

## Diary

Ther. Monday, Jan. 10, 1898 Wea. (misty)

The dreaded, dreadful, news reached me this afternoon through May. Oh, God! I bear up but my poor parents how do they! Darling innocent Brother – would to God! I could have seen you once more before you were taken from us. Rest my darling. I believe on a Wiedersehen we shall meet again in that Happy Land of our Heavenly Father. God spare me my parents & be it thy will to give us still many happy prosperous years together. Mrs. Ried & Herr Beck called this evening & filled me with gentle words of comfort. I have been home all day. I was to have gone to Zollner's this evening but of course could not. I am so sad – so weary so tired.

Ther. Tuesday 11 Wea.

Another long weary sad day is ending. This uncertainty as to my future is fearful. What shall I do? What is best for us all? Should I keep on with my music? Help me someone to decide! Oh Mamma Papa – come to me. A. B. called today & brought me what was printed in the New York Herald. Paris. It is so inhumane. How could they take his life. Dear Theo we believed you innocent & ever will. Worked on a drawing for Frau T[?]genstein together with A. B. all afternoon – then after dinner we accompanied Frau T. to school & walked back to tea. Mes. Maly on the bridge – the contract[?] is very stiff I must say.

Ther. Wednesday 12 Wea.

I am heartbroken. I can neither think or eat. My strength seems to be failing me. Oh God why were we given this awful suffering?