

江苏省高等教育自学考试教材

# ENGLISH EXTENSIVE READING

(1)

南京师范大学外文系编

江苏省自学考试指导委员会办公室

# 前 言

一九八四年五月我系编选的英语泛读教材在提高英语自学者的阅读水平方面起了一定的积极作用。经过两年试用，根据广大读者的意见，现在做了一些变动，说明如下：

一、考虑到自学者的需要，修订本附有注释和思考题，可以帮助读者加深理解，掌握重点，提高自学效果。

二、选材注重知识性和趣味性，力求体裁多样，题材广泛，语言生动，浅显易懂，以短篇为主。

三、根据由浅入深，由易到难的原则，对一些篇幅作了调整，如“The Call of the Wild”原是第三册的教材，因其文字较浅易，已编入第一册中。而“The Rise and Fall of Hitler”一篇中的生词过多，初学者会感到一定困难，因此编入第三册。

四、考虑到新旧教材交替的困难，修订本中保留了原教材中读者喜爱的、名作家优秀作品的简写本，如大仲马的《黑郁金香》、克罗宁的《青春的岁月》、布朗蒂的《简·爱》等。

五、修订本一、二册增加了科普文章，可以帮助读者丰富科普知识，扩大词汇量，并了解科技文章的特点。

本书共四册，是本省高等教育自学考试英语专业（专科段）应试者的必读课本，它可供高校英语专业一、二年级学生作泛读教材用，还可作为各类职业、业余大学学生提高英语阅读水平的辅助教材，以及中学教师进修的辅助读物。

参加本书编写工作的有（按姓氏笔划为序）于忠喜、印金凤、张淑珠、环福泉、袁仲方和高维正副教授等同志，并由付教授黄鹂、陈新共同审订。郝振益付教授曾对本书提过宝贵意见，我们表示感谢。由于我们经验不足，水平有限，书中可能有不妥之处，欢迎读者批评指正。

南京师范大学外文系英语专业基础课教研室

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# THE BLACK TULIP

Alexandre Dumas<sup>1</sup>

## Introduction

The Dutch are the people of Holland. They grow many beautiful flowers. Their flowers are famous all over the world. This story is about a man who tried to <sup>do</sup> grow a black tulip. Tulips are flowers which stand up very straight and have many beautiful colours.

Cornelius Van Baerle was a rich young man who passed his time <sup>doing</sup> growing tulips. He grew many kinds of tulips of different colours from any that had been grown before. Most of all, he wanted to grow a black tulip, because there was a big prize offered for the first man who could grow a black tulip.

Cornelius had an enemy named Isaac Boxtel. He also was a tulip-grower and he was afraid that Cornelius would <sup>try to</sup> get the prize before him, so he went to the offices of government and told stories against Cornelius, and Cornelius was sent to prison. The daughter of the prison-keeper was Rosa. Cornelius and Rosa fell in love and Rosa helped Cornelius to go on growing his tulip. One proud and happy day Rosa was able to bring a new black tulip to show to Cornelius, but soon afterwards Rosa and Cornelius were very unhappy—someone had stolen the black tulip! Of course it was Isaac Boxtel, and he went off with it as fast as he could to Haarlem, where the prize was to be given. Rosa followed him...but I shall not tell you the end of the story.

The brothers De Witte who come into the story were real people, and they were killed just as it says in the book. The <sup>Prince</sup> Prince of Orange, who comes into the story, later became King William III of England. <sup>君主, 诸侯, 太子, 王子</sup>

The Black Tulip was written by a famous French writer, Alexandre Dumas (1802—1870). He also wrote The Count of Monte Cristo.

## A Happy Man

In the little town of Dort in Holland, the year 1672, there lived a really happy man. There are very few really happy men in the world, but Cornelius Van Baerle was one of these very few.

Cornelius began life as a doctor, but when his father died he gave up that work. Van Baerle's father had gained a lot of money as a trader. When he was near death he said to his son, Cornelius, "Be happy. Working all day in an office is not a happy life. Do not be like me, a trader. Do not be like Cornelius De Witte, a politician, for he will certainly <sup>[L'treidə]</sup> end in trouble. Live quietly and, above all, be happy." <sub>商人, 政治家</sub>

So Cornelius Van Baerle remained in the large house. He did not know how to pass the time, so he began to grow tulips. At this time people were very interested in the growing of tulips and great prizes were offered to anyone who could grow some new kind—a tulip of some new shape or new colour. Van Baerle grew three new kinds of tulip: he called them Jane (after his mother), Van Baerle (after his father), and Cornelius (after Cornelius De Witte, his father's friend).

