

The image shows the front cover of an antique ledger. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, often called a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring irregular, organic shapes in shades of brown, tan, and cream, set against a background of muted teal and blue-green. The marbling is dense and intricate. In the center of the cover, there is a rectangular, light green paper label with a thin black border. The word 'LEDGER.' is printed on this label in a bold, black, serif font. The left edge of the book shows a dark brown, worn leather spine. There are some signs of age and wear, particularly at the top and bottom edges of the cover.

LEDGER.

Ephraim Weed Morse.
 Dec. 10. 1838.

Pollyanna Grows Up

The Second GLAD Book

Trade Mark.

By Eleanor H. Porter

The publication in the Post of "Pollyanna," the Glad Book, created a very widespread interest, and the demand among Post readers for the sequel, "Pollyanna Grows Up," has proven overwhelming.

The Post considers itself fortunate to be able to present to its readers this new, fascinating and inspiring serial. It advises its readers generally to read it, and to recommend it to their friends.

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CHAPTER I.

Della Speaks Her Mind

Della Wetherby tripped up the somewhat imposing steps of her sister's Commonwealth avenue home and pressed an energetic finger against the electric-bell button. From the tip of her wing-trimmed hat to the toe of her low-heeled shoe she radiated health, capability and alert decision. Even her voice, as she greeted the maid that opened the door, vibrated with the joy of living.

"Good morning, Mary. Is my sister in?"

"Y-yes, ma'am, Mrs. Carew is in," hesitated the girl; "but—she gave orders she'd see no one."

"Did she? Well, I'm no one," smiled Miss Wetherby, "so she'll see me. Don't worry—I'll take the blame," she nodded, in answer to the frightened remonstrance in the girl's eyes. "Where is she—in her sitting-room?"

"Y-yes, ma'am; but—that is, she said—"

Miss Wetherby, however, was already halfway up the broad stairway, and, with a despairing backward glance, the maid turned away.

In the hall above Della Wetherby unhesitatingly walked toward a half-open door, and knocked.

"Well, Mary," answered a "dear-me-what-now" voice. "Haven't I—oh, Della!" The voice grew suddenly warm with love and surprise. "You dear girl, where did you come from?"

"Yes, it's Della," smiled that young woman blithely, already halfway across the room. "I've come from an over-Sunday at the beach with two of the other nurses and I'm on my way back to the sanatorium now. That is, I'm here now, but I shan't be long. I stepped in for—this," she finished, giving the owner of the "dear-me-what-now" voice a hearty kiss.

Mrs. Carew frowned and drew back a little coldly. The slight touch of joy and animation that had come into her face fled, leaving only a dispirited fretfulness that was plainly very much at home there.

"Oh, of course! I might have known," she said. "You never stay—here."

"Here!" Della Wetherby laughed merrily, and threw up her hands; then, abruptly, her voice and manner changed. She regarded her sister with grave, tender eyes. "Ruth, dear, I couldn't—I just couldn't—live in this house. You know I couldn't," she finished gently.

Mrs. Carew stirred irritably. "I'm sure I don't see why not," she fenced.

Della Wetherby shook her head.

"Yes you do, dear. You know I'm entirely out of sympathy with it all: the gloom, the lack of aim, the insistence on misery and bitterness."

"But I am miserable and bitter."

"You ought not to be."

"Why not? What have I to make me otherwise?"

Della Wetherby gave an impatient gesture.

"Ruth, look here," she challenged. "You're 33 years old. You have good health—or would have, if you treated yourself properly—and you certainly have an abundance of time and a superabundance of money. Surely anybody would say you ought to find something to do this glorious morning besides sitting moped up in this tomb-like house with instructions to the maid that you'll see no one."

"But I don't want to see anybody."

"Then I'd make myself want to."

Mrs. Carew sighed wearily and turned away her head.

"Oh, Della, why won't you ever understand? I'm not like you. I can't—forget."

A swift pain crossed the younger woman's face.

"You mean—Jamie, I suppose. I don't forget that, dear. I couldn't, of course. But moping won't help us—find him."

"As if I haven't tried to find him, for eight long years—and by something besides moping," flashed Mrs. Carew, indignantly, with a sob in her voice.

"Of course you have, dear," soothed the other quickly, "and we shall keep on hunting, both of us, till we do find him—or die. But this sort of thing doesn't help."

"But I don't want to do—anything else," murmured Ruth Carew, drearily.

For a moment there was silence. The younger woman sat regarding her sister with troubled, disapproving eyes.

"Ruth," she said at last, with a touch of exasperation, "forgive me, but—are you always going to be like this? You're widowed, I'll admit; but your married life lasted only a year, and your husband was much older than yourself. You were little more than a child at the time, and that one short year can't seem much more than a dream now. Surely that ought not to embitter your whole life!"

"No, oh, no," murmured Mrs. Carew, still drearily.

"Then are you going to be always like this?"

"Well, of course, if I could find Jamie—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but, Ruth, dear,

isn't there anything in the world but Jamie—to make you any happy?"

"There doesn't seem to be, that I can think of," sighed Mrs. Carew, indifferently.

"Ruth!" ejaculated her sister, stung into something very like anger. Then suddenly she laughed. "Oh, Ruth,

Ruth, I'd like to give you a dose of Pollyanna. I don't know anyone who needs it more!"

Mrs. Carew stiffened a little. "Well, what Pollyanna may be I don't know, but whatever it is, I don't want it," she retorted sharply, nettled in her turn. "This isn't your beloved Sanatorium, and I'm not your patient to be dosed and bossed, please remember."

Della Wetherby's eyes danced, but her lips remained unsmiling.

