

nourishing and plentiful. The commonest articles are porridge of various sorts, salt meat, cheese, and black bread, and beer and aqua vitæ are drunk by the men. At great feasts, such as christenings, confirmations, weddings, and funerals, the quantity of food and drink consumed is enormous. A writer on the Jutish peasantry tells of a wedding-feast at which a hundred persons assisted in the kitchen and at the table. The preparations began over a week beforehand, and the festivities lasted several days. On such an occasion it is considered a great disgrace for the waiting-girls, daughters, and friends of the family to allow a plate to remain unfilled, and the guests are as eager to bring about such a catastrophe as the girls are to prevent it. At the first rap of the spoon or fork on the plate, half a dozen rustic Hebes rush to repair the fault. At funeral feasts there is a soberer enjoyment of the good things provided, but the appetite is none the less keen. As a whole, the Danish peasants probably live better than the corresponding class in any other country in Europe.

One special point should be noted in a study of the Danish peasantry, and that is the wide difference in character and temperament between the people of Zealand and those of Jutland. Under the influence of their depressing scenery, the bleak moors and somber hills of the peninsula, the Jutlanders are far more serious than their island neighbors. In their religion, which is a great part of them, they incline to the severest form of pietism. They are extremely obstinate, too, and even more set in their ways than peasants usually are. A story, undoubtedly true, is told of a traveler who, on passing a Jutish peasant farm, noticed that some burning coals had been emptied just outside of the house, and that in a few moments the wind would carry the sparks up to the thatched roof and set it on fire. Hurrying into the court, he cried out to the owner: "Your roof is on fire!" The latter merely replied: "What is this person's name?"—the common form of greeting in Jutland. When this question had been answered to his satisfaction, he went out and scattered the threatening coals. Such attachment to established forms reminds one not a little of the foolish old Spanish King. To this same obstinacy, applied in a noble direction, we may perhaps in large part attribute the total non-success of the Germans in attempting to denationalize the southern Jutlanders or Slesvigiers.

As if in contradiction to their serious appearance and solid character, the Jutlanders are possessed of a dry humor, and love dearly a good story. Like most raconteurs, the Jutlander is often accused of drawing a long bow, and in Zealand, when any one is suspected of telling an untruth, he is asked when he came from Jutland. But these little exaggerations of the Jutlander are very innocent, and employed only to produce an artistic effect; of real falsehood one hears very little. The Jutlander is consistent throughout, and if you take him in the right way and respect his pet prejudices, you will find him a right good fellow.

Copenhagen.



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued

In the meantime no one took the trouble to inquire what where the sentiments of the poor girl herself. The creature was now Countess van Rexelaer. What more could she want?

But, if the truth must be told, the creature had actually had the impudence to want more. She had wanted love—stormy, passionate adoration of the "kill-your-neighbor-and-kiss-your-neighbor's-wife" kind. Something grand, terrific, imposing—love with a capital L. Not affection;

poor thing! she knew nothing of affection. That is a plant which must be trained in the home-garden, while love springs up in the wastes. Father she had never known; her mother she had lost at the age of five, which was a misfortune, the mother, with all her vagaries, having been born and bred a gentlewoman. Margherita had grown up at haphazard, in a lazy, sunlit mansion among a crowd of obsequious, villainous slaves and mongrels who pandered to her early faults lest their own vices should be checked. She had been taught nothing, except French and Portuguese—and dancing and riding and fencing, and playing out of tune on the guitar. Even these accomplishments she had chiefly taught herself. She could fence splendidly, and that was about all.

It is to be appreciated in her, then, that she read such books as she could lay hold of—trashy novels. And one day, utterly bored by the emptiness of her existence, she had demanded a "professor of French literature." Old Cachénard, who held that woman's only mission was to be fair, fond, foolish, and, possibly, foul—there are many such men: God forgive them!—had vainly tried to dissuade his niece. Margherita liked her uncle (in all justice to her it must be confessed that she had no inkling till after his death how he had gotten his money), but she hated him with a fierce hate when he contradicted her, which he very rarely did. A Frenchman was procured who read Musset with her—"Rolla"—and Victor Hugo—"Le Roi s'amuse," and she felt that she loved literature, and took to devouring more novels, with a preference for the days of chivalry, and she wanted a knight to lift up her glove and kiss it (she had very small hands), and make noble speeches to her, beautiful, sentimental speeches—not crack disgusting jokes, like uncle Cachénard.

