

**GLAMOUR: A  
NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Glamour: a novel. In three volumes. Vol. II by Wanderer

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**WANDERER**

**GLAMOUR: A  
NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**



# GLAMOUR.

A Novel.

BY

WANDERER,

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

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:  
SWAN SONNENSCH E I N A N D C O . ,  
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1885.



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# GLAMOUR.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PLUNGE.

By dint of hard work, work which amused Ronald without exciting him, the play was written out on the Tuesday night, and the next day all the actors came to copy their parts. The first rehearsal was fixed for Thursday. Edith was gradually regaining confidence, and found to her surprise that Ronald continued to address her with the greatest cordiality, which even she could hardly take to be assumed. She attributed his kindness to his gentle and forgiving nature. She

was consoled by the thought that he was inclined to forget her flippancy and wickedness if he could, and her appearance improved as her unhappiness diminished. For Edith's face showed trouble at once; her eyes were transparent as the clearest water, and she could seldom entirely conceal her feelings, though she might do her best to repress them.

On the Thursday afternoon, a sofa was moved into the boudoir, and Ronald was carried downstairs in an arm-chair. There was a good deal of fun and nonsense over this first rehearsal, for not one of the actors knew his or her part, except Teresina, who played the worldly mother to perfection. Mrs. Lascelles was in and out of the room during the rehearsal, and Ronald watched it with much amusement from the sofa, frequently interrupting the actors by his stage directions, and prompting them continually. When at last they had got through the piece, tea was brought

in, and Ronald was quite overwhelmed with attentions. But Edith found herself alone with him when Teresina had dragged away the rest to the old disused nursery, where all sorts of old rags, dresses, bits of carpet, and other sundries were stored, out of which she wished to make up the costumes for the play. Edith stayed behind on purpose. She felt that she would not know peace till she had begged Ronald's forgiveness. She approached the couch timidly.

'Mr. Lascelles,' she began, 'I have been wanting to speak to you so much.'

'Why Mr. Lascelles?' asked Ronald, smiling. 'You used to call me Ronald.'

'I cannot now,' she said, blushing. 'Oh! if you only knew how sorry I am.'

'Sorry for *me*? There is no occasion, Edith dear. I am getting on famously; I shall be about in a fortnight.'

'I don't mean only about your poor leg,' continued