"Pollyanna isn't a medicine, my dear," she said demurely—"though I have heard some people call her a tonic. Pollyanna is a little girl."

"A child! Well, how should I know?" retorted the other, still aggrievedly. "You have your 'belladonna,' so I'm sure I don't see why not 'pollyanna.' Besides, you're always recommending something for me to take, and you distinctly said 'dose'—and dose usually means medicine, of a sort."

"Well, Pollyanna is a medicine—of a sort," smiled Della. "Anyway, the Sanatorium doctors all declare that she's better than any medicine they can give. She's a little girl, Ruth, 12 or 13 years old, who was at the Sanatorium all last summer and most of the winter. I didn't see her but a month or two, for she left soon after I arrived. But that was long enough for me to come fully under her spell. Besides, the whole Sanatorium is still talking Pollyanna, and playing her game."

"Game?"

"Yes," nodded Della, with a curious smile. "Her 'glad game.' I'll never forget my first introduction to it. One feature of her treatment was particularly disagreeable and even painful. It came every Tuesday morning, and very soon after my arrival it fell to my lot to give it to her. I was dreading it, for I knew from past experience with other children what to expect; fretfulness and tears, if nothing worse. To my unbounded amazement she greeted me with a smile and said she was glad to see me, and, if you'll believe it, there was never so much as a whimper from her lips through the whole ordeal, though I knew I was hurting her cruelly."

"I fancy I must have said something that showed my surprise, for she explained earnestly: 'Oh, yes, I used to feel that way, too, and I did dread it so, till I happened to think 'twas just like Nancy's wash-days, and I could be gladdest of all on Tuesdays, 'cause there wouldn't be another one for a whole week.'"

"Why, how extraordinary!" frowned Mrs. Carew, not quite comprehending. "But I'm sure I don't see any game to that."

"No, I didn't, till later. Then she told me. It seemed she was the motherless daughter of a poor minister in the West, and was brought up by the Ladies' Aid Society and missionary barrels. When she was a tiny girl she wanted a doll, and confidently expected it in the next barrel, but there turned out to be nothing but a pair of little crutches."

"The child cried, of course, and it was then that her father taught her the game of hunting for something to be glad about in everything that happened; and he said she could begin right then by being glad she didn't need the crutches. That was the beginning. Pollyanna said it was a lovely game, and she'd been playing it ever since; and that the harder it was to find the glad part the more fun it was, only when it was too awful hard, like she had found it sometimes."

"Why, how extraordinary!" murmured Mrs. Carew, still not entirely comprehending.

"You'd think so—if you could see the results of that game in the Sanatorium," nodded Della; "and Dr. Ames says he hears she's revolutionized the whole town she came from, just the same way. He knows Dr. Chilton very well—the man that married Pollyanna's aunt. And, by the way, I believe that marriage was one of her ministrations. She patched up an old lovers' quarrel between them."

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"Your name is—Jamie?" she asked, with visible difficulty.

"Yes, ma'am." The boy's bright eyes looked straight into hers.

"What is your other name?" "I don't know."

"He is not your son?" For the first time Mrs. Carew turned to the twisted little woman who was still standing by the bed.

"No, madam." "And you don't know his name?" "No, madam. I never knew it."

With a despairing gesture Mrs. Carew turned back to the boy.

"But think, think—don't you remember anything of your name but—Jamie?"

"Very likely," returned Mrs. Carew, with some weariness and a little exasperation.

This led her to say much, also (none of which Pollyanna in the least understood), about "pauperizing the poor," the "evils of indiscriminate giving," and the "pernicious effect of unorganized charity."

"Besides," she added, in answer to the still perplexed expression on Pollyanna's worried little face.

"Oh, oh, oh, how glad I am!" she breathed. "Why, I'm so glad I—I want to cry! Mrs. Carew, why is it, when you're the very gladdest of anything, you always want to cry?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Pollyanna," rejoined Mrs. Carew, abstractedly.

On Mrs. Carew's face there was still no look of joy.

Once in the Murphys' little one-room tenement, it did not take Mrs. Carew long to tell her errand.

In a few short sentences she told the story of the lost Jamie, and of her first hopes that this Jamie might be he.

She made no secret of her doubts that he was the one; at the same time, she said she had decided to take him home with her and give him every possible advantage.

Then, a little wearily, she told what were the plans she had made for him.

At the foot of the bed Mrs. Murphy listened, crying softly.

Across the room Jerry Murphy, his eyes dilating, emitted an occasional low "Gee! Can ye beat that, now?"

CHAPTER XII. From Behind a Counter

Mrs. Carew was very angry. To have brought herself to the point where she was willing to take this lame boy into her home, and then to have the lad calmly refuse to come, was unbearable.

Mrs. Carew was not in the habit of having her invitations ignored, or her wishes scorned.

Furthermore, now that she could not have the boy, she was conscious of an almost frantic terror lest he were, after all, the real Jamie.

She knew then that her true reason for wanting him had been—not because she cared for him, not even because she wished to help him and make him happy—but because she hoped, by taking him, that she would ease her mind, and forever silence that awful eternal questioning on her part.

"What if he were her own Jamie?" It certainly had not helped matters any that the boy had divined her state of mind, and had given as the reason for his refusal that she "did not care."

To be sure, Mrs. Carew now very proudly told herself that she did not indeed "care," that he was not her sister's boy, and that she would "forget all about it."

But she did not forget all about it. However insistently she might disclaim responsibility and relationship, just as insistently responsibility and relationship thrust themselves upon her in the shape of panicky doubts; and however resolutely she turned her thoughts to other matters, just so resolutely visions of a wistful-eyed boy in a poverty-stricken room loomed always before her.

