mother should have forgotten all these excellent and rare qualities in the presence of fleeting mammon (*asthiraiśvarya*) vexed her heart very greatly. So, though it is considered most contrary to etiquette for a girl in Hindû society to fix upon a boy as her husband, she approached her mother and thus addressed her:—

“Mother, I have heard all the story about your vow to your brother to marry us—myself and my sisters—to his sons, our cousins; but I am ashamed to see you have unwarrantably broken it in the case of my sisters. I cannot bear such shame. I cannot marry anyone in the world except one of my three cousins. You must make up your mind to give me your consent.”

Garvî was astonished to hear her youngest daughter talk thus to her.

“You wish to marry a beggar?” said she. “We will never agree to it, and if you persist we will give you away to your penniless pauper, but we will never see your face again.”

But Suguṇî persisted. So her marriage with the youngest son of Vinîta was arranged. He had never spoken a word about it to his sister, but he had waited to make matches for his children till all his sister’s daughters had been given away, and when he heard that Suguṇî was determined to marry his youngest son, he was very pleased. He soon fixed upon two girls from a poor family for his other sons, and celebrated the three weddings as became his position.

Suguṇî was as noble in her conduct as in her love for her poor cousin. She was never proud or insolent on account of having come from a rich family. Nor did she ever disregard her husband, or his brothers, or father.

Now Vinîta and his sons used to go out in the mornings to gather dried leaves which his three daughters-in-law stitched into plates (*patrâvalî*), which the male members of the family sold in the *bâzâr* for about four *paṇams* each. Sometimes these leaf-plates would go for more, sometimes for less; but whatever money the father-in-law brought home his daughters-in-law

used for the day's expense. The youngest of them was Suguṇî, who spent the money most judiciously, and fed her father-in-law and his sons sumptuously. Whatever remained she partook of with her two poor sisters-in-law, and lived most contentedly. And the family respected Suguṇî as a paragon of virtue, and had a [very great regard for her. Her parents, as they had threatened, never returned to see how their last, and of course once beloved, child was doing in her husband's home. Thus passed a couple of years.

One day the king of the town was taking an oil bath, and pulling a ring off his finger, left it in a niche in the open courtyard. A *garuḍa* (Brâhmaṇî kite) was at that moment describing circles in the air, and, mistaking the glittering rubies in the ring for flesh, pounced upon it and flew away. Finding it not to be flesh he dropped it in the house of Suguṇî's husband. She happened to be alone working in the courtyard, while her sisters-in-law and the others were in different parts of the house. So she took up the sparkling ring and hid it in her lap.

Soon afterwards she heard a proclamation made in the street that the king had lost a valuable ring, and that any person who could trace it and give it back to him should obtain a great reward. Suguṇî called her husband and his brothers and thus addressed them:—

“My lord and brothers, I have the king's ring. Exactly at midday a *garuḍa* dropped it in our courtyard and here it is. We must all go to the king, and there, before you three, I shall deliver up the ring, explaining how I got it. When his majesty desires me to name my reward I shall do so, and beg of you never to contradict or gainsay my desires, if they appear very humble in your opinion.”

The brothers agreed, and they all started for the palace. They had a very great respect for Suguṇî and expected a good result from this visit to the king.

The palace was reached, and the ring was given back to the king with the explanation. His majesty was charmed at the modesty and truthfulness of Suguṇî, and asked her to name her reward.

“My most gracious sovereign! King of kings! Supreme lord! Only a slight favour thy dog of a servant requests of your majesty. It is this, that on a Friday night all the lights in the town be extinguished, and not a lamp be lit even in the palace. Only the house of thy dog of a servant must be lighted up with such lights as it can afford.”

“Agreed, most modest lady. We grant your request, and we permit you to have the privilege you desire this very next Friday.”

Joyfully she bowed before his majesty, and returned with her husband and the others to her house. She then pledged the last jewel she had by her and procured some money.

Friday came. She fasted the whole day, and as soon as twilight approached she called both the brothers of her husband, and thus addressed them:—

“My brothers, I have made arrangements for lighting up our house with one thousand lamps to-night. One of you, without ever closing your eyes for a moment, must watch the front of our house and the other the back. If a woman of a graceful appearance and of feminine majesty wishes you to permit her to enter it, boldly tell her to swear first never to go out again. If she solemnly agrees to this, then permit her to come in. If in the same way any

woman wishes to go out, make a similar condition that she must swear never to return at any time in her life.”

What Suguṇî said seemed ridiculous to the brothers; but they allowed her to have her way, and waited to see patiently what would take place.

The whole town was gloomy that night, except Suguṇî’s house; for, by order of his majesty, no light was lit in any other house. The *Ashṭalakshmîs*—the Eight Prosperities—entered the town that night and went house by house into every street. All of them were dark, and the only house lit up was Suguṇî’s. They tried to enter it, but the brother at the door stopped them and ordered them to take the oath. This they did, and when he came to understand that these ladies were the Eight Prosperities, he admired the sagacity of his brother’s wife.

A *nimisha* after the eight ladies had gone in, there came out of the house a hideous female and requested permission to go, but the brother at the back would not permit this unless she swore never to come back again. She solemnly swore, and the next moment he came to know that she was *Mûdêvî*, or Adversity, the elder sister of Prosperity.

For she said:—“My sisters have come. I cannot stay here for a minute longer. God bless you and your people. I swear by everything sacred never to come back.”

And so, unable to breathe there any longer, Adversity ran away.

When the morning dawned, the Prosperities had already taken up a permanent abode with the family. The rice bag became filled. The money chest overflowed with money. The pot contained milk. And thus plenty began to reign in Suguṇî’s house from that day. The three brothers and her father-in-law were overjoyed at the way Suguṇî had driven away their poverty for ever, and even Suguṇî’s parents did not feel it a disgrace to come and beg their daughter’s pardon. She nobly granted it and lived with all the members of her family in prosperity for a long life.

It is a notion, therefore, among orthodox Hindûs, that light in the house brings prosperity, and darkness adversity.

Web Resource:

[https://www.worldoftales.com/Asian_folktales/Indian_folktale_63.html#gsc.tab=0]

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