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She said I could be glad, anyhow, that I didn't have ter STOOP SO FAR TER DO MY WEEDIN' 'cause I was already bent part way over." Nancy gave a wistful laugh. "But I don't want to be taken care of—that is, not for long! I want to get up. "Maybe you don't know it, but I've seen a good deal of that little girl of yours. He won't even have any one
'round ter cook for him—comes down ter the hotel for his meals three times a day. "There, there, Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that now. Will you come?" Pollyanna, never mind about that ne
ARE you doing?" she gasped, as she felt a soft something slipped about her shoulders. From there it was an easy matter to step to the nearest tree-branch. "Why, what a shame!" sympathized Pollyanna. Instead of always harping on a man's faults, tell him of his virtues. Now that the time had come, she felt unwontedly shy. "O dear! And it was all
going so splendidly," almost sobbed Pollyanna, certainly, in many ways, was very much of a surprise to Pollyanna, certainly, in many ways, was very much of a surprise to school. A SURPRISE FOR MRS. In the ceremonious "parlor" of the Harrington homestead, Mr. John Pendleton did not have
to wait long before a swift step warned him of Miss Polly's coming. "Maybe. "If the mistress asks, tell her I ain't furgettin' the dishes, but I gone on a stroll," she flung back over her shoulder, as she sped toward the path that led through the open field. And I will own up, honest to true, that I couldn't think of anything for a while. "Well, in plain words,
it's just that nothin' what ever has happened right in Mis' Snow's eyes. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm Project Gutenberg-tm Project Gutenberg-tm Synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. They found
me." "Eh? "Oh, I'm so glad," exulted Pollyanna. Why don't I—what?" The doctor had turned back to his desk. "Say, I'll tell you what I WILL do! The Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon. International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from
outside the United States. Nancy gave him a scornful glance. "You had a trunk, I presume?" "Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Polly. "Little girl, I'm thinking that one of the very gladdest jobs you ever did has been done to-day," he said in a voice shaken with emotion. Only about half of what had been said, had she understood. Would she mind—if if I wasn't here
any more?" Nancy threw a quick look into the little girl's absorbed face. Her eyes were wild. ANYbody'd remember you, I guess, if they saw you once. "Why, I thought you'd be GLAD to have him here! I'm sure, I should think you'd be glad—" Miss Polly raised her hand with a peremptory gesture of silence. 'Twas YOU they was worryin' about, 'cause
you wouldn't let Dr. Chilton see her. Your aunt don't like ice-cream, I guess; leastways I never saw it on her table." Pollyanna's face fell. An' so they've been comin' ev'ry day ter tell her how glad she's made THEM, hopin' that'll help some. I love Mrs. She did not offer her hand, however, and her face was coldly reserved. She drew back, indeed, as she
entered the room. "Why, of course I could! I'm HERE," she answered. "Do you remember Mrs. An' they was wishin' somebody could make you understand, only they didn't know who could; an' I was outside the winder, an' I says ter myself right away, 'By Jinks, I'll do it!' An' I come—an' have I made ye understand?" "Yes; but, Jimmy, about that
doctor," implored Miss Polly, feverishly. "There's the very gladdest thing you CAN do—truly there is!" "Not for me, Pollyanna." "Yes, sir, for you. A dog had barked some distance ahead. Still—'twon't last, with me tossing back and forth on the pillow as I do." "Of course not—and I'm glad, too," nodded Pollyanna, cheerfully, "because then I can fix it
again. "Well?" she said. Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well. Nancy will give you a candle. There was a brief silence; then, huskily, he asked: "And Pollyanna—how does she—take it?" "She doesn't understand—at all—how things really are. The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said. Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well. Nancy will give you a candle. There was a brief silence; then, huskily, he asked: "And Pollyanna—how does she—take it?" "She doesn't understand—at all—how things really are. The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said. Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well." In the doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said. Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well." In the doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said. Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well." In the doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture, and got to his feet. "Oh, Aunt Polly, as if leading to the said." The doctor made an impatient gesture gesture gesture gesture gesture gesture gestu
ever could be ungrateful—to YOU! Why, I LOVE YOU—and you aren't even a Ladies' Aider; you're an aunt!" "Very well; then see that you don't act ungrateful," vouchsafed Miss Polly, as she turned toward the door. "There's plenty of 'em needs cleanin' all right, all right! The idea of stickin' that blessed child 'way off up here in this hot little room—with
no fire in the winter, too, and all this big house ter pick and choose from! Unnecessary children, indeed! Humph!" snapped Nancy, wringing her rag so hard her fingers ached from the strain; "I guess it ain't CHILDREN what is MOST unnecessary just now, just
bare little room in plain disgust. "Well, we've heard now that she's fretting her poor little life out of her, because she can't play it no more—that there's nothing to be glad about. "And I never knew you had 'em! Can folks have 'em when you don't know they've got 'em? But the minister was not thinking either of what he had written, or of what he
intended to write. "That is what I came to tell you—that is, to ask you to tell Miss Pollyanna," hurried on the girl, breathlessly and incoherently. "How do you do?" began Pollyanna politely. But afterwards—" "What was it?" Nancy was eagerly insistent. The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. She did not quite understand; but she thought she understood enough. Why did you go to the Ladies' Aid in that absurd fashion?" "Yes'm, I know; but, please, I didn't know it was absurd until I went and found out they'd rather see their report grow than Jimmy. Maybe you know him." Miss Polly did not
answer this. She's taken me to bring up—on account of my mother, you know," faltered Pollyanna, in a low voice. She left a message for you—but she wouldn't tell me what it meant. I presume you've heard of me—most of the good people in the town have—and maybe some of the things you've heard ain't true. He has just been here. "I'll tell ye,
ma'am. My! I reckon folks'll be glad when they do see it—and surprised, too, 'cause you've hid it so long. I don't know yet what you look like." Pollyanna drew back at once, laughing a little hysterically. "There, I told ye so," nodded Jimmy, contentedly. "Oh, Nancy, I'm so glad—glad—glad. You don't know how glad I am that Aunt Polly—wants me!" "As
if I'd leave her now!" thought Pollyanna, as she climbed the stairs to her room a little later. The next day she saw him again. She's made me glad, too, on such a lot o' things, an' it's made 'em so much easier. "You have been to school, of course, Pollyanna?" "Oh, yes, Aunt Polly. A RED ROSE AND A LACE SHAWL
CHAPTER XVII. "Of course, 'twould have been a good deal harder to be glad in black—" "Glad!" gasped Nancy, surprised into an interruption. In the fall you will enter school here, of course. It IS awful! Mrs. Another one might tell us something new to do—to help you get well faster, you know." A joyous light came to Pollyanna's face. Nancy had been
working in Miss Polly's kitchen only two months, but already she knew that her mistress did not usually hurry. After a minute she said brokenly: "Yes—I'll let—Dr. Chilton—see her. But come, now, really, what do you mean?" Pollyanna stared slightly; then she drew a long breath. Before the boy had reached the end of the driveway, Pollyanna overtook
him. "Perhaps, some day, dear—" But Aunt Polly, I can't get up," she moaned, falling back on the pillow, after an ineffectual attempt to lift herself. CHAPTER XX. To herself Pollyanna always called him "the Man," no matter if she met a
dozen other men the same day. 1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Aunt Polly did not dare to tell, yet, the great hope that Dr. Chilton had put into her heart. Take my word for it, 'tain't best." And again he bent
his old head to the work before him. "I'm a-wonderin' what Miss Polly will do with a child in the house," he said. "I guess you hain't got such an awful diff'rent opinion o' the mistress than I have," she bridled. This extraordinary child was waiting. Pausing only a moment, however, she sped across the big neglected lawn and around the house to the side
door under the porte-cochere. "My stars and stockings!—HER!" breathed Nancy, behind her teeth. She found out—that way." "Poor—little—girl!" sighed the man again. But they won't. I've got a beautiful trunk that the Ladies' Aid gave me. "I understand. A minute before she had been telephoning in a shaking voice to Timothy: "Come up quick!—you
and your father. Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Promptly, therefore, she pulled her aunt toward the sun parlor where she could see a belated red rose blooming on the trellis within reach of her hand. "Well, maybe 'tis natural," he sighed. "And the feller's livin' ter-day—right in this town, too." "Who is he?" "I ain't a-tellin' that. "I lost my nap this morning. "Have you had your supper, Pollyanna," "Yes, Aunt Polly." "I'm very sorry, Pollyanna, to have been obliged so soon to send you into the kitchen to eat bread and milk." "But I was real glad you did it, Aunt
Polly. "Yes, well, I hain't done much prinkin' before the mirror these days—and you wouldn't, if you was flat on your back as I am!" "Why, no, of course not," agreed Pollyanna, sympathetically. Instinctively she felt that some one had to draw one—after that speech. "Aren't you getting a little mixed?" asked John Pendleton of Pollyanna. I should THINK,
though, they'd rather see Jimmy Bean grow—than just a report!" CHAPTER XIII. It was—" Nancy stopped abruptly. Pollyanna hurriedly crossed to her side. I did not ask for explanations. White and the house. We live on the Pendleton Hill road, and she used to go by often—only she didn't always GO BY. Nancy drew a long breath. Pollyanna's words
had been most confusing. Behind her, Nancy stood staring amazedly. I'm goin' ter live somewheres else—but I hain't found the place, yet. THAT part is too bad—about the money—when you've been saving it, too, all this time." "When—eh?" "Saving it—buying beans and fish balls, you know. Then, with sudden impulse, she stepped forward and held out her hand. "Aunt Polly, why CAN'T I remember that my legs don't go any more, and that I won't ever, ever go up to see Mr. Pendleton again?" "There, there, don't," choked her aunt. "Never thought of it. "Oh, it's you!" it broke off not very graciously, as Pollyanna advanced toward the bed. "The 'glad game'?" asked the man. "I ought not to have, of
course, Aunt Polly," she apologized. "That's so! I can be glad of that, can't I?" she cried. So then I wrote to MY Ladies' Aiders—'cause Jimmy is far away from them, you know; and I thought maybe he could be their little India boy same as—Aunt Polly, WAS I your little India girl? But just swallow these little pills for me, please, and we'll see what
THEY'LL do." "All right," agreed Pollyanna, somewhat doubtfully; "but I MUST go to school day after to-morrow—there are examinations then, you know." She spoke again, a minute later. In spite of Pollyanna's brave assertion that she was "used to Ladies' Aiders," and "didn't mind," she had sighed at times for some companion of her own age.
White's haven't. "Why?" "Nothin', sir, only—well, ye see, that's one of the things that she was feelin' bad about, that she couldn't take him ter see you, now. And it's calf's-foot jelly?" The doctor, coming into the hall at that moment, heard the woman's words and saw the disappointed look on Pollyanna's face. "Well, I'm glad of that." "G-glad,
Pollyanna?" asked her aunt, who was sitting by the bed. Snow, was knitting wonderful things out of bright colored worsteds that trailed their cheery lengths across the white spread, and made Pollyanna—again like Mrs. They're just rooms, that's all—not a home." Pollyanna nodded her head wisely. You may follow me, Pollyanna." Without speaking.
Pollyanna turned and followed her aunt from the room. And that's when we began it." "Well, I must say I can't see any game about that," declared Nancy, almost irritably. I would do anything—almost anything for you, my dear; but I—for reasons which I do not care to speak of now, I don't wish Dr. Chilton called in on—on this case. Paul
Ford looked up now, very quickly. CHAPTER VII. But it's been pretty hard to—to do it, even in red gingham, because I—I wanted him, so; and I couldn't have anybody but the Ladies' Aid. "Pollyanna, what does this mean? Then, gravely again
"I'm afraid some of your older sisters would not be quite so—confident. "Very much. She must be so surprising and—and different. "Well, I suppose it 'got in' through the bevelled edge of that glass thermometer in the window," he said wearily. You shouldn't have a wish ungratified. Pollyanna rose at once. She wanted me to tell you that they—they
were going to stay together and to play the game, just as you wanted them to." Pollyanna smiled through tear-wet eyes. He meant not to mention it to HER." "Yes; Aunt Polly." For a brief moment Miss Polly lost her usual well-bred self-control. "Pollyanna, wait! Miss Polly's voice was suddenly very stern. "I needn't
stay in the dark all my life, if I am sick, need I?" "Why, n-no, of course not," rejoined Milly, in hasty conciliation, as she reached for the medicine bottle. "I'm sorry about the bread and milk; I am, I am." "Oh, I'm not. "I reckon not. "As if that wa'n't jest what I was tellin' of ye! Didn't she send me posthaste with an umbrella 'cause she see a little cloud in
the sky? "You are very kind. "Mercy!" gasped Nancy. "Why, about where we're going to live, of course," rejoined Pollyanna, in obvious surprise. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. Miss Polly, to tell the truth, was feeling curiously helpless. Well, I reckon I am glad! Oh, Aunt Polly, I've so
wanted to find a place for Jimmy—and that's such a lovely place! Besides, I'm so glad for Mr. Pendleton, too. I hoped to bring her, some day, to this house. "I was just a-fearin! I'd find you like this." Pollyanna shook her head. John Pendleton turned to her feverishly. She didn't know, I suspect, that her kind of folks don't generally call on my
kind. It means she's at last gettin' down somewheres near human—like folks; an' that she ain't jest doin' her duty by ye all the time." "Why, Nancy," demurred the scandalized Pollyanna, "Aunt Polly always does her duty. And—it was your mother's hand and heart that I wanted long years ago." "My mother's!" "Yes. Does Mr. Pendleton like beans?"
"Like 'em! What if he does—or don't? With a sinking heart, too, she realized something else: the dreariness of her own future now without Pollyanna, I prefer that you should answer aloud not merely with your head." "Yes, Aunt Polly." "Thank you; that is better. He's the 'child's presence,' you know; and he'll be so
glad to be it. "A shame!" repeated Aunt Polly, too dazed to say more. "Be that as it may, she came; and she didn't do herself no harm, and she did do us good—a lot o' good. That is all." And she turned away—Miss Polly's arrangements for the comfort of her niece, Pollyanna, were complete. "And of course NOW I just love this room, even if it hasn't got
the carpets and curtains and pictures that I'd been want—" With a painful blush Pollyanna stopped short. Don't you remember? She was not dazed nor exhausted. We had beans and fish balls most generally. He was running back and forth, too, in the path ahead. WHICH IS A LETTER FROM POLLYANNA "Dear Aunt Polly and Uncle Tom:—Oh, I can—I
can—I CAN walk! I did to-day all the way from my bed to the window! It was six steps. Oh, and I ought to explain about the red gingham and the black things in the last missionary barrel, only a lady's velvet basque which Deacon Carr's wife said wasn't suitable for me at all; besides, it had white spots—worn, you know—on both elbows, and some other places. It was Pollyanna's turn to frown. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. "I don't see, really, what there was impertinent about that," she sighed. The Ladies' Aid bought it for me—and wasn't it
WALK! Now I don't mind being here almost ten months, and I didn't miss the wedding, anyhow. I'm hearin of it ev'rywhere, now, since she was hurted," said Tom. Aunt Polly says she hopes you are comfortable to-day, and she's sent you some calf's-foot jelly." "Dear me! Jelly?" murmured a fretful voice. A NEW UNCLE The next time Dr. Warren
entered the chamber where Pollyanna lay watching the dancing shimmer of color on the ceiling, a tall, broad-shouldered man followed close behind him. He had been then with the Man, Mr. John Pendleton of Dr. Mead's verdict. After he had gone, Miss
Polly had shown a face even whiter and more drawn looking than before. But she did say this—and surely this was quite wonderful enough—to Pollyanna, next week you're going to take a journey. The letter was addressed to Miss Polly Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont; and it read as follows: "Dear Madam:—I regret to inform you
that the Rev. "I know what you mean—something plagues you. He started forward again, but after the second step he turned back, still frowning. Pollyanna saw people now, occasionally, and always there were the loving messages from those she could not see; and always they brought her something new to think about—and Pollyanna needed new
things to think about. She said you'd think 'twas queer. The whole world suddenly seemed to turn black under my fingers, and—But, never mind. I mean living—doing the things you want to do: playing outdoors, reading (to myself, of course), climbing hills, talking to Mr. Tom in the garden, and Nancy, and finding out all about the houses and the
people and everything everywhere all through the perfectly lovely streets I came through yesterday. He won't mind a bit sleeping in the attic, at first, you know, and he says he'll work; but I shall need him the most of the time to play with, I reckon." Miss Polly grew white, then very red. "Not much you will! Maybe you think I'm goin' ter stand 'round
an' hear a whole LOT o' women call me a beggar, instead of jest ONE! Not much!" "Oh, but you wouldn't be there," argued Pollyanna, quickly. What's any lovers' quarrel after it's over?" he snarled, pacing the room angrily. "I guess maybe you don't know much about lovers, Miss Pollyanna. The little room was cooler now, and the air blew in fresh and
sweet. Snow once a week. Miss Polly read the telegram, frowned, then climbed the stairs to the attic room. Certainly I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should be very far from doi
Pollyanna had begged the privilege, and Nancy had promptly given it to her in accordance with Miss Polly's orders. His eyes were very grave. I'll write Mrs. "Well, she didn't tell Miss Polly," rejoined Nancy, picking up the half-dried pitcher—now so cold it must be rinsed again. Have you got any sense?" Pollyanna caugh
her breath with a little gasp, but—as was her habit—she answered the questions literally, one by one. I should think he'd throw it away!" Nancy chuckled. "Perhaps I'd better say right away that I KNOW the sun is shining to-day." "But you don't have to tell me," nodded Pollyanna, brightly. Oh, yes; I—I ran." Pollyanna's eyes were dazed. Then
abruptly, her aunt opened a door and ascended another stairway. "I'm afraid not. She was always wanting 'em different. "That is what I mean, Pollyanna." "Why, it—it's just being pro-fi-ta-ble?" "Why, i
And Nancy turned sobbingly, and went back to her kitchen. Nancy, since Pollyanna's arrival, had come to look for surprises and changes. "You will adopt Jimmy Bean!" she gasped. Windows were open, an elderly woman was hanging out clothes in the back yard, and the doctor's gig stood under the porte-cochere. Information about Donations to the
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SAID to!" Aunt Polly sighed. "Yes, I know. CHAPTER V. With a visible struggle, however, Miss Pollyanna that we understand from correcting the mistake. "And so we want you to please tell Miss Pollyanna that we understand
it's all because of her. Before her lay a garden in which a bent old man was working. Miss Polly lifted her chin haughtily. "But who ARE you?" guestioned Pollyanna. We'll be keepin' house tergether, jest you and me, all that time. It had become a fairyland—that sumptuous, but dreary bedroom. He did that, didn't he?" "Why, y-yes; he did act a little
queer—over that jelly," admitted Pollyanna, with a thoughtful frown. We didn't have any, only two little rugs that came in a missionary barrel, and one of those had ink spots on it. The little dog seemed frantic now. I reckon you're far enough away to make a report, all right. "I know it does sound nutty, ma'am. The man of wealth had more years, as
well as more money, to his credit, while the minister had only a young head full of youth's ideals and enthusiasm, and a heart full of love. You don't know about the game. First, from the bedroom came Pollyanna's terrified "Aunt Polly!" Then Miss Polly, seeing the open door and realizing that her words had been heard, gave a low little moan
and—for the first time in her life—fainted dead away. Every guiver of his little brown body, and every glance from his beseeching brown eyes were eloquent that at last Pollyanna understood, turned, and followed him. Pollyanna looked at her for a moment with mournfully interested eyes; then she sighed: "I just love to see
you when your cheeks are pink like that, Aunt Polly; but I would so like to fix your hair. Some of what was said at this time Pollyanna again thought she could not have understood, too, for it sounded almost as if they did not care at all what the money DID, so long as the sum opposite the name of their society in a certain "report" "headed the list"—
and of course that could not be what they meant at all! But it was all very confusing, and not quite pleasant, so that Pollyanna was glad, indeed, when at last she found herself outside in the hushed, sweet air—only she was very sorry, too: for she knew it was not going to be easy, or anything but sad, to tell Jimmy Bean to-morrow that the Ladies' Aid
had decided that they would rather send all their money to bring up the little India boys than to save out enough to bring up one little boy in their own town, for which they would not get "a bit of credit in the report," according to the tall lady who wore spectacles. Some turned their backs and blew their noses furiously. Pollyanna, smiling bravely now,
flew about, hanging the dresses in the closet, stacking the books on the table, and putting away the undergarments in the bureau drawers. Rawson was a very ordinary woman—and she disliked Mrs. Snow—and I'm so glad 'tisn't, too! That would be worse than 'Hephzibah,' wouldn't it? I love to fix people's hair," exulted Pollyanna, carefully laying
down the hand-glass and reaching for a comb. "I loved your mother; but she—didn't love me. "You didn't say I COULDN'T do your hair," she crowed triumphantly; "and so I'm sure it means just the other way 'round, sort of—like it did the other day about Mr. Pendleton's jelly that you didn't send, but didn't want me to say you didn't send,
gave a disturbed exclamation. The visit, certainly, was a delightful one, but before it was over, Pollyanna was realizing that they were talking about something besides the wonderful things in the beautiful carved box. His face was very, very red now—and no wonder, perhaps: it was not for "giving things" that John Pendleton had been best known in
the past. I was up here." "Yes; but—she didn't know that, you see!" observed Nancy, dryly, stifling a chuckle. "But I don't see it that way at all. "Dr. Chilton! Oh, Aunt Polly, I'd so love to have Dr. Chilton! I've wanted him all the time, but I was afraid you didn't, on account of his seeing you in the sun parlor that day, you know; so I didn't like to say
anything. By that time, however, the clouds had shifted their position and the shower was not so imminent. I told the Ladies' Aid, and they played it—some of them." "What is it? OLD TOM AND NANCY CHAPTER III. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nancy stared. I've got so used to playing it. She undressed, folded
her clothes neatly, said her prayers, blew out her candle and climbed into bed. Pollyanna, entirely misunderstanding her aunt's words. "Pollyanna, you—I Thomas, that will do for this morning. "I sha'n't do much to-day, of course—I'm
in such a hurry for you to see how pretty you are; but some day I'm going to take it all down and have a perfectly lovely time with it," she cried, touching with soft fingers the waving hair above the sick woman's forehead. "Nevertheless I think it is my duty to see that you are properly instructed in at least the rudiments of music. Aunt Polly, indeed,
seemed particularly bitter against Dr. Chilton, as Pollyanna found out one day when a hard cold shut her up in the house. Eagerly Pollyanna, again with that choking little breath. Pollyanna colored a little. "I'm sure it—it's going to be a very nice room. The girl had
turned and was leading the way through the hall to a door at the end of it. Good-by!" It was on the last day of October that the accident occurred. This was John Pendleton's house; the house which sheltered, somewhere—a skeleton. Glory be ter praise! ter think of my old eyes
a-seein' this!" "Who was Miss Jennie?" "She was an angel straight out of Heaven," breathed the man, fervently; "but the old master and missus knew her as their oldest daughter. To Pollyanna, at the moment, there seemed to be just one place in the world worth being in—the top of that big rock. "She wanted ter tell ye, first off," continued Nancy, a
thing, quite unlike the thing she had set out to do! "I love company," said Pollyanna, again, flitting about as if she were dispensing the hospitality of a palace; "specially since I've had this room, all mine, you know. And now hain't he owned up that you remind him of somethin' he wants ter forget? "And now I know, and I'm glad you look just like you do
look." Nancy was relieved just then to have Timothy come up. She was at the back of the house. THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM Miss Polly Harrington did not rise to meet her mistakes, she was learning fast. She's too proud and too angry to ask me—after
what she said years ago it would mean if she did ask me. "Mr. Pendleton told me," nodded Pollyanna, again; "about the woman's hand and heart, or the child's presence, you know. "And you didn't break but one. Pollyanna found a very nervous John Pendleton waiting for her that afternoon. "Well, anyhow, you can be glad of that," she retorted; "for
when I'm talking, YOU don't have to!" When the house was reached, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt. That's why she told you, to make you—GLAD, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt.
in them heathen countries. You see, you DO, lots of times; you get so used to it—looking for something to be glad about, you know. They didn't say. Her idea at first had been to get her niece as far away as possible from herself, and at the same time place her where her childish heedlessness would not destroy valuable furnishings. "That will do,
Pollyanna. "That was a hard one, at first," she admitted, "specially when I was so kind of lonesome. After that, they got to be such a comfort to him, you know, when things went wrong; when the Ladies' Aiders got to fight—I mean, when they DIDN'T AGREE about something," corrected Pollyanna, hastily. "Will you go?" "You mean—an errand—to the
drug store?" asked Pollyanna, a little uncertainly. It's stopped raining, so I drove down after you. Her eyes were out the mistress now—even that she'd take ter playin' it herself!" "But hain't the little gal told her—ever? There! Now you can—oh!" she broke off
excitedly, as she turned back to the bed; "I'm so glad you wanted to see me, because now I can see you! They didn't tell me you were so pretty!" "Me!—pretty!" scoffed the woman, bitterly. "I am. Pollyanna only chuckled the more gleefully. The adoring happiness that had leaped to Dr. Chilton's eyes was unmistakable and Miss Polly had seen it.
Pollyanna, looking at him, felt vaguely sorry for him. I've been at the hotel all summer, and every day I've had to take long walks for my health. "Is this the usual way you say good morning?" The little girl dropped to her toes, and danced lightly up and down. I should think they'd be glad to make up!" Nancy sniffed disdainfully. My! if it was mine I'd
have it hang in the sun all day long!" "Lots of good you'd get out of the thermometer, then," laughed the man. Well, I don't know, I don't kno
left on the desk by his wife a few minutes before. How do you suppose I'm going to be 'glad' about anything—without you? I just had to have you come. "You ARE the most extraordinary child!" Pollyanna. "I am very sorry, Pollyanna," she said, a little
stiffly; "but I'm afraid you'll have to let me be the judge, this time. The Essence Ratings Method of Fictional Work Who I Am While Pollyanna and its sequel, Pollyanna Grows Up, were both written by Eleanor H. The screens had not yet come, and the close little room was like an oven. On the big, flat-topped desk in the middle of the room you'll find a first sequel, Pollyanna Grows Up, were both written by Eleanor H. The screens had not yet come, and the close little room was like an oven. On the big, flat-topped desk in the middle of the room you'll find a first sequel, Pollyanna Grows Up, were both written by Eleanor H. The screens had not yet come, and the close little room was like an oven. On the big, flat-topped desk in the middle of the room you'll find a first sequel, Pollyanna Grows Up, were both written by Eleanor H. The screens had not yet come, and the close little room was like an oven.
telephone. "What do you mean? "Father had to tell it to me." "Well, then, suppose YOU tell ME," almost snapped Nancy. "Good afternoon," he greeted her a little stiffly. "But what beats me is how he happened ter take ter you so, Miss Pollyanna—meanin' no offence ter you, of course—but he ain't the sort o' man what gen'rally takes ter kids; he ain't
some, anyhow—much as half an aisle, don't you think? You see there's such a lot depends on 'em, somehow." The Rev. Then she turned and walked rapidly away. "She lay back that white an' still she might easy be dead; but Miss Polly said she wa'n't dead—an' Miss Polly had oughter know, if any one would—she kept up such a listenin' an' a feelin' for
obviously made for anybody but Pollyanna. I just love people. "Well, she ain't goin' ter Heaven that way ter-night—not if I has my say," declared Nancy, doggedly. With two strides of his sturdy little legs he confronted Miss Polly fearlessly. "Pollyanna, it's quite time you were in bed. A quick spasm of pain crossed the woman's face. The influence of a
beautiful, helpful, hopeful character is contagious, and may revolutionize a whole town.... Two of his deacons were at swords' points over a silly something that only endless brooding had made of any account. Bang went two doors and a chair before Pollyanna at last reached her goal—Aunt Polly. "Oh, no. "But, say, we better hurry. "GLAD that Aunt
see you're the only one I told, and I thought Mr. Pendleton looked sort of funny when I said I'd told YOU." "Did he?" The doctor's lips twitched. "Well, the window was open, and I was weedin' the flower-bed under it; an' I heard 'em talk." "Oh, Jimmy! LISTENING?" "Twa'n't about me, an' 'twa'n't sneak listenin'," bridled Jimmy. Some cried frankly.
John Pendleton ADOPT Jimmy Bean? Her face was grave, but very red. Snow this week I thought how nice it would be if I could take it to him instead of her, just this once. But to-day it seemed even more delightful than ever, notwithstanding her disappointment over what she must tell Jimmy Bean to-morrow. At half-past eight Pollyanna went up to
bed. He's had it a whole week now." "Yes, I remember. Miss Polly did not usually make hurried movements; she specially prided herself on her repose of manner. The defiant chin fell. But never mind that now. Pollyanna gave a sudden radiant smile. I never thought of your takin' me for her. Why? "What do you mean?" "I mean that from what I can
hear and learn—a mile from her bedside—that her case is very much like one that a college friend of mine has just helped. Timothy will take the open buggy and drive you over. Snow's daughter, came in, the mirror still lay among the bedclothes—though it had been carefully hidden from sight. But he told her she COULD be glad—'cause she DIDN'T
NEED 'EM." "Oh-h!" cried Miss Polly. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below. Miss Polly did not know her at all. But soon he had roused himself, and had picked up another curio to talk about. "There's no pleasin' her, nohow, no matter how you try! I wouldn't stay if 'twa'n't for the wages and the folks at home what's needin' 'em. "You
did? You asked me to tell you something to be glad about—glad, you know, even though you didn't have 'em—and you lying here like this!" "As if that wasn't the very thing that was at the bottom of the whole matter," retorted the man, testily a like this!" "As if that wasn't the very thing that was at the bottom of the whole matter," retorted the man, testily a like this!" "As if that wasn't the very thing the very 
"because I am lying here like this! And yet you expect me to say I'm glad because of a fool woman who disarranges the whole house and calls it 'nursing,' to say nothing of the doctor who eggs 'em both on—and the whole bunch of them, meanwhile, expecting me to pay them for it, and
pay them well, too!" Pollyanna frowned sympathetically. "Aunt Polly has been so good to me," she began; but the man interrupted her sharply. The whole town is playing the game, and how to play it." Pollyanna clapped her hands
Pollyanna liked him at once, and told him so. Her eyes were angry. Newby Chief Executive and Director gbnewby@pglaf.org Section 4. Aunt Polly says it DOES make them!" The man laughed a little; and again Pollyanna looked at him: the laugh had sounded almost like a sob. "Now what is it about this jelly?" "Nothing, Aunt Polly, truly, that you would
mind, I'm sure. "To-morrow?" smiled the nurse, brightly. It was on these walks that I've met your niece—she's such a dear little girl! I wish I could make you understand what she's been to me. "Of course, ma'am; it was only that I thought a little girl here might—might brighten things up for you," she faltered. Layne, Lauren Leon, Donna Lewis, C.S.
Nesbit, E. "But he is a funny man, and he's different, too, just like Mrs. "I think I shall like to go to see her. If anything or anybody can take the grouch out of Pendleton this afternoon, she can. I ain't your Aunt Polly, at all!" "You—you AREN'T?" stammered the little girl, in plain dismay. It was then that the same thought must have, in some way, come
to Pollyanna's friends. It was hot and stifling, too. I'd work, ye know, an' I'm real strong!" He bared a small, bony arm. "Not—Dr.—Chilton?" "Yes; when he came to tell me you wanted to see me to-day, you know." "Well, of all the—" muttered the man, falling back in his chair. "Ho! That isn't the way home," laughed Pollyanna, still keeping to the main
path. Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Nancy, thinking of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "What?" Miss Polly looked up in dazed surprise; then, suddenly, with very red cheeks, she turned and swept and swept and swept and swept and such as the content of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "What?" Miss Polly looked up in dazed surprise; then, suddenly, with very red cheeks, she turned and swept and swept and such as the corners." "Nice?" "Aunt Polly, please," she called wistfully, "isn't there ANY way you can be glad about all that—duty business?" "What?" Miss Polly looked up in dazed surprise; then, suddenly, with very red cheeks, she turned and swept and such as the corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners." "Nice?" "And the corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners of the sunshine her own little sisters made in t
angrily down the stairs. Miss Polly came out of it with the feeling of limp relaxation that one might have at finding oneself at last on solid earth after a perilous walk across the very thin crust of a volcano. 'Twasn't much, anyhow—but what there was, was because of you. CHAPTER XVI. She works for Aunt Polly! Well, who is Aunt Polly?'
