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VERNON'S AUNT

CHAPTER I

THE idea of making a visit to my nephew, Vernon Hugo Hawkins, who lives in the North-West Provinces, India, and has an appointment in the Forest Department, came to me in the night. It was the night, to be quite accurate, of the fifteenth of November, 1892. I am perfectly certain about the date because it is down in my diary, recording the birth of the vicar's wife's seventh daughter, with some observations. All the afternoon had been dressing dolls in early Victorian styles for a Zenana mission at a work party, while Letitia Bray read aloud a book of travels in the East, and when I went to bed