In the next house to Van Baerle lived a man named Isaac Boxtel. He also was a tulip grower, but he was not rich. He worked very hard—and he hated Van Baerle. He was afraid that this rich man might grow better tulips than his own. He looked over the garden wall and watched everything that Van Baerle did. He even bought a <sup>[L'teliskaupl]</sup> telescope so that he might look into the window of Van Baerle's house and see him <sup>[L'si:d]</sup> working with his seeds and <sup>[L'bulb]</sup> bulbs. (Tulips are grown from bulbs.) When he saw Van Baerle's garden filled <sub>种子 球茎</sub> with the most beautiful flowers, he tyed two cats together and dropped them over the wall at night. The cats broke down all the flowers.

Van Baerle then put a watchman in the garden to guard his flowers against cats (for he did not know that Boxtel had put the cats there).

Just at this time a prize was offered to anyone who could grow a black tulip without any other colour on it at all. The prize offered was one hundred thousand <sup>[L'gildər]</sup> guilders. <sub>壹千盾 (荷兰货币单位)</sub>

Van Baerle set to work. He grew deep red tulips. Then, from these dark

red tulips, he got brown tulips. Next year he had very dark brown tulips.

Boxtel had, up to this time, only got tulips of a light brown colour. He was very angry. He was so angry that he could not work. He could do nothing but watch Van Baerle. He sat at his telescope and looked at Van Baerle working with his bulbs and seeds so as to mix one kind of tulip with another. The more Boxtel watched Van Baerle the more he hated him.

And just at this time Cornelius De Witte arrived in the town.

## 2

### Secret Papers

Cornelius De Witte reached Van Baerle's house one evening in the month of January, 1672. He looked at the whole house; he saw everything. Then he said, "I wish to be alone with you for a few minutes."

"Come to my seed room," said Van Baerle.

All this time Boxtel was watching everything through his telescope.

Van Baerle took a lamp and led De Witte to the seed room. Here was a large box in which the seeds and bulbs were kept. Boxtel watched through his telescope more carefully than ever! He saw the light come into the room. He saw De Witte and knew who he was (for Cornelius De Witte was well known as a leader of the government).

De Witte said a few words to Van Baerle. Boxtel could not tell what those words were. Then De Witte took out a number of papers all tied together. De Witte gave the papers to Van Baerle. It was clear that the papers were very important. Boxtel thought that they were papers written about matters of government. But why (thought Boxtel) were government papers given to Van Baerle who was not interested in public matters at all?

Boxtel knew that the public did not like Cornelius De Witte. Every month they hated him more. Perhaps those papers were some secret of the government which De Witte did not wish to have known<sup>2</sup>.

Van Baerle took the papers and put them in a box with his bulbs. De Witte then said something; he shook Van Baerle's hand. They went out of the room. Soon afterwards De Witte went out into the street.

Boxtel was right in his thoughts. The papers which De Witte gave to Van Baerle were letters to the King of France. But De Witte was careful not to



tell his friend what was in the papers. He only asked him to keep them carefully and not to give them up to anyone except himself or a person whom he might send.

Van Baerle put the papers away in the box and thought no more about them.

### 3

## De Witte Sends a Message

The Hague was the chief city of Holland. On August 20th, 1672, its streets were full of men carrying guns. They were all hurrying towards the prison.

Just outside the prison was a company of horsemen keeping back the crowd, and inside the prison were Cornelius De Witte and his brother, John De Witte.

"On to the prison!" shouted the crowd. "The brothers De Witte shall not escape! Kill them!"

The soldiers outside the prison <sup>immediately</sup> remained unmoved. <sup>你等保持, 继续存在.</sup> 剩下, 没有

"Kill the brothers De Witte!" shouted the crowd. <sup>立即不动, (楼) 牢, 坚决打, 坚决打</sup>

The captain of the soldiers rode forward.

"What do you want?" he said.