So, when she was sixteen years old, she fell head over ears in love with Count van Rexelaer. He was a noble of exalted rank, a descendant of a long line of Knights and Crusaders, a son of Kings. His very name declared it. Rex Hilarius—she called it Rex Ilario—he had told her about it (he was rather fond of telling); this King Hilarius, his great-grandfather, had ruled over a mighty people long before South America existed! He was greater than the Emperor. The Count was stately and splendid (*i. e.*, tight-buttoned and thin); and his bearing was noble and knightly (*i. e.*, he bowed very low when he met her). She loved him, immensely, like an ocean. She would have liked him to die for her—but not the other way, please. And she threw herself at his feet, and he picked her up, very politely, and they were married. And not only had he no desire to die for her, but he was not even anxious to live for her, nor with her, more than necessary, after a time.

When the Countess realized that one cannot always have what one wants—at least, not in our northern hemisphere—she first had a bad time of it, violently bad, but brief, and then she felt fairly comfortable. She made up her mind to want a lot more things, and to get them; so, resigning the unattainable, she cultivated her caprices. She fortunately took a liking to her little boy, who was handsome. Physically there were seventeen years between them; psychically less. And she interested herself, from a lazy distance, in her husband's climb to that starry canopy which shone forth as his blue and vaulted heaven. Her position, unfortunately, debarred her from the poetic greatness she had been born to. Ah, what an artist was lost! But she cheered her solitude with song, while waiting for her husband to make a grande dame of her. It was very cold and bleak in Holland. But she had made up her mind to be a grande dame. Mevrouw van Rexelaer-Borck kissed her.

And her husband worked for two. He was a quiet *faber suæ fortunæ*, whose weak point was want of nerve at a crisis, and whose strong point was want of feeling. He plodded up slowly, but with an indomitable resolve never to slide back. It was hard work for him at first. He was not a favorite—his father's disgrace still clung about the family; he had none of those stilted and stays which are such a help in climbing. His sister-in-law, Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck, however, was a host in herself. She had

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brought excellent connections into the family—almost a costlier treasure than gold. And she had managed, by one of her wonderful strokes of luck, to acquire for her husband an extra territorial title attached to a few acres of heath, dirt-cheap. Frederik van Rexelaer was Rexelaer van Altena. Hilarius—the head of the family, and, as such, the Count—was all the more anxious to be Rexelaer of something.

Gradually he prospered. His great policy was never to feel kicked. And by dint of this he sidled past better people and even pushed in front of more powerful ones. The High and Mighty began to remember that his father had been one of them; for years they had only remembered to forget. He was admitted into the Royal Household before he was fifty. There was not a part of his body which was not blue from ill-treatment, there was not a corner of his soul which was not black with lying and licking—uncharitableness, unmanliness, and uncleanness—but he was a Great Man at last. Of course he was an exception; it is said these are apt to prove the rule.

During three bright weeks he had borne his new-culled honors, as a maiden bears her betrothal-wreath. Bright, truly, but with flashes of lightning, amid the distant roll of thunder. And often it wants a little climbing to realize the unclimbed heights above.

He paced his study floor with gloomy eyebrows. It was almost a relief when a servant knocked, and brought the news that a man was waiting to see him.

"What sort of a man?"

"A common man," replied the well-drilled domestic, with thankful consciousness that he was not one of these.

Count Rexelaer walked out into the hall.

"Who are you?" he asked, sharply.

The individual thus addressed seemed to cower away into the very ground. "I am a poor man," he said. "A humble man, Heer Count. Have pity on a father of four little children. I have been turned away from the service of the palace. I was clerk there; for twenty years I have kept the kitchen accounts. I earned nine florins a week. It isn't much, but it was always something. And I have always been honest, Highborn Heer Count. I have—"

"I remember," interrupted Count Rexelaer, impatiently. "You were discharged a fortnight ago. I forget why."