"She's Miss Polly Harrington. Snow's, and put in a flower? Snow dropped the mirror and turned irritably. 1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm. The woman rose at once. Then, aloud, she
despairingly. "What's that, Pollyanna?" "N-nothing, Aunt Polly, truly. "There, if I didn't forget to tell you his name! I'm as bad as the Man. Nancy head as the Man. Nancy head and left with three younger children besides Nancy herself, had forced the girl into doing something toward their support, and she had
been so pleased when she found a place in the kitchen of the great house on the hill—Nancy had come from "The Corners," six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly Harrington only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead, and one of the wealthiest residents of the town. Oh, please tell me about her!" And down plumped Pollyanna in the
middle of the dirt path by the old man's side. It was not long before Nancy saw her—the slender little girl in the red-checked gingham with two fat braids of flaxen hair hanging down her back. The window must have been raised at some time. "He said he felt better right away, that first day he thought to count 'em. Certainly, as those first July days
passed, Miss Polly found occasion many times to ejaculate "What an extraordinary child!" and certainly the reading and sewing lessons found her at their conclusion each day somewhat dazed and wholly exhausted. To think that now never again would that smiling face be seen on their streets—never again would that cheery little voice proclaim the
gladness of some everyday experience! It seemed unbelievable, impossible, cruel. Are they SURE he could make Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile from home. "Yes, sir," smiled Pollyanna knew that the chapel next the chapel next the chapel next the church is not provided in the chapel next the c
Just because his father showed so plainly that he expected him to do the right thing. "You don't seem ter notice what I said," she observed aggrievedly. It is a new doctor—a very famous doctor from New York, who—who knows a great deal about—about hurts like yours." Pollyanna's face fell. "Oh, I know just the place for you," she cried. "She's the
niece of one of our best known residents. Oh, and I gave the jelly to Mr. Pendleton, and—" Miss Polly lifted her head quickly. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works. "You mean—why, Nancy, not
He always speaks and smiles—now. On street corners and in store lounging-places the men talked, too, and wept—though not so openly. Snow and—lots of folks. Tarbell's visit, the climax came. Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad you belong to me!" Aunt Polly did not answer. "Well, I'll tell ye what it means. Never mind why. It was the barrels every time, too,
that were hardest to play the game on, for father and—" Just in time Pollyanna remembered that she was not to talk of her father to her aunt. "I remember now; 'twas 'cause she saw you that she ran. "Hullo, doggie—hullo!" Pollyanna snapped her fingers at the dog and looked expectantly down the path. "Of course I'm Pollyanna, and I'm so glad you
came to meet me! I hoped you would." "You—you did?" stammered Nancy, vaguely wondering how Pollyanna could possibly have known her—and want to," permitted Mrs. THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS CHAPTER XXIX. "You're no more hers than—Perhaps she would let you
come to me," he finished more gently. "Of course I'm very much obliged, but I was hoping 'twould be lamb broth to-day." Pollyanna frowned a little. He had prayed and prayed and prayed thoughtfully. Redistribution is subject to the
trademark license, especially commercial redistribution. An' they called it the 'jest bein' glad' game. Nancy told me." The man's jaw dropped. Take down the sash-curtain, and let the string reach straight across the window from side to side. It brought to the minister a vivid realization of how those words would sound the next Sunday when he should
the bent old man, threaded her way between the orderly rows of green growing things, and—a little out of breath—reached the path that ran through the open field. A great many ladies talked then, and several of them talked all at once, and even more loudly and more unpleasantly than before. The doctor's life was a singularly lonely one. A
QUESTION ANSWERED The sky was darkening fast with what appeared to be an approaching thunder shower when Pollyanna hurried down the hill from John Pendleton's house. "I forgot; rich folks never have to have them. She is eleven years old, and will sleep in that room." "A little girl—coming here, Miss Harrington? "That's what I'm tryin' ter
tell ye." "Well, then tell me. "THAT? Oh! Well, when you get into the house, go straight through the vestibule and hall to the door at the end. Porter Release Date: August 27, 2008 [EBook #1450] Last Updated: March 9, 2018 Language: English Character set encoding: UTF-8 *** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POLLYANNA ***
Produced by Charles Keller (for Tina), and David Widger By Eleanor H. But after she had almost reached the winter clothing, put away for the summer. I guess I can find one myself. I'm so glad Mr. Pendleton gave me those prisms! I'm glad of some things I
haven't said yet. See that you clean the corners, Nancy," she finished sharply, as she left the room. Then, suddenly, a wonderful light illumined her face. After a time they all had the story and began to talk among themselves, animatedly, not quite pleasantly. Of course you would be notified what day and train to expect Pollyanna on. The sun dropped
lower in the west and the shadows grew deeper under the trees. He said she lived in a lovely great big house 'way on top of a hill." "She does. "Nancy, that will do. AN ACCIDENT At Mrs. We—we ain't, we ain't, we ain't, we ain't, we ain't, we ain't a bit alike we ain't, we ain't a bit alike we ain't.
by folks that belong to you, I mean. "You know what you said when I told ye she was handsome once." Nancy shrugged her shoulders. Her eyes were quite sparkling, indeed, at the forlorn little gray bunch of neglected misery in Pollyanna's arms,
and shivered: Miss Polly did not care for cats—not even pretty, healthy, clean ones. I—I'm going to tell you," she burst out, with sudden decision. Then he added: "I shouldn't think anybody who could talk like that, runnin', would need for
that." "But, of course, you—you'd want her, you—you'd want her, your sister's child," ventured Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger. At precisely the last stroke Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger. At precisely the last stroke Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger. At precisely the last stroke Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger. At precisely the last stroke Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger.
doorway, and she held out a hand with "duty" written large on every coldly extended finger. She had more time, also, to "just live," as she expressed it, for almost all of every afternoon from two until six o'clock was hers to do with as she liked—provided she did not "like" to do certain things already prohibited by Aunt Polly. Before that you will use
the time to put this room in order. Thank you." CHAPTER XXXI. Involuntarily his thoughts went back to what Pollyanna had said when he had made him ask very gently, as soon as he could control his voice: "I wonder if you know, Miss Harrington,
how hard I tried to get Pollyanna to come and live with me." "With YOU!—Pollyanna!" The man winced a little at the tone of her voice; but his own voice was still impersonally cool when he spoke again. "Oh, I know," she chuckled. "Pollyanna," he began at once. "I don't—" But Pollyanna was already halfway to the kitchen, calling: "Nancy, Nancy, just
see this dear little kitty that Aunt Polly is going to bring up along with me!" And Aunt Polly, in the sitting room—who abhorred cats—fell back in her chair with a gasp of dismay, powerless to remonstrate. Her cheeks showed a sudden color. It ain't fit that I should." The old man drew himself erect. As I said, he began with me on the crutches." And
once more Pollyanna told her story—this time to a man who listened with tender eyes and understanding ears. With trembling fingers she was draping about her aunt's shoulders the fleecy folds of a beautiful lace shawl, yellowed from long years of packing away, and fragrant with lavender. "I'm glad it isn't smallpox that ails me, too," she murmured
contentedly. The others have all—" Mrs. Then I come out here an' told you," finished Nancy, casting another backward glance toward the house. He walked erect, and rather rapidly, and he was always alone, which made Pollyanna vaguely sorry for him. Beyond the garden a little path through an open field led up a steep hill, at the top of which a lone
pine tree stood on guard beside the huge rock. Why, Aunt Polly, what's the matter?" Aunt Polly had risen hurriedly and gone to the window. THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW CHAPTER XXX. "Nothing, dear. "You didn't know Miss Polly as I did," he argued. "Well, I may not let you out guite so soon as that, Miss Pollyanna. "It was after he found out you
was Miss Polly's niece that he said he didn't ever want ter see ye again, wa'n't it?" "Oh, yes. He had pulled some papers from his pocket and unfolded them; but he was not looking at them. "Of course I knew," hurried on Pollyanna, gratefully, "that you wouldn't let a dear little lonesome kitty go hunting for a home when you'd just taken ME in; and I
said so to Mrs. "There is—there is," she crowed. White. Of a sudden she turned, her face illumined. Why, Pollyanna, it's only since you came that I've been even half glad to live! But if I had you for my own little girl, I'd be glad for—anything; and I'd try to make you glad, too, my dear. Miss Polly had sat politely listening, but with a puzzled questioning
in her eyes. But—you know how that came out. "Nancy,"—Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say." Nancy, "Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say." Nancy, "Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say." Nancy, "Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say." Nancy, "Miss Polly is voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say." Nancy flushed miserably. Just—just rest."
look into the nurse's face, Miss Polly struggled to her feet, and turned away. "After all, I—I reckon I'm glad she doesn't want me to talk about father," Pollyanna was thinking. A big fly was buzzing angrily at one of them now, up and down, trying to get out. "Yes, I have," nodded Pollyanna, importantly. Snow, dryly. She had been planning
to look for a certain white wool shawl in the cedar chest near the east window. Some of the Ladies' Aiders did call me that; and of course that was pretty nice, but not so nice as if they had belonged to me, like you do. Now will you come, my dear?" Pollyanna sprang to her feet. "You have said quite enough, I'm sure." The next minute she had swept
down the stairs—and not until she reached the first floor did it suddenly occur to her that she had gone up into the attic to find a white wool shawl in the cedar chest near the east window. "Pollyanna," she cried sharply, "WILL you stop using that everlasting word 'glad'! It's 'glad'—'glad'—'glad'—'glad' from morning till night until I think I shall grow wild!"
From sheer amazement Pollyanna's jaw dropped. He is in correspondence now with a New York specialist. It's Mr. John Pendleton. "She used ter be real handsome—and she would be now, if she'd let herself be." "Handsome! Miss Polly!" "Yes. Pollyanna, meanwhile, in accordance with the doctor's orders, was being escorted to John Pendleton's
rooms. I'm glad I'm Extraordinary," sighed Pollyanna, her face clearing. The woman hesitated; then a little brusquely she spoke. He was speaking with evident difficulty. Of course she's SEEN some things, because she's been there, and she's known mother is different; but I want her to know HOW different she is—and me, too. Oh! Humph!" grunted
the man as before; and once again Pollyanna laughed happily. "Oh, it's you, is it?" asked a fretful voice from the bed. "Are you Miss—Pollyanna?" she faltered. But if there IS a set o' folks in the world that wouldn't have no use for that 'ere 'glad game' o' your'n, it'd be a pair o' quarrellin' lovers; and that's what they be. "Very good. You can't thrash
when you have rheumatic fever—though you want to something awful, Mrs. I would prefer that Mrs. With an incoherently mumbled something, Mrs. To Pollyanna the air was all the more stifling after that cool breath of the out of doors; but she did not complain. "I ain't sayin' what 'twould be NOW. It seems such a pity we can't live nights, too." Once
again the woman pulled herself erect in her bed. "Well, my little lady, playing nurse?" "Oh, no, sir," smiled Pollyanna. "With you?—in your bed?" she cried rapturously. "Aunt Polly'll take you—I know she will! Didn't she take me? "Well, I've been askin' folks about him some, since, and I've found out that him an' Miss Polly hain't been friends for years,
an' that she's been hatin' him like pizen owin' ter the silly gossip that coupled their names tergether when she was eighteen or twenty." "Yes, I remember," nodded Old Tom. "Of course I'm sorry about the duty I forgot, Aunt Polly," she apologized timidly. One, two, three minutes passed. She—she's a very dutiful woman!" Unconsciously Pollyanna
repeated John Pendleton's words of half an hour before. Miss Polly was looking at Pollyanna with eyes that did not seem to see her at all. He looked so sad. I love kitties. Jones. "I never slept a wink last night—not a wink!" "O dear, I wish I didn't," sighed Pollyanna, placing the jelly on the little stand and seating herself comfortably in the nearest chair.
Pollyanna chuckled. And she's actually begun to knit little things—reins and baby blankets for fairs and hospitals. Paul Ford faced the thing squarely. "Yes'm. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. I reckon THEN they'd be glad all
right! Why, I think even Aunt Polly'd get so glad she couldn't help banging doors if she lived in a rainbow like that. Why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton? Unconsciously Pollyanna lifted her head higher—it seemed so hard to breathe. "I'm so glad! That is," she corrected, coloring distressfully, "I don't mean that I'm not sorry for the
heathen, only just now I can't help being glad that you don't want the little India boys, because all the rest have wanted them. It isn't exactly as if he said he was glad they WERE sick, but—You do play the game so funny, sometimes Nancy," she sighed, as she went into the house. Retrieved from the Library of Congress, . The telephone card hung in its
proper place, and the brass andirons had been polished. Pollyanna picked up the chair. Paul Ford turned a little wonderingly. I'm going to tell them about you this afternoon." Again the boy turned fiercely. "Well, I don't—just now. Thoroughly mystified now, Miss Polly hurried up-stairs to Pollyanna's room. A little later Pollyanna and the minister
descended the hill, hand in hand. When, in less than a week, however, Pollyanna brought home a small, ragged boy, and confidently claimed the same protection for him, Miss Pollyanna. Listlessly his tired eyes turned from paragraph to
paragraph until these words arrested them: "A father one day said to his son, Tom, who, he knew, had refused to fill his mother's woodbox that morning: 'Tom, I'm sure you'll be glad to go and bring in some wood for your mother.' And without a word Tom went. She frequently did that, however, when Pollyanna was talking of others—of Dr. Chilton, for
instance. So, there!" And he wheeled about and stalked from the room with a dignity that would have been absurd had it not been so pitiful. WHICH TELLS OF THE MAN CHAPTER X. There!" He lifted his chin and braced himself to meet what he expected—the grieved disappointment of Pollyanna's eyes. I'll ask her," she said wistfully. I know it is
warm, but I consider it your duty to keep your windows closed till those screens come. At any rate, somebody begun ter make trouble. Her eyes glowed with sympathetic understanding. "No—I didn't tell any one, Pollyanna," replied the doctor, a little queerly. Oh, of course, there's only a little of each—but there's some of all of 'em! I'm so glad you did
want chicken," she went on contentedly, as she lifted the three little bowls from her basket. Snow, go to call on Mr. Pendleton, and go to ride with Dr. Chilton nor did she seem to realize that all this "gladness" was in the future, not the present. Nancy shifted her feet uneasily. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Pollyanna. It's only that I was so hot—in there.
"Well, really, Nancy, just because I happened to have a sister who was silly enough to marry and bring unnecessary children into a world that was already quite full enough, I can't see how I should particularly WANT to have the care of them myself. "Of course I like Dr. Warren, and all that; but I like Dr. Chilton better, and I'm afraid he'd feel hurt if I
didn't have him. You do not know how to cook, I presume." Pollyanna laughed suddenly. "That will do, Pollyanna," interrupted a cold voice. Her brows drew into a troubled frown. "O dear! And you did look so pretty," almost sobbed Pollyanna, as she
stumbled through the door. JIMMY TAKES THE HELM CHAPTER XXI. JUST A MATTER OF JELLY CHAPTER XV. "I'm Pollyanna Whittier. "A little girl—to live with Miss Polly." "Go on with yer jokin'," scoffed unbelieving Tom. Now I guess we're glad all right. She's sick, and awfully sad; and she's at the hotel, and takes long walks. Can't I—get it?"
Pollyanna shook her head. "But you will—when you know; you're so kind and good! Why, think of the prisms and the gold pieces, and all that money you save for the heathen, and—" "Pollyanna!" interrupted the man, savagely. Of course she told a lot, and they told the rest. She says she's glad it's broken legs like yours rather than 'lifelong-invalids'
like Mrs. "But he did, Nancy," she nodded, "only I reckon even he didn't want to—ALL the time. She could not forget that Aunt Polly to call him that—before the Ladies' Aid. I think THAT name's just grand!" Pollyanna laughed. "Yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna. "Why, y-yes," she
admitted. "N-no; but—" "Pollyanna, you aren't going to say no!" interrupted a voice deep with emotion. "Do you mean that it wouldn't be enough then, Aunt Polly, that they should be just happy days?" she asked wistfully. Hold up to him his better self, his REAL self that can dare and do and win out!... Well, I should think she might say—just that."
"Yes," responded Pollyanna. Meanwhile, time had not stood still for the occupants of the great house on the hill. And so I'm glad you'd rather have Jimmy Bean. "I'll tell all my Toms I KNOW they'll be glad to fill that woodbox! I'll give them work to do, and I'll make them so full of the very joy of doing it that they won't have TIME to look at their
neighbors' woodboxes!" And he picked up his sermon notes, tore straight through the sheets, and cast them from him, so that on one side of his chair lay "But woe unto you," and on the other, "scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" while across the smooth white paper before him his pencil fairly flew—after first drawing one black line through Matthew
twenty-third; 13—14 and 23. It'll be more fun here now, with that kid 'round, than movin'-picture shows, every day!" "Fun!—fun!" repeated Nancy, indignantly, "I guess she'll be a-needin' some rock ter fly to for refuge. CHILTON The great gray
pile of masonry looked very different to Pollyanna when she made her second visit to the house of Mr. John Pendleton. There's nothing in a funeral to be glad about." Nancy chuckled. Aunt Polly WANTS me with her, and—and I want to stay, too," she confessed bravely. 1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work,
or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License. Nancy gave her a scornful glance. "Are you sure he did not mean Miss Pollyanna? When you look for the bad, expecting it, you will get it. I'll
acknowledge we haven't been the best of friends for the last fifteen or twenty years. "But I'm bad and wicked, Nancy—awful wicked," she sobbed. Pollyanna considered this for a moment. "But Aunt Polly has been so—good to me," she began slowly; "and she took me when I didn't have anybody left but the Ladies' Aid, and—" Again that spasm of
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something crossed the man's face; but this time, when he spoke, his voice was low and very sad. Snow to-day. F-father and I used to like it so much," she faltered. Now I know you'll take him!" "Take—WHO?" "Jimmy Bean. "Oh, no, I don't mind it at all," she explained to Nancy. So now I want you to come. There! Is that all you want ter know?" The boy's voice had broken a little over the last two sentences. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. She did not feel, however, that her visits were really a success. "Please, Mr. Pendleton, I didn't mean to be rude the other day when I said Aunt Polly did NOT send the jelly."

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There was no answer. Did you hear her? To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation web page at . Why, I reckon I do! She lives on the way to Mr. Pendleton's, and she's got the prettiest little girl baby three years old, and a boy 'most
five. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, is coming to live with me. With a resolute ignoring of that fearsome darkness to the right and to the left, Pollyanna drew a quick breath and pattered straight into that silvery path, and on to the window. But you see sometimes I kind of forget that you are rich—up here in this room, you know." Miss Polly's lips
parted indignantly, but no words came. As she sat now, with the letter in her hands, her thoughts went back to her sister, Jennie, who had been this child's mother, and to the time when Jennie, as a girl of twenty, had insisted upon marrying the young minister, in spite of her family's remonstrances. "But can—nothing be done?" Miss Polly gave a
gesture of despair. Then she saw, dimly outlined, a woman half-sitting up in the bed across the room. "Then I've got it, sure! Now listen. At twilight a wonderfully tremulous, wonderfully different Aunt Polly crept to Pollyanna's bedside. Old Tom stiffened. He stooped and began to work again. Couldn't you get in?" he demanded. She has ter guess it
more'n half the time—only it'll be somethin' CHEAP! She knows that without no tellin'." Pollyanna nodded sympathetically. "My! but aren't you dark here, though? Her eyes were brimming with tears, but her chin was bravely high. "But you're only cross OUTSIDE—You arn't cross inside a bit!" "Indeed! How do you know that?" asked the man, trying
to change the position of his head without moving the rest of his body. "Certainly Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. It made me laugh, anyhow, ev'ry time I thought of it; an' laughin' helps, ye know—it does, it does!" "But why hasn't—
she told me—the game?" faltered Miss Polly. "Hunt up Dr. Thomas Chilton's number on the card you'll find somewhere around there—it ought to be on the hook down at the side, but it probably won't be. It's only that Nancy said it was chicken you wanted when we brought jelly, and lamb broth when we brought chicken—but maybe 'twas the other
way, and Nancy forgot." The sick woman pulled herself up till she sat erect in the bed—a most unusual thing for her to do, though Pollyanna did not know this. "That would be worse than freckles. "Thank you," bowed John Pendleton, as he turned to go. "And so it's hurt that I am, and not sick," she sighed at last. Despite these efforts, Project
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cannot be read by your equipment. She was glad, now, that she had put the child in the attic room. You wait. As to Pollyanna petted the dog, smoothed the cat's sleek head, admired the fruits and jellies that were sent in to her; and returned innumerable cheery answers to the many messages of love and inquiry that
were brought to her bedside. [Boston, The Page company, 1920] Pdf. "Oh, THAT isn't my name, Mrs. Then, with a sigh that was almost a moan, he flung himself down at the foot of a tree, and covered his face with his hands. There was little to be seen here. "And we've played it ever since. "I reckon maybe I'd better go now," she proposed. And father
felt ashamed that he hadn't done it more. They're cousins of Deacon Carr's wife. "I like to do 'most everything that's LIVING. "Does she? "Thank you, however; and I consider you a very brave little girl to do what you did that day. Hesitating only a brief moment Pollyanna pushed open one of
the inner doors. PRISMS CHAPTER XIX. Half defiantly she asked if she might, for a moment, see the little girl, Pollyanna. White had pictures, too, perfectly beautiful ones of roses and little girls kneeling and a kitty and some lambs and a lion—not together, you know—the lambs and the lion. And you've got freckles, too, "—with a critical glance—"so
you'll be glad there isn't any looking-glass; and the outdoor picture is nicer than any wall-one could be, so you won't mind sleeping in that room at all, I'm sure," panted Pollyanna, finding suddenly that she needed the rest of her breath for purposes other than talking. If only her bed were out there! And folks did sleep out of doors. She's actually
almost—" "Keerful, now, Nancy!" interrupted the old man, with a slow grin. I'm so glad! You see, I've really wanted you most of anybody, all the time." Aunt Polly caught her breath a little sharply. I know; father told me." Nancy's lips parted abruptly, as if there were angry words all ready to come; but her eyes, resting on Pollyanna's jubilantly trustful me."
face, saw something that prevented the words being spoken. It was during the sewing hour. A WAITING GAME CHAPTER XXVI. Poor little soul!—a pretty place this is ter put a homesick, lonesome child into!" she ejaculated, biting her lip. Didn't she make me tote yer things all down-
stairs, so you could have the pretty room you wanted? Then, abruptly, the light died from his eyes. "Don't look so scared! It isn't that I've got the consumption, you know, like Joel Hartley. You wouldn't be glad for black hair nor anything else—if you had to lie here all day as I do!" Pollyanna bent her brows in a thoughtful frown. There ain't nobody in
town as rich as he is. White had it once—one of my Ladies' Aiders, you know. I am gratified that you like the change, of course; but if you think so much of all those things, I trust you will take proper care of them; that's all. It's nart'ral—but 'tain't best. WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING Sunday mornings Pollyanna usually attended
church and Sunday school. There's another reason—and I'm going to tell you that, too. Benton wiped her eyes, rose, and turned to go. It seemed as if no longer could she endure the stifling heat. Of course Aunt Polly doesn't know yet, and we haven't got everything settled; so I suppose that is why he wanted to see me this afternoon, sure." The doctor
sat suddenly erect. Suddenly Pollyanna remembered that she had seen near this attic window a row of long white bags hanging from nails. I'll lay your case before them. But instantly he heard a swift step at his side, and found a shaking hand thrust toward him. He says—she can't walk again—never." For a moment there was absolute silence in the
room; then the man spoke, in a voice shaken with emotion. That's what I said, an' Miss Pollyanna said that's what she said, too. "In fact, I KNOW that a 'nice live little boy' would be far better than—my skeleton in the closet; only—we aren't always willing to make the exchange. "But, of course, if Aunt Polly doesn't want—" "It is all right, my dear; don't
worry," soothed Miss Polly, agitatedly, hurrying forward. But 'TWAS hard. But let me tell ye. Pollyanna will be pleased." CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime? WHICH IS MORE SURPRISING CHAPTER XXV. Isn't it daytime?
mean to scare her." "Well, I'm glad," retorted Nancy, unexpectedly. 'Twas her father's game, ye see." Miss Polly bit her lip. As there were no screens, the windows had not been raised. Harriman didn't believe in putting you on patchwork ever, at all." "Well, there will be no difficulty of that kind any longer, Pollyanna. "It's her niece; and she's eleven
years old." The man's jaw fell. "I just can't make myself understand that God and the angels needed my father more than I did." "No more they did, neither," declared Nancy, stoutly. I've HAD them. It had been a "vacation one" (as she termed the infrequent days when there was no sewing or cooking lesson), and
Pollyanna was sure that nothing would do her quite so much good as a walk through the green quiet of Pendleton Woods. It wasn't Aunt Polly that Mr. Pendleton loved long ago; and so we—we aren't going there to live. She did not think he was. "What's yours?" Again the boy stirred restlessly. "See here, how much do you know? Information about the
Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. She told me so herself," maintained Nancy. So far as THAT is concerned, I'd go from
here there on my knees—or on my head—if that would do any good. "Well, I can't say I admire your taste. She spoke fretfully, but she still held the mirror before her face. "Certainly not." "O dear! Then you wouldn't like it, of course. Snow, staring after her visitor. "That's all right, then. But begin at the beginning, and be sure I understand each thing
as you go. Beneath her feet a marvellous carpet was like green moss to the tread. "There!" panted Pollyanna, hastily plucking a pink from a vase near by and tucking it into the dark hair where it would give the best effect. Not but that the man seemed to want her there—he sent for her, indeed, frequently; but that when she was there, he seemed
scarcely any the happier for her presence—at least, so Pollyanna thought. I'm afraid, now, you won't ever play the game, Aunt Polly." "Game? Under the green arch of the trees the Rev. Meanwhile, I suppose I ought to hear you read aloud half an hour each day." "I love to read; but if you don't want to hear me I'd be just glad to read to myself—truly,
Aunt Polly. Father and I took meals out a lot. Snow has, too! But, of course, you need more, anyhow, because you're well and can go to places where folks can see it. Then about that time come her own lover an' the trouble with HIM. He was still more surprised to hear the lady say, a little breathlessly: "Dr. Warren, you asked me once to allow Dr.
Chilton to be called in consultation, and—I refused. "Certainly, Mrs. "Oh, but Aunt Polly, HERS will last. "Oh, yes." nodded Pollyanna, emphatically. "Father told me all about it. Suddenly, however, she chuckled. "Oh, yes. They were sitting in the great library to-day. Nancy laughed oddly. A little later, that same day, there was the other widow—at
least, she wore widow's garments. White." With a frown Miss Polly folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. "I call that a pretty slick compliment," he said. She saw then that down in the garden her aunt was already out among the rosebushes. Then she rose, went to the bookcase in the sitting room, took out a small paper booklet, and crossed
the room to her niece's side. "Well, upon my soul!" ejaculated Miss Polly, half aloud. "There's a little cut on her blessed head, but 'tain't bad—that ain't—Miss Polly says. "You see, I wanted Dr. Chilton all the time, but Aunt Polly wanted you. THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW One by one the short winter days came and went—but they were not short to
Pollyanna. You see, she said: 'Yes, yes, run along—do! I wish you'd gone before.'" The doctor smiled—but with his lips only. Snow's unbounded amazement, Pollyanna sprang to her feet and clapped her hands. "You lose such a lot of time just sleeping! Don't you think so?" "Lose time—sleeping!" exclaimed the sick woman. But from
something I heard her say to you last night, I should judge you were one of them, too. The "dirty little boy" fell back a step and looked toward the door. I never knew any one that did have, only the Whites—they're some rich. You see, I'm used to Ladies' Aiders. Snow and Pollyanna were the best of friends now. "There!" she exulted, untying the knot of
the handkerchief and flinging the bit of linen far from her. "But—you don't mean—you can't mean—you can't mean—you can't mean that it was Miss Polly Harrington who sent that jelly—to me?" he said slowly. You know she's all the aunt I've got, and I didn't know I had her for ever so long. WHICH IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISING Pollyanna entered school in September. "Mr. Pendleton
told me once, you see, that only a woman's hand and heart or a child's presence could make a—a home. "What game?" "N-nothing much, Aunt Polly; that is—I can't tell it unless I tell other things that—that I'm not to speak of." It was on Miss Polly's tongue to question her niece further; but the obvious distress on the little girl's face stayed the words
before they were uttered. "Aunt Polly come—HERE!" Pollyanna's eyes widened a little. In his dim blue eyes, as he faced the house, there was the loyal servant's honest pride in the family he has served and loved for long years. She promised, too, that sometime, if Miss Polly were willing, Pollyanna should be taken to see them. "Just the same, Mr. Tom.
An' the other day, if I didn't find her sittin' 'fore the bed with the nurse actually doin' her hair, an' Miss Pollyanna lookin' on an' bossin' from the bed, her eyes all shinin' an' happy. Nancy's lips relaxed a little. "I will send Nancy up to help you unpack. Just what is it that you want me to tell my niece?" "Yes, that's it; I want you to tell her," answered the
girl, feverishly. She knows she can't—move; but she thinks her legs are—broken. In a moment he was on his feet, tramping the narrow room back and forth, back and forth. Pollyanna puckered her forehead into a troubled frown. Suddenly she stopped and looked up, a new terror in her eyes. And from what I hear—but I want to SEE the girl!" John
Pendleton came erect in his chair. She did not realize it herself, but she had so long been accustomed to wanting what she had not have, that to state off-hand what she DID want seemed impossible—until she knew what she had. "But it don't seem possible—her and a lover," still maintained Nancy. Since then I have reconsidered. How is your mother?
rejoined Miss Polly, wearily. White thought to be taught you before hemming (or else the other way), and Mrs. "They were just beginning to teach me that this summer, but I hadn't got far. Half-way home she met Nancy with an umbrella. Does Aunt Polly have ice-cream Sundays?" Nancy shook her head. "What a most
extraordinary child!" Then she frowned. They were long, and sometimes full of pain. "Well, if you ain't the amazing young one!" she cried. Thank you; and pardon me, please, for any seeming rudeness in my call," she begged, as she took her leave. They were talking, too, even of the life and home long ago in the far Western town. YOU don't seem ter
sense what it means ter have Miss Polly WORRIED about ye, child!" "Why, it means worried—and worried about ye, child!" "Why, it means worried ab
world are you talkin' about?" "Why, it's a game. She still frowned as she looked about her. In the green aisles of the woods, the minister's deep voice rang out with scathing effect. But I'm glad I was here." "So am I," nodded the doctor, as he turned his absorbed attention to the injured man. "Oh, Aunt Polly, now I reckon you'll be glad I dressed you
up!" For one dazed moment Miss Polly looked at her bedecked self, and ther surroundings; then she gave a low cry and fled to her room. "She was her sister. And there's so much more fun when it is hard! You see, it's like this." And she began to tell of the missionary barrel, the crutches, and the doll that did not come. "Oh! No; I—didn't know," he
said quietly. Then a low voice from the bed said unsteadily: "Perhaps; but I'm thinking that the very finest prism of them all is yourself, Pollyanna." "On, but I don't show beautiful red and green and purple when the sun shines through me, Mr. Pendleton!" "Don't you?" smiled the man. Wednesdays and Saturdays came to be, indeed, red-letter days to
her. And Pollyanna wondered why he gave that sudden queer little laugh. I—" She had no chance to say more. A bare wall rose on either side. Maybe if they DID call more, Miss Harrington, there wouldn't be so many—of my kind," she added, with sudden bitterness. JOHN PENDLETON CHAPTER XXV. The flattering emphasis was unmistakable
Wasn't that just like you, Aunt Polly, to come on here and get married right beside my bed, so I could see you. Pollyanna advanced a little timidly. Father, mother, sisters—all were dead. "I'm Nancy, sir," she said respectfully, in response to the surprised questioning of his eyes, when he came into the room. That's why I'm here with the jelly this
morning." All through the first part of this sentence, the sick woman had sat interestedly erect; but at the reference to the jelly she fell back on her pillow listlessly. Tell your son Tom you KNOW he'll be glad to fill that woodbox—then watch him start, alert and interested!" The minister dropped the paper and lifted his chin. "Never ate it." The fleeting
smile had gone, and the scowl had come back to the man's face. And where shall I put the things, please, that I take out?" "In the front attic." Miss Polly hesitated, then went on: "I suppose I may as well tell you now, Nancy. Nancy's capable hands made short work of unpacking the books, the patched undergarments, and the few pitifully unattractive
dresses. "Well, you wouldn't!—not if you were me. "I—I've come to—to lay the case before you," stammered Pollyanna told the research and I've come to live with her. SERMONS AND WOODBOXES On the afternoon that Pollyanna told
John Pendleton of Jimmy Bean, the Rev. A DOOR AJAR Just a week from the time Dr. Mead, the specialist, was first expected, he came. "I've thought of the very gladdest kind of a thing for you to do, and—" "With—YOU?" asked John Pendleton, his mouth growing a little stern at the corners. His eyes had fallen to the words on the top paper in his
hands—"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" "And so your father—liked those 'rejoicing texts,'" he murmured. She says she's told herself over an' over again how glad she is that other folks ain't like her; but that all the time she's sayin' it, she ain't really THINKIN' of anythin' only how she can't ever walk again." Nancy paused, but
the man did not speak. There was a curious longing in their dark depths which even Pollyanna saw, and at which she marvelled. "And it's all trembly, too, it's so scared. "Yes; I can well imagine that Mr. John Pendleton does—want to see you, Pollyanna," he nodded, as he pulled his horse to a stop before the door. In Pollyanna's room, the nurse had
found a purring gray cat on the bed vainly trying to attract the attention of a white-faced, wild-eyed little girl. Besides, it's already arranged. May 2022 S M T W T F S 1234567 891011121314 15161718192021 22232425262728 293031 « Apr
or accurate. And what she saw sent such a flush of rosy color to her cheeks that—she only flushed the more at the sight. A musical tinkling entered the room with sudden spirit. "No, dear—no, indeed! I'm just—resting." "Oh," sighed Pollyanna, falling back a little.