"We want the brothers De Witte! We want to kill them!"

"My orders," said the captain, "are to allow no one near the prison, and if you come any nearer, I shall shoot!"

The crowd drew back. <sup>后退. pt of draw</sup>

Inside the prison Cornelius De Witte was lying ill on a bed. John stood by his side.

"Dear Cornelius," he said, "are you better? I have a carriage near the back of the prison, all ready for your escape."

"Death to the brothers De Witte," shouted the crowd.

"I hear the noise of a crowd," said Cornelius.

"Yes," answered John, "they are crying out against us because of our letters to the French king. Where are those letters?"

"I have left them with Van Baerle," answered Cornelius. "He lives at Dort."

"Van Baerle!" cried John. "Poor Van Baerle! He knows nothing about these matters. But, if the letters are found in his house, he will be killed or put in prison."

"Death to the brothers De Witte!" shouted the crowd from below.

"Those letters must be burnt," said John. "We must send orders to Van Baerle to burn them."

"Whom can we send?" said Cornelius.

"Send Craeke, my servant. He is here," answered John.

There was a book on the table. Cornelius took it. He took a page from the book and wrote on it.

Cornelius De Witte wrote this letter on the page of the book,

"My dear Van Baerle,

Please burn the letters which I gave you without looking at them. It is not safe for you to know what is written in them. Burn them and you will save the lives and good name of Cornelius and John De Witte.

Cornelius De Witte.

"August 20th, 1672."

John took the letter and gave it to Craeke.

The noise of the crowd was louder. "Death to the brothers De Witte!"

"Come," said John, "we must go."

A man made his way through the crowd.

"I have an order from the government," said the man. "The order tells you to take away the soldiers."

The crowd came closer to the soldiers.

"Stop!" cried the officer, "Or I shall shoot."

"It is an order," shouted the man. "It is an order to you to take your men away."

"This means death to the brothers De Witte," said the officer, "but I must obey. Men! Right turn! Forward!"

The soldiers moved away.

#### 4

### Death in the Street

Cornelius De Witte got up from his bed; his brother John helped him. They left the room and went down the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs stood Rosa, daughter of the prison-keeper. She was a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age.

"I want to tell you something," said Rosa.



"What is it, my child?" said John De Witte.

"Do not go out into the street," said Rosa. "The soldiers are just moving away. The people will kill you if they see you."

"What shall we do?" asked Cornelius.

"Go out at the back gate," said Rosa. "It opens into a little lane, and I have told the driver of your carriage to wait for you there." [ein]

"The question is whether your father Gryphus, the prison-keeper, will open the door," said John.

"I know that he will not open it," said Rosa, "but I took his key. Here it is."

"My child," said Cornelius, "I cannot thank you enough. I have nothing to give you except the book which you will find in my room. I know that you cannot read, but perhaps someone will teach you. It is the last gift of a man who tried to save his country; I hope it will bring good to you."

"I thank you, sir," said Rosa. "I will keep it always. But I cannot read. I wish that I knew how to read."

The shouts from the crowd became louder.

"Come quickly," said Rosa.

They followed her down some stairs; they crossed a little yard. Rosa opened a small door and they passed out into the street.

"Good-bye, my child," said Cornelius and John.

"Go quickly," cried Rosa. "The people are breaking in the gate."

The carriage moved away. It came at last to the gate of the city.

"Open!" cried the driver. "Open the gate!"

"I cannot open it," said the gate-man. "The key has been taken away from me."

"We must try another gate," cried John.

The carriage turned. Some men came running round the corner. Others came running after them.

"Faster! Drive faster!" cried John.

The men stood across the road. "Stop!" they shouted.

The carriage went on. A man was thrown to the ground and the carriage passed over him. More people ran into the street. There was no way on.

"Stop!" cried John. "We must leave the carriage."

"There they are!" shouted the people.

A man struck one of the horses on the head and it fell down.

Others pulled John and Cornelius out of the carriage.

"My brother! Where is my brother?" cried John De Witte.

Cornelius was already lying dead in the road. A man put a gun to John's head but the gun did not fire. He raised the gun above his head and struck John to the ground.

Soon afterwards the bodies of the two brothers were hanging from a tree outside the prison.

The people had done their work!