"There was a story, Highborn Heer, about a kitchen-maid. There was not a word of truth in it, I swear before God in heaven!"—he lifted a lean hand on high—he was a worn-looking creature, with a big nose, the only big thing about him, and bright fever-fed eyes.

"And what was the girl's name?" queried Count Rexelaer, staring at the ceiling.

"Dora Droste, Highly Nobly Born Heer Count."

"Of course," said the Count, still staring aloft. "I remember all about it perfectly." He brought his eyes down to the level of the man's face. "How dare you come here?" he said, furiously. "You were turned away, and you richly deserved it. We shall soon teach you, and such as you, what to expect."

"But I swear I am innocent," replied the man, in earnest tones. "A father of four children, Heer Count."

"Just so. A father of four children."

"I was teaching her to read, in my free time, most noble Heer Count. She had begged me to teach her to read."

Count Rexelaer smiled. "I remember all about the case," he said. "You may feel thankful you were not prosecuted. Get out of the house this moment. Jan, show this person out."

"Is that final?" asked the fellow.

"Absolutely final." Count Rexelaer retreated to his study door.

But the man intercepted him. "Count Rexelaer," he said, almost in a whisper, "you're playing a bold game. It won't do."

The Count drew back. "You are mad," he said. "Jan!"

"Unhand me," cried the fellow, bursting out violently. "No one dare to touch me! You—you! it is villains like

you who make socialists, revolutionists, murderers! Oh, you blackguard! But I swear that, as sure as my name is Wouter Wonnema—"

Count Rexelaer closed his study door.

"Here, get out of this!" said the man-servant. "What do you mean by pitching into master like that? If he were to give me notice to-morrow, I should simply grin and go."

The other looked as if he were about to launch into a long explanation; then he thought better of it, and rapidly stumbled downstairs, cursing and threatening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WINDOW OPENS

Reinout, turning the far corner of the quiet street on his homeward way from a lonely walk, was astonished to perceive an individual stationed opposite the house and gesticulating at its smooth front of many panes. The man stood out solitary against one of the long line of trees, melancholy canal-trees, in little rounds among the stones, fresh from a German toy-box. His appearance was needy, but not untidy; his figure much shrunk, yet nowise abject in its indigence.

Reinout, as has been said already, know nothing of the actual world. He understood that the poor were part of the divinely ordered plan, created to give the rich an opportunity of exercising the virtues, especially of charity towards their brethren and of gratitude towards God. And had he been told that the poor lacked bread—which he was not—he might easily have added his name to the list of those favored ones who are credited with having answered: "Then why don't they buy cakes?"

There could be no mistaking the strange man's meaning. He shook his fist menacingly with fierce glances and mutterings, and then, after a final thrust of his lean arm, he turned and crept in the direction from which Reinout was coming.

As soon as they were close together—"Why did you do that?" asked Reinout, reproducing the other's threat.

The man started and stared. "Because a villain lives there," he answered, sullenly, "if it's any satisfaction to you to know," and he sought to continue his way.

But Reinout interposed, with flushed cheek and trembling lip. He had all his mother's impetuosity, and much of his father's caution. He had the former's strength of passion, and none of the latter's nervousness. In his indignation he was going to burst out: "But that's my father!" when curiosity checked the words.

"Why a villain?" he questioned, a trifle imperiously. Wonnema stopped again. No one could look closely at Reinout and not recognize the Jonker's social status. "All rich men are villains," replied Wonnema, evasively. Prudence fortunately kept him from particularizing the Count's offenses to the first boy that questioned him.

"But why are rich men villains?" persisted Reinout, greatly relieved, meanwhile, to find the charge so much extended.

"Why? Because they're born to't. Because they suck it in with their mother's milk. Because God has given them the right, they think. Because a rich man's happiness is built up of a thousand poor men's sufferings. That's why."

Only the last "because" conveyed a definite meaning to the questioner. It struck straight with all its newness. Surely things were the other way round.

