

or whenever you choose; to day to day your time belongs to this letter, interrupted wilhelm. that is only natural. the messenger has performed his commission, and the music master will try his fortune with you another time. as soon as the young man had gone, maria went to her room, sat down at the window, hurriedly opened her husbands letter and read: my dear and faithful wife meister wilhelm corneliussohn, of leyden, will bring you this letter. i am well, but it was hard for me to leave you on the anniversary of our wedding day. the weather is very bad. i found the prince in sore affliction, but we dont give up hope, and if god helps us and every man does his duty, all may yet be well. i am obliged to ride to dortrecht to day. i have an important object to accomplish there. have patience, for several days must pass before my return. if the messenger from the council inquires, give him the papers lying on the right hand side of the writing table under the smaller leaden weight. remember me to barbara and the children. if money is needed, ask van hout in my name for the rest of the sum due me; he knows about it. if you feel lonely, visit his wife or frail von nordwyk; they would be glad to see you. buy as much meal, butter, cheese, and smoked meat, as is possible. we dont know what may happen. take barbaras advice relying upon your obedience, your faithful husband, peter adrianssohn hear the referee; he could hear jack english. jack was pleading good old jack begging him to get up. apparently jack didnt know that the roof had come down and stopped the fight. but the referee would he toll on endlessly before he noticed it he should know; hed been close at hand when it happened. he felt a warm emotion, a sense of comradeship, for the referee. hed surely been square; hed made holliday break clean. he felt an impulse to joke with the referee, to banter him, and bid him count a million if he wanted to. and then another thought. how easily he was thinking with what precision yellow they might think him yellow, even if the roof had fallen, if he didnt get up. they might think at that he rolled over and discovered that there were miles of bodiless space between his head and his feet. it made the latter hard to handle, but he managed it doggedly. he climbed to his knees and wavered erect. and on the stroke of ten holliday smashed him down again. yellow well, hed get right up this time. he started to; he even staggered after holliday who now appeared to be the one who wouldnt stand and fight, when he felt english dragging him back. even english was against him. holding his arms bound hed lose he lashed out at english; and then, like a distant echo, he remembered the sound of a bell. he let them put him upon his stool and stretch him out. let them work over him frantically. the brick from the roof apparently had cut above one eye, almost to the bone. but english was fixing it good old english he shouldnt have lost his temper and swung on english like that. english was propping the lid open and sticking it so with adhesive. and then there was the bell. how light his legs felt, and his arms and hed doubted that the adhesive would do much; with the first savage slash holliday tore it away among which she was lying as in a soft green bed, while near the sword lay a sparkling blue lake and behind it rose beautiful swelling hills, with red cliffs, and green groves, and meadows bright in the clear sunshine. a clear sky, across which a soft breeze gently blew light silvery flakes of cloud, bent over the lovely but fleeting picture, which she could not compare with anything she had ever seen near her own home. she had only slept for a short time, but when, once more thoroughly awake, she rubbed her eyes, she thought her dream must have lasted for hours. one flame of the three branched lamp had flickered into extinction and the wick of another was beginning to waste. she hastily put it out with a pair of tongs that hung by a chain, and then after pouring fresh oil into the lamp that was still burning she carried the light into her fathers sleeping room. he had not yet returned. she was seized with a mortal terror. had the architects wine bereft him of his senses had he on his way back to his rooms been seized with a fresh attack of giddiness in spirit she saw the heavy man incapable of raising himself, dying perhaps where he had fallen. no choice remained to her; she must go at once to the hall of the muses and see what had happened to her father, pick him up, give him help or if he still were feasting endeavor to tempt him back by any excuse she could find. everything was at stake; her fathers life and with it maintenance and shelter for eight helpless creatures. the december night was stormy, a