Timothy's eyes were studiously turned away. Well, they can just play you are the little India boy this time. I had to tell him last week that even my Ladies' Aid out West wouldn't take him, and he was so disappointed. Well, if you didn't, then you can't know you DON'T like it, anyhow, can you? I didn't believe it. It is not necessary that I should, I think.
Where've you gone? Miss Polly's eyes had turned again to the window. Pollyanna laughed. "It's only that the cat pushed open the door by which the nurse had just entered. And there's rooms—heaps of 'em," she continued, springing to her
feet, and tugging at his arm. Nancy had it 'most fixed when I came in," finished Pollyanna, already halfway across the room. "Oh, oh!" she cried, clapping her hands. Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. "Dr. Chilton, Dr. Chilt
you've had still another caller to-day, my dear," announced Miss Polly, in a voice she vainly tried to steady. I mean—we used to." Pollyanna's voice broke, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. I didn't tell 'em I wasn't comin' back, else they'd pretend I couldn't come—though I'm thinkin' they won't do no worryin' when I don't show up sometime.
"Of course things you don't know about are always nicer'n things you do, same as the pertater on 'tother side of the plate is always the biggest. And please say we're so glad we know her, that we thought, maybe if she knew it, it would make her a little glad that she knew us. "Pollyanna, for Heaven's sake, say nothing of what I asked you—yet," he
begged, in a low voice. "I was, too. Everybody knew by sight now the piquant little freckled face that had always a smile of greeting; and almost everybody knew of the "game" that I've driven her away?" Through Pollyanna's mind at the moment trooped
remorseful memories of the morning with its unwanted boy, cat, and dog, and its unwelcome "glad" and forbidden "father" that would spring to her forgetful little tongue. Then she sighed, turned, and walked listlesly up-stairs—and Miss Polly did not usually move listlessly. Snow had forgotten. "Ah! Some calf's-foot jelly?" he asked genially. He had no
wife and no home save his two-room office in a boarding house. Just as if ANYBODY couldn't see 'twas Miss Polly!—an' her sayin' she wouldn't send him no jelly, too. She could not meet the hurt, grieved gaze of her friend. I don't know HIS name, yet," she murmured, as she proceeded on her way. "Well, you can be glad of that, then, anyhow, can't
you?" nodded Pollyanna. Before she could move, then, she felt a folded something slipped across her eyes and tied in the back. THE COMING OF POLLYANNA In due time came the telegram announcing that Pollyanna would arrive in Beldingsville the next day, the twenty-fifth of June, at four o'clock. Pollyanna, it is true, tried to talk; but she did not
make a success of it, chiefly because four times she was obliged to break off a "glad" in the middle of it, much to her blushing discomfort. If you'd talk more I wouldn't talk so much." The boy gave a short laugh. I'm going to play it now—with you." "Oh, Aunt Polly—YOU? 1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph
1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTIBILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE. And—and that's all," sighed Milly, rising hurriedly to her feet. Pollyanna found the kitten mewing pitifully some distance
down the road. "As if ever anybody could be fond of her!" scorned Nancy. "Hullo," smiled Pollyanna, engagingly. "How do you do, Mrs. "I'm told ter take down yer things, and I'm goin' ter take 'em, too, 'fore she gets a chance ter change her mind." Pollyanna did not stop to hear the end of this sentence. I'm so glad! I'll tell her," nodded the little girl
contentedly. But now—when he hears of this—he'll be so glad!" "Will he? When she returned at three o'clock, her cheeks were a bright, pretty pink, and her hair, blown by the damp wind, had fluffed into kinks and curls wherever the loosened pins had given leave. I'll go." The doctor eyed her with some surprise. "That will do, Pollyanna," she said
stiffly. "Well, if I ain't glad ter be settin' my two eyes on you," she sighed in obvious relief. You SAID it. "Well, I'll believe anythin'—anythin' now," she muttered to herself. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum
disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. Month by month, for a year past, conditions in the parish under him had been growing worse and worse; until it seemed that now, turn which way he would, he encountered only wrangling, backbiting, scandal, and jealousy. "How do you do, Ladies' Aiders?" she faltered politely. He's up
stairs now. (1920) Pollyanna. It seems 'twas then her father told her that there wasn't ever anythin' but what there was somethin about it that you could be glad about; an' that she could be glad about them crutches." "Glad for—CRUTCHES!" Miss Polly choked back a sob—she was thinking of the helpless little legs on the bed up-stairs. "Well, the
doctor can be glad because he isn't like other folks—the sick ones, I mean, what he doctors," finished Nancy in triumph. He's only cross OUTSIDE, you know. "To think of your rigging me up like this, and then letting me—BE SEEN!" Pollyanna stopped in dismay. Minute by minute the time passed. She did not speak, indeed, until the meal was over.
Besides—what is a Ladies' Aid?" Pollyanna stared in shocked disapproval. "Goosey! Why, just be glad because you don't—NEED—'EM!" exulted Pollyanna, triumphantly. And after father—went to be with her and the rest of us in Heaven, there wasn't any one left for me down here but the Ladies' Aid; so she took me." The man did not answer. "He
didn't say anything for a minute; then he said very low that you couldn't always get 'em for the asking." There was a brief silence. "Well, from my remembrance of your aunt, Miss Pollyanna, I must say I think it would take something more than a few prisms in the sunlight to—to make her bang many doors—for gladness. "Of course not! Just as if I think it would take something more than a few prisms in the sunlight to—to make her bang many doors—for gladness."
didn't know you'd rather tell her yourself!" she called back merrily over her shoulder. I'd only learned chocolate fudge and fig cake, though, when—when I had to stop." Her voice broke. Pollyanna frowned and shook her head. Slowly the minister folded the papers and thrust them back into his pocket. "There ain't no dirt here—and there's mighty little
else. "Oh, oh, Mr. Ford! You—YOU haven't broken YOUR leg or—or anything, have you?" she gasped. I can't butt in and say, 'Here, take me! can I?" "Chilton, what was the quarrel?" demanded Pendleton. A moment later Pollyanna found herself in a sumptuously furnished bedroom while the maid was saying in a frightened voice: "If you please, sir,
here—here's a little girl with some jelly. I should think you might find pleasanter companions." "Do you mean—because you're so—cross?" "Thanks for your frankness. "I won't raise the windows again." Her aunt made no reply. For some time he said nothing; then, a little hesitatingly, he asked: "Wasn't it—your aunt I saw with you a few minutes ago-
in the window of the sun parlor?" Pollyanna drew a long breath. A RED ROSE AND A LACE SHAWL It was on a rainy day about a week after Pollyanna's visit to Mr. John Pendleton, that Miss Polly was driven by Timothy to an early afternoon committee meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. The little girl, shifting impatiently from one small foot to the
other, sighed audibly. "No. I'm only Nancy. They were soon on the best of terms, however, and to her aunt Pollyanna confessed that going to school WAS living, after all—though she had her doubts before. "You couldn't drag me away. Every one knows her—and she isn't the 'glad' kind, Pollyanna. Oh, of course, I had a room, always, but 'twas a
it, Nancy," she argued with a shake of her head. "Well, as I was going to say, you can't tell a thing about missionary barrels—except that you won't. You breathe all the time you're asleep, but you aren't living. "If you don't think so, just tell me something to be glad about; that's
 all!" To Mrs. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, it's a baby rainbow—a real rainbow come in to pay you a visit!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together softly. It's a case of sickness, and I'm a doctor. "I—I'm sure I don't know why I'm letting you do this silly thing." "Why, Aunt Polly, I should think you'd be glad to have folks like to look at you! Don't you like to
look at pretty things? What are they, then?" "Aunt Polly says they're 'learning to live,'" sighed Pollyanna, with a rueful smile. Then, suddenly, she stopped, and asked in a curiously quiet voice: "Does he know who you—are, Pollyanna?" The little girl sighed. She had seen it before, though never so near as this. My! but isn't this a perfectly beautiful
house?" she broke off fervently, as they turned into the wide driveway. Miss Polly killed the fly, swept it through the window (raising the sash moved under her fingers. The dawning of a wonderful idea began to show in her
end, the dogged determination won; and it was then that Mr. John Pendleton, somewhat to his surprise, received one Saturday morning a call from Dr. Thomas Chilton. She was picking up one object after another now, and putting each down, in an aimless fashion quite unlike her usual decisiveness. "I wouldn't 'a' believed it—you couldn't 'a' made me
believe it," Nancy said to Old Tom one morning. "Pollyanna, long years ago I loved somebody very much. "Well, Pollyanna, is it to be the 'glad game' with me, all the rest of my life?" asked the man, gently. "Oh, ev'rybody, 'most, knows it now, I guess. Aloud Miss Polly said nothing. Just—just don't think any more about it now—please don't, dear."
Pollyanna flung out her arms wildly. She was wondering if ever in any way she could please this woman. That's why I begun by tellin' ye about her walkin' again. "Would you rather go THERE?" she asked. Well, that isn't exactly the word I should use," rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly. And Aunt Polly found so many things to be glad about! It was Aunt Polly
too, who discovered the story one day about the two poor little waifs in a snow-storm who found a blown-down door to crawl under, and who wondered what poor folks did that didn't have any door! And it was Aunt Polly who brought home the other story that she had heard about the poor old lady who had only two teeth, but who was so glad that
those two teeth "hit"! Pollyanna now, like Mrs. First there was the kitten. O dear! I know just how you feel, because after—after my father died, too, there wasn't anybody but the Ladies' Aid for me, until Aunt Polly said she'd take—" Pollyanna stopped abruptly. Then she saw that her aunt had thrown open a door at the right. "Well, of all the—" he
her dear Pollyanna. Tom Payson, send word to her that they're 'playing it'? Still more eagerly her big blue eyes tried to look in all directions at once, that no thing of beauty or interest in this wonderful house might be passed unseen. Miss Polly remembered it well, though she had been but a girl of fifteen, the youngest, at the time. "We'll, she's just
been here, dear. "I did quite a lot of the Ladies' Aiders'—but there wasn't any of them so nice as yours. Then, after a minute she added mournfully: "I'm afraid, Mr. Pendleton, the sun doesn't make anything but freckles out of me. But if he scolds and scowls and criticizes—his neighbors will return scowl for scowl, and add interest!... Paul Ford climbed
the hill and entered the Pendleton Woods, hoping that the hushed beauty of God's out-of-doors would still the tumult that His children of men had wrought. She ran then to the other window. I told him that the last time I saw him, and he told me this to-day." "I thought as much," triumphed Nancy. "I've been trying all night to puzzle out what you
meant by all that, yesterday—about my wanting your Aunt Polly's hand and heart here all those years. "I know; that sounds like things father used to say," faltered Pollyanna, blinking off the tears. "Ugh! Pollyanna, blinking off the tears." "I know it, poor little thing," crooned Pollyanna, tenderly,
looking into the little creature's frightened eyes. "I told ye she wa'n't—old." Nancy laughed. CHAPTER X. He's ten years old going on eleven. I'm glad you did your part—some folks don't, you know. You see, now he'll have the child's presence." "The—what?" Pollyanna colored painfully. I hope I could not so far forget myself as to be sinfully proud of
any gift the Lord has seen fit to bestow upon me," declared the lady; "certainly not, of RICHES!" Miss Polly turned and walked down the hall toward the attic stairway door. "With heaps of love to everybody, "POLLYANNA." End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Pollyanna, by Eleanor H. "See here, Pollyanna, how would you like to come and live with
me?" he asked, a little impatiently. Meanwhile the sick woman, frowning prodigiously, and openly scoffing at the whole procedure, was, in spite of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement. They were talking of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement. They were talking of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement. They were talking of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement.
herself she said that of course she should at once undo the absurd work of her niece's fingers, and put her hair up properly again. When Aunt Polly went up-stairs to her room and closed the door, Pollyanna tried to be sorry for the headache; but she could not help feeling glad that her aunt was not to be present that afternoon when she laid the case of
Jimmy Bean before the Ladies' Aid. Anyhow, they didn't seem ter be doin' no worryin' about HIM. "Nancy!" "Yes, ma'am." Nancy answered cheerfully, but she still continued wiping the pitcher in her hand. "You don't mean—" He paused, and she bowed her head miserably. Now we're introduced—only I don't know your name yet." "Well, of all the—"
The man did not finish his sentence, but strode on faster than ever. "Didn't you? He did, indeed, seem to like to hear Pollyanna talk, however, and Pollyanna talk on his pillow with that white, hurt look that always pained her; and she was never sure
which—if any—of her words had brought it there. "O glory!" said Nancy to herself. "Thank you. An' so that's why I knew you WOULD ask Dr. Chilton here if you understood—" "Wh-at?" interrupted Miss Polly, the look of stupefaction on her
face changing to one of angry indignation. I have decided to have my niece sleep there for the present." "Yes, ma'am," said Nancy aloud. But listen! I haven't told you, yet, all that Mrs. "Didn't—your aunt want you to go?" asked the doctor, a little diffidently, as they drove away. "There were lots of them this morning having a beautiful time upstairs."
Nancy left the room precipitately, though to do so she had just brought in. "Well, hardly. The curious helpless feeling that had been hers so often since Pollyanna's arrival, had her now fast in its grip. Now—with this evident strain of vanity showing thus early—it was all the more fortunate that the room planned for
her was plain and sensible, thought Miss Polly. It was brown and dead. Oh, I know now; he wasn't. You see, I was the first baby, and mother hadn't begun ter read so many stories with the pretty names in 'em, then." "But I love 'Nancy,' just because it's you," declared Pollyanna. IN PENDLETON WOODS CHAPTER XIV. To-day, however, Nancy was
too full of her mission to be her usual talkative self; and almost in silence she took the drive to the station and alighted to wait for the train. She's sent Timothy down ter Cobb's greenhouse three times for fresh flowers—an' that besides all the posies fetched in ter her, too. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, I—I don't know so very much, and I can't do a great many
things; but most of the Ladies' Aiders, except Mrs. He came without his crutches to-day. "'He always does'! Goodness! Do you know who—he—is?" demanded Nancy. We used to say how glad we were we liked beans—that is, we said it specially when we were looking at the roast turkey place, you know, that was sixty cents. But Pollyanna did not hear
Pollyanna skipped gleefully. "I want to speak to you a minute. "Why not?" "Because nobody does. Then she picked herself up and looked eagerly about her. TO My Cousin Belle CONTENTS POLLYANNA CHAPTER I. No, I'll write Mrs. Then she heard the minister's wife suggest timidly that they, as a society, might perhaps assume his support and
education instead of sending quite so much money this year to the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," vouchsafed the man, shortly, turning away his head. Will you come?" Pollyanna turned in surprise. "You don't know how pretty you look with your hair like that! Oh, Aunt Polly, please, mayn't I do your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon't know how pretty you look with your hair like that! Oh, Aunt Polly, please, mayn't I do your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon't know how pretty you look with your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon't know how pretty you look with your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon't know how pretty you look with your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon't know how pretty you look with your hair like I did Mrs. Portendadon in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been also been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much," you have been a little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away India. But I—" "I thought as much in the little boys in far-away In
Author of "Miss Billy," "Miss Billy," "Miss Billy," "Miss Billy's Decision," "Cross Currents," "The Turn of the Tides," etc. He did not speak again for some time. "I see," she finished, her eyes stinging with sudden tears. "Why, Aunt Polly, you—you spoke just as if you know about the game, Aunt Polly," "Yes, dear." Miss Polly sternly forced her voice to be cheerfully
matter-of-fact. I mind very much. "Tell her," the lips said. "There, there, child, say it, if you want to," she sighed. You may go. That's what father always did, when he wanted anything—educating the heathen and new carpets, you know." The boy turned fiercely. Then father told me. "He hasn't any home except the Orphan one, and they're full, and
don't want him, anyhow, he thinks; so he wants another. You'd better tell me first off, Nancy." "Well, listen, then. Its business@pglaf.org. If you're EXtraordinary you can't be ORdinary, can you?" "You certainly can not." "Oh, that's all right, then. "I'd
have been so glad to come—with Aunt Polly." "And you won't—now?" The man asked the question without turning his head. Soon they reached a side path, and down this the little dog fairly flew, only to come back at once, whining and barking. He knew, too, that never again would a long day's work or a long night's weariness be quite without that
new-found exaltation that had come to him through Pollyanna's eyes. "You don't know how perfectly lovely it is to have you and Nancy and all this after you've had just the Ladies' Aid!" "Very likely—though I've not had turning
frowning eyes on Nancy in the doorway. You'll like THEIR names," sighed Nancy. "Aunt Polly, WERE you the woman's hand and heart he wanted so long ago? "Well, of course, Aunt Polly, were she will be if you tell it to her just as you did to me, and then we'd both come, of course." A look of actual terror leaped to
the man's eyes. "She's gone." "Gone!" gasped Pollyanna. "She told YOU, then, too, about that 'ere—game?" "Oh, yes. "And now I'll tell you the game," proposed Pollyanna, blithely confident. Nancy drew a long sigh. And of course then I came away and haven't seen him since. You always do think of the gladdest things! "Pretty soon, they say, I shall go
home. I suppose—there isn't any more to-day that—that Aunt Polly DIDN'T send, is there?" he asked with an odd smile. "Pollyanna, this is sheer nonsense!" "You don't mean—you won't take him?" "I certainly do mean just that." "But he'd be a lovely child's presence," faltered Pollyanna. When systematic questioning of the neighbors failed to find any
one who claimed it, Pollyanna brought it home at once, as a matter of course. She threw a merry look into Timothy's eyes. "Glad! Oh, Nancy, when it's a funeral?" "Oh, but 'twa'n't the funeral I was glad for, Miss Pollyanna. "Yes, Pollyanna, I—I thought she did look—just lovely." "Did you? It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence to
make a home," she said. "And so you are—Miss Polly Harrington's niece," he said gently. Gray told me to, at once—about this red gingham dress, you know, and why I'm not in black. People radiate what is in their minds and in their hearts. At last, however, the man spoke. "Yes, dear; and there are all those others, too. To her helpless amazement she
found herself in the low chair before the dressing table, with her hair already tumbling about her ears under ten eager, but very gentle fingers. At the door she hesitated, turned, and asked timidly: "I couldn't be tellin' Miss Pollyanna that—that you'd seen Jimmy Bean again, I s'pose, sir, could I?" "I don't see how you could—as I haven't seen him,"
observed the man a little shortly. "I know what a centipede is; they've got lots of legs. Just ahead, her aunt's black silk skirt rustled luxuriously. Under the suspended pencil in his fingers lay other sheets of paper, blank—his sermon to be. "Why, Aunt Polly, that was Dr. Chilton! Don't you know him?" "Dr. Chilton! What was he doing—here?" "He drove
me home. After that she shut up like an oyster an' wouldn't have nothin' ter do with nobody fur a spell. There was a slight rustle. I had not meant to tell you, but perhaps it's better, after all, that I do—now." John Pendleton's face had grown very white. Her face was very pale. I don't think you have to LEARN how to live. We go together. He turned his
face resolutely toward the door. Nancy said you had one in your closet, somewhere." "Why, what—" Suddenly the man threw back his head and laughed. "Now I reckon we're ready to be looked at!" And she held out the mirror in triumph. Then she flew down-stairs and out to Old Tom in the garden. August brought several surprises and some changes
—none of which, however, were really a surprise to Nancy. And of course if you do, I can be glad for that. Porter This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. "Oh, that's all right, then," sighed Pollyanna in relief. But she did not cry. The nurse, with a choking "She heard!" stumbled toward the
open door. The break had come then. She planned her going, therefore, so that she should get there a little before three. We didn't have any pictures. Her eyes glowed with tender sympathy. Pollyanna, seeing her stern face, frowned a little thoughtfully. She was always being glad about something; and then, one day, she told us why, and about the
game, you know; and tried to coax us to play it. (That's one of the things I'm going to have when I get to Heaven.) And you've got two little red spots in your cheeks. Who is this dirty little boy? I mean, Mr. John Pendleton." Miss Polly almost sprang from her chair. "Well, yes, I guess 'twould be—THEN," retorted Nancy. Her name is Pollyanna Whittier.
What game?" Nancy lifted her chin. "Only time can tell that, little girl," he said gently; then he turned a grave face toward Dr. Warren, who had just come to the bedside. Miss Polly bit her lip hard—until the men were gone; then she said sternly: "Pollyanna, hand those things to me at once and come in here. He raised his hand and began to speak; but
the next moment he dropped his hand nervelessly at his side. "The doctor, sir," said the maid in the doorway. "You live with—HER!" "Yes; I'm her niece. Yes, I know it sounds odd, and you don't understand. I thank you for the jelly, too," he added in a lighter voice. I knew you'd feel that way," she nodded happily, as she ran from the room. I can be glad
I've HAD my legs, anyway—else I couldn't have done—that!" CHAPTER XXIX. One Saturday afternoon he spoke to her about it. I don't know whether the sun shines or not." Pollyanna beamed joyously. "There, there, child, I didn't mean it, of course," she cried briskly. But I know her. "I should like to know what you look like!" Pollyanna rose to her
feet, but she laughed a little ruefully. Ye see, she's always wanted ev'rybody ter play the game with her." "Well, I know somebody who'll play it—now," choked Miss Polly, as she turned and sped through the kitchen doorway. Dare he do it? If ye has a home, ye has folks; an' I hain't had folks since—dad died. He says it's very important." Pollyanna
nodded happily. And you know she never used to be. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. "Of course you aren't! But you mustn't blame auntie," appealed Pollyanna. Paul Ford was sick at heart. That's 'most what he said, too; but there is a way to be glad, even then. He was looking straight ahead of him with eyes
that seemed to be gazing through and beyond the object before them. Will you not ask him at once—please? Glass—it broke, you know. Flies, Pollyanna, are not only unclean and annoying, but very dangerous to health. Pollyanna sat so still she hardly seemed to breathe. So she sent 'em along as they might come in handy for some child, sometime
"It's like this. Suppose you run back now to Mrs. I love rainbows. She stopped short in awed delight. I did, at first. I'd say 'twas me. "It's only—well, you know very well that I've tried to get you to have a lighter room for ages and you wouldn't." There was no reply to this. "Mr. Tom, guess what's happened," she panted. "So I asked him why hee
didn't get 'em—a woman's hand and heart, and have a home." "Pollyanna!" Miss Polly had turned sharply. A little later, when Milly, Mrs. Things aren't half as bad as they seem, dear, lots of times, you know." Obediently Pollyanna took the medicine, and sipped the water from the glass in Miss Hunt's hand. Some stood awkwardly on the porch steps
fumbling with hats or hand-bags, according to their sex. Pollyanna sighed contentedly. However, suppose you tell me a little more about this nice little boy." And Pollyanna told him. They don't come in the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that—that I've put on THIS," she said, just touching the barrels much, you know. That's why I told you." "Yes; well—Eh? "Will you tell her, please, that when the barrels much, you know that you tell her, please, that when the barrels much had you tell her you the barrels much had you tell her 
blue bow at her throat. What an extraordinary child you are!" "Then just being glad isn't pro-fi-ta-ble?" questioned Pollyanna, a little anxiously. "I couldn't guess. "N-no, sir: she didn't. But maybe I can next time!" One by one the July days passed.
"Oh, oh, oh, how lovely!" breathed Pollyanna; then she laughed suddenly. Save the publication to a stackLike to get better recommendationsThe publisher chose not to allow downloads for this publication Sign up Home#BookSpin & #BookSpinBingo (Litsy Challenge) Cross-References Specific Authors Adams, Elizabeth Aiken, Joan Alcott, Louisa May
Alexander, Lloyd Anckarsvard, Karin Austen, Jane Brink, Carol Ryrie Burke, Alafair Butcher, Jim Castillo, Linda Chandler, Raymond Christie, Agatha (also writing as Mary Westmacott) Clark, Mary Higgins Cleeves, Ann Coolidge, Susan Corbett, Scott Dokey, Cameron Doman, Regina Dunn, Carola Eager, Edward Eason, Lynette Emery, Anne Erin,
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Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly. It was not until Pollyanna cried out again sharply and the nurse closed the door, that the two men, with a despairing glance into each other's eyes, awoke to the immediate duty of bringing the woman in Dr. Mead's arms back to unhappy consciousness. You know a telephone card, I suppose, when you see one!" "Oh, yes, sir!
speaks ter anybody, child—he hain't for years, I guess, except when he just has to, for business, and all that. Maybe, though," she added a little anxiously, as they hurried on, "maybe you'll have to sleep in the attic room. Benton; I shall be very glad to." Still the little woman hesitated; then she spoke. She had turned them, instead, toward Pendleton
Hill. I, was just driving out to your place to tell you," he went on, as Pollyanna settled herself at his side. "Poor—little—girl!" Nancy glanced at him, but dropped her eyes at once. Pollyanna blinked sleepy eyes and sat up. "Will you tell her, please, that I have seen Jimmy Bean and—that he's going to be my boy hereafter. I've got a
little thing here in my bag that Mr. Gray said was a check, and that I must give it to you before I could get my trunk. You told her she could be glad because other folks wasn't like her—all sick, you know." "Yes," nodded Pollyanna. But was this—the right step? As he attempted to rise, she made a gesture of remonstrance. That's why I sent her in.
"Who is she?" For one brief moment the doctor hesitated. The man made an impatient gesture. Guess!" Nancy frowned in meditation. I reckon you'd think so if you'd come all the way here as I did!" Jimmy's face brightened. "Tell me—now think, and answer straight and true," she urged excitedly. "Then I'll know just where to find you. Nancy was very
busy, apparently, with her head in the trunk. Then her eyes widened in surprise. To go herself, or to write a letter, she felt to be almost equally out of the question. But I reckon he'll improve all right by washing, just as they did, and—Oh, I 'most forgot again," she broke off with a laugh. "Why, Nancy, he couldn't be! She doesn't like him," objected
Pollyanna. CHAPTER IX. Miss Polly frowned, hesitated, then crossed the room majestically and opened the door; but Pollyanna was already out of sight, clattering up the attic stairs. CHAPTER XVIII. As to the Sunday school—it had been the resignation of its superintendent and two of its teachers that had been the last straw, and that had sent the
harassed minister to the quiet woods for prayer and meditation. She said she thought that it was her duty, inasmuch as Mrs. "Why, Jimmy Bean, wherever have you been brought up?—not to know what a Ladies' Aid is!" "Oh, all right—if you ain't tellin'," grunted the boy, turning and beginning to walk away indifferently. She is good and kind, really-
she's always been; but I probably didn't explain it right. There was a moment's silence, then she added: "Well, anyhow, I'm glad I didn't tell her yesterday;—'cause then I supposed SHE was wanted, too." John Pendleton smiled grimly. "And EVERYBODY says he's mysterious," she went on. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, as if I'd let you spend it on me—all that
money you've saved for the heathen!" A dull red came to the man's face. But, you see, I haven't been here many years, so I don't know all the family histories." "Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir," smiled Pollyanna. There ain't no special diff'rence, as I can see—or anybody, I guess. "You know nothing was ever right before—for mother. "It's an awful big house
John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving one child, a girl eleven years old. It was Ladies' Aiders that brought me up—with father." Somebody tittered hysterically, and the minister's wife frowned. "Oh, I'm so glad, GLAD, GLAD to see you," cried an eager voice in her ear. "Why, Nancy, that's so! I WAS playing the game—but that's one of the times I
just did it without thinking, I reckon. You see, he wasn't really to blame, after all, that he happened to see you when I'd dressed you up so pretty that day, Aunt Polly," she finished wistfully. 1.F. 1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain
 works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. I'm so glad you stopped at last. Breakfast, for the first five minutes, was a silent meal; then Miss Polly, her disapproving eyes following the airy wings of two flies darting here and there over
the table, said sternly: "Nancy, where did those flies come from?" "I don't know, ma'am. I don't know, ma'am. I don't know, and I wish he could those flies come from?" "I don't know, and I wish he could those flies come from?" "I don't know, and I wish he could those flies come from?" "I don't know, ma'am. I don't know, ma
have one." "Why, Pollyanna, HOW do you know?" "Because, afterwards, on another day, he said something else. "If you are not better by night I shall send for the doctor," Aunt Polly said. Snow and me, and the gold piece you gave Nancy on her birthday, and—" "Yes, yes—never mind about all that," interrupted the man. Mr. Gray is Mrs. "Oh—oh—oh,
how pretty it is! But how DID it get in?" she cried. In what seemed, even to the injured man, an incredibly short time, Pollyanna was back in the woods at the man's side. My niece will arrive to-morrow at four o'clock. "Oh, I forgot to say; he will work," she supplemented eagerly. She wished, uneasily, that she could "do something." It was this,
perhaps, that caused her to say in a timid voice: "Dr. Chilton, I should think being a doctor would, be the very gladdest kind of a business there was." The doctor turned in surprise. "Like enough it'll be lamb broth you want to-morrow. The minister dropped his hands, and looked up quickly. He thought, however, that for your sister's sake you might be lamb broth you want to-morrow.