"That's why," continued the strange man, warming to his subject. "Because the rich can do no wrong, and if they *have* done wrong the poor must suffer for it. Here am I starving, because my innocence must cloak a rich man's guilt. Go your ways, boy! you'll be a villain some day, if you aren't one already. You're born to it." He passed into the road and walked a few paces farther. Then he turned for a final easement of his overburdened heart. "And you're the biggest villain of all," he said, once more lifting a thin finger of scorn in the direction of the orange-plaster wall.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Reinout, boldly. "My father

lives in that house." But Wonnema had already resumed his trudge. The boy stood hesitating. Of the other's last speech he had again understood one sentence only, which reached his heart. "Here am I starving." The man was of course a beggar. What other connection could there be between rich and poor? He had been turned off at the door, and was angry. People *were* turned off, as Reinout knew, for the Count disapproved of almsgiving. The boy had a whole florin in his pocket—half the month's pocket-money. "Starving?" He ran after the retreating figure. "Here, poor man!" he said. And to his utter amazement the beggar struck the coin to the ground. "My children are famished," said Wonnema, thickly, trembling with emotion. "I would rather see them dead than take home one penny of yours!" The florin lay glittering in the mud.

Reinout retreated in dismay. He did not look round again, from a delicate instinct that the other was still staring hungrily at the silver piece. But Wonnema let it lie.

The boy crept into the house, all his heart and head in confusion. For the first time in his life he had come into contact with the Spirit of Protest against things that are. He knew, of course, of the existence of wickedness and sorrow—vaguely—these were unavoidable and to be endured. He knew that wickedness incorporate—mad ambition—had slain blessed saints and martyrs such as Louis the Sixteenth. For there had always been thieves and murderers, big and small. But an honest, if mistaken, cry against Evil in High Places, an arraignment of divinely instituted Order before the bar of God himself, of this he could make nothing. Irresistibly he felt that the poor wretch had been sincere. "A rich man's happiness is built up of a thousand poor men's sorrows." "Some day you will be a villain; you are born to it." He sat down on a bench in the hall to think it out. And, his eye falling on some letters in the letter-box, he carried these in to his father, as was his custom, and then went back to his seat. It was no use asking papa about the poor. Papa felt no interest in the subject. And he differed from M. de Souza. "You should never give to beggars," he had often said. "It encourages them to ask for more."

Reinout lay back on the open bench and closed his eyes. That refusal of money. What did it signify? There was no room for it in the whole little system of his calm existence. And the more he thought of it the more bewildered he grew.

While he still lingered there, he heard his father calling his name in the library in a strange "strangled" voice. As he started up the door flew open, and the Count came rushing out, his face distorted with excitement. "Reinout," he stammered, "Reinout!" and, catching the boy to his breast, he covered him with kisses, laughing and sobbing by turns. Reinout kept quite still; a horrible fear traversed his brain that his father had become insane; he set his teeth tight.

"My boy, my boy," said the Count at last more calmly, holding his son at arms' length and looking into his eyes. "Imagine, what wonder! What triumph! God has given us Deynum. In the most wonderful of all manners, it is ours!"

"Ours!" repeated the lad, bewildered.

"Ours, yes, ours. Mine, yours. Ever afterwards. Yours. Yours some day when your poor father has been laid to rest. Yours, Reinout, Count Rexelaer van Deynum!" He once more drew his heir towards him and kissed him, solemnly this time, between the eyes. "And now I must go tell your mother," he said, and turned to the staircase. "Gracious Heaven," he thought to himself, as he mounted it with dancing step, "how queerly things work round!" Yet he was not one of those who feel that Heaven is gracious, even when things work round—queerly.

Reinout, left to himself, repeated: "God has given us Deynum." More money, then. More grandeur. Did that mean more "villainy"? Nonsense! The man was crazy. God has given us Deynum. What is "God" to Reinout? An image set up at very rare intervals, special "points de vue," along the road of life. It is a double-visaged image, like Janus. One face has angry eyebrows—Fate; the other smiling glances—Luck.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS PIGGIE

Alternately slapping and stroking her lapdogs, Florizel and Amanda (abbreviations by Reinout, regardless of inverted gender, Flora and Ami), Madame van Rexelaer lay humming her second stanza, which, translated into English, would have run somewhat as follows:

Then let me sleep the sleep of death,
And bear me where my fathers are.
My dying sob was the final breath
Of the noble house of Cachenard.

