

**GLAMOUR: A  
NOVEL; IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Glamour: a novel; in three volumes, Vol. I by Elim Henry D'Avigdor

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**ELIM HENRY D'AVIGDOR**

**GLAMOUR: A  
NOVEL; IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**



GLAMOUR.

# GLAMOUR.

A Novel.

BY

WANDERER,

AUTHOR OF 'FAIR DIANA,' 'ACROSS COUNTRY,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :

SWAN SONNENSCH E I N A N D C O .  
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1885.

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# GLAMOUR.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE CONSULATE.

PORTINO was brilliant in the sunlight. The blue sea was sparkling, the houses glaring so white that it was positively painful to look at them. The grey olive trees that dotted the rocky hill sides were too distant to offer the eye any relief. Great clouds of dust rose on the road which skirted the harbour. The dust whirled and twisted into columns; some tall and thin others short and wide. Then, for a minute, there would be a calm, and the wayfarers, hurrying along



with the corner of their cloaks thrown across the shoulder, would remove their hand from the broad felt hat most affected in Portino. It was a thorough March day—a day of cold piercing Tramontana.

In a house overlooking the port—a house constructed to withstand heat rather than cold, with a wide piazza towards the sea, and a square garden surrounded by a colonnade behind—was a room which showed that its inhabitants knew something of the comforts of northern climes. The red-tiled floor was covered with a soft carpet, and there was a grate in the fireplace. Instead of the usual little bit of green wood hissing and spluttering and smoking, there was a goodly glow of Newcastle coal. The old-fashioned chairs were not set in a formidable row against the walls, but dotted about the room, so as to take away as much as possible from its bareness. There were several tables—some strewn with books and newspapers; others with ladies' work, photographic albums, and knick-knacks. Though the place

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would not have appeared very attractive to those accustomed to a good English home, it formed a pleasing contrast to the cold stateliness of most Portino drawing-rooms. The flag which waved over this house was a sufficient explanation of its comparative comfort, for her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Portino was the tenant; and on this windy morning, her Britannic Majesty's Consul's wife was sitting at the fire, mending sundry garments and talking to her son, a tall young man, who was idly looking out of the window at the white sails dotted about the entrance to the harbour, struggling to beat in against the strong wind from the mountains.

'Teresina says it was a very good ball last night,' remarked the lady, scarcely glancing up from her work.

She was a woman of what is termed middle age, wearing her grey hair in two large, stiff curls on each side of her clever and still smooth face. She was clad in a

substantial dark woollen gown, cut after the fashion of twenty years ago.

‘Yes, I suppose it was,’ assented her son, without turning his head.

‘*You* enjoyed it, at all events, Ronald,’ remarked Mrs. Lascelles rather sharply.

Something in his mother’s tone made the youth look round.

‘Why should *I* have enjoyed it so particularly?’

Mrs. Lascelles put her work down for a moment. ‘Teresina says you danced the whole evening with Miss Edith Woodall, so I suppose you liked it. Young men generally enjoy a ball if they are able to dance as much as they wish with the girl they prefer.’

‘She is very nice,’ said Ronald quietly.

‘Very. I quite agree with you, my dear boy,’ answered Mrs. Lascelles. ‘And she will be very well off, I should think.’

‘I suppose so,’ replied her son indifferently.