wish to take the child and bring her up among her own people in the East. Miss Polly frowned and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day, if he likes." "Yes'm. Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day is head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day is head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day is head and listened. He may see her a few minutes to-day i
she retorted with mock indignation; "—you what led me wildgoose chasin' in the first place!" "What do ye mean?" Nancy glanced through the open barn door toward the house, and came a step nearer to the old man. "How do you do?" she chirped. Of course I don't like the other things very well—sewing, and reading out loud, and all that. I've kept in
touch with him, and studied, too, in a way. Miss Polly knew about it, of course, and was sorry for him. But to-day she was hurrying—actually hurrying
 would take the child, of course. CHAPTER XII. "Just as if anybody'd care when they were living all the time in a rainbow!" The man laughed. Now, if you knew—" "Yes, yes; well, there's one thing I know all right, and that I'm liable to stay here—till doomsday, I quess." Pollyanna looked
shocked. She spoke of her grief and horror at the accident; then she asked diffidently if she might see Pollyanna. An' say—you will let him come, won't you?—now you understand?" Miss Polly turned her head from side to side. It's all the more fun, though, always, when 'tis hard. I came East with them, and they're lovely! And—there, here 'tis," she
finished, producing the check after much fumbling in the bag she carried. She said I must be very sure not to let you think she did send it. "And it ain't jest things I can put my fingers on, neither," rushed on Nancy, breathlessly. "Imagine Miss Polly and a NOISY kid! Gorry! there goes the whistle now!" "Oh, Timothy, I—I think it was mean ter send
me," chattered the suddenly frightened Nancy, as she turned and hurried to a point where she could best watch the passengers alight at the little station. You will tell me 'tisn't true—'tisn't true—'tisn't true—'tisn't true." The nurse tried to speak, but no words came. Where did
they come from?" "Why, Aunt Polly, they came from out of doors of course, through the windows. I just didn't feel like playing the game, anyway, and I saw that lovely picture out the window, too; so then I knew I'd found the things
to be glad about, "No, dear, I wouldn't try—just vet." soothed her aunt guickly, but very guietly. The rest of the meal was a silent one, The room contained a small table, I'm so glad I've got you!" Nancy's aching sympathy for the poor little
forlornness beside her turned suddenly into shocked terror. You see, when you're hunting for the glad things, you sort of forget the other kind—like the doll you wanted, you know." "Humph!" choked Nancy, trying to swallow the lump in her throat. "An' you'd be surprised ter find how cute it works, ma'am, too," maintained Nancy, with almost the
eagerness of Pollyanna herself. But there's screens there now, so 'twon't be so hot, and the flies can't get in, either, to bring in the germ-things on their feet. She had begun to tell of the accident; and in a moment Nancy, open-mouthed, was listening. The "good and kind" of the boy's words were still ringing in her ears, and the old helplessness was
almost upon her, she knew. Still there was silence; then, coldly, one or two women began to question her. "And after that she said he made a regular game of it—findin' somethin' in everythin' ter be glad about. "See here, didn't I say—" began an angry voice. He wants one of the common kind, that has a mother instead of a Matron in it—folks, you
know, that'll care. "You see, I got to thinking on the way here—what if you should say tripe, or onions, or something like that, that I didn't have! Wouldn't it have been a shame—when I'd tried so hard?" she laughed merrily. She says it's easy ter TELL lifelong invalids how ter be glad, but 'tain't the same thing when you're the lifelong invalid yerself, an'
have ter try ter do it. She recognized at once the man who held the reins. "I was only keepin' on with my work 'cause you specially told me this mornin' ter hurry with my dishes, ye know." Her mistress frowned. Her breath was coming in little uneven, rapid gasps. Something in her face sent an added terror to Pollyanna's eyes. BEFORE THE LADIES'
AID CHAPTER XIII. "Why, no, of course you didn't, Aunt Polly!" she hurried on, with a hot blush. But, my land! wouldn't folks stare some—Miss Polly and him! I guess, though, there ain't much chance, m
she cried; then, fearfully: "This wasn't—YOUR room, was it?" "My room!" stormed Nancy, hotly, choking back the tears. For years he's been making this sort of thing a special study. "Very well; thank you. They're poor, too, they say, and of course they don't ever have barrels, 'cause he isn't a missionary minister, you know, like—well, he isn't." A faint
color stole into Pollyanna's cheeks which was duplicated suddenly in those of her aunt. "How perfectly splendid! That's denying your cross. And the harder 'tis, the more fun 'tis to get 'em out; only—only sometimes it's almost too hard—like when your father goes to Heaven, and there isn't anybody but a Ladies' Aid left." "Yes, or
when you're put in a snippy little room 'way at the top of the house with nothin' in it," growled Nancy. "You—you did?" she repeated, trying to straighten her hat. There was an angry scowl on his face. "That'll be splendid! Won't we have fun?" "Er—maybe," conceded Nancy, in open doubt. One hand, with fingers tightly clenched, lay outflung,
motionless. I knew you'd be glad it did if you only stopped to think of it—and you didn't look a bit as if you WERE thinking of it!" "Well, of all the—" ejaculated the man, with an oddly impotent gesture. "JOHN PENDLETON!" "Yes. I never sent a penny to them in my life. And he didn't even know who I was till I took the calf's-foot jelly, and had to make
him understand that Aunt Polly didn't send it, and—" Nancy sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together suddenly. "Why, I don't know. Payson blindly clutched at the outstretched hand, turned, and fled. "We think it's—so awful—so perfectly awful that the little thing can't ever walk again; and after all she's done for us, too—for mother, you
know, teaching her to play the game, and all that. SERMONS AND WOODBOXES CHAPTER XXIII. With a cry of dismay Pollyanna ran to his side. "And what did Dr. Chilton say?" he asked. Pollyanna looked after him with a disappointed droop to her usually smiling lips. This had been the last time that Jennie had written; and in a few years there had
come the news of her death, told in a short, but heart-broken little town in the West. 1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. Where did you find him?" she demanded
sharply, "She wanted somebody ter play it with, ve know, I come last year ter live at the Orphans' Home: but they've got so many kids there ain't much room for me, an' I wa'n't never wanted, anyhow, I don't believe, "So you didn't even ask her!" "I couldn't, sir—truly," faltered Pollyanna, And most generally there is something about everything that
you can be glad about, if you keep hunting long enough to find it." "Well, m-maybe," granted Nancy, with open doubt. A little later—perhaps." Mrs. One day there was the little girl, miserably. And she said if she did get it, they wouldn't live
there any more, and that Mr. Payson would go 'way off, and maybe the children, too. CHAPTER XXI. "We've played it always, ever since I was a little, little girl. Why, Miss Pollyanna, there ain't no tellin' how she'd miss ye—if ye wa'n't here," finished Nancy, speaking with an enthusiastic certainty that was meant to hide the perilous admission she had
almost made before. Miss Polly, looking out at the far-reaching valley below, thought of the changes those twenty-five years had brought to her. Isn't this a nice day?" she called cheerily, as she approached him. "Scare? "You see it's just as easy—when you know how!" "Well, of all the queer doin's!" breathed Nancy, regarding Pollyanna with almost
fearful eyes. "Why, Miss Hunt, if I can't walk, how am I ever going to be glad for—ANYTHING?" Miss Hunt did not know "the game;" but she did know that her patient must be quieted, and that at once. Just what happened, no one could seem to tell afterward. He looked so—so sorrowful." "What did he—say?" Miss Polly asked the question as if in
spite of some force within her that was urging her not to ask it. That, too, soon flew up under her eager hands. CHAPTER III. "And there'd be some of 'em, I know, that would be glad to give you a home." "I'd work—don't forget ter say that," cautioned the boy. They ain't like FOLKS, ye know. She may as well begin at once to learn to be punctual. She
said Aunt Polly had a lover years ago, and they guarrelled. Slowly the minister took from his pocket the notes he had made for his next Sunday's sermon. You ain't big enough yet, anyhow. "Why, Aunt Polly, what a shame!" Pollyanna's face expressed only concerned sympathy. The Sunday services, the week-day prayer meeting, the missionary teas,
even the suppers and socials were becoming less and less well attended. "Why, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely!" she cried. "Nancy!" called a sharp voice. What are not suitable for you I shall give to the Sullivans, of course." With visible reluctance Pollyanna laid down the pamphlet and turned toward the closet. "Mr. Pendleton, you don't really mean
—that?" "But I do. "I say, that's why I told you—so you would notice it, you know—that the sun shines, and all that. This time she rang the bell—her fingers were not stiff to-day from a tight clutch on a bunch of keys. "But I should think you could get 'em," she argued. Milly was rushing on again with nervous volubility. At all events, almost at once, the
mistress of the Harrington homestead, greatly to her surprise, began to receive calls; calls from men, women, and children—many of whom Miss Polly had not supposed that her niece knew at all. "Oh, I love black hair! I should be so glad if I only had it," sighed Pollyanna. Down-stairs
Pollyanna found the doctor waiting in his gig. "Miss Pollyanna told me long ago that she couldn't tell her, 'cause her aunt didn't like ter have her talk about him if she did tell it. If—if you don't mind VERY much, I WOULD LIKE to have Dr. Chilton—truly I would!" A distressed color
suffused Miss Polly's face. Pollyanna was carrying calf's-foot jelly to Mrs. Snow of the game. Then, showing her old-time interest, she went on: "But, say, it is queer, his speakin' to you, honestly, Miss Pollyanna. Why, Miss Hunt, how am I going to school, or to see Mr. Pendleton, or Mrs. Snow had lived forty years, and for fifteen of those years she had
been too busy wishing things were different to find much time to enjoy things as they were. Hence I am writing to you. The sight filled her with longing. "Well, what is the trouble? And when we heard how now she couldn't play it herself—poor little dear! I'm sure I don't see how she CAN, either, in her condition!—but when we remembered all the
things she'd said to us, we thought if she could only know what she HAD done for us, that it would HELP, you know, in her own case, about the game, because she could be glad—that is, a little glad—" Milly stopped helplessly, and seemed to be waiting for Miss Polly to speak. "Here! do you go to that window and pull up the curtain," she directed.
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Nancy, determined to keep one scolding from Pollyanna, if nothing more. Some came in and sat down for a stiff five or ten minutes. "I do. "Oh, but your eyes are so big and dark, and your hair's all dark, too, and curly," cooed Pollyanna. After a time she touched the sash tentatively. "Did—did your aunt send you, my dear?" asked Mrs. "Yes," nodded
Pollyanna, happily. A little jerkily she rose to her feet, went into the hall, and looked up-stairs, plainly impatient. He was still barking—giving little short, sharp yelps, as if of alarm. Short as had been Nancy's stay at the house, the two were already good friends. Her lips twitched. I just didn't that's all. "It's that big white one with the green blinds, 'way
ahead." "Oh, how pretty!—and what a lot of trees and grass all around it! I never saw such a lot of green grass, seems so, all at once. "Why?" "She would not leave you. Her eyes were a little wide and frightened. AN ACCIDENT CHAPTER XXIV. "Nancy," directed her mistress, sharply, "you may set the muffins down and go at once to Miss Pollyanna's
room and shut the windows. There were people who had openly pitied her lonely life, and who had urged her to have some friend or companion to live with her; but she had not welcomed either their sympathy or their advice. And—and I ought to have explained before. Outside, the birds were twittering joyously, and Pollyanna flew to the window to
talk to them. Mr. Hall, the principal, will doubtless settle in which grade you belong. Pollyanna laughed gleefully. But to-day miserably he was forced to own that matters were no better, but rather worse. I couldn't—her and a lover! But Mr. Tom said she had, and that he was livin' now right in this town. As for telling him the "glad game," and trying to
get him to play it—Pollyanna had never seen the time yet when she thought he would care to hear about it. "Straight through the path there, about five minutes' walk, is my house. Then, with the bright smile his patients, that needed a
draft of that tonic!" All of which puzzled Pollyanna very much—until a chipmunk, running across the road, drove the whole matter from her mind. Yes, I remember that; but I didn't suppose you were in earnest any more than I was." "Oh, yes, I was," nodded Pollyanna, triumphantly; "and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it, too. Oh, I'm so glad you let me do it!" "But, Pollyanna, triumphantly;" and I found it.
I—I—" Miss Polly did not finish her sentence. I heard Mr. John Pendleton had met with an accident," said Miss Polly, a little stiffly; "but—I do not care to be sending jelly to John Pendleton, Pollyanna, sadly, "so I suppose you don't like him. Pollyanna never doubted now that John Pendleton was her
Aunt Polly's one-time lover: and with all the strength of her loving, loval heart, she wished she could in some way bring happiness into their to her mind—miserably lonely lives. Pollyanna herself came out of it with radiant smiles and a heart content; for, as she expressed it to one of the clerks; "When you haven't had anybody but missionary barrels
and Ladies' Aiders to dress you, it IS perfectly lovely to just walk right in and buy clothes that are brand-new, and that don't have to be tucked up or let down because they don't fit!" The shopping expedition consumed the entire afternoon; then came supper and a delightful talk with Old Tom in the garden, and another with Nancy on the back porch,
after the dishes were done, and while Aunt Polly paid a visit to a neighbor. "I reckon maybe they're my flies, Aunt Polly," observed Pollyanna, amiably. Now remember!" she finished, as she ran from the room. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and
your state's laws. "About finding something in everything to be glad about, you know, "Sorry nothin! I ain't blamin' you," retorted the boy, sullenly. In the sick-room, after the girl had ushered her in and closed the door, Pollyanna blinked a little before she could accustom her eyes to the gloom. What is a divorce, Aunt Polly? Snow, you know, For some
minutes she watched eagerly, but he did not appear. "Well, that is—better," he murmured faintly. "Oh, did you come up here?" Pollyanna greeted her at the door of Miss Polly's own room. She would have asked what Milly meant by this "game," but there was no opportunity. And now he's got it—the child's presence." "Oh, I—see," said Miss Polly very
gently; and she did see—more than Pollyanna realized. I'll be there." The boy paused before he went on slowly: "Maybe I'd better go back, then, for ter-night, ter the Home. "Well, ter begin with, Dr. Chilton come ter see Mr. Pendleton, and they talked in the library. Oh, Mr. Pendleton, I COULDN'T leave Aunt Polly—now!" There was a long pause. But
there was no one who agreed herself to take him. "Come, let's have your key and we'll get inside this trunk and take out your dresses in no time, n
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distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that - You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. Pollyanna, watching his face, wondered if he were asleep. I think Pollyanna will understand. Oh, of
course the Bible says they will sometime, but they haven't yet—that is, I mean Mrs. And you can be glad, too, for all the rest, I suppose—the nurse, and the doctor, and that confounded woman in the kitchen!" "Why, yes, sir—only think how
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bad 'twould be if you DIDN'T have them!" "Well, I—eh?" he demanded sharply. With anxious eyes Pollyanna swept the circle of faces about her. Good-night." Quite as a matter of course, Pollyanna swept the circle of faces about her. Good-night."
She's awfully nice, and so's her husband—only they don't seem to know how nice each other is. Nancy, looking at her apprehensively, saw that her small chin was quivering, and that her eyes were full of tears. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff. Why don't I get up?" she cried. It worries her, too, 'cause she can't seem ter be glad—maybe you don't
know about her game, though," broke off Nancy, apologetically. I desire you to go to your room at once and read it. Now I'm glad to be waited on, hand and foot! Never mind, I'll be on my own two feet yet, one of these days; then I'll see who steps around," he finished, picking up one of the crutches at his side and shaking it playfully at the little girl.
And I'm so sorry you weren't ever glad over anything!" "PollyANna!" gasped the lady; but Pollyanna was gone, and only the distant bang of the attic-stairway door answered for her. Nancy, in the kitchen, fared better. "N-no, sir." She hesitated, then went on with heightened color. She rose uncertainly to her feet. I told him my name, once, but he
never calls me it—never." "Does he know where you—live?" "Oh, no. "Of course, if 'tisn't far, I sha'n't mind, though, 'cause I'll be glad to get there all the sooner, you know. Then I'm going to be worse," gurgled Pollyanna. My doctor is Dr. Chilton." "Oh-h!" said Dr. Mead, a little oddly, his eyes resting on Miss Polly, who, with a vivid blush, had turned
hastily away. Tarbell is glad now. "That's the story-part, you see. What can you do? "Your aunt is wanting you, Miss Pollyanna," she said with dreary listlessness. For a moment there was no answer; then the minister looked up with a start. "Well, what if it is?" snapped the sick woman. When he saw that, John Pendleton sat erect very promptly. If only
now, she were out there! Fearfully she looked behind her. And of course I do own this one, don't I?" "Why, y-yes, Pollyanna," murmured Miss Polly, vaguely wondering why she did not get up at once and go to look for that shawl. "I believe he was your deceased sister's husband, but he gave me to understand the families were not on the best of terms
I thought, at first, after I found out who you were, the other day, that I didn't want you to come any more. "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send the jelly herself, would she?" "No." "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send the jelly herself, would she?" "No." "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send the jelly herself, would she?" "No." "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send it?" "Why, yes; I—" "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send it?" "Why, yes; I—" "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. Their natural resisting powers should him she didn't send it?" "Why, yes; I—" "And he began ter act queer and cry out sudden after he found out you was her niece. The power and the power a
be strengthened, not weakened.... Pollyanna, plainly unaware that she had said anything in the least unpleasant, was hurrying on. "Oh, I DIDN'T drive her away?" "Not much you did," scoffed Nancy. "I'm sure I'd rather you did than not if it's going to make all this fuss." Pollyanna's puckered little face cleared. "He said not to mention it; but he
wouldn't mind your knowing, of course. "You see, I'm sure you're much nicer than you look!" The man made a queer noise in his throat. So I've quit. "Anyhow, if they were up here, I just reckon they'd change and take Jimmy Bean for their little boy, all right," she finished, secure in her conviction, but unable to give a reason for it, even to herself. John
Pendleton smiled. "I know I'm going to just love living with you but then, I knew I should before I came. Payson," she said simply. And they'll take you—I'm sure you're far enough away for that. The nurse, coming in at that moment, heard the laugh, and beat a hurried—but a very silent—retreat. I'm glad." "Glad! Why?" "Why, I like bread and milk, and
I'd like to eat with you. She spoke of school, and of the automobile, and of how her head ached; but very soon her voice trailed into silence under the blessed influence of the little white pills she had swallowed. Three of his most energetic women workers had withdrawn from the Ladies' Aid Society because a tiny spark of gossip had been fanned by
wagging tongues into a devouring flame of scandal. BEFORE THE LADIES' AID Dinner, which came at noon in the Harrington homestead, was a silent meal on the day of the Ladies' Aid meeting. Just as it is when the PRETTY hair-ribbons come in the barrels after a lot of faded-out brown ones. "Which makes me all the gladder, you know, that I HAVE
had my legs," Pollyanna confided to her aunt afterwards. There was only surprised joy. I'll take the risk." Then he added whimsically: "You don't know, of course; but that little girl is better than a six-quart bottle of tonic any day. A QUESTION OF DUTY It was nearly seven o'clock when Pollyanna awoke that first day after her arrival. She said to tell
you that Mrs. "Yes'm; I know I banged 'em—those doors," she admitted cheerfully. I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty." Nancy colored hotly. "It'll be easier, maybe—if I don't talk about him. "I didn't see you go, and nobody didn't. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this
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her, man! Couldn't you—say, through Dr. Warren?" The other shook his head. As to the game—Pollyanna told Nancy these days how glad she was going to be when she could go to school again, go to see Mrs. She came in and played with the kids and talked to me—and my man, when he was home. "Eh? The story was just finished when Milly appeared
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punishment was being taken as a special reward of merit. But she, too, grew pale and thin; and the nervous activity of the poor little feet and legs now lying so woefully quiet under the blankets. Why, Miss Pollyanna, he ain't poor. But when I think of that child, doomed
to lifelong misery, and when I think that maybe in my hands lies a chance of escape, but for that confounded nonsense we call pride and professional etiquette, I—" He did not finish his sentence, but with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he turned and began to tramp up and down the room again, angrily. Miss Polly, looking at him, knew very
well why he felt that he could not stay longer in her presence. "But I couldn't see it, either, Nancy, at first," she added, with quick honesty. What is it? My, how good it was to be on legs again! "All the doctors stood around and smiled, and all the nurses stood beside of them and cried. "That little thing HAS got a knack with hair and no mistake," she
muttered under her breath. "I have told Dr. Chilton that—that I want him to look you over—with Dr. Warren, this morning." "Oh, then you asked him to come," murmured Pollyanna, contentedly. "Oh, yes; I know her." He hesitated, then went on, still with that curious smile. I love DIFFERENT folks." "Humph! Well, Mis' Snow's 'different,' all right—I
hope, for the sake of the rest of us!" Nancy," she said with decision, as soon as the little serving-maid appeared; "my niece is late. Miss Polly cleared her throat hurriedly. 1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg: 1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the
full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed: This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no
cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. Paul Ford roused himself, came back from the far Western town, and adjusted the sheets of paper under his hand. I WANTED you vesterday." "Did you? "There! Isn't this lovely? Maybe you know what she means by that; but I didn't, sir." "Yes, I know—what she means." "All right, sir. General Terms of
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her head again. "Maybe he didn't understand—but that was only half an introduction. I told him you didn't." Miss Polly grew a sudden vivid pink. "Do You like being a minister?" The Rev. But there's one, anyhow, that ain't answerin'," grinned Old Tom. "There don't seem ter be a minute in the day that Miss Polly ain't jest hangin' 'round waitin' ter do
somethin' for that blessed lamb if 'tain't more than ter let in the cat—an' her what wouldn't let Fluff nor Buff up-stairs for love nor money a week ago; an' now she lets 'em tumble all over the bed jest 'cause it pleases Miss Pollyanna! "An' when she ain't doin' nothin' else, she's movin' them little glass danglers 'round ter diff'rent winders in the room so
the sun'll make the 'rainbows dance,' as that blessed child calls it. Miss Polly turned with a start. That was two months before. As the days passed, however, and the news came to be no better, but rather worse, something besides anxiety began to show in the man's face: despair, and a very dogged determination, each fighting for the mastery. Good-
by. If it's Monday she's bound ter say she wished 'twas Sunday; and if you take her jelly you're pretty sure ter hear she wanted chicken—but if you DID bring her chicken, she'd be jest hankerin' for lamb broth!" "Why, what a funny woman," laughed Pollyanna. "Oh-h!—NANCY!" The burning horror in Pollyanna's eyes dried the tears. I will be up in half
an hour to look over your things." Pollyanna, her eyes on the illustration of a fly's head, many times magnified, cried joyously: "Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly!" The next moment she skipped merrily from the room, banging the door behind her. "Oh, no, dear! It wasn't Dr. Chilton at all that I meant. White felt so glad she COULD hear it, that she didn't mind
so much that she DID hear it, 'cause she couldn't help thinking how awful 'twould be if she was deaf and couldn't hear anything, like her husband's sister. Beneath the straw hat, an eager, freckled little face turned to the right and to the left, plainly searching for some one. There was an odd smile on his lips. Not much, I reckon. "Will you come down,
please?" In the bedroom Pollyanna found a flushed-faced, angry-eyed woman plucking at the pins that held a lace shawl in place. Oh, I'm so glad now she let me have this room!" To Pollyanna's surprise and dismay, Nancy burst into tears. I saw him drive in a few minutes ago." A little later Dr. Warren was surprised to meet an agitated, flushed-faced
Miss Polly in the hall. Aunt Polly, with the bent old man, was leaning over a rose-bush when Pollyanna, gurgling with delight, flung herself upon her. Go at once and fill that woodbox, would be empty yet, so far as Tom was concerned!" On and on read the minister—a word here, a line there, a paragraph somewhere else:
"What men and women need is encouragement. I asked for your attention." "Yes, ma'am." Nancy stifled a sigh. His lips were twitching, but his eyes looked blurred as if with tears. The man winced several times and groaned once; softly while the change was being made; but in the end he found Pollyanna's lap a very welcome substitute for the rocky
hollow in which his head had lain before. "He said you reminded him of something he wanted to forget?" "Yes. Miss Gray—she plays for church—she taught me. It's Mr. Pendleton about her aunt; and he listened, sometimes politely
sometimes irritably, frequently with a quizzical smile on his usually stern lips. I found out, after a time, who you were, and—and I thought then I never wanted to see you again. CHAPTER XVII. Is it far? Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project
Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. "Besides, anybody with such a lot of money as you have doesn't need me to make you glad about things. Why, Mrs. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, I can't—you know I can't. Aunt Polly frowned and said nothing. But it
seems to me that you have quite forgotten YOUR duty." "My—duty?" Pollyanna's eyes were wide open. What are you talking about, Pollyanna?" Pollyanna stared; then her face relaxed. So yours won't last
till doomsday at all. She dived into her closet then, hurriedly, and brought out all the poor little dresses in both her arms. The other, limply open, lay on the dog's head. You see, she was playing the game, too. PRISMS As the warm August days passed, Pollyanna went very frequently to the great house on Pendleton Hill. I reckon she meant she didn't
want me there. As soon as she could, after that, she hurried up the hill to John Pendleton's house; and in due time she found herself in the great dim library, with John Pendleton himself sitting near her, his long, thin hands lying idle on the arms of his chair, and his faithful little dog at his feet. During the whole process of getting started, the little girl
had kept up an uninterrupted stream of comments and questions, until the somewhat dazed Nancy found herself quite out of breath trying to keep up with her. "Nancy," she said a few minutes later, at the kitchen door, "I found a fly up-stairs in Miss Pollyanna's room. It was a sheepish laugh, and not quite a willing one; but his face looked a little
pleasanter when he spoke this time. But never mind that. "DR. Pollyanna laughed softly. "Oh, yes; the game was to just find something about everything to be glad about—no matter what 'twas," rejoined Pollyanna, earnestly. A QUESTION ANSWERED CHAPTER XXII. She had forgotten that she had never told her aunt of Mr. Pendleton's desire to
adopt her—and certainly she would not wish to tell her now that she had ever thought for a minute of leaving her—this dear Aunt Polly, I reckon I am glad this morning just to be alive!" "PollyANNA!" remonstrated the lady, sternly, pulling herself as erect as
she could with a dragging weight of ninety pounds hanging about her neck. She turned luminous eyes on her aunt. Say, I'm going to hold your head," she finished abruptly. I stood ready to give Pollyanna the love that had been twenty-five years in storage." "LOVE." Miss Polly remembered suddenly why SHE had taken this child in the first place—and
with the recollection came the remembrance of Pollyanna's own words uttered that very morning: "I love to be called 'dear' by folks that belong to you!" And it was this love-hungry little girl that had been offered the stored-up affection of twenty-five years:—and she was old enough to be tempted by love! With a sinking heart Miss Polly realized that.
But THEY aren't LIVING." "No? CHAPTER XIX. Oh, Pollyanna, I'm so—happy! And so—glad!—darling!" Pollyanna began to clap her hands; but even as she brought her small palms together the first time, she stopped, and held them suspended. On a pleasant Thursday morning Pollyanna had been taking calf's-foot jelly again to Mrs. As near as I can
judge, half the town are putting on blue ribbons, or stopping family quarrels, or learning to like something they never liked before, and all because of Pollyanna. I'm so glad you gave me that book to read! Why, I didn't suppose flies could carry such a lot of things on their feet, and—" "That will do," observed Aunt Polly, with dignity. She was on the
stairway now. - You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works. I see, I 
when I look at pretty folks, 'cause when I look at the other kind I'm so sorry for them." "But—but—" "And I just love to do folks' hair," purred Pollyanna, contentedly. He don't speak ter no one; and he lives all alone in a great big lovely house all full of jest grand things, they say. Well, then she's got an awfully good imitation of it—she has, she has!"
sniffed Nancy. Snow—so glad she had her hands and arms, anyway. Timidly, but as if impelled by an irresistible force, he reached out a shaking hand and let it rest for a moment on her bright hair. You may go now." Pollyanna's face fell. You know I go to school. She walked, indeed, two or three times back and forth from end to end—it gave her such
pleasant sensation of airy space after her hot little room; and the roof was so broad and flat that she had no fear of falling off. Besides, fath—I mean, I was taught at home some, too." Miss Polly frowned. "Did you speak—to me?" he asked in a sharp voice. Paul Ford understood very well that he (God's minister), the church, the town, and even
Christianity itself was suffering; and must suffer still more unless—Clearly something must be done, and done at once. To her, existence loomed ahead one endless round of duty. You can see it now," said Nancy. "Did she say that—really? So I tried to—to remind her." "To remind her! Of what?" John Pendleton's voice was still angrily impatient. I'm
huntin' up a new place." "Oh! Where is it?" The boy regarded her with scornful eyes. "I want them all to be there," she said to herself; "else the very one that wasn't there might be the one who would be wanting to give Jimmy Bean a home; and, of course, two o'clock always means three, really—to Ladies' Aiders." Quietly, but with confident courage
Pollyanna ascended the chapel steps, pushed open the door and entered the vestibule. You couldn't have helped it. Anyhow, I should think they did from the way I'm hearin' of it ev'rywhere I go. Now listen." He paused, and with some difficulty reached his hand into his trousers pocket and brought out a bunch of keys, singling out one between his
thumb and forefinger. All is," he added, with another whimsical smile, as he stepped out on to the porch, "I wish I could prescribe her—and buy her—as I would a box of pills;—though if there gets to be many of her in the world, you and I might as well go to ribbon-selling and ditch-digging for all the money we'd get out of nursing and doctoring," he
laughed, picking up the reins and stepping into the gig. Why, Aunt Polly, I'll make you so pretty everybody'll just love to look at you!" "Pollyanna!" gasped a stifled but shocked voice from a veil of hair. I've changed my mind. She blushed and looked very embarrassed when Miss Polly entered the room. You said it was here that you had wanted Aunt
Polly's hand and heart all these years to make a home, and—" An inarticulate cry came from the man's throat. Mr. Pendleton asked me to come and live with him, but of course I wouldn't leave Aunt Polly like that—after she'd been so good to me. She said she'd taken him once, but she didn't think he showed off very well that day, and that she was
afraid you didn't think he would make a very nice child's presence, after all. I hope YOU didn't tell any one," she finished anxiously. "I declare, I didn't know it could look so pretty. Of course if it hadn't been for all that I shouldn't have wanted them, so—pretty things, I mean; and I shouldn't have got to planning all through the hall that first day how
pretty mine would be here, and—and—but, truly, Aunt Polly, it wasn't but just a minute—I mean, a few minutes—before I was being glad that the bureau DIDN'T have a looking-glass, because it didn't show my freckles; and there couldn't be a nicer picture than the one out my window there; and you've been so good to me, that—" Miss Polly rose
suddenly to her feet. "Walk! Pollyanna!" John Pendleton was saying. But—POLLYANNA!—what a ridiculous name! CHAPTER II. "Yes. "How can he keep such a dreadful thing? Well, what is it?" Mrs. What game?" "Why, that father—" Pollyanna tolder."
him. Snow, she found that lady, as at first, in a darkened room. Most eagerly of all her mind turned to the wondrously exciting problem about to be solved: behind which of all these fascinating doors was waiting now her room—the dear, beautiful room full of curtains, rugs, and pictures, that was to be her very own? Can you?" "Can I—what?" "Thrash
'round—move, you know, so as to change your position when the music gets too hard to stand." Mrs. "Perhaps you'll drive up sometime. Porter *** This file should be named 1450-h.htm or 1450-h.zip ***** This and all associated files of various formats will be found in: Produced by
Charles Keller (for Tina), and David Widger Updated editions will replace the previous one-the old editions will be renamed. For instance, I don't mind 'Nancy' for a name half as much since she told me I could be glad 'twa'n't 'Hephzibah.' An' there's Monday mornin's, too, that I used ter hate so. Pollyanna drew a long breath. Snow had that jelly to-
day—as usual. What is it?" "Well, it—it's Jimmy Bean," sighed Pollyanna. Payson?" "Mrs. She's actually made me glad for Monday mornings!" Nancy laughed. "Dr. Chilton says so, too—that it takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home, you know," she remarked. In kitchens and sitting rooms.
and over back-yard fences women talked of it, and wept openly. I came all by myself. A faint doubt crossed Pollyanna's countenance. He stepped quickly forward. If folks wa'n't sorry for her there wouldn't a soul go near her from mornin' till night, she's that cantankerous. Impatience which would brook no opposition had been a part of John
Pendleton's nature too long to yield very easily now to restraint. Dr. Chilton knows him, an' he's just cured somebody just like her, Dr. Chilton thinks. Pollyanna gave a happy little bounce in her seat. TWO VISITS CHAPTER XXVIII. Just how she was to do this, however, she could not see. Didn't he act queer when he found out you was Miss Polly's
niece? "Yes, and I used to ask him just as I did you if he was glad he was a minister." The man under the tree smiled a little sadly. POLLYANNA AND PUNISHMENTS CHAPTER VIII. "I'd go alone, of course, and tell them." "You would?" "Yes; and I'd tell it better this time," hurried on Pollyanna, quick to see the signs of relenting in the boy's face.
Suppose he had said: 'Tom, I overheard what you said to your mother this morning, and I'm ashamed of you. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other
Project Gutenberg-tm work. Maybe Aunt Polly will play it, though," she added, as an after-thought. When for the third time Pollyanna accosted him in much the same manner, the man stopped abruptly. I do wish I could find some place for you, though!" The boy shrugged his shoulders and half turned away. Snow, falling back into her usual listless
attitude. "Would you come—if she did?" Pollyanna frowned in deep thought. That's the game, ma'am. She had rheumatic fever, too, at the same time, so she couldn't thrash 'round. We will," Pollyanna looked shocked. Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the
Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without permission and without permission and without permission and later him." "Runnin' after him." "She won't have the chance," retorted Nancy, with huge satisfaction. There
appeared to be no bones broken, and the cut was of slight consequence; but the doctor had looked very grave, had shaken his head slowly, and had said that time alone could tell. Nancy sniffed a little. He even almost got to his feet. She was so excited then she could scarcely control her shaking fingers enough to hang up the rest. I'm up here." "Yes,"
smiled the doctor, a little gravely. "There's no tellin'," he declared. INTRODUCING JIMMY August came. I'd rather, truly." "Very likely," observed Aunt Polly, with slightly uplifted eyebrows. "I believe I can do it," she chuckled. We've been playin' it—that game—since almost the first, 'cause there wa'n't no one else she could play it with—though she
did speak of—her aunt." "MISS POLLY!" Nancy chuckled. Well, I'm a-goin' ter be that rock, Timothy; I am, I am!" she vowed, as she turned and led Pollyanna up the broad steps. The next moment she stumbled blindly toward it and fell on her knees at its side, covering her face with her hands. In his imagination he was far away in a little Western town
with a missionary minister who was poor, sick, worried, and almost alone in the world—but who was poring over the Bible to find how many times his Lord and Master had told him to "rejoice and be glad." After a time, with a long sigh, the Rev. The next moment Nancy was seen flying out the back door. Now run home, Jimmy—quick! I've got to speak
to Dr. Warren. "Get a woman's hand and heart. The doctor left Pollyanna at her own door, smiled at Nancy, who was sweeping off the front porch, then drove rapidly away. "Well, really!" she ejaculated then, in not guite an agreeable tone of voice. Bring lanterns. "Some years he jest travels, week in and week out, and it's always in heathen countries—
Egypt and Asia and the Desert of Sarah, you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear: "Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. "I KNEW you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear: "Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. "I KNEW you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear: "Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. "I KNEW you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear: "Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. "I KNEW you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear: "Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. "I KNEW you know." "Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna. It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear." "Oh, a missionary in his ear." "Oh, a missi
saw it in your eyes, you know, and in your smile." "Humph!" grunted the man, as he passed on. He had argued, pleaded, rebuked, and ignored by turns; and always and through all he had prayed—earnestly, hopefully. The series of puzzling, disconcerting visits of the last few days, culminating as they had in the extraordinary experience of the
afternoon, had strained her nerves to the snapping point. "There ain't no tellin'," sobbed Nancy. He's a-savin' of it." "Oh, for the heathen," surmised Pollyanna looked at the two fast-closed windows—but she did not raise them. Then the doctor came, and he said I might. "Well, as near as I
some jelly," resumed Pollyanna; "—calf's-foot. Don't you think so?" she stammered, after a while. "There, there, you poor lamb," she crooned, dropping to the floor and drawing the little girl into her arms. As before Pollyanna went to the side door. I—I'm afraid you'll have ter have bread and milk in the kitchen with me. "And thank you for coming, Mrs
exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Stewart, Trenton Lee Stiefvater, Maggie Sutton, Margaret Swanson, Peter Thayne, RaeAnne The Glad Books - Pollyanna series Todd, Charles Wodehouse, P.G. Wrede, Patricia C. Rawson something awful. I've been trying to
play it—the game—a little." Miss Polly frowned. Some of the ladies did know this rather extraordinary niece of their fellow-member, and nearly all had heard of her; but not one of them could think of anything to say, just then. "Miss Pollyanna, that bell means breakfast—mornin's," she panted, pulling the little girl to her feet and hurrying her back to
air. "No—no!" "Why, you don't mean she'd CARE!" cried Pollyanna, plainly disturbed. Father and the Ladies' Aid used to do it, too, till they found I always came back all right." "But I didn't even know you'd went," cried Nancy, tucking the little girl's hand under her arm and hurrying her down the hill. She had planned one for the day after her
Saturday afternoon visit to Mr. John Pendleton; but on the way home from Sunday school Dr. Chilton overtook her in his gig, and brought his horse to a stop. The boy glanced up, but through Nancy. It was sometime during the next forenoon that Pollyanna
opened conscious eyes and realized where she was. "Thank you," rejoined the lady, dryly. I should think you could be glad of that." "Oh, I am," retorted the man grimly. Don't you?" Mr. Pendleton laughed. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. She began to
say it very sternly; but something in the woman's pleading eyes made her add the civil explanation that no one was allowed yet to see Pollyanna. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem. She told me afterwards she reckoned she'd have gone raving crazy if it hadn't been
for Mr. White's sister's ears—being deaf, so." "Sister's—EARS! What do you mean?" Pollyanna laughed. "Make her see what she's done for us. It's perfectly lovely! Maybe she'll let you read the book if you're good—I mean, if you're bad. "It must be that there are some things that 'tisn't right to play the game on—and I'm sure funerals is one of them.
Then, clinging like a monkey, she swung herself from limb to limb until the lowest branch was reached. "How is she, ter-day—the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they WERE his people!—they were got, 'and the lowest branch was reached. "How is she, ter-day—the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got, 'and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here? His people!—they were got and the little gal?" Nancy shook her head. "Do you think Aunt Polly likes to have me here?" Nancy shook here got and the little gal?" Nancy shook here got and the little gal?" Nancy shook here got a
prattled Pollyanna; "and there's so much more of it than Mrs. She said that Freddy would be so glad to see it, if I would. Well, one day I thinks I finds two and two, and I puts 'em tergether an' makes four. Can't I go to school to-morrow?" From the window where Aunt Polly stood now there came a half-stifled cry. "This is the article I spoke of,
Pollyanna. "Humph! Well, I'm a-wonderin' what a child will do with Miss Polly in the house!" snapped Nancy. I wish you had come yesterday. For a moment she did not speak at all; then she said gently—though yet with a touch of her old stern decisiveness: "But I do mind, Pollyanna. The doctor smiled now—a little queerly. Whereupon her aunt would
usually reply, wearily: "Very well, Pollyanna. "Miss Hunt, please, I want Aunt Polly. "Yes—and calf's-foot jelly," triumphed Pollyanna, convinced anew of her aunt's "kindness," blinked off the tears and looked eagerly about her. "Never mind. Once, when father felt
specially bad, he counted 'em. "I've only held his head—I haven't given him a mite of medicine. "There, I didn't mean ter make ye mad. And believe me, he can NOT know so much about—about your trouble, as this great doctor does, who will come from New York to-morrow." Pollyanna still looked unconvinced. A bird alighted fearlessly within reach of
her hand, and a squirrel whisked his bushy tail on a tree-branch almost under her nose—yet with his bright little eyes all the while on the motionless dog. "But I'm giving orders now. In her own room, Miss Polly took out once more the letter which she had received two days before from the far-away Western town, and which had been so unpleasant a
surprise to her. The sky was darkening fast. "But I want to know what she said—just now. "After all, they all taste alike!" Pollyanna chuckled. "Why, mother—the curtain is up!" cried Milly, dividing her amazed stare between the window and the pink in her mother's hair. You may set it here on the stand," directed the man. MISS POLLY CHAPTER II.
"I'M a-goin' ter do it!" And forthwith he rose to his feet, crept stealthily around the corner of the house, and ran with all his might down Pendleton Hill. Not since Miss Pollyanna's accident had Nancy heard her mistress speak so sternly. Well, I'll tell her, then, so you can find out," promised the little girl, cheerfully. Auntie wants you to rest and go to
sleep again." "Hurt? Pollyanna took a firmer hold of her friend's arm. Pollyanna had found the shawl the week before when Nancy had been regulating the attic; and it had occurred to her to-day that there was no reason why her aunt, as well as Mrs. "And now you know why I said the sun was trying to play it—that game." For a moment there was
silence. And Pollyanna, still more distressed, tiptoed from the room. She jest lays there an' sleeps an' talks some, an' tries ter smile an' be 'glad' 'cause the sun sets or the moon rises, or some other such thing, till it's enough ter make yer heart break with achin'." "I know; it's the 'game'—bless her sweet heart!" nodded Old Tom, blinking a little. On
every side the gilt of picture frames or the glint of sunlight through the filmy mesh of lace curtains flashed in her eyes. "No, Miss. JOHN PENDLETON Pollyanna, however, did not realize this, except momentarily when a brief period of full consciousness sent insistent questions
to her lips. This, however, did not seem to disturb Pollyanna in the least. It was that afternoon that Nancy ran out to Old Tom, who was cleaning harnesses in the barn. Oh!—yes, it is a very nice day." "And 'tisn't cold at all, either, even if 'tis October," observed Pollyanna, still more hopefully. With a somewhat dazed face Miss Polly went up-stairs to
Pollyanna's room. "Why don't you thank the little lady?" "I—I was thinkin' about—Miss Polly," faltered Nancy. "Miss Harrington, perhaps, you'd give her—a message," she stammered. The book-lined walls and the crimson curtains were the same; but there was no litter on the floor, no untidiness on the desk, and not so much as a grain of dust in sight
It came to her, suddenly, what a brilliant future it would have meant for Pollyanna—this adoption; and she wondered if Pollyanna were old enough and mercenary enough—to be tempted by this man's money and position. But ye see, now she—she can't play it herself, an' it worries her. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for
any particular state visit While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate. "Now you can take us both, and everything will be lovely." "Take—you—both?'
repeated the man, dazedly. It was toward the end of August that Pollyanna, making an early morning call on John Pendleton, found the flaming band of blue and gold and green edged with red and violet lying across his pillow. Then Miss Polly roused herself with a start. "Oh, thank you. "I am, I am." Pollyanna stared. As was to be expected, of course,
Jimmy showed keen disappointment that the Ladies' Aid preferred a little India boy to himself. I very much desire that you SHOULD call in Dr. Chilton. I like old folks just as well, maybe better, sometimes—being used to the Ladies' Aid, so." "Humph! The Ladies' Aid, indeed! Is that what you took me for?" The man's lips were threatening to smile, but
the scowl above them was still trying to hold them grimly stern. She was almost crying now. "Oh, no! It couldn't be till doomsday, you know, when the Bible says it may come quicker than we think, but I don't think it will—that is, of course I
believe the Bible; but I mean I don't think it will come as much quicker as it would if it should come now, and—" John Pendleton laughed suddenly—and aloud. There was no answer. "Dear me! Well, I don't see where the difference is," sighed Pollyanna, as she went to hang her hat on the one particular hook in the house upon which Aunt Polly had said
that it must be hung. That will be all. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. Do you?" A swift something crossed the doctor's face that Pollyanna could not quite translate. "You were coming up to see me! Come right in. Snow?" There was
no answer. "You TOLD him I didn't!" Pollyanna opened wide her eyes at the remonstrative dismay in her aunt's voice. "My name is Mrs. She wouldn't send the jelly to him, you know, and she was so afraid he'd think she did send it!" "Probably she didn't! all him no duty," shrugged Nancy. Left alone, Pollyanna went back to her "picture," as she
mentally designated the beautiful view from the window. Jimmy had told her what a first-rate home he had, and what bang-up "folks" Mr. Pendleton made; and both had said that it was all owing to her aunt about Mr. Pendleton—or rather, she
tried to talk to her about him. She got a pair of crutches once in a missionary barrel when she was wantin' a doll; an' she cried, of course, like any child would. She will—a little later. "Yes—such as 'tis," he answered, as he wrote something on the pad of paper in his hand; "but it's a pretty poor apology for a home, Pollyanna. And because of all this, the
Rev. It's PROFESSIONAL pride I'm talking about. Snow, grudgingly; "but 'twon't stay, you know." "Oh, thank you. "That will be fine! Maybe you'd like to see our patient, eh?" "Oh, yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna; and the woman, in obedience to a nod from the doctor, led the way down the hall at once, though plainly with vast surprise on her face. "There,
that's what I was going to ask you, Nancy," she sighed. "I was only thinkin' 'twould be—some of a surprise—to her," he explained with dignity. Dr. Chilton held out both his hands to Pollyanna. Sweep the room and clean it, of course, after you clear out the trunks and boxes." "Yes, ma'am. "About your money, you know—denying yourself, and saving it
for the heathen. She saw something of the pressure that was probably brought to bear on Pollyanna herself at the time John Pendleton was asking HER to be the "child's presence," which was to transform his great pile of gray stone into a home. "Well, it's this," she explained. "Yes; and who's going to do it?" demanded the doctor, with a savage turn.
"But how can I—without a direct request from her aunt?—which I'll never get!" "She must be made to ask you!" "How?" "I don't! wou go—without a summons?" The doctor frowned. "But, Aunt Polly, if you LOVED Dr. Chilton—"
"WHAT, Pollyanna?" Aunt Polly's voice was very sharp now. And that's what I came to tell her to-day—that maybe she can be a little glad for us, 'cause we've decided to stick to each other, and play the game ourselves. You see I'd dressed her up in a perfectly lovely lace shawl I found up-stairs, and I'd fixed her hair and put on a rose, and she looked so
pretty. They have carpets in every room and ice-cream Sundays. The next moment Pollyanna heard voices, and very soon their owners appeared three men carrying a stretcher and various other articles. I like to look at fires, don't you?" There was no reply this time, though Pollyanna waited patiently, before she tried again—by a new route. In spite of
her feeling of haste, she paused a moment and looked fearfully through the vestibule to the wide, sombre hall beyond, her thoughts in a whirl. "Yes—that father's gone to Heave! I should say not," grinned the youth. "I reckon maybe, if you don't mind, I'd like to
fix your hair just a little before I let you see it," she proposed. I'm glad, after all, that she didn't come to meet me; because now I've got HER still coming, and I've got you besides." Nancy flushed. "He didn't come day I shall jest b'ile over; and when I do,
of course it'll be good-by Nancy for me. Then, One day, like one of the prisms that you love so well, little girl, you danced into my life, and flecked my dreary old world with dashes of the purple and gold and scarlet of your own bright cheeriness. As if tramp cats and mangy dogs weren't bad enough but you must needs bring home ragged little beggars
from the street, who—" There was a sudden stir from the boy. Yer aunt didn't like it—because you didn't come down ter supper, ye know." "But I couldn't. At the appointed place the next afternoon, Pollyanna met Jimmy Bean according to agreement. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining
provisions. "Of course the Bible didn't name 'em that. My! I reckon I am glad now those screens didn't come! Wouldn't you be?" There was no reply. Some of what was said she could not understand. "That's just what I don't want you to know, Aunt Polly, and I was afraid you WOULD peek, so I tied on the handkerchief. For a minute she listened
intently; then she turned and swept into the dining room. Rawson, said I had real good sense. She said you had been so good to her. "Light hair, red-checked gingham dress, and straw hat across the continent!'
Promptly at twenty minutes to four the next afternoon Timothy and Nancy drove off in the open buggy to meet the expected guest. I told him. You have to look for cheap things when you're poor. "YOUR doctor?" Dr. Mead glanced in evident surprise at Dr. Warren, talking with the nurse a few feet away. "Boy! Boy! Jimmy Bean, I want you to know how
—how sorry I am," she panted, catching him with a detaining hand. I'm so glad! Why, Aunt Polly, I don't know but I'm so glad that I don't mind—even my legs, now!" Aunt Polly's doctor. She's been ter see 'em, ye know, twice, with me.
"Did you like it?" asked Pollyanna with interest. On a nice comfortable little bed you're going to be carried in cars and carriages to a great doctor who has a big house many miles from here made on purpose for just such people as you are. An' Miss Polly—young as she was—couldn't never forgive him; she was that fond of Miss Jennie—in them days.
"Why, Aunt Polly, what's the matter? And I wouldn't have to half try to be glad, either, for I like best to read to myself—on account of the big words, you know." "I don't doubt it," rejoined Miss Polly, grimly. I SAW some of them come in." "You saw them! You mean you raised those windows without any screens?" "Why, yes. "Of course she's been good
to you! But she doesn't want you, I'll warrant, half so much as I do," he contested. Old Tom, with almost equal precipitation, handed his lantern to Miss Pollyanna. Be careful how you handle it. There were times, indeed
that follow them! Never mind the quarrel! So far as I am concerned, I am willing to say there was no quarrel. "Why, of course I can move—anywhere—in bed," she rejoined a little irritably. She was sorry, too, for the long, lonely life that had made him so unhappy; and she was grieved that it had been because of her mother that he had spent those
dreary years. "After all, I'm afraid some of us—do have to, little girl," he said. Pollyanna herself almost cried aloud as she looked at his great, strong body lying there so helpless. Everywhere were bits of dancing red and green, violet and orange, gold and blue. "I know; but you're HELPING it—don't you see?—and of course you're glad to help it! And
so that makes you the gladdest of any of us, all the time." The doctor's eyes filled with sudden hot tears. Even the birds and squirrels seemed hushed into awed silence. Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly and squirrels seemed hushed into awed silence. Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly and squirrels seemed hushed into awed silence. Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly and squirrels seemed hushed into awed silence. Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply: "Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy, you may move Miss Polly said to Nancy Miss Polly said
a stranger to your little niece, Pollyanna. "Why, of course! That's the very thing, Jimmy! I'll write to my Ladies' Aiders about you. Snow's voice was sarcastically polite. "I started to drive on a few minutes ago; then it occurred to me that I'd wait for you." "Thank you, sir. POLLYANNA AND PUNISHMENTS At half-past one o'clock Timothy drove Miss
Polly and her niece to the four or five principal dry goods stores, which were about half a mile from the homestead. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG
search facility: This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks. Then she turned her wide eyes to the bare wall, the bare floor, the bare
windows. Already, however, she was thinking what a long, long way off that rock must be, when back at the window it had looked so near! Fifteen minutes later the great clock in the hallway of the Harrington homestead struck six. Pollyanna caught her breath. You might know she'd find somethin'. "There! I'm to leave them all," announced Pollyanna
as she arranged the three bowls in a row on the table. But now I want you to see what I've brought you." The woman stirred restlessly. The various clerks who had waited upon the pair came out of it with very red faces, and enough amusing stories of Pollyanna to keep their friends in gales of laughter the rest of the week. Nancy chuckled. She
nodded. There were no drapery curtains at the dormer windows, no pictures on the wall. You see, I found out about it. White says. "Why, yes. She was twenty when she married and went away from here long years ago. "It means that ever since last June that blessed child has jest been makin' the whole town glad, an' now they're turnin' 'round an'
tryin' ter make her a little glad, too." "Glad of what?" "Just glad! That's the game." Miss Polly actually stamped her foot. It was only that she was wantin' ter take him again, she said, so's ter show ye he really was a lovely child's presence. If—Why, Aunt Polly!" But her aunt was already out of sight down the hall. I desire you to meet her at the station.
concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States. I'll call for you and bring you back before six o'clock." "I'd love to!" exclaimed Pollyanna. CHAPTER XV. She can always be sick and have things, you know; but his is just a broken leg, and legs don't last—I mean, broken ones. "Bread and milk, indeed!—and when the
poor lamb hain't only just cried herself to sleep," she was muttering fiercely, as she softly pushed open the door. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. As she talked, she did not look at his face. She wished that somewhere, some one might be found who—And it was at this point that she sprang to her feet with a little cry
of joy at the thought that had come to her. "I was just bound you should have what you wanted for once; so Nancy and I fixed it. Still, I can't help wishing they had wanted Jimmy Bean, too, besides the India boys." John Pendleton did not seem to hear. I'll get a comb." "But Pollyanna," remonstrated Aunt Polly, following the little girl from thee just bound you should have what you wanted for once; so Nancy and I fixed it. Still, I can't help wishing they had wanted Jimmy Bean, too, besides the India boys." John Pendleton did not seem to hear. I'll get a comb."
room and panting up-stairs after her. "I'm so glad it isn't yesterday, aren't you?" The man stopped abruptly. [Boston, The Page company] [Pdf] Retrieved from the Library of Congress, . Well, I should say it would," retorted Mrs. There had been a man of wealth who had wanted her—and the family had much preferred him to the minister; but Jennie
had not. "You are so like your mother, little Miss! I used ter know her when she was even littler than you be. The Man often wore a long black coat and a high silk hat—two things that the "just men" never wore. She had seen the dog once before, she was sure. "Pollyanna, what are you doing? When she comes down she may have bread and milk in the
kitchen." "Yes, ma'am." It was well, perhaps, that Miss Polly did not happen to be looking at Nancy's face just then. I shall, of course, procure a teacher at once for you," she finished decisively, as she arose from her chair. She kept her eyes on the ground to make sure that no twig nor stone tripped her hurrying feet. In spite of her own perturbation
and heartache, her hands had not been idle, and she stood now at the bedside with the quieting powder ready. Will you? 'He'? I ain't no beggar, you know." Pollyanna was frowning thoughtfully. Her way led through the great library at the end of the hall, and, rapid as was her progress through it, Pollyanna saw at once that great changes had taken
place. I wish I could walk all the way there. A familiar-looking small dog bounded up the steps to greet her, but there was a slight delay before the woman who had been hanging out the clothes opened the door. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg-tm
shall send for Dr. Warren—if you are worse." Pollyanna did not grow worse, however, and Dr. Warren was not summoned. He laughed very heartily indeed—so heartily that Pollyanna began to cry from pure nervousness. "Oh, Aunt Polly," breathed the little girl, rapturously; "what a perfectly lovely, lovely house! How awfully glad you must
be you're so rich!" "PollyANNA!" ejaculated her aunt, turning sharply about as she reached the head of the stairs. "I called to ask for—Pollyanna," he began at once, a little brusquely. I told him how good you were to me, and to Fluffy and Buffy, and that I knew you would be to him, because of course he's even nicer than cats and dogs." Miss Polly
dropped back in her chair and raised a shaking hand to her throat. Miss Polly, attempted a frown—with not her usual success. After a time he drew a long sigh and turned to Pollyanna. I didn't mean to say it." "Probably not," returned Miss Polly, coldly; "but you did say it, so suppose we have the rest of it." "But it wasn't anything only that I'd been kind
of planning on pretty carpets and lace curtains and things, you know. The man's eyes were moodily fixed out the window. On the bed Pollyanna lay blinking at the dancing band of colors on the ceiling, which came from one of the prisms in the window. "But—well, I didn't bring her here."
Her scrutiny of the undergarments finished, she turned to Pollyanna somewhat abruptly. Drat it! Ter think of its runnin' down our little girl! I always hated the evil-smellin' things, anyhow—I did, I did!" "But where is she hurt?" "I don't know," moaned Nancy. There seemed every reason to believe, indeed, that Dr. Mead's worst fears
would be realized—that Pollyanna would never walk again. Pollyanna had never before seen her aunt look like this. "I should think SOMEBODY might give me a new nightdress—instead of lamb broth, for a change!" "Why—mother!" No wonder Milly quite gasped aloud with bewilderment. White of her Western home, should not be "dressed up." Her
task completed, Pollyanna surveyed her work with eyes that approved, but that saw yet one touch wanting. My stars and stockings! Just think of havin' a book lived right under yer nose like this an' me not knowin' it all this time! Now tell me everythin'—everythin'—everythin' he said, Miss Pollyanna, there's a dear! No wonder he took ter you; no wonder—no
not do it? Tell her I thought she would be—GLAD to know. Not until it was nearly time for her to go, did the man say, in a voice Pollyanna had never before heard from stern John Pendleton: "Little girl, I want you to come to see me often. "Nancy told me. "Well, anyhow," she chuckled, "you can be glad it isn't 'Hephzibah.'" "Hephzibah!" "Yes. To be
sure, Jennie herself had written, for a time, and had named her last baby "Pollyanna" for her two sisters, Polly and Anna—the other babies had all died. "Why, Dr. Chilton, you don't mean—you didn't try to get somebody's hand and heart once, like Mr. Pendleton, and—and couldn't, did you?" The doctor got to his feet a little abruptly. "I hain't seen her
but twice since she knew about it, an' it done me up both times. "But, Doctor, didn't Mr. Pendleton give orders not to admit—any one?" "Oh, yes," nodded the doctor, imperturbably. "Gorry!" exclaimed Jimmy Bean tersely and uncomprehendingly, but admiringly. In no other way, however, could she account for this incoherent, illogical, unmeaning
rush of words. And we got to thinking how she used to come and sit on our doorstep and train with the kids, and laugh, and—and just be glad. What a pretty; father told me—" She stopped with a little choking breath. "See here, little girl, we might just as well settle this thing right now, once for all," he began
testily. "Well, Miss Pollyanna, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" asked the doctor smilingly. But we've found out now. Good-by!" And Nancy fled precipitately. "But there were mostly things for boys and older folks in the last two or three barrels; and—did you ever have a missionary barrel, Aunt Polly?" At her aunt's look of shocked anger,
Pollyanna corrected herself at once. True, she could not give them quite so much time now, of course; but I'we thought it up, Mrs. "But I'm sure, when I see you to-morrow, I'll have just a common home and folks that do care all ready for you.
"Why has she made such a mystery of it, when I asked her?" Nancy hesitated. "Then I tried ter remind her how she used ter say the game was all the nicer ter play when—when it was hard," resumed Nancy, in a dull voice. She had gone halfway down the stairs when a small, unsteady voice called after her: "Please, Aunt Polly, you didn't tell me which
of my things you wanted to—to give away." Aunt Polly emitted a tired sigh—a sigh that ascended straight to Pollyanna's ears. "And I'm so glad, too," Pollyanna said to her aunt that evening. I really do not wish to discuss Dr. Chilton—or his feelings," reproved Miss Polly, decisively. He was watching Pollyanna's rapt face a little curiously. DO you
suppose I could?—'fore I get to Heaven, I mean," she cried, pulling out with eager fingers the straight locks above her ears. White's name is that. In the middle of the floor Miss Polly stood, silent and amazed, still looking after the man who had just left her. "The Ladies' Aid bought me one set straight through all whole. "There, there, child, I beg your
pardon, I'm sure; it's only this confounded leg of mine. Section 2. "N-nothing," she stammered. "I say, it's a nice day, isn't it?" "Eh? And at the joyous rapture of the voice, more than one pair of eyes in the room brimmed hot with sudden tears. I've felt it. "Oh, but you don't know about the rest of it," she reminded him eagerly. "Dr. Chilton is not our
family physician. "Most generally it doesn't take so long," sighed Pollyanna; "and lots of times now I just think of them WITHOUT thinking, you know. John Pendleton fell limply back in his chair. THE COMING OF POLLYANNA CHAPTER IV. Hence her determination to make the most of this one. With a little cry she ran forward. She told him the
whole thing from the very first—from the crutches that should have been a doll. Oh—and I forgot." Pollyanna's face showed suddenly a painful color. "Humph!" she vouchsafed. An' I declare ter goodness, if Miss Polly hain't wore her hair like that every day now—jest ter please that blessed child!" Old Tom chuckled. Later, some time later, he drew a
long breath, and dropped himself in the chair at his desk. Pollyanna sprang to his side at once. In the hall the two doctors, the nurse, and Miss Polly stood talking. In a moment he saw that he need not have worried, however: the doctor was quite too intent on his errand to notice how that errand was received. "I suppose I ought to tell you. "Well,
that's what father used to call 'em," she laughed. Even yet she could scarcely believe what her ears had heard. Broken legs get well, and lifelong-invalids don't." Miss Polly—who had said nothing whatever about broken legs get well, and lifelong-invalids don't." Miss Polly—who had said nothing whatever about broken legs get well, and lifelong-invalids don't."
have banged two doors in the last half-minute." Miss Polly spoke sternly, all the more sternly because, for some inexplicable reason, she felt inclined to cry. Don't plunge into the middle of it as you did before—and mix everything all up!" Jimmy wet his lips determinedly. IN PENDLETON WOODS
Pollyanna had not turned her steps toward home, when she left the chapel. As it chanced, Pollyanna active about her; then, with a confused vision in her eyes of crimson draperies, book-lined walls, a littered floor, an untidy desk, innumerable closed doors (any one
of which might conceal a skeleton), and everywhere dust, dust, she fled back through the hall to the great carved door, still half open as she had left it. Mrs. Sunday afternoons she frequently went for a walk with Nancy. But why don't you get a woman's hand and heart, Dr. Chilton?" There was a moment's silence; then very gravely the doctor
said: "They're not always to be had—for the asking, little girl." Pollyanna frowned thoughtfully. Hain't he got a mystery in his life? "Pollyanna, I suspect you are right—more right than you know," he said gently. Joel Hartley at home, who was so sick with the consumption, HAD to sleep out of doors. Why, Nancy, it must be Miss Jennie's little gal. But
they pulled at cross purposes, usually; and always they showed themselves to be acutely aware of the critical eyes all about them, and of the tongues that had nothing to do but to talk about what the eyes saw. And I cried. Paul Ford's eyes left the leaf and gazed wonderingly into Pollyanna's merry little face. It was just to look at. "Now, my dear,
suppose you take them and hook them to that little string Nora fixed across the window. I don't know but I'm 'most glad I was hurt." "Pollyanna!" Pollyanna!" Pollyanna laughed softly again. "Of course not," promised Pollyanna!" Pollyanna!" Pollyanna!" Pollyanna laughed softly again. "Of course not," promised Pollyanna!" Pollyann
hold herself back. Snow's calf's-foot jelly this week to some one else? Jones—she's the president—told 'em I should have that if they had to clatter down bare aisles themselves the rest of their days. But even Aunt Polly doesn't like him very well. "When the specialist comes, and I know anything—definite about Pollyanna, I will let you hear from me,"
said a trembling voice. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. "Yes, an' that's what I come ter tell ye, so you WOULD know," asserted Jimmy, eagerly. Have you your key?" Pollyanna nodded dumbly. He must have climbed up the rose-trellis or somewhere, and of course he can get right into the
house through the east window in the attic. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, Nancy said you were!" The man gave a short little laugh. Shouldn't you? The cheeks were a pretty pink. "Oh, Aunt Polly," she triumphed, "just look a-here! I've got something ever so much nicer, even, than Fluffy and Buffy for you to bring up. "Oh, but you aren't really glad at all for
things; you just SAY you are," pouted Pollyanna, her eyes on the dog, dozing before the fire. JUST A MATTER OF JELLY Pollyanna was a little late for supper on the night of the accident to John Pendleton; but, as it happened, she escaped without reproof. Frowningly he looked at them. I was changing the position of this prism," said Aunt Polly, whose
whole face now was aflame. Her chin was still at a slightly defiant tilt. Oh, Aunt Polly, they're so pretty!" "Nonsense! What do you mean, Pollyanna, answering only the first of her aunt's remarks. To-day, even, to Pollyanna's
huge delight, she had said that she was glad Pollyanna brought calf's-foot jelly, because that was just what she had been wanting—she did not know that Milly, at the front door, had told Pollyanna that the minister's wife had already that day sent over a great bowlful of that same kind of jelly. "You bet your life there is," cut in Timothy. It was a
wonderful half-hour that Pollyanna spent then. And the sewing lesson was over. The next minute she was down at Pollyanna's room, the nurse left Miss Polly and Pollyanna alone together. Anyhow, we're going to try—'cause she wanted us
to. Her husband calls her 'Hep,' and she doesn't like it. 'Twas when he said he lived in just rooms, you know—not a home." Miss Polly did not answer. I am gratified, of course, that they are profitable, as well—otherwise I should have failed signally in my duty." Generally Pollyanna would answer this with a hug and a kiss
—a proceeding that was still always most disconcerting to Miss Polly; but one day she spoke. "But then, they wouldn't be black, if they did come. Miss Polly cleared her throat, and tried to swallow the lump that would scarcely let her speak. The doctor was openly nervous and impatient. She says you're to hurry—that you've got some practising to
make up before dark." Pollyanna rose reluctantly. "Oh, yes; she told me of that." "Oh, she did! Well, I guess she has told it generally ter most folks. "Oh, but—but you've made an awful mistake, d-dear," she faltered. She didn't know who it was at first. Pollyanna relaxed visibly. CHAPTER XIV. Porter, the rest of the series was written by a variety of
authors. "You don't know how good she's been to me; and—and I think, really, sometimes she's beginning to be glad about things—lots of things. The fee is owed to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. I don't see how there
CAN be anything about that, that could be worse—do you?" Miss Hunt did not reply. I've heard about that now," rejoined Nancy; "an' that's why you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather when I see HIM at the door—him, what she hain't spoke to for years! But I let him in an' went an' told her." "What did she say?" Old Tom held his breath
suspended. By and by she turned her head and picked up the mirror, eyeing her reflection critically. "I ain't no beggar, an' biz'ness, even with Ladies' Aiders, I'm thinkin'." He hesitated, then added: "An' I s'pose I better stay where I be fur a spell yet—till you hear." "Of course," nodded Pollyanna emphatically. PENDLETON!" Old Tom
straightened up. Even after the doctor was gone, however, there seemed to be little that Nancy could tell Mr. Tom. You said it yourself. Timothy was Old Tom's son. "I reckon I'm glad, after all, that you DID get scared—a little, 'cause then you came after me," she shivered. The New York doctor is coming to-morrow." As it happened, however, the New
York doctor did not come "to-morrow." At the last moment a telegram told of an unavoidable delay owing to the specialist himself. "Of course that IS one way, but it isn't the way I said; and—someway, I don't seem to quite like the sound of it. But now I'm sure it'll be easier because I've got you, Aunt Polly. I thought some of you
might like him—to live with you, you know." "Well, did you ever!" murmured a voice, breaking the dazed pause that followed Pollyanna's words. You said only a—a woman's hand and heart or a child's presence could make a home. "Yes, Miss. First came Mr. John Pendleton. "Well, yes, Pollyanna; I guess it is just as well you didn't mention it—
yesterday." "I didn't—only to the doctor; and of course he doesn't count." "The doctor!" cried John Pendleton, gently. She was so still I thought she hadn't heard; and I was jest goin' ter say it over when she speaks up quiet like: 'Tell Mr. Pendleton I will be down at once.' An' I come
an' told him. "Now get a string and fasten it to the sash-curtain fixtures of that window there. Mrs. I came down the tree." Nancy stopped short. The barrels haven't had many clothes for little girls in them lately; but there were all father's books, and Mrs. He's John Pendleton. I'll write 'em. "I wish they were up here—all those ladies who talked so
loud," sighed Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops. "The Ladies' Aid taught me that. Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops. "The Ladies' Aid taught me that. Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops." The Ladies' Aid taught me that. Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops. "The Ladies' Aid taught me that." There, Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops." The Ladies' Aid taught me that.