## 5

### Van Baerle Goes to Prison

While the people of The Hague were killing Cornelius and John De Witte, Craeke was riding along the road to Dort. He left his horse in a hut and went on by a boat along the river. He soon saw Dort at the foot of a hill. There were fine red houses standing on the edge of the water, and on the side of the hill there was one house larger than the others near some tall trees. That was Van Baerle's house.

Craeke left the boat and went towards the house.

Cornelius Van Baerle was in his seed room looking at three bulbs which he held in his hand.

"I believe that I have found the Black Tulip!" he was saying. "I shall win the hundred thousand guilders offered for a black tulip. I shall give the money to the poor people of Dort. All the tulip growers in the world will know my name. The tulip shall be called 'The Black Tulip of Van Baerle'. Perhaps I will give only fifty thousand guilders to the poor and use the other fifty thousand to grow other tulips. Oh, my beautiful bulbs!"

Just at this moment the bell rang. A servant came to the door.

"Who is that?" asked Van Baerle.

"It is a man from The Hague; he has a letter for you. His name is Craeke."

"Craeke!" said Van Baerle. "That is the servant of John De Witte. Ask him to wait for a few minutes."

"I cannot wait," said Craeke, coming into the room so suddenly that two of the bulbs fall from Van Baerle's hand.

"What is the matter?" said Van Baerle.

"Why do you come in like that?"

"What is the matter? The matter is that you must read this paper at once," said Craeke.

"All right, my dear Craeke," said Van Baerle. "I will read your paper." He put the paper on the table; then he took up the bulbs from the floor. "Ah! they are not hurt," he said.

"Oh, sir! Sir!" said a servant, running into the room. "Go at once!"

"What is the matter now?" said Van Baerle.

"The house is full of soldiers," cried the servant.

"What do they want?" asked Van Baerle.

"They want you! You must go; go now. Jump out of the window!" cried the servant.

"I shall not jump out of the window," said Cornelius. "I should fall on my tulips in the garden."

He looked round to find some piece of paper in which he might put his three bulbs. He found the letter which Craeke had brought. Without thinking what the paper was, he put the three bulbs in the paper and hid them inside his coat.

An officer and six soldiers came into the room.

"Are you Cornelius Van Baerle?" said the officer.

"I am," said Cornelius.

"Give me the government letters which you have in your house."

"Letters! I don't know what you mean," said Van Baerle.

"I mean the letters which Cornelius De Witte left with you in January."

"Oh! I cannot give you those letters. My friend, Cornelius De Witte, asked me to give them to no one except himself or his servant."

"I order you to open that box," said the leader of the soldiers. "You will not do it? Then I shall open the box myself!"

The officer opened the box. He took the letters out of the box and looked at them.

"Well!" he said, "We were told that the letters were here, and here they are!"

"What do you mean?" said Van Baerle.

"Don't try to seem as if you did not know. You must come with me. You are my prisoner."

"What have I done? "

"The judge will tell you that," said the officer.

"Where is the prison?"

"At The Hague."

Van Baerle said good-bye to his servants, then he followed the officer and got into the carriage.

## Boxtel Follows

It was Boxtel who had told the <sup>sb</sup>government <sup>th</sup>about the letters in Van Baerle's house. Through his telescope he had seen Cornelius De Witte give the letters to Cornelius. He thought that these might be secret letters about matters of government.

"Oh!" he said, "I will tell the officers of the government about this. Then they will come and make Van Baerle a prisoner. As soon as he is taken away, I shall go into his house and find the bulbs of the Black Tulip, and get the hundred thousand guilders."

Boxtel saw the soldiers lead Van Baerle away. Evening came, and the servants shut up the house. Night came; stars were in the sky, and from far below came the restless noise of the city. The sounds of the city died away into silence. 永不安静的, 不能安静的. 渐渐, 渐渐

Then Boxtel took a lamp. He climbed quickly over the wall. He forced open a window and went into the house. He went up the stairs into the seed room. He looked in the box, on the table—everywhere; but there were no bulbs. He looked again. No! The bulbs had gone. Where had they gone?

"Van Baerle has taken them to The Hague!" he said. "To The Hague? I shall follow him to The Hague."

