

a map he had spread out before him, said: "I know a château near Vienna, where I have a cousin who is janitor there. That's where we must go, for I am quite sure my cousin will help us on our way to Prague." When the Ne'er-do-well heard this, he cried, "Why, that must be my old friend!" He then asked the musician if his cousin did not play the bassoon, and whether he was not a tall stiff man with a great aristocratic nose. The other nodded his head, whereupon the collector embraced him joyfully, so that his tall hat tumbled off. "Let us," he cried, "take the mail-boat down the Danube together to the castle of the beautiful countess."

On board the ship they met a clerical gentleman, who told them that there was soon to be a grand wedding at the château, and that he had been sent to find out if the bridegroom was in the neighbourhood, but the collector was ashamed to tell him that he himself was the expected happy bridegroom.

The clergyman soon grew very merry, and began to tell funny stories of his student days. "I too used to wander over hill and dale during the vacation," he said, "often hungry and thirsty, but always in-good-spirits (*fröhlich*). "In fact," he continued, "[the] student-life on the whole is but one long vacation between the dull confinement (*Enge*) of school and the seriousness of official and business life."

A few hours later our hero, to his great delight, caught sight of his beloved toll-house and the château by the beautiful moonlight.

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## CHAPTER X.

As soon as the ship had reached the shore, the passengers all dispersed in different directions, like birds from a cage—the clergyman to the château, the students into the bushes to wash and shave, while the collector hastened to the well known garden. Having to pass his toll-house on the way, he could not resist the temptation of jumping in through the window. But as he