She was purring over this poetical effusion when the Count suddenly burst in upon her.

"Prepare yourself," he said, "for the most extraordinary, the most incredible good news!"

"O Rex!" she exclaimed, flushing with pleasure, "you don't mean to say I'm invited to stay at the Palace of Loo?"

"Rex" was the name she had given him in the earliest dawn of her enthusiasm. O Richard! O Hilaire! O mon Roy! She hardly ever made use of it now, but the moment was one of ecstatic abandonment: visions floated before her of delicious new dresses, three a day, and the intimate intercourse of an august home-circle for half a week, so different from the tumult of an omnium gatherum where you made your bow in the crowd and sank back like a wave on the sea. She screamed aloud with expectation.

"No, no, that another time!" said the Count. "How can you talk such nonsense, when you know the Court is here? Just listen to me, and put down those dogs for a minute."

"I thought it was an invitation," pouted the lady. "I don't care if it isn't an invitation. I don't want anything else."

"It appears," the Count continued, without taking any notice of the last remarks, "that your mother had connections of whom you never knew anything—very respectable relations, to say the least."

"My mother's name was Dupuys," replied the daughter of the noble house of Cachenard, removing her face from behind Florizel, whither she had retreated in her sulkiness. "It doesn't sound a very aristocratic name. My uncle once told me that she had come from the north of France. He never said anything about her relations."

Count Hilarius had always carefully avoided glancing down into the depths from whence his wife had ascended to his side. Not to know is the safest way of lying. It was enough to live in constant recollection of the uncle's career, without discovering what the parents had done. He had grumbled at the dishonor, and he had also grumbled, the price being so heavy, that his wife had not brought him more at the price. Fortunately, Rio was far; and the parents were still farther.

"I cannot make it out very clearly as yet," he now said, "but, as far as I can see, your mother was a very different person from what she pretended to be. The Belgian lawyer who writes presumes that I am acquainted with her antecedents, and is therefore far from explicit. But it seems that she was neither more nor less than a Demoiselle de la Jolais-Farjolle, of the Belgian house of La Jolais de Saint-Leu. She seems to have run away with a—a—her husband." He stopped, and eyed his wife curiously.

"And what is that—La Jolais?" asked the Countess.

"It is one of the greatest families in Europe," replied the Count, dryly. "The head of the house is the Marquis de la Jolais-Farjolle."

Mademoiselle de Cachenard clapped her hands. "How delightful!" she cried, with a bright little laugh. "How pretty! A Marquis! It is more than a Count. What a good thing I did not know, when I married you, that my mother had been a Marchioness, Hilarius! I might not have been satisfied with a Count, after that."

"Your mother was not a Marchioness," answered Rexelaer, irritably, "no more than your uncle Cachenard. Whatever she was, she seems to have had the good taste, after her—adventure, to sink all her past down a well, henceforth to be known as Dupuys. But, now, as to results."

"No, no, you are jealous! How charming it sounds! De Cachenard, née De la Jolais-Guignol. Much nicer than Rexelaer. I wish I had known!" And she hugged Florizel to her face till he squeaked.

"De Farce rare, née de la jolie guinguette," cried the son of all the Rexelaers, exasperated by these taunts. "Your mother was a gentlewoman—more shame to her!—and she ran away with a groom out of her brother's stables, and his name was Cochonnard!"

"What!" shrieked the Creole, dropping Florizel with a thud on the floor. "It isn't true! Oh, you horrid vulgar man, to come and tell such stories!" And she burst into a tempest of screeches and (audible) wishes she was dead.

"Allons, allons, how can you behave so childishly!" interposed the Count, somewhat disturbed by this exceptional ebullition of feeling. "You have known all along how your uncle got his 'de,' and that you were not even legally entitled to use it."

"I was my uncle's heiress," wailed Margherita, "and I don't care. I won't be called Cochonnette."

"You are called at present," said her husband, soothingly, "the Countess van Rexelaer."

