

And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My Lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her." But Twashtri cried: "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried: "I can not live with her!" "Neither can you live without her!" replied Twashtri.

And the man was sorrowful, murmuring: "Woe is me! I can neither live with nor without her."

To these classical lines I add classical annotations and scholia by an introductory line as confirmatory of the last sentence in the above.

Nec tecum vivere possum nec sine te. From a scriptural source I add a few lines expressive of feminine trust, humiliation and loyalty, and so charming are the words that you, reader, can, with me, in our vision behold a Cleopatra or a Lucretia:

"If I please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing to his eyes." Yes, one cannot picture this woman as a suffragist—a P———a husbandette—or was she "like the bird whose pinions quake, but cannot fly the gazing snake?"

In Marmion, canto vi, you will find: "O, woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, and variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made—when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!" Yes, truly as the scholar wrote: "*Tu quoties aegri frontem dolor improbus angit, fungeris angelico sola ministerio,*"—but listen how Marie Corelli dopes her sisters out, yet not as God has made them:

"Frizzled, padded, shameless creatures!
Dyed, with painted, powdered features!
Furbishing your faded faces,
Covering all hollow places,
Thin and scraggy, semi-bald,
'Lovely' woman, you are called."

It may be stated that a young M.D. should not let his virgin youth be captivated by such "store" goods, anyway. Some one has said: "A man loves two women in his life—the one he doesn't marry breaks his heart; the one he does marry breaks his pocket-book, and still he is not happy," and according to the *Atchison Globe*, "After a woman has been married to a man six months, she begins to feel a romantic interest in the man she didn't marry."