Then, too, there was Pollyanna. Clearly Pollyanna was not herself at all. In a most unpollyannalike spirit she moped about the house, finding apparently no interest anywhere.

"Oh, no, I'm not sick," she would answer, when remonstrated with, and questioned.

"But what is the trouble?" "Why, nothing. It—it's only that I was thinking of Jamie, you know—how he hasn't got all these beautiful things—carpets and pictures and curtains."

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that glad game of yours? I think it would be an excellent idea if you would play it on this."

"I am playing it," quavered Pollyanna. "And that's what I don't understand. I never knew it to act so funny. Why, before, when I've been glad about things I've been happy. But now, about Jamie—I'm so glad I've got carpets and pictures and nice things to eat, and that I can walk and run, and go to school, and all that; but the harder I'm glad for myself the sorrier I am for him. I never knew the game to act so funny, and I don't know what ails it. Do you?"

But Mrs. Carew, with a despairing gesture, merely turned away without a word.

It was the day after Christmas that something so wonderful happened that Pollyanna, for a time, almost forgot Jamie.

Mrs. Carew had taken her shopping, and it was while Mrs. Carew was trying to decide between a duchesse-lace and a point-lace collar, that Pollyanna chanced to spy farther down the counter a face that looked vaguely familiar.

For a moment she regarded it frowningly; then, with a little cry, she ran down the aisle.

"Oh, it's you—it is you!" she exclaimed joyously to a girl who was putting into the show case a tray of pink bows. "I'm so glad to see you!"

The girl behind the counter raised her head and stared at Pollyanna in amazement.

But almost immediately her dark, sombre face lighted with a smile of glad recognition.

"Well, well, if it isn't my little Public Garden kiddie!" she ejaculated. "Yes, I'm so glad you remembered," beamed Pollyanna. "But you never came again. I looked for you lots of times."

"I couldn't. I had to work. That was our last half-holiday, and—fifty cents, madam," she broke off, in answer to a sweet-faced old lady's question as to the price of a black-and-white bow on the counter.

"I see nothing I care for." "Well," said the girl behind the counter, in a shaking voice, to the wide-eyed Pollyanna, "what do you think of my business now? Anything to be glad about there?"

Pollyanna giggled a little hysterically.

"My, wasn't she cross? But she was kind of funny, too—don't you think? Anyhow, you can be glad that—they aren't all like her, can't you?"

"I suppose so," said the girl, with a faint smile. "But I can tell you right now, kiddie, that glad game of yours you was tellin' me about that day in the Garden may be all very well for you; but—"

Once more she stopped with a tired: "Fifty cents, madam," in answer to a question from the other side of the counter.

"Are you as lonesome as ever?" asked Pollyanna wistfully, when the salesgirl was at liberty again.

"Well, I can't say I've given more'n five parties, nor been to more'n seven since I saw you," replied the girl so bitterly that Pollyanna detected the sarcasm.

"Oh, but you did something nice Christmas, didn't you?" "Oh, yes. I stayed in bed all day with my feet done up in rags and read four newspapers and one magazine. Then at night I hobbled out to a restaurant, where I had to blow in thirty-five cents for chicken pie instead of a quarter."

"But what ailed your feet?" "Blistered. Standin' on 'em—Christmas rush."

"Oh!" shuddered Pollyanna, sympathetically. "And you didn't have any tree, or party, or anything?" she cried, distressed and shocked.

"Oh, yes, I know! There's lots of 'em that'll give the rescue work. There's always plenty of helpin' hands stretched out to them that has gone wrong. And that's all right. I ain't findin' no fault with that. Only sometimes I wonder there don't some of 'em think of helpin' the girls before they go wrong. Why don't they give good girls pretty homes with books and pictures and soft carpets and music, and somebody 'round 'em to care? Maybe then there wouldn't be so many—"

Good heavens, what am I sayin'?" she broke off, under her breath. Then, with the old weariness, she turned to a young woman who had stopped before her and picked up a blue bow.

"That's 50 cents, madam," Mrs. Carew heard, as she hurried Pollyanna away.

CHAPTER XIII. A Waiting and a Winning. It was a delightful plan. Pollyanna had it entirely formulated in about five minutes; then she told Mrs. Carew.

Mrs. Carew did not think it was a delightful plan, and she said so very distinctly.

"Oh, but I'm sure they'll think it is," argued Pollyanna, in reply to Mrs. Carew's objections. "And just think how easy we can do it! The tree is just as it was—except for the presents, and we can get more of those. It won't be very long till just New Year's Eve; and only think how glad she'll be to come! Wouldn't you be, if you hadn't anything for Christmas only blistered feet and chicken pie?"

"Dear, dear, what an impossible child you are!" frowned Mrs. Carew. "Even yet it doesn't seem to occur to you that we don't know this young person's name."

"So we don't! And isn't it funny, when I feel that I know her so well?" smiled Pollyanna. "You see, we had such a good talk in the Garden that day, and she told me all about how lonesome she was, and that she thought the loneliest place in the world was in a crowd in a big city, because folks didn't think nor notice, Oh, there was one that noticed; but he noticed too much, she said, and he hadn't ought to notice her any—which is kind of funny, isn't it, when you come to think of it. But anyhow, he came for her there in the Garden to go somewhere with him, and she wouldn't go, and he was a real handsome gentleman, too—until he began to look so cross, just at the last. Folks aren't so pretty when they're cross, are they? Now there was a lady today looking at bows, and she said—well, lots of things that weren't nice, you know. And she didn't look pretty, either; after—after she began to talk. But you will let me have the tree New Year's Eve, won't you, Mrs. Carew?—and invite this girl who sells bows, and Jamie? He's better, you know, now, and he could come. Of course, Jerry would have to wheel him—but then, we'd want Jerry, anyway."

