

**A TANTALUS CUP;  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649507979

A Tantalus Cup; A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by Mrs. Harry Bennett-Edwards

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MRS. HARRY BENNETT-EDWARDS**

**A TANTALUS CUP;  
A NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**



# A TANTALUS CUP.

A Novel.

BY  
MRS. HARRY BENNETT-EDWARDS.

" Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though strong and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."  
LONGFELLOW.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



London:  
SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,  
10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1879.

*[All Rights Reserved.]*



823  
E d 77t  
v. 3

## A TANTALUS CUP.



### CHAPTER I.

ELLIS stayed at the Langham Hotel all the next day, waiting and hoping for Zaré's coming. As she had laid aside the passion for gambling, and followed him to London, she would not surely be driven away because she had seen him bending over Enid, and holding her hand in his. He argued :

If her love was so strong as to have brought her to his side when she had vowed

to devote herself to play for the winning back of her *palazzo* and all its treasures ; if in the face of this enticement she had torn herself away from it all, and come back to him, she would surely conquer the less irresistible passion of jealousy. Less irresistible ! Ellis did not know that of all the passions with which the spirits of evil have endowed a woman, there is none so irresistible as jealousy. It seizes upon her body and soul, it turns her brain, distorts her mind, poisons her whole system. She is mad. A jealous woman knows no more what she is doing than the poor maniac in the asylum ; or if she knows, she does not care, which is the same thing. She will walk straightway into the midst of the fire, if she fancies that she can cause her enemy an extra torture by standing at her side and being consumed



with her. There is no imagining too unreasonable, no absurdity too gross, to encourage the growth of that fetid fungus—jealousy. It comes to maturity in a night; not one shoot, but twenty; they grow and spread, and poison the beautiful plant on which they appear, till it becomes loathsome to behold.

Yes, she is mad, the woman whom jealousy has cursed with its presence. She is more dangerous than the drunkard, for spirits bring feebleness at last, but jealousy super-human strength; she is more to be feared than the maniac, for you cannot put her in chains, and shut her out from all contact with other men. She is free to kill her thousands; there is no law against such murder as she commits; she may slay husband, children, parents, herself. She

does slay them; she drops the poison into the cup of their life's happiness, till they die. She starves her children for lack of the love, the care, the protection for which they cry to her, while her whole thoughts, her whole energies, are directed to nursing and feeding her own jealous passion. She is a murderer. She curses her husband's life till he raises his hand against himself or her; not the hand of flesh and blood perhaps, but the hand which brings death in life, the hand of moral desperation, the suicidal hand of recklessness. It may fall upon himself, or her, or both; its ruinous strength is unlimited. She does not care; he has wronged her!—some one has wronged her! it matters not who—she will be avenged!

But worse than all, the poison of jealousy makes blind its victim. She cannot see

whether there be cause or no cause, whether truth or fancy gave it birth; she cannot reason or accept demonstration; no light can penetrate the jealous brain but the hideous green and yellow light of its own reflected ugliness.

It is the bane of all society.

It is the great blot which stains and blurs so many women's beauty. It is the curse of our sex. Let us fight against it.

But Zaré never came. Ellis spent the day with Enid; they lived in the past again, in perfect unity of thought and oneness of spirit. Only the love element was wanting; for Ellis was glad to feel himself a friend, and a friend only. The lover had been a difficult part to play, save on a few rare occasions. But he discovered how truly she had loved him, he saw how she had moulded