

**BELOVED OF THE
GODS (AFTER THE
DANISH)**

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Beloved of the Gods (After the Danish) by Mrs. Oscar Beringer

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MRS. OSCAR BERINGER

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BY

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Figure 1: Comparison of two data series over time (1980-2000).

The graph illustrates the growth of two variables over a 20-year period. The solid line represents the first variable, which grows from 10% to 45%. The dashed line represents the second variable, which grows from 15% to 55%.

The data points for the solid line are approximately: (1980, 10), (1985, 18), (1990, 25), (1995, 32), (2000, 45).

The data points for the dashed line are approximately: (1980, 15), (1985, 22), (1990, 30), (1995, 38), (2000, 55).

The overall trend for both series is positive, indicating significant growth over the period shown.

The gap between the two series widens over time, with the dashed line consistently higher than the solid line.

The rate of growth for both series appears to be relatively constant over the 20-year period.

The data suggests that the second variable (dashed line) is growing faster than the first variable (solid line).

The final values in 2000 are 45% for the solid line and 55% for the dashed line.

The initial values in 1980 are 10% for the solid line and 15% for the dashed line.

The total growth for the solid line is 35 percentage points.

The total growth for the dashed line is 40 percentage points.

The average annual growth rate for the solid line is approximately 1.75%.

The average annual growth rate for the dashed line is approximately 2.0%.

The data points are plotted at 5-year intervals from 1980 to 2000.

The lines are smooth curves connecting the data points.

The x-axis is labeled 'Year' and the y-axis is labeled 'Percentage'.

The graph is a line graph with two data series.

The data is presented in a clear and concise manner.

The overall trend is positive for both series.

The graph effectively communicates the information.

The data is easy to interpret.

The graph is well-designed and professional.

BELOVED OF THE GODS.

CHAPTER I.

ONE fine October morning in the year of Our Lord 1830, a young law student, Hubert Brédal by name, leant, smoking a philosophic pipe, out of one of the top windows of a friendly looking house at the corner of the Philosopher's Allée, Copenhagen.

He was a tall, well-knit young fellow of some three-and-twenty, and as he half sat, half leaned out of the old-fashioned casement, was perhaps not entirely unconscious of being the magnet for some half-dozen pairs of neighbouring feminine eyes. His meditations were suddenly interrupted by hoarse shouts of "Stop them! Stop them!"

from the next Allée. Hastily snatching up his cap, he started at full speed for the scene of action. There he found a pair of terrified horses, driverless, dashing a brougham from one side of the street to the other, and threatening every instant to lurch it over into the deep canal which runs between the Philosopher's Walk and the street.

A shouting crowd followed, but although an old man appeared at the carriage window imploring for help, no one had the courage to stop the horses.

Without an instant's hesitation, Brédal threw himself at the horse on the near side, and succeeded in getting a firm grip of the reins. He had almost brought them to a standstill when he was struck violently on the breast, and flung to the edge of the canal, where he lay unconscious.

When the horses became more manageable, everybody crowded round. A hundred helping hands were eager to hold their heads,

and as many more tongues vociferously claimed the credit of saving the old man's life. If the owner of the carriage had not himself witnessed Brédal's fate, it is more than probable that he would have lain forgotten at the edge of the canal. He had him gently lifted into the carriage, and by inquiring in one of the neighbouring shops ascertained his address. They then drove quickly to his rooms, where they laid him on his bed. A doctor was at once sent for, who pronounced him to be suffering from dislocation of the shoulder, and general shock to the system. He impressed the necessity for absolute quiet and great care on Brédal's motherly old landlady, Mrs. Bunkeflod.

Some ten days later, Carl Goldberg, a student chum of Brédal's, sat at his bedside reading aloud to him. There was a splendid bunch of hot-house grapes on the table, and the fire burnt cheerily.

Brédal raised himself up in bed, and

looked round the room. When his eyes fell upon the grapes, he said—

“I see supplies have arrived from home. How are they all?”

Goldberg then told him that the grapes, as well as several other luxuries, had been sent to him by the old Baron von Breitenburg.

“And he couldn't well have done less,” added Goldberg, “considering you saved him two splendid horses and an English-built carriage; not to mention his life, at the imminent risk of your own. Hullo, Brédal, you're not listening to a word!”

“I heard it all. Did they give Masaniello that night? Get the papers, and read me what has been played since I have been ill?”

“What under Heaven can that matter to you? I believe you are possessed of a theatrical devil. What does it all mean? What is the matter with you?”

“I can't tell you how odd I feel just now,” said Brédal after a pause. “The first time