"Oh, of course, Jerry!" exclaimed Mrs. Carew in ironic scorn. "But why stop with Jerry? I'm sure Jerry has hosts of friends who would love to come. And—"

"Oh, Mrs. Carew, may I?" broke in Pollyanna, in uncontrollable delight. "Oh, how good, good, good you are! I've so wanted—"

But Mrs. Carew fairly gasped aloud in surprise and dismay. "No, no, Pollyanna, I—"

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Pollyanna gave a merry laugh. Voice and manner were unmistakably those of a girl quite untouched by even the most far-reaching of Cupid's darts. "Oh, no, I shall never marry," she said blithely. "In the first place I'm not pretty, you know; and in the second place, I'm going to live with Aunt Polly and take care of her." "Not pretty, eh?" smiled Pendleton, quizzically. "Did it ever—occur to you that there might be a difference of opinion on that, Pollyanna?" Pollyanna shook her head. "There couldn't be. I've got a mirror, you see," she objected, with a merry glance. It sounded like coquetry. In any other girl it would have been coquetry, Pendleton decided. But, looking into the face before him now, Pendleton knew that it was not coquetry. He knew, too, suddenly, why Pollyanna had seemed so different from any girl he had ever known. Something of her old literal way of looking at things still clung to her. "Why aren't you pretty?" he asked. Even as he uttered the question, and sure as he was of his estimate of Pollyanna's character, Pendleton quite held his breath at his temerity. He could not help thinking of how quickly any other girl he knew would have resented that implied acceptance of her claim to no beauty. But Pollyanna's first words showed him that even this lurking fear of his was quite groundless. "Why, I just am not," she laughed, a little ruefully. "I wasn't made that way. Maybe you don't remember, but long ago, when I was a little girl, it always seemed to me that one of the nicest things Heaven was going to give me when I got there was black curls." "And is that your chief desire now?" "N-no, maybe not," hesitated Pollyanna. "But I still think I'd like them. Besides, my eyelashes aren't long enough, and my nose isn't Grecian, or Roman, or any of those delightfully desirable ones that belong to a 'type.' It's just nose. And my face is too long, or too short, I've forgotten which; but I measured it once with one of those 'correct-for-beauty' tests, and it wasn't right, anyhow. And they said the width of the face should be equal to five eyes, and the width of the eyes equal to—something else. I've forgotten that, too—only that mine wasn't." "What a lugubrious picture!" laughed Pendleton. Then, with his gaze admiringly regarding the girl's animated face and expressive eyes, he asked: "Did you ever look in the mirror when you were talking, Pollyanna?" "Why, no, of course not!" "Well, you'd better try it sometime." "What a funny idea! Imagine my doing it," laughed the girl. "What shall I say? Like this? Now, you, Pollyanna, what if your eyelashes aren't long, and your nose is just a nose, be glad you've got some eyelashes and some nose!" Pendleton joined her in her laugh, but an odd expression came to his face. "Then you still play—the game," he said, a little diffidently. Pollyanna turned soft eyes of wonder full upon him. "Why, of course! Why, Jimmy, I don't believe I could have lived—the last six months—if it hadn't been for that blessed game." Her voice shook a little. "I haven't heard you say much about it," he commented. She changed color. "I know. I think I'm afraid—of saying too much—to outsiders, who don't care, you know. It wouldn't sound quite the same from me now, at twenty, as it did when I was ten. I realize that, of course. Folks don't like to be preached at, you know," she finished with a whimsical smile. "I know," nodded the young fellow gravely. "But I wonder sometimes, Pollyanna, if you really understand yourself what that game is, and what it has done for those who are playing it."

"I know—what it has done for myself." Her voice was low, and her eyes were turned away. "You see, it really works, if you play it," he mused aloud, after a short silence. "Somebody said once that it would revolutionize the world if everybody would really play it. And I believe it would." "Yes; but some folks don't want to be revolutionized," smiled Pollyanna. "I ran across a man in Germany last year. He had lost his money, and was in hard luck generally. Dear, dear, but he was gloomy! Somebody in my presence tried to cheer him up one day by saying, 'Come, come, things might be worse, you know!' Dear, dear, but you should have heard that man then!" "If there is anything on earth that makes me mad clear through," he snarled, "it is to be told that things might be worse, and to be thankful for what I've got left. These people who go around with an everlasting grin on their faces caroling forth that they are thankful that they can breathe, or eat, or walk, or lie down, I have no use for. I don't want to breathe, or eat, or walk, or lie down—if things are as they are now with me. And when I'm told that I ought to be thankful for some such tommyrot as that, it makes me just want to go out and shoot somebody!" Imagine what I'd have gotten if I'd have introduced the glad game to that man!" laughed Pollyanna. "I don't care. He needed it," answered Jimmy. "Of course he did—but he wouldn't have thanked me for giving it to him." "I suppose not. But, listen! As he was, under his present philosophy and scheme of living, he made himself and everybody else wretched, didn't he? Well, just suppose he was playing the game. While he was trying to hunt up something to be glad about in everything that had happened to him, he couldn't be at the same time grumbling and growling about how bad things were; so that much would be gained. He'd be a whole lot easier to live with, both for himself and for his friends. Meanwhile, just thinking of the doughnut instead of the hole couldn't make things any worse for him, and it might make things better; for it wouldn't give him such a gone feeling in the pit of his stomach, and his digestion would be better. I tell you, troubles are poor things to hug. They've got too many prickers." Pollyanna smiled appreciatively. "That makes me think of what I told a poor old lady once. She was one of my Ladies' Aiders out West, and was one of the kind of people that really enjoys being miserable and telling over her causes for unhappiness. I was perhaps 10 years old and was trying to teach her the game. I reckon I wasn't having very good success, and evidently I at last dimly realized the reason, for I said to her triumphantly: 'Well, anyhow, you can be glad you've got such a lot of things to make you miserable, for you love to be miserable so well!'" "Well, if that wasn't a good one on her," chuckled Jimmy. Pollyanna raised her eyebrows. "I'm afraid she didn't enjoy it any more than the man in Germany would have if I'd told him the same thing." "But they ought to be told, and you ought to tell—" Pendleton stopped short with so queer an expression that Pollyanna looked at him in surprise. "Why, Jimmy, what is it?" "Oh, nothing. I was only thinking," he answered, puckering his lips. "Here I am urging you to do the very thing I was afraid you would do before I saw you. That is, I was afraid before I saw you, that—that—" He floundered into a helpless pause, looking very red indeed. "Well, Jimmy Pendleton," bridled the girl, "you needn't think you can stop there, sir. Now just what do you mean by all that, please?" "Oh, er—n-nothing, much." "I'm waiting," murmured Pollyanna. Voice and manner were calm and confident, though the eyes twinkled mischievously.

The young fellow hesitated, glanced at her smiling face, and capitulated. "Oh, well, have it your own way," he shrugged. "It's only that I was worrying—a little—about that game, for fear you would talk it just as you used to, you know, and—" But a merry peal of laughter interrupted him. "There, what did I tell you? Even you were worried, it seems, lest I should be at 20 just what I was at 10!" "No—no, I didn't mean—Pollyanna, honestly, I thought—of course I knew—" But Pollyanna only put her hands to her ears and went off into another peal of laughter.

CHAPTER XIX. Two Letters

It was toward the latter part of June that the letter came to Pollyanna from Della Wetherby. "I am writing to ask you a favor," Miss Wetherby wrote. "I am hoping you can tell me of some quiet private family in Beldingsville that will be willing to take my sister to board for the summer. There would be three of them, Mrs. Carew, her secretary, and her adopted son, Jamie. (You remember Jamie, don't you?) They do not like to go to an ordinary hotel or boarding house. My sister is very tired, and the doctor has advised her to go into the country for a complete rest and change. He suggested Vermont or New Hampshire. We immediately thought of Beldingsville and you; and we wondered if you couldn't recommend just the right place to us. I told Ruth I would write you. They would like to go right away, early in July, if possible. Would it be asking too much to request you to let us know as soon as you conveniently can if you do know of a place? Please address me here. My sister is with us here at the sanatorium for a few weeks' treatment. Hoping for a favorable reply, I am, most cordially yours, DELLA WETHERBY."

For the first few minutes after the letter was finished, Pollyanna sat with frowning brow, mentally searching the homes of Beldingsville for a possible boarding house for her old friends. Then a sudden something gave her thoughts a new turn, and with a joyous exclamation she hurried to her aunt, in the living room.

"Auntie, auntie," she panted; "I've got just the loveliest idea. I told you something would happen, and that I'd develop that wonderful talent some time. Well, I have. I have right now. Listen! I've had a letter from Miss Wetherby, Mrs. Carew's sister—where I stayed that winter in Boston, you know—and they want to come into the country to board for the summer, and Miss Wetherby's written to see if I didn't know a place for them. They don't want a hotel or an ordinary boarding house, you see. And at first I didn't know of one; but now I do. I do, Aunt Polly! Just guess where 'tis."

"Dear me, child," ejaculated Mrs. Chilton, "how you do run on! I should think you were a dozen years old instead of a woman grown. Now what are you talking about?" "About a boarding place for Mrs. Carew and Jamie. I've found it," babbled Pollyanna. "Indeed! Well, what of it? Of what possible interest can that be to me, child?" murmured Mrs. Chilton, drearily. "Because it's here. I'm going to have them here, auntie."

"Pollyanna!" Mrs. Chilton was sitting erect in horror. "Now, auntie, please don't say no—please don't," begged Pollyanna, eagerly. "Don't you see? This is my chance, the chance I've been waiting for; and it's just dropped right into my hands. We can do it lovely. We have plenty of room, and you know I can cook and keep house. And now there'd be money in it, for they'd pay well, I know; and they'd love to

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come, I'm sure. There'd be three of them—there's a secretary with them." "But, Pollyanna, I can't! Turn this house into a boarding house?—the Harrington homestead a common boarding house? Oh, Pollyanna, I can't, I can't!" "But it wouldn't be a common boarding house, dear. 'Twill be an uncommon one. Besides, they're our friends. It would be like having our friends come to see us; only they'd be paying guests, so meanwhile we'd be earning money—money that we need, auntie, money that we need," she emphasized, significantly. A spasm of hurt pride crossed Polly Chilton's face. With a low moan she fell back in her chair. "But how could you do it?" she asked, at last, faintly. "You couldn't do the work part alone, child!" "Oh, no, of course not," chirped Pollyanna. (Pollyanna was on sure ground now. She knew her point was won.) "But I could do the cooking and the overseeing, and I'm sure I could get one of Nancy's younger sisters to help about the rest. Mrs. Durgin would do the laundry part just as she does now." "But, Pollyanna, I'm not well at all—you know I'm not. I couldn't do much." "Of course not. There's no reason why you should," scorned Pollyanna, loftily. "Oh, auntie, won't it be splendid? Why, it seems too good to be true—money just dropped into my hands like that!" "Dropped into your hands, indeed! You still have some things to learn in this world, Pollyanna, and one is that summer boarders don't drop money into anybody's hands without looking very sharply to it that they get ample return. By the time you fetch and carry and bake and brew until you are ready to sink, and by the time you nearly kill yourself trying to serve everything to order from fresh-laid eggs to the weather, you will believe what I tell you." "All right, I'll remember," laughed Pollyanna. "But I'm not doing any worrying now; and I'm going to hurry and write Miss Wetherby at once so I can give it to Jimmy Bean to mail when he comes out this afternoon." Mrs. Chilton stirred restlessly. "Pollyanna, I do wish you'd call that young man by his proper name. That 'Bean' gives me the shivers. His name is 'Pendleton' now, as I understand it." "So it is," agreed Pollyanna, "but I do forget it half the time. I even call him that to his face, sometimes, and of course that's dreadful, when he really is adopted, and all. But you see I'm so excited," she finished, as she danced from the room. She had the letter all ready for Jimmy when he called at 4 o'clock. She was still quivering with excitement, and she lost no time in telling her visitor what it was all about. "And I'm crazy to see them, besides," she cried, when she had told him of her plans. "I've never seen either of them since that winter. You

know I told you—didn't I tell you?—about Jamie." "Oh, yes, you told me." There was a touch of constraint in the young man's voice. "Well, isn't it splendid, if they can come?" "Why, I don't know as I should call it exactly splendid," he parried. "Not splendid that I've got such a chance to help Aunt Polly out, for even this little while? Why, Jimmy, of course it's splendid." "Well, it strikes me that it's going to be rather hard—for you," bridled Jimmy, with more than a shade of irritation. "Yes, of course, in some ways. But I shall be so glad for the money coming in that I'll think of that all the time. You see," she sighed, "how mercenary I am, Jimmy."

For a long minute there was no reply; then, a little abruptly, the young man asked: "Let's see, how old is this Jamie now?" Pollyanna glanced up with a merry smile. "Oh, I remember—you never did like his name, 'Jamie,'" she twinkled. "Never mind; he's adopted now, legally, I believe, and has taken the name of Carew. So you can call him that." "But that isn't telling me how old he is," reminded Jimmy, stiffly. "Nobody knows, exactly, I suppose. You know, he couldn't tell; but I imagine he's about your age. I wonder how he is now. I've asked all about it in this letter, anyway."

"Oh, you have!" Pendleton looked down at the letter in his hand and flipped it a little spitefully. He was thinking that he would like to drop it, to tear it up, to give it to somebody, to throw it away, to do anything with it—but mail it. Jimmy knew perfectly well that he was jealous, that he always had been jealous of this youth with the name so

like and yet so unlike his own. Not that he was in love with Pollyanna, he assured himself wrathfully. He was not that, of course. It was just that he did not care to have this strange youth with the sissy name come to Beldingsville and be always around to spoil all their good times. He almost said as much to Pollyanna, but something stayed the words on his lips; and after a time he took his leave, carrying the letter with him. That Jimmy did not drop the letter, tear it up, give it to anybody, or throw it away was evidenced a few days later. For Pollyanna received a prompt and delighted reply from Miss Wetherby; and when Jimmy came next time he heard it read—or rather he heard part of it, for Pollyanna pre-faced the reading by saying:

"Of course, the first part is just where she says how glad they are to come, and all that. I won't read that. But the rest I thought you'd like to hear, because you've heard me talk so much about them. Besides, you'll know them yourself pretty soon, of course. I'm depending a whole lot on you, Jimmy, to help me make it pleasant for them." "Oh, are you?" "Now don't be sarcastic, just because you don't like Jamie's name," reproved Pollyanna, with mock severity. "You'll like him, I'm sure, when you know him; and you'll love Mrs. Carew." "Will I, indeed?" retorted Jimmy huffily. "Well, that is a serious prospect. Let us hope, if I do, the lady will be so gracious as to reciprocate." "Of course," dimpled Pollyanna. "Now listen, and I'll read to you about her. This letter is from her sister, Della—Miss Wetherby, you know, at the sanatorium." "All right. Go ahead!" directed Jimmy, with a somewhat too evident attempt at polite interest. And Pollyanna, still smiling mischievously, began to read.

"You ask me to tell you everything about everybody. That is a large commission, but I'll do the best I can. To begin with, I think you'll find my sister quite changed. The new interests that have come into her life during the last six years have done wonders for her. Just now she is a bit thin and tired from overwork, but a good rest will soon remedy that, and you'll see how young and blooming and happy she looks. Please notice I said happy. That won't mean so much to you as it does to me, of course, for you were too young to realize quite how unhappy she was when you first knew her that winter in Boston. Life was such a dreary, hopeless thing for her then; and now it is so full of interest and joy. "First, she has Jamie, and when you see them together you won't need to be told what he is to her. To be sure, we are no nearer knowing whether he is the real Jamie, or not, but my sister loves him like an own son now and has legally adopted him, as I presume you know.

"Then she has her girls. Do you remember Sadie Dean, the salesgirl? Well, from getting interested in her, and trying to help her to a happier living, my sister has broadened her efforts little by little, until she has scores of girls now who regard her as their own best and particular good angel. She has started a Home for Working Girls along new lines. Half a dozen wealthy and influential men and women are associated with her, of course—but she is head and shoulders of the whole thing, and never hesitates to give herself to each and every one of the girls. You can imagine what that means in nerve strain. Her chief support and right-hand man is her secretary, this same Sadie Dean. You'll find her changed, too, yet she is the same old Sadie.

CHAPTER XX. The Paying Guests

The few intervening days before the expected arrival of "those dreadful people," as Aunt Polly termed her niece's paying guests, were busy ones indeed for Pollyanna—but they were happy ones, too, as Pollyanna refused to be weary, or discouraged, or dismayed, no matter how puzzling were the daily problems she had to meet.

Summoning Nancy, and Nancy's younger sister, Betty, to her aid, Pollyanna systematically went through the house, room by room, and arranged for the comfort and convenience of her expected boarders. Mrs. Chilton could do but little to assist. In the first place she was not well. In the second place her mental attitude toward the whole idea was not conducive to aid or comfort, for at her side stalked always the Harrington pride of name and race, and on her lips was the constant moan:

"Oh, Pollyanna, Pollyanna, to think of the Harrington homestead ever coming to this!" "It isn't, dearie," Pollyanna at last soothed laughingly. "It's the Carews that are coming to the Harrington homestead!"

But Mrs. Chilton was not to be so lightly diverted, and responded only with a scornful glance and a deeper sigh, so Pollyanna was forced to leave her to travel alone her road of determined gloom. Upon the appointed day Pollyanna, with Timothy (who owned the Harrington horses now), went to the station to meet the afternoon train. Up to this hour there had been nothing but confidence and joyous anticipation in Pollyanna's heart. But with the whistle of the engine there came to her a veritable panic of doubt, shyness and dismay. She realized suddenly what she, Pollyanna, almost alone and unaided, was about to do. She remembered Mrs. Carew's wealth, position and fastidious tastes. She recollected, too, that this would be a new, tall, young-man Jamie, quite unlike the boy she had known.

For one awful moment she thought only of getting away—somewhere, anywhere.

"Timothy, I—I feel sick. I'm not well, I—tell 'em—er—not to come," she faltered, poising as if for flight.

"Ma'am!" exclaimed the startled Timothy. One glance into Timothy's amazed face was enough. Pollyanna laughed and threw back her shoulders alertly. "Nothing. Never mind! I didn't mean it, of course, Timothy. Quick—see! They're almost here," she panted. And Pollyanna hurried forward, quite herself once more.

She knew them at once. Even had there been any doubt in her mind, the crutches in the hands of the tall, brown-eyed young man would have piloted her straight to her goal.

There were a few brief minutes of eager hand-claps and incoherent exclamations, then, somehow, she found

herself in the carriage with Mrs. Carew at her side, and Jamie and Sadie Dean in front. She had a chance, then, for the first time, really to see her friends, and to note the changes the six years had wrought.

70 16
22 76
99 92
1541 65
544 65
96 78
96 75
360 25
60 25
67 91
4 31

In regard to Mrs. Carew, her first feeling was one of surprise. She had forgotten that Mrs. Carew was so lovely. She had forgotten that the eyelashes were so long, that the eyes they shaded were so beautiful. She even caught herself thinking enviously of how exactly that perfect face must tally, figure by figure, with that dread beauty-test table. But more than anything else, she rejoiced in the absence of the old fretful lines of gloom and bitterness.

Then she turned to Jamie. Here again she was surprised, and for much the same reason. Jamie, too, had grown handsome. To herself Pollyanna declared that he was really distinguished looking. His dark eyes, rather pale face and dark, waving hair she thought most attractive. Then she caught a glimpse of the crutches at his side, and a spasm of aching sympathy contracted her throat.

From Jamie Pollyanna turned to Sadie Dean. Sadie, so far as features went, looked much as she had when Pollyanna first saw her in the Public Garden; but Pollyanna did not need a second glance to know that Sadie, so far as hair, dress, temper, speech and disposition were concerned, was a very different Sadie indeed.

Then Jamie spoke. "How good you were to let us come," he said to Pollyanna. "Do you know what I thought of when you wrote that we could come?"

"Why, n-no, of course not," stammered Pollyanna. Pollyanna was still seeing the crutches at Jamie's side, and her throat was still tightened from that aching sympathy.

"Well, I thought of the little maid in the Public Garden, with her bag of peanuts for Sir Lancelot and Lady Guinevere, and I knew that you were just putting us in their places, for if you had a bag of peanuts, and we had none, you wouldn't be happy till you'd shared it with us."

"A bag of peanuts, indeed!" laughed Pollyanna.

"Oh, of course in this case, your bag of peanuts happened to be airy country rooms, and cow's milk, and real eggs from a real hen's nest," returned Jamie whimsically; "but it amounts to the same thing. And maybe I'd better warn you—you remember how greedy Sir Lancelot was;—well—"

"All right, I'll take the risk," dimpled Pollyanna, thinking how glad she was that Aunt Polly was not present to hear her worst predictions so nearly fulfilled thus early. "Poor Sir Lancelot! I wonder if anybody feeds him now, or if he's there at all."

"Well, if he's there, he's fed," interposed Mrs. Carew, merrily. "This ridiculous boy still goes down there at least once a week with his pockets bulging with peanuts and I don't know what all. He can be traced any time by the trail of small grains he leaves behind him; and half the time, when I order my cereal for breakfast it isn't forthcoming, because, forsooth, 'Master Jamie has fed it to the pigeons, ma'am!'"

"Yes, but let me tell you," plunged in Jamie, enthusiastically. And the next minute Pollyanna found herself listening with all the old fascination to a story of a couple of squirrels in a sunlit garden. Later she saw what Della Wetherby had meant in her letter, for when the house was reached, it came as a distinct shock to her to see Jamie pick up his crutches and swing himself out of the carriage with their aid. She knew then that already in ten short minutes he had made her forget that he was lame.

To Pollyanna's great relief that first dreaded meeting between Aunt Polly and the Carew party passed off much better than she had feared. The newcomers were so frankly delighted with the old house and everything in it, that it was an utter impossibility for the mistress and owner of it all to continue her stiff attitude of disapproving resignation to their presence. Besides, as was plainly evident before an hour had passed, the personal

charm and magnetism of Jamie had pierced even Aunt Polly's armor of distrust; and Pollyanna knew that at least one of her own most dreaded problems was a problem no longer, for already Aunt Polly was beginning to play the stately, yet gracious hostess to these, her guests.

Notwithstanding her relief at Aunt Polly's change of attitude, however, Pollyanna did not find that all was smooth sailing, by any means. There was work, and plenty of it, that must

be done. Nancy's sister, Betty, was pleasant and willing, but she was not Nancy, as Pollyanna soon found. She needed training, and training took time. Pollyanna worried, too, for fear everything should not be quite right. To Pollyanna, those days, a dusty chair was a crime and a fallen cake a tragedy.

Gradually, however, after incessant arguments and pleadings on the part of Mrs. Carew and Jamie, Pollyanna came to take her tasks more easily, and to realize that the real crime and tragedy in her friends' eyes was not the dusty chair nor the fallen cake, but the frown of worry and anxiety on her own face.

"Just as if it wasn't enough for you to let us come," Jamie declared, "without just killing yourself with work to get us something to eat."

"Besides, we ought not to eat so much, anyway," Mrs. Carew laughed, "or else we shall get 'digestion,' as one of my girls calls it when her food disagrees with her."

It was wonderful, after all, how easily the three new members of the family fitted into the daily life. Before twenty-four hours had passed Mrs. Carew had gotten Mrs. Chilton to asking really interested questions about the new Home for Working Girls, and Sadie Dean and Jamie were quarreling over the chance to help with the pea-shelling or the flower-picking.

The Carews had been at the Harrington homestead nearly a week when one evening John Pendleton and Jimmy called. Pollyanna had been hoping they would come soon. She had, indeed, urged it very strongly before the Carews came. She made the introductions now with visible pride.

"You are such good friends of mine, I want you to know each other, to be good friends together," she explained.

That Jimmy and Mr. Pendleton should be clearly impressed with the charm and beauty of Mrs. Carew did not surprise Pollyanna in the least; but the look that came into Mrs. Carew's face at sight of Jimmy did surprise her very much. It was almost a look of recognition.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, haven't I met you before?" Mrs. Carew cried.

mond Cr

Bay Stock 0 188 87 May 2

Sons Cr

By Cash 12 100 00

Cr

By Dr. B. L. S. 4 2670 83

Cr

8 3000 00 May 15 *By Sundries* 12 3000 00

9 60 00

2660 00

3060 00

Dr Bates J. Cr

To Cash 10 865 04 May 1 *By Dr. B. L. S. 9* 865 04

865 04

865 04

Dr William Moulton Cr

May 12 To Cash 12 278 00 *April By Furniture* 8 278 00

278 00

278 00

Dr. Molasses Cr

April 3 To Dr. B. L. S. 7 450 00 *April 4 By Sundries* 7 250 00

8 " *Bills Receivable* 8 100 00

May 3 " Cash 10 150 00

"Profit & Loss 17 50 00

800 00

800 00

Dr Eastern Woods Cr

April 8 To Cash 7 220 00 *April 8 By Sundries* 8 118 00

" 15 " *Cash* 8 60 00

" " *Bailey Chase* 9 60 00

"Profit & Loss 17 15 00

295 00

295 00

~17~
Dr Broadcloth Cr

April 13	To Bales of Linnings	8	360 00	May 1	By Cash	9	125 00
	" Profit & Loss	17	45 00	April 22	" "	9	210 00
			<u>405 00</u>				<u>405 00</u>

Dr Profit & Loss Cr

April 22	To Buchanan of Co	9	2240 17				
May 10	" Sundries	11	500 40				
" 15	" Bailey Chase	12	2547 80				
			<u>5588 37</u>	By Real Estate	13	1430 00	
" Furniture	11	228 00		" Commission	14	92 92	
" Expense account	12	327 35		" Molasses	16	50 00	
" Merchandise	12	1386 00		" Eastern Wood	18	15 00	
" Interest	13	19 88		" Broadcloth		40 00	
			<u>7547 60</u>			<u>632 92</u>	
				" By Stock for let loss	9	6914 68	
			<u>7547 60</u>			<u>7547 60</u>	

Dr Balance Cr

To Cash	10	8926 68	By Stock for old Capital	9	10276 68
" Merchants Bank of St. L.	9	850 00			
" Furniture	11	500 00			
			<u>10276 68</u>		<u>10276 68</u>

Dr Henry C. Titcomb Cr

Jan 1	To Bills Payable	1	320 00	By Sundries	1	400 00
" 3	" Cash	1	32 12			
	" Balance	10	596 00	" Profit & Loss	9	148 12
			<u>948 12</u>			<u>948 12</u>

Dr Ephraim W. Morse Cr

Jan 1	To Bills Payable	1	400 00	By Sundries	1	1050 00
	" Balance	10	798 12	" Profit & Loss	9	148 12
			<u>1198 12</u>			<u>1198 12</u>

Dr Cash Cr

Jan 1	To Sundries	1	900 00	Jan 1	By Expense Account	1	4 00
" 4	" