THE STORY OF HELEN DAVENANT. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649600939

The Story of Helen Davenant. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by Violet Fane

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

VIOLET FANE

THE STORY OF HELEN DAVENANT. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III

Trieste

THE STORY OF HELEN DAVENANT.

THE STORY OF

HELEN DAVENANT.

BY

VIOLET FANE,

AUTHOR OF "DENZIL PLACE," "SOPHY, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A SAVAGE," "THROUGH LOVE AND WAR," ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL
LIMITED
1889

WESTMINSTER:
PRINTED BY NICHOLS AND SONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

THE STORY OF

HELEN DAVENANT.

CHAPTER I.

My cousin Courtenay arrived at St. Petersburg a little more than a week before the fancy ball, in response to a telegram which had been sent to him by the Ambassador. There was a dinner-party at the British Embassy on the same night, and he was introduced to me by Lord Silchester whilst the guests were assembling.

"I must present you to Miss Collingwood, my god-daughter and ward," he said

wearing an expression rather as though he were playing a practical joke upon the new military *attaché*, "a young lady who has been good enough to come out here and keep house for a forlorn old bachelor."

I looked at Courtenay with the greatest interest, pleased to think that he could not know who I was; and endeavoured to analyse my first impressions of him apart from any pre-conceived notions.

His face, as Miss Warden had said, was "charming," rather than regularly handsome. Its expression was variable, and the eyes were full of fire and intelligence. He had the effect of being dark, but his hair was not quite black, and his eyes were blue. His figure was tall and soldier-like, and his voice earnest and sympathetic. He was greeted by the French Ambassador, and two or three other guests, as an old friend. They addressed him as "*mon cher*," and ex-

pressed great pleasure at meeting him again. He appeared to respond to their welcome in a very hearty and cordial manner. It was evident that, unlike his predecessor, he got on well with foreigners. I know not how it happened that, as soon as I had looked in Courtenay Davenant's face, I felt for certain that he would one day care for me. It was not vanity that prompted this thought, for, with this consciousness of what must now, inevitably, come to pass, I possessed also the conviction that, had circumstances been other than they were, it would have been utterly impossible, probably, to bring about any such result. In a word, Courtenay would come to love me now simply because all such love must be, of necessity, hopeless, and barren of fruition. I said to myself that I would in no way strive either for, or against, what I felt to be so certainly