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gether the last person to be a figure in adventure or romance.

But for a long time her face, which truly had been very lovely, retained a certain comeliness, so that strangers seeing her for the first time were likely to look a second time and tell each other: "There's a woman must have been quite good-looking once."

And for even a longer time her mind retained a certain native liveliness, so that in the evenings, when at last her scores and scores of children were in bed and she had an hour to herself, with nothing to do but straighten out her children's clothing and mend what needed mending and tell Ali where his pipe was and his tobacco, she liked to give free rein to her imagination and live over in her mind the strange adventures she might have had.

And once in a great while, for the road was longish and her breath was shortish, she liked to walk out where, to the north of Ashmunein, stand the considerable remnants of Thout's temple. And she liked to sit down in the quiet court of the temple, for its quiet was a help to thought, and she could indulge in a placid reverie there and dream over the