## A Long Night

While the crowd were running through the prison looking for Cornelius and John De Witte, Rosa and her father Gryphus hid in one of the rooms downstairs. At last, not finding the brothers, the crowd went away. After a long time Gryphus and Rosa came out. It was midnight. Just as they came out, a carriage stopped at the gate of the prison and Cornelius Van Baerle was brought in.

"A friend of the De Witte brothers," said the officer to Gryphus.

"He is a friend of the De Wittes!" said Gryphus. "Ha! He shall have their room."

Gryphus laughed as he led Van Baerle into the room. Rosa went with them, holding up a lamp, and its golden light fell upon her beautiful face. She looked at the poor young man who was being made a prisoner and felt sorry for him.

At last they came to the room. "There is your bed," said Gryphus, pointing to a hard wooden thing in the corner. The door was shut. The light of Rosa's lamp went away. Darkness remained.

Van Baerle lay on bed with his eyes turned towards the narrow window. He saw the black shapes of trees standing up against the sky. Hour after hour he watched them. Then a grey light came into the sky. The sun came up.

Cornelius rose from the bed and went to the window.

There was a tree at the end of the yard. From it hung two bodies. Below them was a paper with big letters on it:

## Cornelius and John De Witte

### Enemies of the People

Van Baerle read the paper. He gave a loud cry.

Gryphus opened the door. "Why are you making a noise so early in the morning?" he said. "Stop it!"

Van Baerle pointed at the bodies.

"Oh, that!" said Gryphus. "That is what happens to people who write letters which they ought not to write. And the same thing may happen to those who keep such letters."

Gryphus shut the door.

Van Baerle had fallen on the floor. After some time he stood up. He took from inside his coat the three bulbs and looked at them.

So all his work was wasted! Here in the prison there was no earth, no sunlight. How could he grow his Black Tulip?

## Gryphus Breaks His Arm

In the evening Gryphus came to bring Van Baerle his food. Just as he opened the door, Gryphus fell and broke his arm. He got up from the floor. Van Baerle did not think of trying to escape. He ran forward to help Gryphus.

Just then Rosa came running up the stairs. She knew that Gryphus sometimes hit the prisoners; she thought that Van Baerle understood her thoughts.

"He fell and I am trying to help him," he said. "He has broken his arm."

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" said Rosa. "Are you a doctor?"

"I was a doctor some years ago," said Van Baerle.

"So you may be able to make my arm right?" asked Gryphus.

"Yes. I need two pieces of wood and some cloth. You have broken the bone," said Van Baerle.

"Help me to get up from the floor, Rosa," said Gryphus.

She helped him to get up; he sat on the bed. Then she ran and brought two pieces of wood and some cloth.

Van Baerle set the bones in place. Gryphus gave a cry of pain; then his eyes closed; he knew nothing.

Rosa turned to Van Baerle. "I want to help you," she said. "You will be judged tomorrow and the Judge will order that you are to be hanged — hanged like the brothers De Witte. You can escape now, before my father opens his eyes. Go! Go quickly!"

"No," answered Van Baerle. "I will not go. If they find that I have gone, they will say that you let me go. I have done no wrong."

"Silence! My father must not know that we have been talking to each other," said Rosa.

"Why?" asked Van Baerle.

"Because he would never allow me to come here again," said Rosa.

"Will you come and talk to me again?"

"Yes," said Rosa.

Van Baerle felt as if the sunlight had come into his room.

"What are you saying?" said Gryphus, opening his eyes.

"The doctor was saying that you must keep very quiet," answered Rosa.

"And I say that you must not talk to the prisoners," said Gryphus.

## Led Out to Death

On the following day Van Baerle was called before the Judges. They questioned him, then they said that their orders would be sent to the prison later. Van Baerle was taken back to the prison to wait.

After about half an hour an officer came to the prison. Rosa opened the door of Van Baerle's room (for Gryphus was ill in bed); she was crying.

The officer read out the orders of the Judge:

"The prisoner shall be taken from the prison into the yard and there his head shall be cut off."

Cornelius Van Baerle listened to the words. He seemed surprised rather than sad.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the officer.

"Oh, no," said Van Baerle. "Only I should never have guessed that this would be the cause of my death. On what day is my head to be cut off?"

