

**MADemoiselle
IXE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649641468

Mademoiselle Ixe by Lanoe Falconer

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LANOE FALCONER

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LANOE FALCONER, *pseud.*

NEW YORK
CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
104 & 106 FOURTH AVENUE



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THE MERRISON COMPANY PRESS,
RAHWAY, N. J.



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I.

DEXPECT her every minute," said Mrs. Merrington; "the train arrives at 3.30."

"I hope she will be a success," said Mrs. Barnes, the vicar's wife.

"Oh, I hope so indeed; we have been so unfortunate lately. Miss West I really liked; such a ladylike person. Her touch on the piano was lovely, and her French quite Parisian, but she did not spell very correctly, and she knew nothing of arithmetic, and so much is expected in that way nowadays. The Fraulein knew everything; it

was quite wonderful; but then her manners were very strange, and Mr. Merrington said it made him feel ill to lunch with a person who never washed her hands, and certainly she was very dirty. Miss Olivier was everything one could wish as far as teaching went, and Evelyn improved under her very much, but she had very peculiar views, and indeed went as far as ladies' rights; so of course I was not sorry when she left; and as for Miss Bond, she was—unsatisfactory in many ways."

The last phrase was, as it sounded, the outcome of a second thought. Mrs. Merrington had been about to say, "So terribly High Church," but with a timely recollection of the views of her listener, suddenly altered her mind and her conclusion.

"Where did you hear of this one?"

"My sister—Lady Carline, you know—recommended her. When they were in Florence she

used to give French and music lessons to my niece. She came to England only a week ago, to try and find a situation in an English family, and saw my advertisement—was it not strange?—and remembered that I was a sister of Lady Carline's, and so she called upon my sister, and begged her to recommend her to me. She seems just what I want: a first-rate pianist, and knows several languages, and Latin enough to ground Freddy. So thoroughly accustomed, too, to English ways—which is a great comfort—as she had so many English pupils in Florence."

"I suppose she is an Italian?"

"No, I don't think she is an Italian exactly. I am not quite sure what she is. Her name—rather peculiar—is Ixe."

"Ixe, did you say?"

"Yes. It is spelt I—X—E. Evelyn says it should be pronounced Ixe, like 'eeks in weeks, but we don't know whether it is a French or a German name."