

liked to leave the pictures in the cab but feared there might be some occasion when he would have to let the painter see he still had them. so he had the pictures taken to his office and locked them in the lowest drawer of his desk so that he could at least keep them safe from the deputy directors view for the next few days. bloc, the businessman dismissing the lawyer had at last made the decision to withdraw his defence from the lawyer. it was impossible to remove his doubts as to whether this was the right decision, but this was outweighed by his belief in its necessity. this decision, on the day he intended to go to see the lawyer, took a lot of the strength he needed for his work, he worked exceptionally slowly, he had to remain in his office a long time, and it was already past ten o'clock when he finally stood in front of the lawyers front door. even before he rang he considered whether it might not be better to give the lawyer notice by letter or telephone, a personal conversation would certainly be very difficult. nonetheless, did not actually want to do without it, if he gave notice by any other means it would be received in silence or with a few formulated words, and unless leni could discover anything would never learn how the lawyer had taken his dismissal and what its consequences might be, in the lawyers not unimportant opinion. but sitting in front of him and taken by surprise by his dismissal, would be able easily to infer everything he wanted from the lawyers face and behaviour, even if he could not be induced to say very much. it was not even out of the question that might, after all, be persuaded that it would be best to leave his defence to the lawyer and withdraw his dismissal. as usual, there was at first no response to his ring at the door. leni could be a bit quicker, thought but he could at least be glad there was nobody else interfering as usually happened, be it the man in his nightshirt or anyone else who might bother him. as pressed on the button for the second time he looked among the noble works of the most splendid period of art, which already fill the caesareum, but i will do my best. the lions will be admirable, cried antonius with a glance of pride at his brother. nothing like them has been done by any one these ten years, and i know the alexandrians. if the masters work is praised that is made out of granite from the holy mountain, all the world will have granite from thence and from no where else. it all depends on whether the transport of the stone to the sea can be made less difficult and costly. let us try it then, said petrus, who during his sons talk had walked up and down before them in silence. let us try the building of the bridge in the name of the lord. we will work out the road if the municipality will declare themselves ready to bear half the cost; not otherwise, and i tell you frankly, you have both grown most able men. the younger son grasped his fathers hand and pressed it with warm affection to his lips. petrus hastily stroked his brown locks, then he offered his strong right hand to his eldest born and said: we must increase the number of our slaves. call your mother, polykarp. the youth obeyed with cheerful alacrity, and when dame dorothea who was sitting at the loom with her daughter marthana and some of her female slaves saw him rush into the womens room with a glowing face, she rose with youthful briskness in spite of her stout and dignified figure, and called out to her son: he has approved of your plans bridge and all, mother, everything, cried the young man. finer granite for my lions, than my father has picked out for me is nowhere to be found, and how glad i am for antonius only we must have patience about the roadway. he wants to speak to euphemia money as a gift; she wouldnt accept it on any condition. i know her quite well enough to be sure of that. but if i was to offer her twenty pounds for it, and tell her it must always stop here, and that she could buy it back from me when she was able, i think she would feel such an offer to be a godsend, and accept it readily. yes, westray said dubitatively; i suppose it couldnt be construed into attempting to outwit her, could it it seems rather funny at first sight to get her to sell a picture for twenty pounds for which others have offered fifty pounds. no, i dont think so, replied the organist. it wouldnt be a real sale at all, you know, but only just a colour for helping her. well, as you have been kind enough to ask my advice, i see no further objection, and think it very good of you to show such thoughtfulness for poor miss joliffe. thank you, said the organist hesitatingly thank you; i had hoped you would take that view of the matter. there is a further little difficulty: i am as poor as a church