"To-day," answered the officer, surprised at Van Baerle's calmness. *n. quiet*

Rosa was weeping. = cry

"At what time?" asked Van Baerle.

"At twelve o'clock."

"Ah!" said Cornelius. "I heard the clock strike ten a long time ago. I have not got much time."

The officer went out.

Rosa turned to Cornelius with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said.

"Don't weep," said Cornelius. "Don't cry any more; tell me what is the matter."

"Tell me, is there anything I can do for <sup>sh</sup> you?" said Rosa.

"Yes—give me your hand, and promise that you will not laugh at what I ask," said Cornelius.

"Laugh! Cannot you see my tears?" said Rosa.

"Rosa," said Cornelius, "I have never seen anyone more beautiful than you, and I must not say any more, because I shall soon have left this world."

The clock struck eleven.

"I must be quick," said Cornelius. He took the three bulbs from the inside



of his coat. The three bulbs were still in the same piece of paper. "My dear girl, I have always loved flowers. I believe that I have found how to grow a black tulip. One hundred thousand guilders will be given to anyone who can grow a black tulip. I give you these bulbs. The hundred thousand guilders will be a nice gift to you when you marry. Promise to marry a fine young man who will love you—as much as I love flowers."

"But, sir!"

"Let me speak. I have no brothers, no sisters, no one in the world. My only wish is that when the tulip is grown, you will call it by your name and mine—the Rosa Baerle tulip. Give me some paper and I will write this for you."

Rosa gave Van Baerle a book.

"That book belonged to your friend Cornelius De Witte," she said. "Write in it what you wish. I cannot read, but I can get someone to read it for me."

So Cornelius Van Baerle wrote:

"On this day, the 25th of August, 1672, I give to Rosa Gryphus three bulbs which will (I believe) produce next May a black tulip, for which a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Flower-growers of The Hague. I wish the money to be given to Rosa Gryphus at her marriage to a good man of about my age who loves her, and whom she loves. And I ask that the flower be called Rosa Baerle—her name and mine joined together.<sup>3</sup> I wish to her happiness and a long life.

Cornelius Van Baerle."

He read out what he had written.

"Do you agree?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "The money cannot belong to me. I shall never love anyone, and I shall never marry."

A step was heard on the stairs.

"I will do anything you ask me," she said, "except marry. I will take the bulbs." She put them near her heart.

The officer came into the room. Soldiers followed him. Rosa had fallen to the ground; her golden hair was lying across her face. Hiding her closed eyes, but her hand was still pressed to her heart, holding the tulips, and in her fingers was the paper in which the tulips had been put. On that paper was the writing of Cornelius De Witte. If Van Baerle had read that writing it would have saved his life, and his tulips.

## Saved

The yard of the prison was full of people. In the middle there was a raised place. On it was a piece of wood on which the prisoner would put his head; and near that piece of wood stood a man with an axe.

The people pressed closer and closer. One man forced his way through the crowd. It was Boxel.

Now Boxel thought that Cornelius Van Baerle would certainly carry the bulbs with him to his death. So he went to the axe-man and said, "I am a friend of Van Baerle and wish to take away his body after his death. I will give you one hundred guilders if you will allow me to do this."

"Yes," said the axe-man, "you can take the body, but you must pay me the money first."

So Boxel paid the money and stood close to the place where Van Baerle's head was to be cut off.

The people waited.

Boxel waited.

A wave seemed to pass over the people, like the wind passing over a field of corn. Every head was turned when Van Baerle came out of the prison.

The soldiers made a way for him through the people. There was a deep sound—"Ah!", as Van Baerle went up the steps and the axe-man moved forward to meet him.

But Cornelius was not thinking of the people, or of the axe or of his death. He was thinking only of the beautiful tulips which would come out of his three bulbs—three beautiful tulips.

He reached the top of the steps. He went down on his knees and said a prayer.

"Now!" thought Boxel, "Soon the axe will fall, and I shall get tulips."

Cornelius put his head down. The man raised his axe.

"Ah!" thought Boxel. "One—two—three—"

The man brought his axe slowly down and touched Cornelius' neck. Cornelius was thinking of the tulips, and of Rosa's golden hair.

Again the man raised his axe.

"Now," said Boxel, "this time—"

The axe came slowly down. It was necessary to be sure of hitting the neck