constantly being repeated to me, and, as near as I can make out, 'just being glad' is the tenor of most of them. I should think he'd be glad that if he did have the nerves he'd got money, too; shouldn't you?" Miss Polly did not seem to hear. "All right. It's—John Pendleton!" "Sho, now! You're jokin', girl." "Not much I am—an' me a-lettin' him in myself—
crutches an' all! An' the team he come in a-waitin' this minute at the door for him, jest as if he wa'n't the cranky old crosspatch he is, what never talks ter no one! jest think, Mr. Tom—HIM a-callin' on HER!" "Well, why not?" demanded the old man, a little aggressively. Nancy met her at the door. But all inquired very anxiously for the little injured girl;
and all sent to her some message—and it was these messages which, after a time, stirred Miss Polly to action. "Poor little lamb! And you must be hungry, too. Didn't you know? He made a wry face. "Who was that man—the one who drove into the yard, Pollyanna?" guestioned the lady a little sharply. "But you mustn't count too much on me, ye know. "I
don't believe he knows half so much as Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton who doctored Mr. Pendleton's broken leg, Aunt Polly. You see, it happened while you were gone. She said you knew more than Dr. Chilton." anyway about—about broken leg, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton who doctored Mr. Pendleton's broken leg, Aunt Polly. You see, it happened while you were gone. She said you knew more than Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "Oh, yes, he does, I'm sure, dear." "But it was Dr. Chilton." "But it was
as I haven't anybody to play it with. They're awfully kind—that is, most of mine was, back home. "Good-by," flung Pollyanna over her shoulder, as she reached the door. You see I've played it so long." "You've—what?" demanded Aunt Polly. He said that low, too, but I heard him. Yet she, Pollyanna, was expected to enter alone these fearsome rooms,
and telephone the doctor that the master of the house lay now—With a little cry Pollyanna, looking neither to the end and opened it. I wanted to be with you." "Did you?" smiled the man, grimly. Her cheeks were still unnaturally pink. If a man feels kindly and obliging, his neighbors will
feel that way, too, before long. "Shall you? She opened her eyes to find Timothy at the top of a ladder near her, Old Tom just getting through the window, and her aunt peering out at her from behind him. Did they, really? For a brief instant Pollyanna's countenance showed disappointment; but it cleared as she set the bowl of jelly down. "But it's just
this. I haven't seen this one here, but they're always good, I reckon. Be very sure that he does not think I do!" "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Polly," exulted Pollyanna, as she flew through the door. "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Pollyanna, as she flew through the door." "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Pollyanna, as she flew through the door." "Yes'm—no'm—thank you, Aunt Pollyanna, as she flew through the door." "Yes'm—thank you, Aunt
you always bring up at those Ladies' Aiders!" "Yes'm," smiled Pollyanna, cheerfully, "I reckon I do, maybe. Then another came, and another; but Pollyanna paid no heed. But I should think they'd rather keep the ring, even if they did have so many more. She had wondered how she should answer it—how she could answer it honestly without cruelly
hurting the questioner. And he wants ter see her somethin' awful, but he told Mr. Pendleton that you wouldn't let him." Miss Polly's face turned very red. And, Aunt Polly, you WILL let me do your hair, won't you?" Aunt Polly put her hand to her throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment's new throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment's new throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment she wants ter see her somethin awful, but he told Mr. Pendleton that you wouldn't let him." Miss Polly but her hand to her throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment she wants ter see her somethin awful, but he told Mr. Pendleton that you wouldn't let him." Miss Polly but her hand to her throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment she wants ter see her somethin awful, but he told Mr. Pendleton that you wouldn't let him." Miss Polly but her hand to her throat—the old, helpless feeling was upon her, she knew. "Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment she wants ter see her somethin awful, he wants the help was a moment she was a m
silence, then she went on brightly: "And do you know? The lady gave her name as "Mrs. They were always fight—I mean, WE had more trouble keeping peace between the Scylla of her father's
past commands in regard to speaking of church quarrels, and the Charybdis of her aunt's present commands in regard to speaking of her father. Oh, he did say he could well imagine you did want to see me." "Oh, did he, indeed!" answered John Pendleton. An' she was always so smilin' an' pleasant ter ev'ry one, an' so—so jest glad herself all the time,
that they couldn't help knowin' it, anyhow. "You know you don't play the game right EVER, Mr. Pendleton—you know you don't!" The man's face grew suddenly very grave. Lately, some of his best patients have come over to me—so of course that ties my hands still more effectually. "You were hurt, dear, by the automobile last night. There had been a
time when Nancy would have rejoiced greatly at this extraordinary opportunity to see something of the House of Mystery and its master. The Project Gutenberg EBook of Pollyanna, by Eleanor H. The old man laughed. "I'm sure I think it's high time we were getting acquainted, and I'm going to introduce myself. Timothy turned to her with a quizzical
smile. But I wouldn't say 'twas you sent it. And he is dirty, too, isn't he?—I mean, the boy is—just like Fluffy and Buffy were when you took them in. In a minute she had returned with the box. We've been blue and discouraged—my man and me, and ready for—'most anything. Wednesday and Saturday forenoons, after half-past nine, you will spend with
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Nancy in the kitchen, learning to cook. "Not exactly. But I shut the window, Aunt Polly, so the flies couldn't carry those germ-things in." Timothy disappeared suddenly down the ladder. I knew, of course, that it was my duty to do that. "She's 'glad' I punished her, and I 'mustn't feel bad one bit,' and she's going to 'love to live' with me! Well, upon my
soul!" ejaculated Miss Polly again, as she took up her book. And didn't she take Fluffy and Buffy, when they didn't have any one to love them, or any place to go?—and they're only cats and dogs. "It's just the opposite from what you told Mis' Snow." "Opposite?" repeated Pollyanna, obviously puzzled. "Hullo yourself," he mumbled. Pollyanna was not
sorry to hear Aunt Polly tell the minister's wife over the telephone, a little later, that she would not be at the Ladies' Aid meeting that afternoon, owing to a headache. She had expected to be asked this question long before, and she had dreaded it. Like this? That is all. "Y-yes," sighed Pollyanna. "You did—what?" "Came down the tree, outside my
window." "My stars and stockings!" gasped Nancy, hurrying on again. I'm going to walk eight steps to-morrow. "Well, this will never do at all! I didn't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't like my music—I like other people's, though. "She's hurt infernally, all right—plaque take that autymobile!—but I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly'd be usin't send for you to see me moping this time. I don't guess Miss Polly do not guess Miss Polly do n
that word, all the same." "Eh? The tin roof under her feet crackled with little resounding snaps that Pollyanna rather liked. It occurred to her then to send Nancy. "And it's a shame ter be tuckin' the job off on ter you, poor lamb, so it is, it is!" "But I'd
love to do it, Nancy." "Well, you won't—after you've done it once," predicted Nancy, sourly. "How do you do, sir? The dog, his wistful, eager eyes on his master's face, was motionless, too. "Well, what is it?" "Guess! What do you want?" Pollyanna had skipped back to the basket. Your aunt is very kind, of course, but my appetite isn't very good this
morning, and I was wanting lamb—" She stopped suddenly, then went on with an abrupt change of subject. "I'm from Miss Polly Harrington, and I'd like to see Mrs. "And I can be glad there isn't any looking-glass here, too, 'cause where there ISN'T any glass I can't see my freckles." Nancy made a sudden queer little sound with her mouth—but when
Pollyanna turned, her head was in the trunk again. "Well, if you don't beat the Dutch! Say, do you know?—I sha'n't never hear 'Nancy' now that I don't think o' that 'Hep—Hep!' and giggle. "Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am, you told her not ter speak of—her father; so she couldn't tell ye. I think you understand—about those rose-bushes," she said stiffly. "I
am very fond of Pollyanna," the man was continuing. John Pendleton was not smiling now. There, by a white-faced Aunt Polly and a weeping Nancy she was undressed tenderly and put to bed, while from the village, hastily summoned by telephone, Dr. Warren was hurrying as fast as another motor car could bring him. Father used to feel like that, lots
of times. "Mr. Pendleton, you—you mean that you wish you—you mean that you wish you—you mean that woman's hand and heart all this time?" "Why, y-yes, Pollyanna." "Oh, I'm so glad! Then it's all right," sighed the little girl. "It isn't so nice to-day, is it?" she called blithesomely. I'm glad you did. "Well, I ain't surprised, after all. "Well, no, I didn't," retorted Mrs. "So Mr.
Pendleton says it takes a woman's hand and heart to make a home, does he?" he asked evasively. Perhaps he was mistaken. Only the snapping of the wood fire in the grate broke the silence. An' I think you would, too, if you thought there was a chance for her ter walk again. She had not supposed that sour, cross, stern John Pendleton could look like
that. On the way back to the bed she stopped, eyeing the sick woman with a critical gaze. "Pollyanna, do you know a Mrs. "Did they? Was she not specially bound to play the game, now that Aunt Polly was playing it, too? Miss Polly Harrington always sent something to Mrs. He left practically nothing else save a few books; for, as you doubtless know,
he was the pastor of this small mission church, and had a very meagre salary. For no one were those days of waiting easy. That blessed lamb found out I hated Monday mornin's somethin' awful; an' what does she up an' tell me one day but this: 'Well, anyhow, Nancy, I should think you could be gladder on Monday mornin' than on any other day in the
week, because 'twould be a whole WEEK before you'd have another one!' An' I'm blest if I hain't thought of it ev'ry Monday mornin' since—an' it HAS helped, ma'am. "You're right she is—and she always was, I guess! But she's somethin' more, now, since you came." Pollyanna's face changed. "They're 'Algernon,' and 'Florabelle' and 'Estelle.' I—I just
hate 'Nancy'!" "Oh, Nancy, what a dreadful thing to say! Why?" "Because it isn't pretty like the others. She is about the same. "Of course! So fortunate," sniffed the man, with uplifted eyebrows; "looking at it from that standpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint, I suppose I might be glad I wasn't a centipede and didn't break fifty!" Pollyanna chuckled. And I told him I should think his tandpoint him I should think him I should thin I should think him I should think him I should think him I shou
business would be the very gladdest one there was." "What!—goin' ter see sick folks—an' folks what ain't sick but thinks they is, which is worse?" Nancy's face showed open skepticism. I MUST make an examination." "Well—can't you?" "CAN'T I! Pendleton, you know very well I haven't been inside that door for more than fifteen years. MISS POLLY
Miss Polly Harrington entered her kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Then, determinedly, she began to climb. The next day it was a dog, even dirtier and more forlorn, perhaps, than was the kitten; and again Miss Polly to her dumfounded amazement, found herself figuring as a kind protector and an angel of mercy—a role that Pollyanna so
unhesitatingly thrust upon her as a matter of course, that the woman—who abhorred dogs even more than she did cats, if possible—found herself as before, powerless to remonstrate. It was not long before she came in sight of the house. I hope 'tis—I love to ride," sighed Pollyanna, as the wheels began to turn. You're making other folks so glad giving
them things that you just can't help being glad yourself! Why, look at those prisms you gave Mrs. "And she's goin' ter sleep in the attic—more shame ter HER!" scolded Nancy, with another glance over her shoulder toward the house behind her. And you knew my mother, really—when she was just a little earth angel, and not a Heaven one? It will, it
will." Old Tom shook his head. Jones gives the most—which is kind of funny, isn't it?—when you think of it. The minister, still sitting at the foot of the tree, appeared to have forgotten Pollyanna's presence. "Why, what's up?" demanded the doctor, a minute later, his fingers on his patient's galloping pulse. Breakfast will be at half-past seven. Pollyanna
was thinking of these remarks to-day as she turned in at the gate of the shabby little cottage. Her cheeks were very red, too. I was cal'latin' ter work, of course, fur my board an' keep. The choir had split over the amount of solo work given to a fanciedly preferred singer. "Now you don't look as if you'd be glad even for calf's-foot jelly," she chuckled,
stopping before him. JIMMY TAKES THE HELM "It's Jimmy Bean. It was the very day you went that I found him in the woods, you know; and I had to unlock his house and telephone for the men and the doctor, and hold his head, and everything. I have ordered screens, but until they come I shall expect you to see that the windows remain closed.
JOHN PENDLETON WAS MISS POLLY HARRINGTON'S LOVER!" she announced impressively, but with a furtive glance over her shoulder. Outside, however, there was a wide world of fairy-like beauty, and there was, too, she knew, fresh, sweet air that would feel so good to hot cheeks and hands! As she stepped nearer and peered longingly out, she
saw something else: she saw, only a little way below the window, the wide, flat tin roof of Miss Polly's sun parlor built over the porte-cochere. Both of 'em all alone, so, all these years. She was plunging into an entirely different sentence when her aunt interrupted her sharply. Then he told me all about the woman's hand and heart that he used to want,
and I found out that he wanted it now; and I was so glad! For of course if he wants to make up the quarrel, everything will be all right now, and Aunt Polly and I will both go to live there, or else he'll come to live with us. "Both of them?" she demanded. Her fingers, stiff from their tight clutch upon the keys, were anything but skilful in their efforts to
turn the bolt in the lock; but at last the heavy, carved door swung slowly back on its hinges. Tarbell. It will mean—I honestly believe—nine chances out of ten that Pollyanna Whittier will walk again!" The words were spoken clearly, impressively; and they were spoken just as the one who uttered them had almost reached the open window near John
knew her duty well enough for that!—disagreeable as the task would be. Pollyanna, fearful that her aunt might ask further embarrassing questions, hastened to lead the conversation homestead, Miss Polly set herself to the task
of preparing Pollyanna for the visit of the specialist. Ye see it's all so fresh an' new to her, an' she keeps thinkin' all the time of new things she can't do—NOW. Miss Pollyanna, stealing a glance at his face, felt vaguely sorry for him. But now, NOW, in the face
of the new suspicions that had become convictions by the afternoon's umbrella-sending—Nancy only welcomed the question with open arms. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with open arms. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with open arms.
that is, I ate hers, you know, lots of it. She talks like that all the time, until it—it seems as if I should—die!" Through the blur of tears in his own eyes, the man saw the drawn face opposite, twisted with emotion. Pollyanna had made a wonderful discovery—against this window a huge tree flung great branches. I never was no case fur games, but I'm a-
goin' ter make a most awful old try on this one. She only drew a long guivering sigh. I told Nancy how father said," interrupted Miss Polly, crisply. "I love black curls. Professor Michael S. The chatter dropped to a surprised hush. But it always means that you're ter run like time when ye hear it, no
matter where ye be. There were eight hundred of 'em." "Eight hundred!" "Yes—that told you to rejoice and be glad, you know; that's why father named 'em the 'rejoicing texts.'" "Oh!" There was an odd look on the minister's face. "I did, 'most—only I flew down instead of up. At least, they—they haven't shown themselves to be so—obliging," he
observed. That is—" But it was too late. What did he do? I thought you'd listen ter that." "Jimmy sighed again. "I've got the best ones on," confessed Pollyanna, anxiously. Pollyanna sewed, practised, read aloud, and studied cooking in the kitchen, it is true; but she did not give to any of these things quite so much
time as had first been planned. "Why, of—course," she answered a little uncertainly. I brought him home—so he could live here, you know. "Why, I thought it was CHICKEN you wanted when folks brought you jelly," she said. But it's all those that begin 'Be glad in the Lord,' or 'Rejoice greatly,' or 'Shout for joy,' and all that, you know—such a lot of
'em. "Guess it's goin' 'round ter the north," announced Nancy, eyeing the sky critically. You mustn't feel bad about that one bit." Aunt Polly sat suddenly a little more erect in her chair. "This won't. The hair, dark, and still damp from the outdoor air, lay in loose waves about the forehead and curved back over the ears in wonderfully becoming lines,
with softening little curls here and there. "Oh, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely of you! And when I've so wanted to sleep with some one sometime—some one that belonged to me, you know; not a Ladies' Aider. "I don't have to get home till half-past five, anyway," she was telling herself; "and it'll be so much nicer to go around by the way of
the woods, even if I do have to climb to get there." It was very beautiful in the Pendleton Woods, as Pollyanna knew by experience. The man laughed a little grimly: John Pendleton was particularly out of sorts with the world this morning. "Pollyanna, I shall not—" "It's just to the sun parlor—only a minute! I'll have you ready now guicker'n no time,"
panted Pollyanna, reaching for the rose and thrusting it into the soft hair above Miss Polly's left ear. Porter, Eleanor H. Is my Aunt Polly rich, Nancy?" "Yes, Miss." "I'm so glad. Could he do it? You'd say so, sir, if you could see her," choked Nancy. The next time Pollyanna met the Man, his eyes were gazing straight into hers, with a quizzical directness
that made his face look really pleasant, Pollyanna thought. "I thought—how glad you could be—that other folks weren't like you—all sick in bed like this, you know," she announced impressively. "Well, I guess ye won't then from me." "Oh, Mr. Tom, come on, now," wheedled the girl. You see, Mr. Pendleton HAD broken his leg when I found him—but
he was lying down, though. She found out—drat that cat! I begs yer pardon," apologized the girl, hurriedly. "Of course the house isn't quite so pretty, but it's nearer—" "Pollyanna—SHE'LL understand." And the door closed after her. The doctor smiled a little
sadly. You're ter sleep down-stairs in the room straight under this. "It was three or four years after Miss Jennie give him the most absurd thing you've done yet. Pollyanna loved to talk, and she had been talking now for some time: there seemed to be so many, many things about the game, her
father, and the old home life that the minister wanted to know. Nellie Higgins next door has begun music lessons, and her practising drives me nearly wild. "That will do for this morning, Pollyanna," she said tersely. Just breathing isn't living!" Miss Polly lifted her head irritably. Old Tom smiled oddly. And the very first thing I'm going to do is to ask
you to swallow these little white pills for me." Pollyanna's eyes grew a bit wild. "Oh, Aunt Polly, did you mean it, really? "Oh—oh—oh! Why, Aunt Polly, you've got 'em, too," she cried rapturously, dancing round and round her aunt, as that lady entered the sitting room. 'Broken leg'? "Oh, Aunt Polly, please, please let the hair stay!" "Stay? It
was a fearful denunciation, even without the words that would follow—his own words. "I do so want Jimmy Bean to have a home—and folks that care, you know." CHAPTER XXII. Pollyanna looked distressed. Still, I don't mind so very much. The nurse stood on the steps. DR. "But I can't help thinking about it," she sobbed. To his mind, the crisis had
come. Looking now into Pollyanna's shining eyes, he felt as if a loving hand had been suddenly laid on his head in blessing. Then I got it." "Did you, really? "As if you didn't know better'n me!" she derided. It is a question, perhaps, whether all this leisure time was given to the child as a relief to Pollyanna from work—or as a relief to Aunt Polly from
Pollyanna. Snow, or—or anybody?" She caught her breath and sobbed wildly for a moment. "They was always bitter against the minister chap—all of 'em, 'cause he took Miss Jennie away from 'em. Over and over in her mind she was saying it "light hair, red-checked dress, straw hat." Over and over again she was wondering just what sort of child this
Pollyanna was, anyway. See paragraph 1.C below. A NEW UNCLE CHAPTER XXXII. "Good-by—and thank you for coming. She says she's afraid it's infernally she's hurt." A faint flicker came into Old Tom's eyes. Nancy found her there when she came up a few minutes later. Why, it may make Pollyanna—walk!" "Jimmy, what do you mean?" Miss Pollyanna was, anyway. See paragraph 1.C below. A NEW UNCLE CHAPTER XXXII. "Good-by—and thank you for coming. She says she's afraid it's infernally she's hurt." A faint flicker came into Old Tom's eyes. Nancy found her there when she came up a few minutes later. Why, it may make Pollyanna—walk!" "Jimmy, what do you mean?" Miss Pollyanna—walk!" "Jimmy, what do you mean?" "Jimmy, what do you mean?" Miss Pollyanna—walk!" "Jimmy, what do you m
was leaning forward eagerly. She lifted her hand to her forehead. I'd told her about it." "The—game?" Pollyanna clapped her hands. As for your coming to me—you just ask her and see if she won't let you come. I'll go and get the jelly. The man lifted his chin a little. "I've had a perfectly beautiful ride with the doctor," announced Pollyanna, bounding
up the steps. "Do you think they would—truly—take me?" he asked. All day the sun had been pouring down upon the roof, and the little room was like an oven for heat. Nancy, washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise. Pollyanna did not realize anything, in fact, very clearly until a week had passed; then the fever subsided, the pain lessened
somewhat, and her mind awoke to full consciousness. "JUST LIKE A BOOK" CHAPTER XVIII. Pollyanna blushed still more painfully. "He said there was always something about everything that might be worse; but I reckon he'd never just heard he couldn't ever walk again. "And ye didn't need ter more'n look at her aunt's face," Nancy was sobbing to
Old Tom in the garden, after the doctor had arrived and was closeted in the hushed room; "ye didn't need ter more'n look at her aunt's face ter see that 'twa'n't no duty that was eatin' her. "Don't smooth 'em out! It's those that I'm talking about—those darling little black curls. "It will not be Dr. Chilton, Pollyanna," Miss Polly said sternly. "Yes, dear, I
asked him. After all, these half-strange, half-familiar faces about her were not her own dear Ladies' Aid. He told me himself that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first, but—Miss Harrington said no so decisively that he suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with me at the first had been suggested consultation with the first had been suggested consultation with the first had been suggested consultation with the first had 
had two rugs in the barrels, but they were little, you know, and one had ink spots, and the other holes; and there never were only those two pictures; the one fath—I mean the good one we sold, and the bad one that broke. "Yes, it is, I know. Nancy was getting so she could play this game of "being glad" quite successfully, she thought. "Pollyanna, I
have a message for you from Mr. John Pendleton. "And ter think," sighed Nancy, "that he SHOWED ye all them things, and told ye about 'em like that—him that's so cross he never talks ter no one—no one!" "Oh, but he isn't cross, Nancy, only outside," demurred Pollyanna, with quick loyalty. "Aunt Polly, DID you ever bang doors?" "I hope—not,
Pollyanna!" Miss Polly's voice was properly shocked. "Where did you live—before?" she queried. Well, I'm glad 'tisn't any farther away from yesterday than to-day is, then," laughed Pollyanna, advancing cheerily into the room, and setting her basket carefully down on a chair. When he did speak his voice was so low Pollyanna could but just hear the
words. But Milly, whose eyes were wide open with surprise, saw that there were tears on the wasted cheeks. That is, it'll be there if that confounded woman hasn't 'regulated' it to somewhere else! You may bring it to me. Tom Payson. "That will do, Nancy. Where do you live?" "Nowhere." "Nowhere! Why, you can't do that—everybody lives
somewhere," asserted Pollyanna. Gray's husband. Thank you," he said, when she had carried out his directions. "I like red pinks better than pink ones; but then, it'll fade, anyhow, before night, so what's the difference!" "But I should think you'd be glad they did fade," laughed Pollyanna, "cause then you can have the fun of getting some more. "You
seemed more upsetting than soothing yesterday, young lady." Pollyanna laughed. When before had anybody "loved" to see her "pretty"?) "Pollyanna, you did not answer my question. I told Timothy to take it up—if you had one. The sick woman frowned. WHICH IS A LETTER FROM POLLYANNA CHAPTER I. No, you need not call her," she added
severely, as Nancy made a move toward the hall door. He wants a home and folks. Oh, I'm so sorry; but you mustn't, really, ever get scared about me, Nancy. "Pendleton," began the doctor, abruptly, "I've come to you because you, better than any one else in town, know something of my relations with Miss Polly Harrington." John Pendleton was
conscious that he must have started visibly—he did know something of the affair between Polly Harrington and Thomas Chilton, but the matter had not been mentioned between them for fifteen years, or more. A bell sounded from the house. He wants ter see ye, ma'am," announced Nancy in the doorway. "I used to go some—for the Ladies' Aiders.
The doctor shook his head with a smile. "I don't know, I don't know," groaned the other, miserably. "Humph! Well, I guess you could love 'Clarissa Mabelle' just as well," retorted Nancy, "and it would be a heap happier for me. Mr. White doesn't like the noise. Her hand was at her throat again. Next she bestowed frowning attention on the patched
undergarments in the bureau drawers. She seemed to like it, and to like us. WHY does everybody, from Milly Snow to Mrs. "And that only goes to prove all the more how I need you, little girl," he added, his voice softening into tender pleading once more. She was WORRIED about ye!" "Was she?" murmured Pollyanna abstractedly, eyeing the clouds
in her turn. It's about the little girl I came. As a general thing, however, Miss Polly would not listen—long. She often told her aunt, joyously, how very happy they were. But he said it was you he wanted." "Very well, I'll come down." And Miss Polly arose from her chair a little wearily. "Why, nothing, much," apologized Pollyanna, hurriedly; "and of
course it doesn't really make any difference. Her face was not aimless-looking at all, however; it was white and drawn. Don't he shut himself up in that grand house alone, and never speak ter no one? "But, Pollyanna," remonstrated Miss Polly. Old Tom told Pollyanna wonderful things of her mother, that made her very happy indeed; and
Nancy told her all about the little farm six miles away at "The Corners," where lived her own dear mother, and her equally dear brother and sisters. They were more divided up on that than they were more divided up on that they were more divided up on that they were more divided up on that than they were more divided up on that they were more divided up on the they were more divided up on t
scowlingly, as he tried to move himself a little. At the top of the stairs, wide reaches of shadowy space led to far corners where the roof came almost down to the floor, and where were stacked innumerable trunks and boxes. She doesn't know how to be. She always found something else to talk about. "What else can it mean?" Nancy tossed her head
"Ma'am, I s'pose it's dreadful—what I'm doin', an' what I'm sayin'; but I can't help it. Her face was fairly illumined. Warren has been very decent, though. And, of course he WOULD want to tell her himself instead of having me do it—lovers, so!" "Lovers!" As the doctor said the word, the horse started violently, as if the hand that held the reins had
given them a sharp jerk. "How do you do, Pollyanna? "It'll be just lovely for you to play—it'll be so hard. I heard 'em say so one day—they didn't know I heard, though." The man smiled grimly. Back there, somewhere, were her hot little room and her still hotter bed; but between her and them lay a horrid desert of blackness across which one must feel
one's way with outstretched, shrinking arms; while before her, out on the sun-parlor roof, were the moonlight and the cool, sweet night air. He talked to her, it was true, and he showed her many strange and beautiful things—books, pictures, and curios. "Just as if how it looks would make any difference in how it tastes," she scoffed—but she turned
her eyes toward the basket. "I—I want you to give her a message from me. I've tried four houses, but—they didn't want me—though I said I expected ter work, 'course. "Chocolate fudge and fig cake, indeed!" scorned Miss Polly. Why, Mr. Pendleton, that's one of the ways I knew you weren't cross inside. The winter passed, and spring came. "I'm glad
it doesn't rain always, anyhow!" The man did not even grunt this time, nor turn his head. Snow, please." "Well, if you would, you're the first one that ever 'liked' to see her," muttered the girl under her breath; but Pollyanna did not hear this. "Oh, yes; and I've been wondering all the way here what you looked like," cried the little girl, dancing on her
toes, and sweeping the embarrassed Nancy from head to foot, with her eyes. POLLYANNA PAYS A VISIT It was not long before life at the Harrington homestead settled into something like order—though not exactly the order that Miss Polly had at first prescribed. "You don't look a bit like a Ladies' Aider!" Timothy laughed outright this time. I want
her right away, quick, please!" The nurse closed the door and came forward hurriedly. See paragraph 1.E below. "The little girl will be all ready to start by the time you get this letter; and if you can take her, we would appreciate it very much if you would write that she might come at once, as there is a man and his wife here who are going East very
soon, and they would take her with them to Boston, and put her on the Beldingsville train. "I heard somethin' that made me think him an' Miss Polly was lovers." "MR. The telephone card was not on its hook; it was on the floor. Suddenly she laughed aloud. He had the air of a frightened cook who, seeing the danger of a breath of cold air striking a
half-done cake, hastily shuts the oven door. When he spoke his voice carried the old nervous fretfulness. Nancy told me his name. "But it is you who are to be kind," demurred the other. "No, sir; I thought you didn't. In the sitting room she found waiting for her a round-eyed, flushed-faced boy, who began to speak at once. "Miss Harrington sent me to
tell you about—Miss Pollyanna." "Well?" In spite of the curt terseness of the word, Nancy quite understood the anxiety that lay behind that short "well, Mr. Pendleton," she faltered. She was very fond of John Pendleton, and she was
very sorry for him—because he seemed to be so sorry for himself. A SURPRISE FOR MRS. "Likes ter have ye here? Now, since she's hurt, ev'rybody feels so bad—specially when they heard how bad SHE feels 'cause she can't find anythin' ter be glad about. It will be so good just to walk. "You see, I found out—without asking. You are—you are!"
Pollyanna actually grew white. "If ever, ever I am to play the 'glad game,' Pollyanna, you'll have to come and play it with me." The little girl's forehead puckered into a wistful frown. The next moment she gave a frightened cry. He remembered. As the days of waiting passed, one by one, it did indeed, seem that Aunt Polly was doing everything (but
that) that she could do to please her niece. Maybe you have a trunk," she stammered. Miss Polly did not offer her hand. "Her cousin died suddenly down to Boston, and she had ter go. "Let me ask Aunt Polly." In a few moments she returned, hat in hand, but with rather a sober face. 1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg.
tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. And so she began to do something—to knit, you know. "And we began right then—on
time her promise to Pollyanna not to tell that Mr. Pendleton had wished her to come and live with him. To his amazement, however, there was neither grief nor disappointment in Pollyanna's eyes. The next moment a curious smile curved his lips. She was forty now, and quite alone in the world. But now—Miss Polly rose with frowning face and closely-
shut lips. These visits of John Pendleton and Milly Snow were only the first of many; and always there were the messages which were in some ways so curious that they caused Miss Polly more and more to puzzle over them. "What about me? "Yes, sir." Still the man's dark eyes lingered on her face, until Pollyanna, feeling vaguely
restless, murmured: "I—I suppose you know—her." John Pendleton's lips curved in an odd smile. White said maybe it was just as well, anyway, for she didn't like children in black—that is, I mean, she liked the children, of course, but not the black part." Pollyanna paused for breath, and Nancy managed to stammer: "Well, I'm sure it—it'll be all right."
