

her feet in a most tragic style. "Have you no respect for the family dignity? To think that I should live to have a *marked copy* of a paper sent me with such a notice! Sent, I suppose, by one of that jealous clique we did not include among our guests last night."

Now, to be sure there was no pressing reason why Aunt Tabby should take boarders. Why! she was worth a cool half million, but she was as self-willed and contrary as you can possibly believe, and had no more regard for the "family dignity" of the Cobbs, than she had for the opinion of mankind in general, which was very little. She was, however, a gentle and delightful old lady (and not so very old either) when she had her own way, and I was supposed to be her favorite nephew and presumptive heir.

It was rather strange though, that she should get the idea of taking boarders into her head, and the more I pondered over it the more queer it seemed. It mystified and interested me.

"There's one thing you must do right away, Gerry," said my mother, somewhat quieted. "I want you to get that odious article out of the paper, and then you must go to Vermont and see if Tabitha has gone clean crazy."

"As for the first, mother, you will see that this paper is ten days old, and no doubt the advertisement is stopped by its own limitation ere this, and as for the other mission, I will be only too happy to get a chance to visit Twin Islands once more."

Thus it happened that the following night found me *en route* for Northern Vermont.

My Aunt Tabitha was the well preserved widow of a successful Canadian banker and politician. She owned a pleasant home in Montreal, which was the centre of a most charming coterie of literary and artistic people, who knew and admired the frank, headstrong, masculine old lady. She also owned Twin Islands Farmhouse, a most romantically situated place upon the shores of that loveliest of lakes, Memphremagog, dear to my youthful memory. It had been some years since any of our family had visited Twin Islands, as we had been abroad a large portion of the time.

The White Mountain Express, leaving New York in the morning, keeps along the picturesque and populous shores of the Sound, turning northward at classic New Haven, and meeting the broad Connecticut River at Hartford. For the distance of one hundred miles northward the Connecticut River Railroad is laid beside the shores of the beautiful river, now upon one side and anon upon the other.

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