"I don't care," she interrupted him with a fresh burst of tears. "I wo-wo-won't be called Miss Piggie—Miss Piggie, indeed! I wo-wo-won't."

"But, for goodness sake, listen to reason. There is the bright side yet to come, and it is almost incredibly fortunate. The Marquis de la Jolais, your mother's half-brother, is dead. He died, intestate, about a fortnight ago, and if, as they imagine, you are his only near relation, all his private property will come to you."

"I don't care," said Margherita, opening her eyes, nevertheless.

"Nonsense! They have been telegraphing to Rio, and the answer has come that they must apply to me. As indeed they must. There is quite a distant cousin, they tell me, who succeeds to the Belgian estate by a contract independent of wills, but you, being the niece, are the heiress who comes into the rest."

"All the other money was mine too," said Margherita.

She stung him. "Yes," he said, "it was, Mademoiselle Cochonnard."

Then Margherita screamed once more, and fainted dead away.

Years ago, when this used to happen, the Count would pull down the bell-rope. Now he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX

A day or two later, further advices having been received meanwhile, the great news had obtained sufficient consistency to allow of its being communicated to the Rexelaers-Borck.

The facts as to Margherita's mother were briefly these: The Marquis de la Jolais—the Marquis J'ose—himself his mother's only child, had had a stepsister many years younger than he, the late darling of the whole family. He had been as a father to her during many years, and just as he had arranged that she should be most desirably married to (not with) an old friend of his own, she had eloped with a stable-boy. The head of the house had immediately erased her name from its annals, and, having been apprised later on that she was living at Lyons with her spendthrift husband in absolute destitution, he paid her over the sum of ten thousand francs, on consideration of her sacredly binding herself to sink all her antecedents and to assume henceforth the name of Dupuys. The bargain was faithfully kept. The man Cochonnard died early from drink; his broken-hearted wife did not long survive him, and their little daughter Margaret was left with her rich bachelor-uncle. The Marquis remained unaware of all particulars. He had forbidden his lawyers to communicate with him on the subject, and he had caused it to be generally understood that his half-sister had died without a child. Nevertheless, one of those rumors that always come knocking at barricaded ears had vaguely informed him of some facts

concerning the Cochonnards and their money-making. He had loved his sister as much as he was capable of loving anything; a hundred times he wished she had died in her bloom.

Once his eye had fallen on an announcement in the Paris "Figaro" of the marriage of a Count Rexelaer, of whom he knew nothing but the name, with a Mademoiselle Rita de Cachenard, of whom he knew nothing at all. He had glided on to the next paragraph. But a few weeks later he received a short letter from the old uncle. In the joy of his heart Cochonnard had thought the moment was come to reconcile his little Margot with her mother's noble relation. That gentleman tore up the letter, furious at having his uncertainty thus rudely broken into. As for the improvement in the young lady's original patronymic, it filled him with unfathomable contempt.

Nevertheless, he now knew what he knew. His sister had a daughter living, and that daughter was a Countess Rexelaer. Of [the Rexelaers of Deynum. He was not as well up in Dutch families as the Baron was in Belgian. But even the Baron had known nothing of Mademoiselle de la Jolais except that she had run away, long ago, with some footman, and had died shortly afterwards, in Paris, he believed. The Marquis was not sorry to think the child should have done well. But he washed his hands—literally, laboriously—after having torn up the old man's letter.

One summer he had gone to spend a week with some friends at their seat near Blankenberghe, and fickle, foolish Fortune had cast the child Reinout straight across his path. He had fled from the association that night with both hands to his ears. But the memory clung to his dried-up old heart. He liked the look of the boy. He liked his manner. He had liked, above all, that bold dash into danger. The Marquis J'ose knew good blood when he saw it.

And on that terrible night of his flight from Amsterdam, the word "Deynum," as it crashed through the carriage window, had struck comfort to his soul, in the midst of its agony. "This is nothing," the guard had cried; "this is Deynum." Truly, it was nothing to him; he had willed that it should be nothing; but it was the only name which, at that hour of supremest loneliness, had conveyed to the wretched sufferer a remote idea of relationship. He knew nothing more of the Rexelaers than that they had their home at Deynum. He could travel no farther. The place fascinated him. He would keep up, all the more strictly, the incognito he had already assumed. He would look out for himself. Perhaps—who knows?—he would find ultimate pleasure in this daughter of his race. He would see the boy again. He was dying. Death strangely alters our perspectives.