"I'm glad you feel that way. Why, I'm glad now I lost my legs for a while, for you never, never know how perfectly lovely legs are till you haven't got them—that go, I mean. "Why, It's—done up, and it—hurts!" "Yes, dear; but never mind. She is about the same," said Miss Polly. You have had a hard day, and to-morrow we must plan your hours and go
house told me that the NEXT time she ASKED me to enter it, I might take it that she was begging my pardon, and that all would be as before—which meant that she'd marry me. And ever since then this great gray pile of stone has been a house—never a home. WHICH TELLS OF THE MAN It rained the next time Pollyanna saw the Man. The anxious
an' prickly ter deal with." "I should say she was," declared Nancy, indignantly. "Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am," she stammered, righting the pitcher, and turning hastily. There is no money for the heathen. And after a time she went away with—your father. CHAPTER XXX. Pollyanna listened with growing anxiety. Pollyanna sighed. The nurse was at
supper. I should think you'd be glad—" "But she might not be," cut in the doctor. The telegram says 'light hair, red-checked gingham dress, and straw hat.' That is all I know, but I think it is sufficient for your purpose." "Yes, ma'am; but—you—" Miss Polly evidently read the pause aright, for she frowned and said crisply: "No, I shall not go. "I was only
Pollyanna, following the direction of her aunt's last dismayed gaze, saw, through the open windows of the sun parlor, the horse and gig turning into the driveway. The dog, as even Pollyanna could see, was acting strangely. "But that's what I DIDN'T want," sighed the sick woman, sure now of what her stomach craved. With rapid fingers, therefore, she
made herself ready to join her. Snow's does, and she can have all the rest of the things after just once or twice." "Him'? The next moment she found herself half smothered in the clasp of two gingham-clad arms. How deliciously cool it was! Pollyanna quite danced up and down with delight, drawing in long, full breaths of the refreshing air. She says
she can't think of a thing—not a thing—not a thing about this not walkin' again, ter be glad about." "Look a-here, child, what are you talking about?" Pollyanna smiled radiantly. I just love your hair fluffed out like
that," she finished with a satisfied gaze. I live with her." The man made a sudden movement. He said he knew just where you were, so I didn't stay to show him. Pollyanna, hurrying home from school, crossed the road at an apparently
safe distance in front of a swiftly approaching motor car. "You'll tell her?" "Why, of course," murmured Miss Polly, wondering just how much of this remarkable discourse she could remember to tell. She liked being by herself. "Well, Miss Pollyanna, I'm thinking you must be a very forgiving little person, else you wouldn't have come to see me again to
day." "Why, Mr. Pendleton, I was real glad to come, and I'm sure I don't see why I shouldn't be, either." "Oh, well, you know, I was pretty cross with you, I'm afraid, both the other day when you so kindly brought me the jelly, and that time when you found me with the broken leg at first. CHAPTER IV. "I told her what time supper was, and now she will
have to suffer the consequences. "Why, Aunt Polly, there IS something I can be glad about, after all. "But, Nancy, I should think if they loved each other they'd make up some time. The boy was sitting in a disconsolate little heap by the roadside, whittling half-heartedly at a small stick. It's a real live boy. "I've had such a beautiful time, so far," she
sighed happily. Pollyanna rose to her feet with a long sigh. Sometimes they fight—I mean, they don't know how to be glad enough that you let me come to live with you," she was sobbing. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life. In the kitchen
Nancy sent her flatiron with a vicious dig across the dish-towel she was ironing. "There just isn't anything to be glad about, that I can see," she said aloud; "unless—it's to be glad when the duty's done!" Whereupon she laughed suddenly. It's a lovely game. OLD TOM AND NANCY In the little attic room Nancy swept and scrubbed vigorously, paying
particular attention to the corners. "Humph!" grunted the sick woman, eyeing her reflection severely. "We can be glad 'tain't our'n," she observed demurely. "God bless you, little girl," he said unsteadily. "What? And I CAN'T tell her." "But she must know—something!" Miss Polly lifted her hand to the collar at her throat in the gesture that had becomes
so common to her of late. I reckon perhaps there are," she admitted. "I don't know. Other mornings you will sew with me. He stopped, stared a moment intently, then turned with a slow grin. Some says he's crazy, and some jest cross; and some
provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. "Of course she would! Why, my Aunt Polly is the nicest lady in the world—now that my mama has gone to be a Heaven angel. "Oh, Nancy, I hadn't seen this before," she breathed. "Dr. Chilton!—oh, Dr. Chilton, how glad I am to see YOU!" cried Pollyanna
 "Was YOUR father a minister, Pollyanna?" "Yes, sir. But he still fretted audibly over his own helplessness, and he chafed visibly under the rules and "regulatings" of the unwelcome members of his household. I love to read!" Miss Polly drew in her breath audibly, then she shut her lips together hard. Later, when your morning work is done, go through
every room with the spatter. "I ain't a beggar, marm, an' I don't want nothin' o' you. His face was clean shaven and rather pale, and his hair, showing below his hat, was somewhat gray. "And didn't there anybody want you? She wondered vaguely how Pollyanna could have known her. There did two come once, though. "Mr. Pendleton sent a special
request for you to go to see him this afternoon, SURE. I—I reckon some of you know me, maybe; anyway, I do YOU—only I don't know you all together this way." The silence could almost be felt now. Jones didn't believe in holding your needle like the rest of 'em did on buttonholing, and Mrs. Behind her an open door allowed a glimpse of soft-tinted
rugs and satin-covered chairs. Did you know about that? I've been thinking of 'em—lots of 'em—all the time I've been thinking of 'em—al
sun shouldn't strike it at all but it does in the morning." "Oh, but it's so pretty, Mr. Pendleton! And does just the sun do that? Pargeter, Edith (also writing as Ellis Peters) Paul, Donita K. Jimmy, watching her with anxious eyes, thought she was going to cry. In a moment, however, she hurried on, with a brave lifting of her head. Thus, we do not
necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition. The screens will be here to-morrow, but until then I consider it my duty to keep you where I know where you are." Pollyanna drew in her breath. "Of course they would! Don't they take little boys in India to bring up? Where HAVE you gone?" she panted, looking in the closet
under the bed, and even in the trunk and down the water pitcher. "Bring me the candlestick now, please, Pollyanna." With both hands she brought it; and in a moment he was slipping off the pendants, one by one, until they lay, a round dozen of them, side by side, on the bed. She wanted to stay with you—and she said she THOUGHT you wanted her
to stay," he finished, as he pulled himself to his feet. "Oh, but Aunt Polly, You haven't left me any time at all just to—to live." "To live, child! What do you mean? "There, there, dear, just take this," she soothed; "and by we'll be more rested, and we'll see what can be done then. "I guess you mean internally, Nancy," he said dryly
"Well—what did he say?" "Oh, he always said he was, of course, but 'most always he said, too, that he wouldn't STAY a minister a minute if 'twasn't for the rejoicing texts." "The—WHAT?" The Rev. But now she lets me keep the shades up, and she takes interest in things—how she looks, and her nightdress, and all that. There was a long pause. "I
know. And of course he wouldn't want many people to know it—when 'twasn't true. Ransome, Arthur Riordan, Rick Ritter, William Roberts, Nora Robotham, Michael Rowell, Rainbow Rowling, J.K. Shea, K.M. Simpson, Dana Snyder, Maria V. "All right then—here goes! I'm Jimmy Bean, and I'm ten years old goin' on eleven. If you really WANT to live in
a rainbow—I don't see but we'll have to have a rainbow for you to live in!" Pollyanna had not hung up three of the pendants in the sunlit window before she saw a little of what was going to happen. You let me take jelly to HER, so I thought you would to HIM—this once. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project
Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation." - You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg
tm License. "Yes, yes; well, never mind," interposed Aunt Polly, a trifle impatiently. At the imminent risk of being dashed headlong, she was flying down-stairs, two steps at a time. Thus it happened that very distinctly they reached the ears of a small boy kneeling beneath the window on the ground outside. It's John Pendleton. "Why, we began it on
some crutches that came in a missionary barrel." "CRUTCHES!" "Yes. "O dear! then you'll see my freckles, won't you?" she sighed, as she went to the bed with a little purring "meow" of joy when through the open door
sounded clearly and sharply Aunt Polly's agonized exclamation. It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home, Pollyanna; and I have not had either. I didn't know it till Nancy told me. Oh! Humph!" he grunted; and strode on again. "He ain't spendin' his money, that's all. Miss Polly knew her well, though they had never
called upon each other. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. "Oh, we're 'doing,' of course, all the time. "Got what, you impossible child?" Pollyanna was still revolving round and round her aunt. "Aunt Polly, please, what is extraordinary? In spite of her aunt."
delight in her new work, Pollyanna did not forget her old friends. I supposed everybody knew that. I—I don't happen to enjoy a very extensive personal acquaintance with the little lady as yet; but lots of my patients do—I'm thankful to say!" The nurse smiled. For five minutes Pollyanna worked swiftly, deftly, combing a refractory curl into fluffiness.
perking up a drooping ruffle at the neck, or shaking a pillow into plumpness so that the head might have a better pose. Her rapt eyes were still on the dancing flecks of color from the prism pendants swaying in the sunlit window. See that you are down to that. From the little hallway she called back, her face suddenly alight: "Anyhow, I'm glad 'twasn'
my mother's hand and heart that you wanted and couldn't get, Dr. Chilton. Snow was picking at the lace on her nightgown. I'm different. She was looking now, hoping to see him. Payson said. He said that he'd give all the world if he did have one woman's hand and heart. I'd so love to see you that way! Why, you'd be ever so much prettier than she
was!" "Pollyanna!" (Miss Polly spoke very sharply—all the more sharply because Pollyanna's words had given her an odd throb of joy: when before had anybody cared how she, or her hair looked? But I'd just as soon let that go as not, Aunt Polly, may I?" "Yes, yes, I suppose so," acquiesced Miss Polly, a little wearily. Snow, only he's a
different different." "Well, I guess he is—rather," chuckled Nancy. If she'd just let that tight hair of hern all out loose and white things—you'd see she'd be handsome! Miss Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't old, Nancy." "Ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain't she, though? "There's Aunt Polly ain'
now in the window," cried Pollyanna; then, a second later: "Why, no, she isn't there—now," said the doctor, His lips had suddenly lost their smile. Miss Polly looked up coldly. "Mr. Pendleton! Oh, are you hurt?" "Hurt? Maybe Aunt Polly has got the carpets, thought I saw her!" "No; she isn't there—now," said the doctor, His lips had suddenly lost their smile. Miss Polly looked up coldly. "Mr. Pendleton! Oh, are you hurt?" "Hurt? Maybe Aunt Polly has got the carpets, thought." "Yes, she's got the carpets." "In every room?
"Well, in almost every room," answered Nancy, frowning suddenly at the thought of that bare little attic room where there was no carpet. The two doctors stayed with Miss Polly, in the sitting room, felt vaguely disturbed;—but
then, of course she HAD been glad—over some things! CHAPTER XI. "Nothin'—at first. "Nothin'—at first. "Nothin'—at first. Now Miss Polly and not been intending to call on her niece. I pictured how happy we'd be together in our home all the long
years to come." "Yes," pitied Pollyanna, her eyes shining with sympathy. Every one said afterward that it was the cat that did it. "You look quite a lot like MY doctor, you see," she added engagingly. "Why, I don't remember. "I don't need to tell you how shocked I am," he began almost harshly. I live at Miss Polly Harrington's house. "No, no—please,"
Aunt Polly!" Pollyanna's jubilant voice turned to one of distressed appeal. "Glad? She faced her mistress and looked her squarely in the eye. In the sitting-room window at that moment, Miss Polly, who had been watching the two children, followed with sombre eyes the boy until a bend of the road hid him from sight. You see, I told you it was—but I
made a mistake. But I'm glad now we didn't have any of those nice things, 'cause I shall like Aunt Polly's all the better—not being used to 'em, you see. Pollyanna opened wide her eyes. "She's vanished right up into Heaven where she come from, poor lamb—and me told ter give her bread and milk in the kitchen—her what's eatin' angel food this
indignantly. Outside the window Jimmy Bean stirred suddenly. Certainly, if Fluffy had not poked an insistent paw and nose against Pollyanna would not have heard her aunt's words. "But after
time I found I was wanting to see you so much that—that the fact that I WASN'T seeing you was making me remember all the more vividly the thing I was so wanting to forget. Miss Polly said little; but even the softening waves of hair about her face, and the becoming laces at her throat, could not hide the fact that she was growing thin and pale
              terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work. And now I want you always. Section 1. Your trunk is already there, I presume. "I just reckon the sun himself is trying to play the game now, don't you?" she cried, forgetting for the
moment that Mr. Pendleton could not know what she was talking about. You see I'd wanted a doll, and father had written them so; but when the barrel came the lady wrote that there hadn't any dolls come in, but the little crutches had. Then came the lady wrote that there hadn't any dolls come in, but the little girl's never walking again. Will you tell her?" "Yes, I will
tell her," promised Miss Polly, a little faintly. The room was large, and sombre with dark woods and hangings like the hall; but through the west window the sun threw a long shaft of gold across the floor, gleamed dully on the tarnished brass andirons in the fireplace, and touched the nickel of the telephone on the great desk in the middle of the room.
I've got ter get them dishes done, ye know." "I'll help," promised Pollyanna, promptly. "I SAID, Pollyanna, that I did not send it." And she turned vexedly away. Snow—what you can be glad about." "GLAD about!
What do you mean?" "Why, I told you I would. "I've got a brand-new one. The tallest of the party—a smooth-shaven, kind-eyed man whom Pollyanna, you may bring out your clothes now, and I will look them over. Oh, I am glad of that!" "Yes, she said she hoped you'd be. "That's so—maybe
she wouldn't," she sighed. "Oh, lots of ways; there—like that—the way you act with the dog," she added, pointing to the long, slender hand that rested on the dog's sleek head near him. And it's you that have done it all. White couldn't. The old irritability had come back to his face. "See here, child, who are you, and why are you speaking to me every
day?" "I'm Pollyanna Whittier, and I thought you looked lonesome. White's was pretty nice, though, and she looked just lovely one day when I dressed her up in—Oh, Aunt Polly!" "Very well, Pollyanna. Up to now he had scarcely breathed, so intently had he
listened to every word. John Pendleton had told her what a fine boy Jimmy was getting to be, and how well he was doing. "I won't ask you—again." The last word was so low it was almost inaudible; but Pollyanna heard. A pale-faced, tired-looking young girl answered her knock at the door. The door had scarcely closed behind her before Miss Polly was
surprise the doctor gave a sudden exclamation. "Oh, I'm so glad," she cried. It made me think of my father. For long years I have been a cross, crabbed, unlovable, u
remembering just in time to whom, and about whom, she was speaking. He used to look like that—sometimes." "Did he?" The minister's voice was polite, but his eyes had gone back to the dried leaf on the ground. "Jimmy Bean," he grunted with ungracious indifference. If only I was near Nancy or Aunt Polly, or even a Ladies' Aider, it would be
easier!" Down-stairs in the kitchen, Nancy, hurrying with her belated work, jabbed her dish-mop into the milk pitcher, and muttered jerkily: "If playin' a silly-fool game—about bein' glad you've got crutches when you want dolls—is got ter be—my way—o' bein' that rock o' refuge—why, I'm a-goin' ter play it—I am, I am!" CHAPTER VI. "But I'm so glad
came! Can't I do—" "Yes, you can—but evidently you won't! WILL you go and do what I ask and stop talking," moaned the man, faintly. . "Well, I reckon I didn't know Mrs. That's what I call living, Aunt Polly. "Oh, I forgot you didn't know Mrs. That's what I call living, Aunt Polly."
wouldn't let him bring you to me, I said no. To Pollyanna, they were happy days, indeed. At one of the windows, a few minutes later, Pollyanna gave a glad cry and clapped her hands joyously. Milly Snow had never before been to the Harrington homestead. "Of course not! I'm Aunt Polly's." The man turned now, almost fiercely. CHAPTER XXVI. "Miss
mother wonder right away why she didn't DO something with her hands and arms. Miss Polly had remembered her promise to let him have direct information from the house. "Well, Miss Impertinence, who are you?" she demanded. She says when he calls out 'Hep—Hep!' she feels just as if the next minute he was going to yell 'Hurrah!' And she
doesn't like to be hurrahed at." Nancy's gloomy face relaxed into a broad smile. She had then to be told all over again what had occurred. "Never!" "And it ISN'T all coming out like a book?" There was no answer. You can't hide the black part." "Pollyanna, what does all this mean?" demanded Aunt Polly, hurriedly removing her hat, and trying to
much. Heaven?" he repeated stupidly, unconsciously sweeping the brilliant sunset sky with his gaze. "I never was no hand for figgers." Nancy laughed. Thus it happened that the Rev. So amazed and so absorbed was Miss Polly with what she saw in the glass that she quite forgot her determination to do over her hair, until she heard Pollyanna enter
the room again. "Why, Aunt Polly," she breathed, "I should think you'd be glad to have me gl—Oh!" she broke off, clapping her hand to her lips and hurrying blindly from the ground was—even for Pollyanna, who was used to climbing trees—a little fearsome
To-day, however, Mrs. She greeted him, however, with a bright smile. "However, I intend to make the best of it, of course. He said he thought you'd be glad to know it." Pollyanna's wistful little face flamed into sudden joy. Why, Nancy, there doesn't anybody need any pictures with that to look at. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern, severe-faced
 woman who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor, or if a door banged—but who never thought to smile even when knives and doors were still. That's why I begun it, so she could have some one." "And—and—these others?" Miss Polly's voice shook now. Why, Miss Pollyanna, it's as plain as the nose on yer face; it is, it is!" "Oh-h!" breathed Pollyanna
in wide-eyed amazement. "Yes, dear. All my money, to the last cent, should go to make you happy." Pollyanna looked shocked. Perhaps the laugh cleared the air; or perhaps the pathos of Jimmy Bean's story as told by Pollyanna's eager little lips touched a heart already strangely softened. She was at it all the morning—every minute! I'm sure, I don't
know what I shall do!" Polly nodded sympathetically. "Miss Hunt, you DID hear her! It is true! You don't mean I can't ever—walk again?" "There, there, dear—don't, don't!" choked the nurse. There was no reply. How much she won't know—nor can't know, I hope; 'cause if she did, she'd know other things—that I don't want her to
know. Your tongue does get away with you once in a while, doesn't it, Miss Pollyanna? You see, if you'd felt like banging doors you'd have banged 'em. At the foot of the hill their ways parted, and Pollyanna down one road, and
the minister down another, walked on alone. Listen! Out in the library—the big room where the telephone is, you know—you will find a carved box on the lower shelf of the big case with glass doors in the corner not far from the fireplace. Yet she rallied her forces with the last atom of her will power. Now sit still. It seemed that their society was
famous for its offering to Hindu missions, and several said they should die of mortification if it should be less this year. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Just before you come, Mr. Tom told me Miss Polly had had a lover once. "I—I came to inquire for the little
girl," she stammered. Not long after Mrs. I'd so much rather have broken legs like Mr. Pendleton's than life-long-invalids like Mrs. "Why, I don't WANT anything, as I know of," she sighed. "Of—of how she told others ter play it Mis' Snow, and the rest, ye know—and what she said for them ter do. I've had experience with her 'duty,' before. He was such
a funny man, she thought. Just how long she lay in sleepless misery, tossing from side to side of the hot little cot, she did not know; but it seemed to her that it must have been hours before she finally slipped out of bed, felt her way across the room and opened her door. Of all the extraordinary children!" she ejaculated a little later, as, with Pollyanna
by her side, and the lantern in her hand, she turned back into the attic. "I'd like ter know what yer aunt would say ter that!" "Would you? His head came up almost fiercely. He did not speak again, indeed, until they were almost to the great stone house in which John Pendleton lay with a broken leg. "Good! Now we're introduced. "I—I've got to, Mr.
Pendleton; truly I have. "Oh, but it isn't queer—it's lovely," maintained Pollyanna enthusiastically. I tried to ask the child herself about it, but I can't seem to make much headway, and of course I don't like to worry her—now. "I told everybody we should keep it, if I didn't find where it belonged. Then, at Miss Polly's ill-concealed look of surprise, she
added: "The little girl has been trying for so long to make me wear—some color, that I thought she'd be—glad to know I'd begun. And Pollyanna, looking into his face, wondered why there were tears in his eyes. Perhaps it was because of this that she one day spoke to him. "It was only because I'd always wanted them and hadn't had them, I suppose,
Her face, too, had sobered. "'Course she ain't," retorted Nancy, indignantly. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Once she had seen John Pendleton, and twice she had seen
Jimmy Bean. "If you ain't a little angel straight from Heaven, and if some folks don't eat dirt before—Oh, land! there's her bell!" After which amazing speech, Nancy sprang to her feet, dashed out of the room, and went clattering down the stairs. "Oh, THAT isn't my doctor," smiled Pollyanna, divining his thought. "Do what?" "Be glad about things." "Be
glad about things—when you're sick in bed all your days? "And you COULDN'T be lonesome—with Jimmy 'round." "I don't doubt it," rejoined the man; "but—I think I prefer the lonesomeness." It was then that Pollyanna, what did
she mean?" "Why, it's the game, and—" Pollyanna stopped short, her fingers to her lips. Even then she was not quite prepared for the sudden joy that illumined Pollyanna stopped short, her fingers to her lips. Even then she was not quite prepared for the sudden joy that illumined Pollyanna stopped short, her fingers to her lips. Even then she was another silence; then, abruptly, the man asked: "She herself doesn't know yet—of
course—does she?" "But she does, sir." sobbed Nancy, "an' that's what makes it all the harder. Some brought a book, a bunch of flowers, or a dainty to tempt the palate. It's come out lovely. "Do you?" smiled the doctor, nodding his head in farewell to the young man on the steps. "It's little ways she has, that shows how you've been softenin' her up an'
mellerin' her down—the cat, and the dog, and the way she speaks ter me, and oh, lots o' things. Anyhow, I should think you'd be glad it's black—black shows up so much nicer on a pillow than yellow hair like mine does." "Maybe; but I never did set much store by black hair—shows gray too soon," retorted Mrs. They were GOING to begin on bread; but
there wasn't two of 'em that made it alike, so after arguing it all one sewing-meeting, they decided to take turns at me one forenoon a week—in their own kitchens, you know. She said 'twould have been easier if she could have. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.
Yes." Pollyanna laughed softly. Her windows faced the south and the west, so she could not see the sun yet; but she could not see the hazy blue of the morning sky, and she knew that the day promised to be a fair one. Section 3. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project
Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. And you are sitting up," "Yes, I am sitting up; and I haven't broken anything—that doctors can mend." The last words were very low, but Pollyanna advanced at once. I am Miss Hunt, and I've come to help your aunt take care of you. "I said yer aunt was WORRIED about ye!"
"Oh," sighed Pollyanna, remembering suddenly the question she was so soon to ask her aunt. CHAPTER XXVIII. "They're going to stay right there together." "Oh, yes. It is heavy, but not too heavy for you to carry, I think." "Oh, I'm awfully
strong," declared Pollyanna, cheerfully, as she sprang to her feet. A swift change crossed her face. A shrewd twinkle came into her eyes. Pollyanna, however, at five o'clock, was borne, limp and unconscious, into the little room that was so dear to her. Suddenly a new thought came to him. "JUST LIKE A BOOK" John Pendleton greeted Pollyanna to-day
with a smile. Then, for a time he was silent. But the poor little lamb just cries, an' says it don't seem the same, somehow. I love company," she finished, scampering up the stairs and throwing her door wide open. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at . Payson? The house itself was on the outskirts of the village, and though there were other houses not far
away, they did not chance to contain any boys or girls near Pollyanna's age. See that you make a thorough search." To her niece she said: "Pollyanna, I have ordered screens for those windows. "He's for you. At the door he turned. How do you do to-day?" she finished in polite inquiry. You see, Miss White was deaf—awfully deaf; and she came to visit
'em and to help take care of Mrs. "You couldn't guess in a thousand years—you couldn't, you couldn't
lace jiggers Miss Pollyanna makes her wear 'round her neck." "I told ye so," nodded the man. Snow's house." "All right. She was not lonely, she said. I reckon ministers do—most generally. But when Nancy made the jelly for Mrs. And the man, recognizing the self-control that vibrated through the harshness of the tone, smiled sadly. As for "peeking"
just as if she cared how— At that moment—unaccountably—Miss Polly caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of the dressing table. SNOW The next time Pollyanna, sitting on the back porch, told Nancy all about Mr. John Pendleton's wonderful
carved box, and the still more wonderful things it contained. "I've never been to your home, isn't it?" she said, looking interestedly about her. "Why, Miss Pollyanna ate her bread and milk with good appetite; then, at Nancy's
suggestion, she went into the sitting room, where her aunt sat reading. "I'm so glad now that the screens didn't come," she murmured, blinking up at the stars; "else I couldn't have had this!" Down-stairs in Miss Polly's room next the sun parlor, Miss Polly herself was hurrying into dressing gown and slippers, her face white and frightened. She raised
her chin aggrievedly. "Honest Injun? "I'm afraid you ain't fond of Miss Polly," he grinned. Dr. Mead had to stay—he had caught Miss Polly as she fell. The young woman nodded. "And she's got one ring too many, and that she's going to throw it away and
get a divorce instead. Snow's; because broken legs get well, and the other—doesn't. But when she answered, she showed very plainly that she was trying to speak lightly and cheerfully. "Not that! You don't mean—the child—will NEVER WALK again!" It was all confusion then. Do you know what a porte-cochere is?" "Oh, yes, sir.
Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS. Now wait just where you are. His eyes flashed and his chin came up. The entire work of the church was at a standstill. Payson—Mrs. Near him on the desk lay a few loose sheets of paper—his sermon notes. He was a tall, broad-shouldered
man with kind gray eyes, and a cheerful smile. To be sure, she was not playing it very well—she had been sorry for everything for so long, that it was not easy to be glad for anything now. The patient had not fully recovered consciousness, but at present she seemed to be resting as comfortably as could be expected. "Oh, Aunt Polly, I never saw
anything so perfectly lovely and interesting in my life. Delightedly she leaned forward. I did not know until then how much I did—care. "Mr. Pendleton had a fire, but he said he didn't need it. This done, she hung up the receiver and drew a long breath of relief. A lady in the next ward who walked last week first, peeked into the door, and another one
who hopes she can walk next month, was invited in to the party, and she laid on my nurse's bed and clapped her hands. The box was full of treasures—curios that John Pendleton had picked up in years of travel—and concerning each there was some entertaining story, whether it were a set of exquisitely carved chessmen from China, or a little jade
idol from India. Dr. Warren stood by, helplessly. "Well, you see, since I have been hurt, you've called me 'dear' lots of times—and you didn't before. Fitting Pollyanna with a new wardrobe proved to be more or less of an exciting experience for all concerned. "Well, Dr. Chilton knows some doctor somewhere that can cure Pollyanna, he thinks—make
her walk, ye know; but he can't tell sure till he SEES her. "Not but that it's good, of course, to send money to the heathen, and I shouldn't want 'em not to send SOME there," sighed Pollyanna to herself, as she trudged sorrowfully along. A whimsical smile trembled on John Pendleton's lips. A DOOR AJAR CHAPTER XXVII. "What?" The sick woman
turned sharply. You see, I did my part of the introducing, but he didn't." Nancy's eyes widened. Pollyanna did not stop now to look up at the patches of blue between the sunlit tops of the trees. I'm lonesome, and I need you. It came in the shape of a call from a certain young woman with unnaturally pink cheeks and abnormally yellow hair; a young
woman who wore high heels and cheap jewelry; a young woman whom Miss Polly knew very well by reputation—but whom she was angrily amazed to meet beneath the roof of the Harrington homestead. Will you—little girl?" "Why, yes, Mr. Pendleton," breathed Pollyanna, her eyes luminous with sympathy for the sad-faced man lying back on the
pillow before her. "Sakes alive, Miss Pollyanna," she gasped, "did that man SPEAK TO YOU?" "Why, yes, he always does—now," smiled Pollyanna. There weren't any screens there, Aunt Polly." Nancy, at this moment, came in again with the muffins. A trained nurse had been sent for, and would come that night. Nancy knew the child at once, but not
for some time could she control her shaking knees sufficiently to go to her. If ye don't—well, it'll take somethin' smarter'n we be ter find ANYTHIN' ter be glad about in that!" she finished, shooing Pollyanna into the house as she would shoo an unruly chicken into a coop. I wish I had a washin' ter do—the biggest washin' I ever see, I do, I do!" she
wailed, wringing her hands helplessly. "Why, Mr. Pendleton, she's glad, I know, to have—" "Glad!" interrupted the man, thoroughly losing his patience now. I do. By the way, too, I don't think I've ever thanked you for that. You sew, of course." "Yes, ma'am." Pollyanna sighed. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase
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added in hurried politeness. Miss Polly said no. Pollyanna laughed merrily. Will you just tell her, that Mrs. There's lots of things that could happen, you know." "But Aunt Polly said he did know! She said he knew more than anybody else about—about broken legs like mine!" "Yes, yes, I know, dear; but all doctors make
mistakes sometimes. Why, only to-day he owned up that one time he just felt he never wanted to see me again, because I reminded him of something he wanted to forget. They aren't over in India; they're only out West—but that's awful far away, just the same. I'm so sorry! I don't see how she can help liking ice-cream. Her heart jest seemed to turn
bitter at the core." "Yes, I know. "But she wears real pretty clothes, sometimes, in spite of their being so poor," resumed Pollyanna, in some haste. "There wa'n't no game in it," retorted Nancy. Do you understand that?" "Yes, Jimmy." Miss Polly's voice was rather faint. Then, doggedly: "Well, I don't care. Now I'm sure that even you would admit that
you were very forgiving to come and see me, after such ungrateful treatment as that!" Pollyanna stirred uneasily. You see it doesn't know, yet, that we're going to keep it, of course." "No—nor anybody else," retorted Miss Polly, with meaning emphasis. They had the room to themselves. Jennie had preferred these—quite naturally, perhaps; so she had
married the minister, and had gone south with him as a home missionary's wife. Even the days of the week ain't run ter her mind. It was sometimes said in the town that if Old Tom was Miss Polly's right-hand man, Timothy was her left. "Yes; that's what's the whole trouble, I suppose. Pollyanna, had fairly flown across the room and flung herself into
her aunt's scandalized, unyielding lap. Neither was there any one found who could tell why it happened or who was to blame that it did happen. "It ain't—but it must be—Miss Jennie's little gal! There wasn't none of the rest of 'em married. Snow has got. Now WILL you tell me what it all means?" To Miss Polly's surprise and dismay, Nancy burst into
tears. She had twice tried to tell him; but neither time had she got beyond the beginning of what her father had said—John Pendleton had on each occasion turned the conversation abruptly to another subject. He says to tell you he has taken Jimmy Bean for his little boy. "I'm gladder'n ever now, anyhow, that he speaks to me," sighed Pollyanna
contentedly. I'm tellin'. I ain't much on games, though." Pollyanna laughed again, but she sighed, too; and in the gathering twilight her face looked thin and wistful. "Yes, 'twas—all 'round, all 'r
sun parlor with the rose in her hair and the lace shawl draped about her shoulders. "I remember you, "As if anybody COULD eat dollar bills and not know it, Nancy, when they come to try to chew 'em!" "Ho! I mean he's rich enough ter do it," shrugged Nancy, *** START: FULL LICENSE *** THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ
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(available with this file or online at . 1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. "Thank you," said the woman, reaching for the bowl in the little girl's hand. Them things go, ye know, when they gets started. Pollyanna, her eyes wide and frightened, and her lips
parted, was gazing at him fixedly. "Oh, it wasn't me, truly—not really, you know; not so much as it was Aunt Polly." The doctor turned with a quick start. "And I'm so glad, and I'm sor glad, a
curiosity. She thought it particularly necessary to do this, anyway, for the Man was striding along, his hands behind his back, and his eyes on the ground—which seemed, to Pollyanna, preposterous in the face of the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air: Pollyanna, preposterous in the face of the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air: Pollyanna, as a special treat, was on a morning errand to-day. He sat with his eyes on the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air: Pollyanna, preposterous in the face of the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air: Pollyanna, preposterous in the face of the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air: Pollyanna, as a special treat, was on a morning errand to-day.
hand over his eyes. Even the Christian Endeavor Society was in a ferment of unrest owing to open criticism of two of its officers. You see, father—" "Pollyanna," interrupted her aunt again, sharply, "there is one thing that might just as well be understood right away at once; and that is, I do not care to have you keep talking of your father to me." The
little girl drew in her breath tremulously. The old helplessness was threatening once more to overcome her. "I am fond of her both for her own sake, and for—her mother's. Shut the doors, also. "I'm awfully sorry about the hair—I wanted to do it. Pollyanna dimpled into a sunny smile. "Oh, how I wish I had a lot of those things! How I would like to give
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them to Aunt Polly and Mrs. Nancy gave a shamefaced smile and rubbed her own eyes vigorously. I reckon you didn't know. His face grew grave at once. Why, I'm—Aunt Polly's!" A quick something crossed the man's face that Pollyanna could not quite understand. "I'm Nancy, the hired girl. There wasn't one in the kitchen." Nancy had been too
excited to notice Pollyanna's up-flung windows the afternoon before. I don't see any trouble about everythin'," retorted Nancy, choking a little over her remembrance of Pollyanna's brave attempts to like the bare little attic room. And she—she spoke afterwards about her
being seen in that rig." "I thought as much," declared the doctor, under his breath. Snow. No wonder Miss Polly was feeling curiously helpless. Then she turned her attention toward the dog. He would like to see you to-day, if you'll be so good as to come. "Very poorly, thank you," murmured Mrs. One of the mysterious doors was open, and it was
toward this that the maid led the way. "Y-yes, ma'am," stammered Nancy; and hurried toward the house. "I always knew I wanted to live with ME!" The task of telling John Pendleton of her decision would not be an easy one, Pollyanna knew, and
she dreaded it. Oh, come, I know Aunt Polly'll take you! You don't know how good and kind she is!" Jimmy Bean's thin little face brightened. It's a game Miss Pollyanna's father learned her ter play. Mis' Durgin does that." "But there IS an Aunt Polly?" demanded the child, anxiously. "I reckon he forgot to tell me one day. "And I was glad I didn't find
any one who owned it, too," she told her aunt in happy confidence; "cause I wanted to bring it home all the time. For a moment there was silence. "Do I like—Why, what an odd question! Why do you ask that, my dear?" "Nothing—only the way you looked. She turned them last to the little trunk that had stood not so long before in her own little room
in the far-away Western home. Auntie has one with a sun parlor over it. "Who did you say he was?" "The Man. But to-day her heart was too heavy to, rejoice at anything. I have locked the attic door down here—but hurry, quick!" Some time later, Pollyanna, just dropping off to sleep, was startled by a lantern flash, and a trio of amazed ejaculations.
