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with anything so modern as a jealous husband. Hers was dawning on her in that light. She could not flatter herself that the suspicious vigilance of her matrimonial lord was the distorted expression of a too engrossed affection. She realized it as the selfish greed for absolute domination which is compatible with the narrowest of natures. Compared to this degrading jealousy, which she quickly came to rate as malignant, her husband's tendency to stimulants, which also cropped out during this stay in Cairo, seemed almost forgivable. Yet drink produced in Lucien Bonvale that dry, insolent irritability which is one of its unpleasantest effects.

As Clarice Bonvale's eager young soul rebelled under the scourge of this double revelation a dull mist seemed to obscure the effulgent radiance of the orient, and an iron thorn pricked through its sensuous indolence. She was a soft, innocent young thing, capable of heaven only knew what possibilities. Until now rose leaves had strewn her way through life, and homage to her wonderful beauty had been a stimulating incense to her brain if not to her heart. She had always had her mother hitherto. Now she had only her husband. That she should so phrase it to herself filled her with a childlike shrinking and despair. Never before had her soul known this helpless loneliness. It is a desolating thing for a proud, ardent young wife to learn that she has married a stranger who, as her husband, is rapidly becoming a bereaving acquaintance.

There was a dumb cry in her heart for some touch of human sympathy, for the soothing support which affection exhales. This poignant isolation was enhanced by her surroundings. The gayety of the hotel people; the superficial splendor, almost nakedness, of the orient's color; the melancholy of the tombs, mournful memorials of a human kind associated with so remote a past as to be merged in the mythical; the stolid insensibility of the sitting figures in the many shops of the great bazaar, from which drifted perfumes

and the warm glow, the acrid smell, the scurrying flight of bats and the smoky flare of the torches in these subterranean chambers.

"What is an Apis bull? And why should it have a tomb?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, when they found a bull with certain markings the priests made the people think Osiris had gone into him, and they adored the beast," replied Bonvale, quite content with this degree of erudition on the subject.

Mrs. Bonvale informed herself somewhat more about the Apis bulls. If she was going to the Serapeum, the necropolis of defunct bovines at Memphis, she chose to know what claim this sacrosanct herd could have on the attention of an intelligent New England girl of today. She would hardly have been a true product of her environment had she regarded with aught but quiet disdain the solemn mockery of worship which lay in adoring the benevolent Osiris reincarnated in a bull, no matter what its erotic markings. Yet ages before Christ had come to flood the chambers of the mind with his mystic light the early kings of Egypt had fostered the recollection of their highest divinity by presenting to the somber Egyptians "him who slept at Philae," renaescent in a lordly bull.

Her imagination at least found aesthetic delight in picturing the majestic creature with its lustrous, silky hide, the symbolic triangle standing white upon its brow, the hair of its back swirling to simulate an eagle, the snowy crescent flashing on its stalwart flank and beneath its pink tongue the knot which fancy called the mark of the scarab, the sacred insect of Ptah.

What a destiny for a bull—to be taken from the common herd and installed as a god, cared for with infinite attention during life and after death embalmed at enormous expense and enshrined in a costly sarcophagus! If the revered animal rounded a quarter of a century it was imposingly killed. If death came to it before that time all Egypt mourned, and sorrow settled on the land like a pall. So charmingly



IT WAS HEART ANSWERING HEART.

half—to summarily eject the god who proved a faithful tenant and to bewail him if he did otherwise!

Brought in by King Kameos nearly 5,000 years before Christ, the last of the Apis bulls had passed out of Egypt to be brought to the Emperor Julian II. A. D. 362. Yet through the centuries their preserved exuviae had held stately possession of the Serapeum—were waiting there for her to come where they held their silent court.

So much lavished on a beast of the field, and she, made in the likeness of God, looked in vain for sympathy, some touch of human interest that might ease her aching heart! What a mockery! This bull, flower of the herd, by force of his lordly markings raised to the pinnacle of a nation's adoration! She whom beauty had as sharply separated from the others of her sex had gained by this gift a husband whose highest form of regard was an intolerable jealousy, a life partner who was already numbing the eager vitality of her girl's heart and making it cry out to itself in the yearning of its loneliness. Why should the heart spontaneously put forth tendrils if there was naught which they might grasp for support, no other heart to which they could cling, strengthening and strengthened by the preordained clasp?

Such was the heaven of thought in the hungering soul of Clarice Bonvale as she sailed up the ten miles of river that lay between Cairo and Memphis on the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apis bulls. The trip should have been an enchanting one. Streaming sunshine, vivid color and air that would have rejoiced spring buds lent sweetness to the Egyptian day. But the mill of her heart was grinding fine its grist of bitterness. In the near foreground of every view, even the long vista of existence, stood a human being whose shadow fell upon her soul with blighting chill.

They landed at Sakkarah and made the short transit to the tombs on donkeys. Clarice smiled faintly as she felt that the kindest emotion awakened in her by this land of Ptolemies and the resplendent Cleopatra was due to this same small beast of burden—strong, diminutive, with demure relish of its gorgeous trappings.

The tombs of the Apis bulls were as depressing as she had imagined. Out

strangely sensuous, but poorly invigorating; even the thin, penetrating cry of the muzzins, perched like human storks on the slender minarets and inciting the Moslem to mechanical devotions with their reiterated "Alla Akbar, Alla Akbar! La Allah il Allah! Heyya alallah!" the narrow, dirty alleys, the garish Paris suggestiveness in so much of the khedive's capital—all seemed to drain her heart and leave in it a heavier burden of aching void.

The same numbing undercurrent of sadness ran through their excursions to the excavations, trips on the oily calm or sluggishly ruffled Nile, drives to Gezireh, the pyramids, sphinxes, columns or what not.

Some one has said: "The east is a land of mystery. If one cares for it at all one loves it. There is no half way. If one does not love it one really hates it and all its ways." Clarice Bonvale did not love it. She saw it all with her husband. She had come to feel him a disturbing figure in the foreground of every scene, even the widely extending one of life.

"Those ranges of boats with their curved yards make me think of great dry sedges bent by the wind, and those tall, tufted palms look like gigantic feather dusters stuck in the sand," she remarked once to Bonvale, with a short little laugh. They were sailing on the Nile, the yellow Libyan hills in the distance.

The quick wrinkle came into his smooth forehead, and there was the disgusted compression of his lips.

"You ought to learn to take things as you find them," he said, with an irritated, monitory air.

The girl's mouth quivered to a slight, proud smile, but formed no answer. She had already begun to take Lucien Bonvale as she found him, but her resentment at having to do so was not therefore the less.

She was looking forward with sharp desire to the hour of their departure. If she fell in unprotestingly with Mr. Bonvale's proposition to go here or there it was with the relieving sense that one more reason for remaining would be exhausted. In this spirit she assented to his wish to "do" the tombs of the Apis bulls. She hated tombs more than anything—first because she was too alive not to detest the thought of death, and then because she bath-

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