He remained, therefore, a day or two at the village inn, whence he would in no case have been anxious to depart, and tried to feel his way. He soon perceived that there were complications which his ignorance was unable to unravel. He was too proud to write off now for information to his lawyers at Brussels. These were the wrong Rexelaers. Of course they were related. There were jealousies, evidently, and bickerings. The Marquis was too much occupied with himself to take any great interest in these. Then came the incident of the house. He wanted the lonely castle with all a rich man's sudden, irresistible want. And if, later on, it should, in the course of life's accidents, become young Reinout's property, well, that was no inducement, but it was certainly no objection, to buying it. As for the clause about never "letting or selling to Count Hilarius van Rexelaer," he could easily subscribe to that. Count Hilarius would either inherit the property through his wife or never possess it at all. But the sick man had not as yet settled these things in his mind; perhaps, later on, he would make a will. He was bitterly irritated at the failure to discover his niece in the hour of need. Yet he wanted to die unknown. He wanted to be nursed. He wanted both extremes. He wanted neither. And in the midst of his uncertainty the catastrophe spread sudden silence over all.

[To be continued]

The Spectator

For several years past, whenever the Spectator has visited the Astor Library, he has noticed in one alcove or another a quiet and studious-looking gentleman so much absorbed in his reading that nothing diverted his attention from his book. On the Spectator's most recent visit to the library he needed to consult a book within the alcove where the student referred to was sitting. A close observation of the student disclosed something that seemed very familiar. The student looked up. Surely no one else in the world save a dear friend of the Spectator's boyhood had those particular eyes that looked over the student's spectacles! There was instant recognition on both sides, though there had been no meeting for more than twenty years. The Spectator and his newly found old friend left the library to have a chat and compare notes. The Spectator learned that the student, on the income of a small patrimony, lived a solitary life in New York, finding his only pleasure and only occupation in reading, though the reading was without any particular object. This objectless life was in such contrast to the bustling enterprise of the student's boyhood that the Spectator recalled an incident of the early ambitions of this solitary man. Once, when several lads were discussing their plans for the future, the student said that he had concluded to have three callings at once, so as to be fully occupied. He would keep a store, be a shoemaker, and also a clergyman. "Then," said he, "when there is no one to wait on in the store I can work at the cobbler's bench, and on Sunday, when I can neither keep store nor make shoes, I can preach in the church." His ambition was to be fully occupied in three useful ways; but such is the irony of fate that all of this energy has departed before middle age, and all that is left is the student who studies without any object and lays by stores of learning that benefit no one in the world, not even himself. The Spectator could not ask his old friend how so much activity came to naught, and the student volunteered no explanation. But in the bent shoulders, the grizzled hair, the sad expression, there was surely a story—a story of energies early spent and of blasted hopes that, once laid low, sprang never again.

For several weeks past, the Spectator has scarcely picked up a newspaper that in it he has not read of either death or sickness from toadstool-poisoning. There is a very general impression that there is one fungus that is edible, and that this species is the mushroom, while all other fungi are toadstools and are poisonous. No doubt the sad mistakes that are made are due in a very great measure to this inaccurate generalization as to mushrooms and toadstools. As a matter of fact, all mushrooms are toadstools, and there are ten edible toadstools to one that is poisonous. The ordinary field mushroom is the fungus that people feel pretty sure of being able to distinguish from any other variety. Now, the field mushroom is in some regards very much like the most deadly of all toadstools—the *amanita bulbosus*. Those who have gathered field mushrooms, and have been either made ill or killed by eating them, no doubt have got one or two specimens of the *amanita* with their find. The gills of the field mushroom are pink in youth, and change in age to purple and then to black; the gills of the *amanita* are white; the stem of the field mushroom grows from the ground, without any bulb beneath; the *amanita* always has a bulb below or at the surface of the ground, and grows from a sheath. No careful and observant person to whom these two varieties have been shown and explained by a mycologist of experience and knowledge should ever make a mistake. But mushrooms gathered by ignorant persons should be examined with great care, for one specimen of the *amanita* contains poison sufficient to kill six or eight members of a family. The traditional test of cooking mushrooms with a silver spoon to detect the presence of poison is no test at all. If poisonous toadstools have been eaten, the only sure antidote is atropine, subcutaneously injected. As an instance of the sad ignorance in America on the subject of toadstools, the Spectator, some time ago, made note of the fact that in a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, "Report of Microscopist for 1890, by Thomas Taylor: Mushrooms of the United States," there are two plates, each contain-