 "Then they're all the sooner unpacked," declared Nancy. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE
POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE. But one was so good father sold it to get money to buy me some shoes with; and the other was so bad it fell to pieces just as soon as we hung it up. There's such a lot of queer names, and—" "Tell Dr. Chilton that John Pendleton is at the foot of Little Eagle Ledge in Pendleton Woods with a broken leg, and to come at
once with a stretcher and two men. "Indeed! And what are the special ingredients of this wonder-working—tonic of hers?" The doctor shook his head. "Yes, when you might be just living, you know. They have arranged for a consultation at once." "But—but what WERE her injuries that you do know?" "A slight cut on the head, one or two bruises, and—
and an injury to the spine which has seemed to cause—paralysis from the hips down." A low cry came from the man. And, with a little sobbing cry, Pollyanna went. Benton wore a knot of pale blue at the throat, though there were tears in her eyes. And NOW I know, of course. "Say, Miss Pollyanna, do you mean—was you playin' that 'ere game THEN—
about my bein' glad I wa'n't named Hephzibah'?" Pollyanna frowned; then she laughed. Out in the main attic all was velvet blackness save where the moon flung a path of silver half-way across the floor from the east dormer window. "I am sorry, but she sees no one yet. "But she says that, too, is diff'rent—when it really IS hard. Snow, you ARE pretty!
I should think you'd know it when you looked at yourself in the glass." "The glass!" snapped the sick woman, falling back on her pillow. It happened after this wise. She rather enjoyed studying out Pollyanna's "posers," too, as she called some of the little girl's questions. Very resolutely, these days, however, Pollyanna was turning a cheerful face
toward whatever came. "Well, I never! Now, what does she mean by that?" ejaculated Mrs. "She—she wanted me to go TOO MUCH!" Pollyanna sighed again. At last the dog pricked up his cars and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. "Well, if you ain't the beat'em for askin' questions!" sighed then the dog pricked up his cars and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. "Well, if you ain't the beat'em for askin' questions!" sighed then the dog pricked up his cars and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. "Well, if you ain't the beat'em for askin' questions!" sighed then the dog pricked up his cars and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. "Well, if you ain't the beat'em for askin' questions!" sighed then the dog pricked up his cars and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. "Sharp bark." "Sharp bark."
boy impatiently. Dr. Warren was a small, brown-eyed man with a pointed brown beard. Oh, no! I'm just taking a siesta in the sunshine," snapped the man irritably. They wouldn't, if they knew him. "Well, I ain't a heathen or a new carpet. "And that's all," she sighed, when she had finished. Preliminary examinations showed that she was well advanced
for a girl of her years, and she was soon a happy member of a class of girls and boys her own age. "Then I'll let you know to-morrow." "Where?" "By the road—where I found you to-day; near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly. "But you looked lovely—perfectly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never told her." "Oh, I see, I see." The old man nodded his head slowly lovely, near Mrs. To donate, please visit: Section 5. So she never t
Aunt Polly; and—" "Lovely'!" scorned the woman, flinging the shawl to one side and attacking her hair with shaking fingers. His face was white, and his mouth was set into stern lines. Finally, with a sigh of content, she curled herself to
sleep. His face, as he lay back on the pillow now, was very white—so white that Pollyanna was frightened. Who, I say?" Old Tom shook his head. The lips above it trembled visibly. "Oh, doesn't she? CHAPTER XXIV. "I'm sorry. I believe you have everything that you need here," she added, glancing at the well-filled towel rack and water pitcher. She
scarcely even looked about her at all, indeed, during the few minutes, she waited for Mr. John Pendleton to appear. I've got to go, now, but I'll think and think all the way home; and maybe the next time I come I can tell it to you. "Pollyanna, what does this mean?" cried Aunt Polly then. Her eyes were full of tears. When you know you will find the good
 —you will get that.... Part of the Ladies' Aid wanted to buy me a black dress and hat, but the other part thought the money ought to go toward the red carpet they're trying to get—for the church, you know. "I wish ye WOULD call it somethin', Mr. Tom an' somethin' good an' strong, too. Why, Pollyanna, I think all the town is playing that game now
with you—even to the minister! I haven't had a chance to tell you, yet, but this morning I met Mr. Ford when I was down to the village, and he told me to say to you that just as soon as you could see him, he was coming to tell you that he hadn't stopped being glad over those eight hundred rejoicing texts that you told him about. That was all. Up
Pendleton Hill, therefore, she climbed steadily, in spite of the warm sun on her back. Old Tom shook his head. At all events, when Pollyanna went home that night she carried with her an invitation for Jimmy Bean himself to call at the great house with Pollyanna the next Saturday afternoon. She had hoped, vaguely, that this window might have a
screen, but it did not. THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS It was not long after john Pendleton's second visit that Milly Snow called one afternoon. She pictured the great gray house as it would be after its master was well again, with its silent rooms, its littered floors, its disordered desk; and her heart ached for his loneliness. I wouldn't have come ter your
old house, anyhow, if this 'ere girl hadn't 'a' made me, a-tellin' me how you was so good an' kind that you'd be jest dyin' ter take me in. "If you please, I've brought some calf's-foot jelly for Mr. Pendleton," smiled Pollyanna. "They said that for some reason—I didn't rightly catch what—you wouldn't let Dr. Chilton come, an' you told Dr. Warren so; an'
Dr. Chilton couldn't come himself, without you asked him, on account of pride an' professional et—et—well, et-somethin anyway. You couldn't leave her—now," he said. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund
from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8. 1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. Wouldn't it be jest great, now, if only somebody over in India wanted ME?" Pollyanna clapped her hands. Her babies all died, I heard, except the last one; and that must be the one what's a-comin'." "She's eleven
 years old." "Yes, she might be," nodded the old man. But I had an awful time. "How do you suppose you could tell how hot it was, or how cold it was, if the thermometer hung in the sun all day?" "I shouldn't care," breathed Pollyanna, her fascinated eyes on the brilliant band of colors across the pillow. "Played it—the game, you know, that father—
Pollyanna stopped with a painful blush at finding herself so soon again on forbidden ground. I shall teach you sewing myself, of course. "It's half-past six!" "I know it," admitted Pollyanna anxiously; "but I'm not to blame—truly I'm not. She was sure that, with a clean conscience to-day, she could set the love-hungry little girl's heart at rest. But he
settled back. She's told ev'ry one else, I guess. "Suppose you let me drive you home, Pollyanna," he suggested. "I'd love to have Dr. Chilton come to see me!" She wondered, then, at the look that came to her aunt's face. I can't see you a bit," she cried, unhesitatingly crossing to the window and pulling up the shade. A twig cracked sharply under
Pollyanna's foot, and the man turned his head. Oh, I'm so glad! I'm glad for everything. "No, only when I love folks so I just can't help it! I saw you from my window, Aunt Polly, and I got to thinking how you WEREN'T a Ladies' Aider, and you were my really truly aunt; and you looked so good I just had to come down and hug you!" The bent old man
turned his back suddenly. Down the attic stairs sped Pollyanna, leaving both doors wide open. "Yes; and I'm so glad now. I knew you'd be glad to have it—poor little lonesome thing!" Miss Polly opened her lips and tried to speak; but in vain. Paul Ford's study that evening the minister sat thinking. "It's all there is now to think about. "Don't you?" "Hm
m; maybe. "Very well, Pollyanna," she said at last, still in that queer voice, so unlike her own; "you may you may take the jelly to Mr. Pendleton as your own gift. "Well, I didn't say that, Miss Pollyanna. "I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, all the time, but Miss Pollyanna." I thought 'twas, a
nearly tipping it over—which did not add to her composure. Even Black Tilly who washes the floor, looked through the piazza window and called me 'Honey, child' when she wasn't crying too much to call me anything. "Before you were—your mother's. But afterwards—" "What's that?" interrupted Nancy, excitedly. I think it's
a beautiful game. "But, Pollyanna, when the ladies told me this afternoon how you came to them, I was so ashamed! I—" Pollyanna began to dance up and down lightly on her toes. The eyes sparkled. Pollyanna, won't you come NOW?" "But, Mr. Pendleton, I—There's Aunt Polly!" Pollyanna's eyes were blurred with tears. Project Gutenberg is a
registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. WHICH IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISING CHAPTER XX. "I'll hurry." Suddenly she laughed. A moment later he came dashing toward her, still barking. Ford, the minister's wife. And what, please, has my niece to do with it? With very pink
cheeks she turned and left the room hurriedly. I hope she did hear the bang,—I do, I do!" In the garden that afternoon, Nancy found a few minutes in which to interview Old Tom, who had pulled the weeds and shovelled the paths about the place for uncounted years. But what? But he don't never seem ter want ter spend no money here—leastways,
not for jest livin'." "Of course not—if he's saving it for the heathen," declared Pollyanna. I'm so interested in her. Tell him to come by the path from the house." "A broken leg? It must be perfectly lovely to have lots of money. All is, I pity her daughter what HAS ter take care of her." "But, why, Nancy?" Nancy?" Nancy shrugged her shoulders. It was there that
Pollyanna, on her way home from the Pendleton house, found him. There were no children in the immediate neighborhood of the Harrington homestead for Pollyanna to play with. I do all the work except the washin an' hard ironin'. "I've prescribed you for a patient, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled," announced the doctor. You're goin terminate the prescribed you for a patient, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled," announced the doctor. You're goin terminate the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me to get the prescription filled, and he's sent me 
have some one ter play it with, anyhow," she finished, as they entered the kitchen together. "Oh, yes," cried Pollyanna. But what I mean is, that legs don't last—broken ones, you know—like lifelong invalids, same as Mrs. Almost every pleasant afternoon found Pollyanna begging for "an errand to run," so that she might be off for a walk in one direction
or another; and it was on these walks that frequently she met the Man. "My name's Pollyanna Whittier," she began pleasantly. Don't let other people's troubles worry your little head. You see I hain't no other place ter stay; and—and I didn't leave till this mornin'. "I know it; but they did," declared Old Tom, "and of course no gal of any spunk'll stand
that. "All right," she sighed. "I don't see anything of you, nowadays." Pollyanna laughed—Mr. Pendleton was such a funny man! "I thought you didn't like to have folks 'round," she said. Snow wouldn't—this once." "Dear me, Pollyanna, what ARE you up to now?" sighed her aunt. It was about a week after the accident in Pendleton Woods that Pollyanna
said to her aunt one morning: "Aunt Polly, please would you mind very much if I took Mrs. White used to say Mrs. Fifteen minutes later, in the attic room, a lonely little girl sobbed into the tightly-clutched sheet: "I know, father-among-the-angels, I'm not playing the game one bit now—not one bit; but I don't believe even you could find anything to be
glad about sleeping all alone 'way off up here in the dark—like this. "Pendleton, I want to see that child. In her ears still was the boy's scornful "you was so good and kind." In her heart was a curious sense of desolation—as of something lost. "Nancy, WILL you tell me what this absurd 'game' is that the whole town seems to be babbling about? Maybe
 she overdid it a little—she hated that minister chap so who had took off her sister. "Do you always work in the garden, Mr.—Man?" asked Pollyanna, interestedly. "Still, I don't see why," maintained Pollyanna, interestedly. "Still, I don't see why,"
Miss Pollyanna come. "God helping me, I'll do it!" he cried softly. "I'll wager Miss Polly doesn't know how to be glad—for anything! Oh, she does her duty, I know. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. But, of course—" "PLANNING on them!" interrupted Miss Polly, sharply. But the cried softly. "I'll wager Miss Polly doesn't know how to be glad—for anything! Oh, she does her duty, I know. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. But, of course—" "PLANNING on them!" interrupted Miss Polly doesn't know how to be glad—for anything! Oh, she does her duty, I know. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations.
it turns out ter be five—an' no four at all, at all!" With a gesture of indifference Old Tom turned and fell to work. Their friendship had started from the third visit Pollyanna had made, the one after she had told Mrs. Oh, Miss Pollyanna! Why, that's just like a book—I've read lots of 'em; 'Lady Maud's Secret,' and 'The Lost Heir,' and 'Hidden for Years'—
all of 'em had mysteries and things just like this. Didn't you know it?" cried Pollyanna. "This is Timothy. "I'm not sure I shall let you, after all," he declared, his eyes twinkling. I'd LIKE a home—jest a common one, ye know, with a mother in it, instead of a Matron. "Pollyanna, he did not think I sent it?" "Oh, no, Aunt Polly. She was thinking now that she
always had known that Milly Snow was "queer," but she had not supposed she was crazy. The little girl laughed. THE GAME CHAPTER VI. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating
derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. It came from the prism pendants encircling the old-fashioned candelabrum in her hand. "Indeed! Well, I'm afraid I shall have to say that Nancy—didn't know." "Then you—weren't lovers?" Pollyanna's voice was tragic with dismay. The man turned. But—if
you'll pardon me I'd rather not explain." Sad lines came to the lady's mouth, and the smile left her eyes. In a moment he spoke again, still in the low, unsteady voice. "Once for all let us end that nonsense! I've tried to tell you half a dozen times before. He had
pleaded earnestly for help, for guidance. The three were off at last, with Pollyanna's trunk in behind, and Pollyanna herself snugly ensconced between Nancy and Timothy. "Nora," he said, when the elderly maid appeared at the door, "bring me one of the big brass candle-sticks from the mantel in the front drawing-room." "Yes, sir," murmured the
 woman, looking slightly dazed. "I—I hope you'll like—the jelly." The man turned his head suddenly, and opened his eyes. As if you weren't living all the time! "Oh, of course I'd be BREATHING all the time! was doing those things, Aunt Polly, but I wouldn't be living. At the earliest possible moment after supper, Nancy crept up the back stairs and
thence to the attic room. I slipped out. Don't you just love pictures?" "I—I don't know," answered Nancy in a half-stifled voice. "Of course she don't! THAT'S the quarrel!" Pollyanna still looked incredulous, and with another long breath Nancy happily settled herself to tell the story. But—anyhow, I can be kinder glad about that, 'cause the ice-cream you
don't eat can't make your stomach ache like Mrs. Some day I'm going to give Dr. Chilton's, and we're going to see what he can do for you!" CHAPTER XXXII. You were—I know you were! And that's what he meant by saying I'd done the gladdest job of all—to-day. "That's the way I felt, too—till I
happened ter think—it WOULD be easier if she could find somethin, ye know. After breakfast I will give you a little pamphlet on this matter to read." "To read? His mouth settled into stern lines, as aloud, very impressively, he read the verses on which he had determined to speak: "But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up
the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.' "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay
tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.'" It was a bitter denunciation. "Mr. Tom," began Nancy, throwing a quick glance over her shoulder to make sure she was unobserved; "did you know a little girl was comin
here ter live with Miss Polly?" "A—what?" demanded the old man, straightening his bent back with difficulty. I wanted to adopt her—legally, you understand; making her my heir, of course." The woman in the opposite chair relaxed a little. He said if God took the trouble to tell us eight hundred times to be glad and rejoice, He must want us to do it—
SOME. "But they acted as if little boys HERE weren't any account—only little girl from Miss Polly's, mother," announced Milly, in a tired
manner; then Pollyanna found herself alone with the invalid. Email contact information: Dr. Gregory B. I want you. Don't you, Nancy?" "Well, I can't say I do—all of 'em," retorted Nancy, tersely. "If you're goin' ter talk ter me
you've got ter talk plain horse sense," he declared testily. "But what is the matter? We was reckoning on getting a divorce about now, and letting the kids well, we didn't know what we would do with the kids. Benton shook her head and turned away. So she tried ter be nice to him. To Pollyanna they looked like arms outstretched, inviting her. This was
not a nice boy, and she did not like to be called "silly." Still, he was somebody besides—old folks. "I—just—wish—I could—dig—out the corners—of—her—soul!" she muttered jerkily, punctuating her words with murderous jabs of her pointed cleaning-stick. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY,
BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. "And that is—won't you tell me HOW she is?" His voice was not quite steady this time. Pendleton, I must see that child. "No, Pollyanna; I see. Something must be done—and done at once. "It—it's a nice day," she began hopefully. She did gather
after a time, however, that there was no woman there who had a home to give him, though every woman seemed to think that some of the others might take Jimmy Bean—if Mr. Pendleton doesn't want him." Dr. Chilton laughed a little
constrainedly. "And I'm glad I listened. John Pendleton, wealthy, independent, morose, reputed to be miserly and supremely selfish, to adopt a little boy—and such a little boy—and that, and it's horrid—and I'm glad 'tisn't appendicitis non
measles, 'cause they're catching—measles are, I mean—and they wouldn't let you stay here." "You seem to—to be glad for a good many things, my dear," faltered Aunt Polly, putting her hand to her throat as if her collar bound. He could eat dollar bills, if he wanted to—and not know it." Pollyanna giggled. "This is Jimmy Bean, Aunt Polly." "Well, what
is he doing here?" "Why, Aunt Polly, I just told you!" Pollyanna one day when the greeting was given. She
was glad, of course, that she was a good woman, and that she not only knew her duty, but had sufficient strength of character to perform it. He tried to smile. "I'm not talking of that kind of pride. She had one o' them yeller telegram letters after you went away this afternoon, and she won't be back for three days. GLAD? A soft babel of feminine
chatter and laughter came from the main room. "Oh, I'm so glad they let me in! You see, at first the lady 'most took my jelly, and I was so afraid I wasn't going to see you at all. Timothy will drive us into town at half-past one this afternoon. "Tisn't quite so nice as yesterday, but it's pretty nice," she called out cheerfully. His visitor looked distressed.
Snow? I just love to ride," beamed Pollyanna, as he reached out his hand to help her in. "Nancy told you I was saving money for the—Well, may I inquire who Nancy is?" "Our Nancy is?" "Our Nancy told you I was saving money for the—Well, may I inquire who Nancy is?" "Our Nancy told you I was saving money for the—Well, may I inquire who Nancy is?" "Our Nancy is?" "Our Nancy told you I was saving money for the—Well, may I inquire who Nancy is?" "Our Nancy is?" "Our Nancy is?" "Our Nancy told you I was saving money for the—Well, may I inquire who Nancy is?" "Our Nancy is?"
think they're worse than the Ladies' Aid did—and THEY said they were shameful," she sighed. I never told him that." "Then he doesn't know you're my—niece?" she sighed, dropping the little glass into the bedclothes, and rolling her head on the pillow fretfully. THE GAME
 "For the land's sake, Miss Pollyanna, what a scare you did give me," panted Nancy, hurrying up to the big rock, down which Pollyanna had just regretfully slid. The wall, the floor, and the furniture, even to the bed itself, were aflame with shimmering bits of color. Would she, now? I know Sally Miner, who waits on him, and she says he hardly opens his
head enough ter tell what he wants ter eat. "I hope for her sake she's quiet and son't drop knives nor bang doors," she sighed to Timothy, who had sauntered up to her. Half an hour later when Miss Polly, her face expressing stern duty in every line, climbed those stairs and entered Pollyanna's room, she was greeted with a burst of eager
enthusiasm. Last week I heard how she couldn't ever walk again, and—and I wished I could give up my two uselessly well legs for hers. This key will admit you to the side door under the porte-cochere. "I don't see why everybody thinks he's so bad, either. She's played it ever since." "But, how—how—" Miss Polly came to a helpless pause. The man
threw a hurried glance about him, then stopped uncertainly. "I can't, I wish I could!" "You mean—you don't know?" "Yes." "But—the doctor?" "Dr. Warren himself seems—at sea. I have some pride, you know." "But if you're so anxious—couldn't you swallow your pride and forget the quarrel—" "Forget the quarrel—" "Forget the quarrel—" "Forget the quarrel—" "You mean—you don't know?" "Yes." "But—the doctor?" "Dr. Warren himself seems—at sea. I have some pride, you know." "But if you're so anxious—couldn't you swallow your pride and forget the quarrel—" "Forget the quarrel—"
"Pollyanna, dear, I'm going to tell you—the very first one of all. Snow stared a little. CHAPTER XXVII. - You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. "Your niece will know just
 what I mean; and I felt that I must tell—her. "No," she said. At last she spoke fretfully. It may mean life or death. "And THEY'VE got lovely names, too. Aunt Polly, hurriedly. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous
locations. And, really, I don't know as one could blame her much—under the circumstances. Pollyanna found her aunt in the sitting room. We do not solicit donations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. Was there anything else?" Pollyanna shook her head. CHILTON! How do you know—that?" "He told me so
She was almost frightened now at the massiveness of the great pile of gray stone with its pillared verandas and its imposing entrance. I like him. Father told it to me, and it's lovely," rejoined Pollyanna. "Your—aunt!" he ejaculated. "I love carpets. Under the porte-cochere she found the doctor waiting in his gig. "Me?" rejoined Miss Polly, plainly
surprised. "'Gladdest'!—when I see so much suffering always, everywhere I go?" he cried. INTRODUCING JIMMY CHAPTER XII. Beldingsville, one man in particular fumed and fretted himself into a fever of anxiety over the daily bulletins which he managed in some way to
procure from the bed of suffering. "I want to see if you've fixed your hair like I did—oh, you haven't! But, never mind; I'm glad you haven't! But, never mind; I'm glad you haven't! after all, 'cause maybe you'll let me do it—later. Snow was poor, sick, and a member of her church—it was the duty of all the church members to look out for her, of course. "I'm surprised at you—making a speech
like that to me!" "Why, Aunt Polly, AREN'T you?" gueried Pollyanna, in frank wonder. So I'm a-huntin' now. "Suppose you let me talk to you now," she began cheerily. I was so shocked to hear of the accident; and then when I learned that the poor child would never walk again, and that she was so unhappy because she couldn't be glad any longer—the
dear child!—I just had to come to you." "You are very kind," murmured Miss Polly. That's the roof I slept on—only I didn't sleep, you know. "As if I'd be here if I hadn't got in! And the doctor will be right up just as soon as possible with the men and things. The sick woman seemed to be trying—mentally to find something she had lost. It did not take
long for the entire town of Beldingsville to learn that the great New York doctor had said Pollyanna Whittier would never walk again; and certainly never before had the town been so stirred. And neither the talking nor the weeping grew less when fast on the heels of the news itself, came Nancy's pitiful story that Pollyanna, face to face with what had
come to her, was bemoaning most of all the fact that she could not play the game; that she could not now be glad over—anythin' like that, any time. A little fearfully now, Pollyanna felt her way to these bags, selected a nice fat soft one (it contained Miss Polly's sealskin
coat) for a bed; and a thinner one to be doubled up for a pillow, and still another (which was so thin it seemed almost empty) for a covering. "Pollyanna, Pollyanna, Pollyanna,
half-hour to me. "When you've finished your morning work, Nancy," Miss Polly was saying now, "you may clear the little room at the head of the stairs in the attic, and make up the cot bed. "Oh, Miss Pollyanna, I know, I kn
but there aren't any 'round here, Nancy says. 1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and
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work, and (c) any Defect you cause. Tarbell is glad now." Pollyanna clapped her hands softly. For a moment after she had gone Pollyanna in high glee pattered to the moonlit window again, raised the sash, stuffed her burden through to the roof below, then let herself down after it, closing
the window carefully behind her—Pollyanna had not forgotten those flies with the marvellous feet that carried things. "Overdose of your—tonic, I guess," he laughed, as he noted the doctor's eyes following Pollyanna's little figure down the driveway. An' I must be goin', now, sir," she broke off abruptly. Snow's eyes were closed. I want to make an
examination. "What was it? But I reckon some of the Aiders will take you." "All right—but don't furgit ter say I'll work fur my board an' keep," put in Jimmy. When the pause came she filled it with a quiet: "I don't think I quite understand, Milly. "He's lovely, Nancy!" "Is he?" "Yes. "Well, it strikes me Miss Polly herself ain't lookin' none the worse—for
wearin' them 'ere curls 'round her forehead," he observed dryly. She took it, however, with bated breath, swinging from her strong little arms, and landing on all fours in the soft grass. It was that afternoon that Pollyanna, coming down from her attic room, met her aunt on the stairway. H. He did not look toward Miss Polly. Legs ain't always given to
the one who can make the best use of 'em, I notice." She paused, and cleared her throat; but when she resumed her voice was still husky. "Sho!—I wonder, now," he muttered; then a tender light came into his faded eyes. The fifth time it happened, Miss Polly moved her head wearily. We are apt to still cling to—our skeletons, Pollyanna. You see,
broken legs aren't like—like lifelong invalids, so his won't last forever as Mrs. "Oh, that's the best yet," she crowed. YOU gave those things; not I! Yes, you did," he repeated, in answer to the shocked denial in her face. And I can get it for you—a child's presence;—not me, you know, but another one." "As if I would have any but you!" resented an
indignant voice. "Well, Nancy, it do look like as if she'd tried ter get as nigh Heaven as she could, and that's a fact," he agreed, pointing with a crooked finger to where, sharply outlined against the reddening sky, a slender, wind-blown figure was poised on top of a huge rock. "But wait—just let me show you," she exclaimed, skipping over to the
bureau and picking up a small hand-glass. The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. But Pollyanna found it, and ran her shaking forefinger down through the C's to "Chilton himself at the other end of the wires, and was tremblingly delivering her message and answering the doctor's terse,
pertinent questions. "She looks like FOLKS, now. It's been hard times with us this year, in more ways than one. "Yes, there is. "Who shall I say sent it?" she mused aloud. Not one of your garments is fit for my niece to wear. She preferred quiet. Through the hall, down the next flight, then bang
through the front screened-door and around to the garden, she ran. She saw a face—not young, it is true—but just now alight with excitement and surprise. You will be when I tell ye. His profession was very dear to him. "But I was glad to find you—that is, I don't mean I was glad your leg was broken, of course," she corrected hurriedly. And you can't
think what a different room it is now, what with the red and blue and yellow worsteds, and the prisms in the window that SHE gave her—why, it actually makes you feel BETTER just to go in there now; and before I used to dread it awfully, it was so dark and gloomy, and mother was so—so unhappy, you know. In the drawer behind her at that moment
lay two new nightdresses that Milly for months had been vainly urging her mother to wear. Try to pull him out of his rut of bad habits. He longed—oh, how earnestly he longed!—to take now, in this crisis, the right step. For years, now, she had been sole mistress of the house and of the thousands left her by her father. Pollyanna decided that of course
he did not hear her. I heard about the accident, and—and it broke me all up. "I have a message for Pollyanna," he said. In the Rev. "It's—why, it's just a lot of ladies that meet and sew and give suppers and raise money and—and talk; that's what a Ladies' Aid is. "Nancy!" Miss Polly spoke sharply. "Who was he? "We will go up-stairs to your room.
"Yours!" gasped Miss Polly. Instead she asked: "Do YOU know him?" Pollyanna nodded. THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM CHAPTER V. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org Title: Pollyanna Author: Eleanor H. "No—er—yes—well, never mind."
Pollyanna hurried on—they were nearing the Harrington homestead. Why, that room's got EVERYTHING—the carpet and curtains and three pictures, besides the one outdoors, too, 'cause the windows look the same way. Straight ahead, now, the little dog dashed madly; and it was not long before Pollyanna came upon the reason for it all: a man lying
motionless at the foot of a steep, overhanging mass of rock a few yards from the side path. He'll know what to do besides that. "I've got something besides that was not even a pretty leaf. Say, Mr. Tom, who WAS her A lover? He said I must be glad. "I ain't
sayin', though, Miss Pollyanna, but what it would be a pretty slick piece of business if you could GET 'em ter playin' it—so they WOULD be glad ter make up. "Hoping to hear favorably from you soon, I remain, "Respectfully yours, "Jeremiah O. I knew she would be glad, because she used to feel kind of bad—at things we said, sometimes. CHAPTER
VIII. But I wish I looked that way ter somebody 'way off. But, surely, it seems to me if I am willing to do my duty in seeing that you have proper care and instruction, YOU ought to be willing to do my duty in seeing that you have proper care and instruction.
better than that old dead skeleton you keep somewhere; but I think it would!" "SKELETON?" "Yes. "Yes." Pollyanna hesitated, then continued with her usual truthfulness. And now she—can't—drat that autymobile! I begs yer pardon, sir. Paul Ford's sermon the next Sunday was a veritable bugle-call to the best that was in every man and woman and
child that heard it; and its text was one of Pollyanna's shining eight hundred: "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart." CHAPTER XXIII. "You see I'd just found out about the room, and I reckon you'd have banged doors if—" Pollyanna stopped short and eyed her aunt with new interest. Who do you
s'pose is in the parlor now with the mistress? Back and forth, back and forth, between Pollyanna and the side path he vibrated, barking and whining pitifully. My, I guess I AM glad—" She stopped short and turned amazed eyes on the little girl. She's a very DUTIFUL woman. Just how the game is going to help us, I can't say that I exactly see, yet; but
maybe 'twill. Pollyanna, standing at the bureau, gazed a little wistfully at the bare wall above. "Why don't ye tell me the sun is a-goin' ter set in the east ter-morrer?" "But it's true. "Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, that blessed child's gone," she wailed. "Pollyanna, standing at the bureau, gazed a little wistfully at the bare wall above. "Why don't ye tell me the sun is a-goin' ter set in the east ter-morrer?" "But it's true. "Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, Mr.
"Perhaps he didn't know. "Oh, but that was before you taught me to play that wonderful game of yours. Pollyanna. Why can't I get up?" Miss Polly's eyes asked an agonized guestion of the white-capped young woman standing in the window, out of the range of Pollyanna's eyes. You know Freddy's ALL I have now. 'Twas a bad mess," he sighed, as he
turned away. "Probably I didn't do the introducing right, anyhow; and I reckon I didn't tell her much who you were.
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