

**VIVIAN
THE BEAUTY**

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Vivian the beauty by Annie Edwardes

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ANNIE EDWARDES

**VIVIAN
THE BEAUTY**

APPLETONS' NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.

VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

BY

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?"
"JET; HER FACE OR HER FORTUNE?" ETC.

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VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDY OF EUCLID.

"He loves me," murmurs Jeanne, "a little—
not at all. He loves me."

The sun's rays, setting, translate the dusk ex-
panses of the Schwarzwald into gold; they turn
to fire the pointed roofs and lozenged windows
of Schloss Egmont; they kiss with softest bronze
the head of Jeanne Dempster, as she stands, idly
dreaming the dreams of seventeen, in one of the
rose-shadowed, weed-grown terraces of the old
Schloss garden.

A half-demolished daisy is between the little
maid's fingers; a lesson-book, face downward,
lies on the gravel at her feet.

"Er liebt mich." Despite her English birth,
Jeanne speaks German like a true child of the
Wald; sweet, incorrect, rippling German, deli-

ciously unlike the classic Hanoverian dialect of suburban boarding-schools. "Ein wenig—nicht. Er liebt mich—"

"Deep, as usual, in Euclid!" says a man's voice, close behind her shoulder. "Neither Mamselle Ange nor Fräulein Jeanne being visible, I have brought the implements of study out of doors. But I would on no account disturb you. It were pity to break the thread of mathematical calculation so profound. Choose your own time to begin."

And depositing three or four dingy-looking schoolbooks, a pewter inkstand, some quill pens, and a sand-box upon the balustrade of the terrace, Jeanne's master takes his place on the stone bench beside which the girl is standing, and proceeds quietly to light his Pfeerschaum.

"I don't know a word more of Euclid than when I first began it, sir." As she makes the confession, Jeanne picks up her lesson-book, Euclid's "Elements," from the ground. "'Proposition XV. Theorem: If two straight lines cut one another, the vertical or opposite angles shall be equal.' Then why try to prove it? Why need we go on with these hideous angles and right angles? Why do you insist—yes, Mr. Wolfgang, insist—on teaching me things that have no use and no beauty?"

"For the same reason that, were I Mamselle Ange, I would insist upon your learning to ride or dance," says Wolfgang coolly; "to promote

the growth of muscle—mental muscle in the case of Euclid. If all girls were taught mathematics—”

“They would turn out beings as superior as all men?” interrupts Jeanne, lifting her dark eyes to the master’s face. “The thought encourages me, Mr. Wolfgang. I will try my best to see the meaning of Proposition XV., theorem and all, by next lesson.”

A smile, quickly suppressed, comes round the master’s lips.

“The sarcasm, Miss Dempster, is somewhat personal, considering that I am the only man of education higher than a woodcutter’s who, as yet, has crossed your path.”

“The only man higher than a woodcutter? *Du lieber*, and what kind of life do you suppose that we have led, then, Ange and I? We spend a week in Freiburg every summer, sir, and we have gone through the Kur at Autogast; and once we went to Baden-Baden and saw the Emperor start for the Oos races—four black horses he had, and outriders. And I was so near, his Majesty took off his hat to me! And we went to hear ‘Faust’ in the evening, among a crowd of princes and royal dukes and Hochwohlgeborens. Mamselle Ange says I shall be taken to a ball at the Residenz next year, and we know old Baron von Katzenellenbogen and—and the English chaplain’s son at Freiburg,” cries Jeanne, desperately seeking to swell