ing twelve specimens. Of the twelve toadstools that are thus officially declared to be poisonous, nine are not poisonous at all, and six are very good indeed to eat. And on the plate of edible mushrooms several are by no means fit for food.

The Spectator's window overlooks the Atlantic. A brisk wind has whipped the sea into great waves that break on the beach with a sound so continuous that all other noises are lost. Beyond and half-way to the line of the horizon are the American yachts in a trial race to decide which of them shall defend the cup which the America won in British waters in 1851. The Spectator's Americanism makes him hope that the yacht selected will be both fast and stanch enough to retain the cup on this side, but the Spectator's love for fair play and honorable uprightness in sport, as in other things, would more than half reconcile him if Lord Dunraven's boat should capture the much-coveted prize this season. From the time the America won the cup till now, our boats have probably been faster than the British, but it is also quite true that our yachtsmen have never given the British an even fighting chance to win, as never till now have the conditions of the race been generous and sportsmanlike, so that the test would beyond doubt determine which was the better boat in the contest. In 1870, when Mr. James Ashbury came over with the Cambria to try to regain the cup, the New York Yacht Club compelled him to sail, not against a representative boat, but against the whole Club fleet of twenty-odd vessels, and this, too, over the crooked tidal course of the New York Bay. The next time, when Mr. Ashbury came with the Livonia, the New York Yacht Club agreed to a series of races, but selected four boats to sail against the Englishman. This was unfair and unsportsmanlike, and the races have so continued until now, though the unfairness has not been so marked. This year the contest is to be fair and sportsmanlike, and if the Englishman wins, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have lost to a gentleman who has a great scorn for meanness and littleness in whomsoever shown. In the recent races off Cowes the German Emperor was one of the contestants. His Imperial Majesty claimed to have won a race on a technicality—though his boat was actually beaten—and on this technicality the race was awarded to him. Lord Dunraven, the owner of the Valkyrie, declined to race any more with Emperor William, explaining that he would not contest in any sport with any person who was not a gentleman. That was bravely said, and emphasizes the fact that in sport all men are equal, and the king must be as good a gentleman as the commoner.

There is much that is distinctive in New Orleans. The French, the Spaniards, the English, and half a dozen other nationalities have each contributed something towards the characteristics that make this Southern city different from any other in America. In the ordinary American city national characteristics become blended one with the other so that they are not easily recognized. But, somehow or other, they have taken them pure in New Orleans, and those that have been changed have suffered that change on the old lines and without mixture. The Spectator's earliest experience with a New Orleans characteristic was when a cigar-seller put in an extra weed for "lagniappe." The Spectator did not like to receive a present from a stranger, but the act seemed so much a matter of course that he could not refuse. A friend soon explained that the giving of "lagniappe" was one of the oldest and best-recognized customs in New Orleans. The word—pronounced *lan-yap*—and the custom are of Spanish origin. The purpose is to give something beyond a purchase for good measure and for good will. Mrs. Grace McEnery Stuart, the novelist, who used to live in New Orleans, told the Spectator that children not infrequently went a mile out of the way to make a purchase, because a certain dealer was more generous than his rivals in "lagniappes." She says that thrifty poor people buy only a picayune's worth at a time, so as oftener to get "lagniappe." The word "picayune," by the way, is used only in the neighborhood of New Orleans. It is of Spanish origin, and formerly meant six and a quarter cents. Now it means five cents. In some parts of the country a five-cent piece is called a nickel; in New Orleans it is universally called a picayune.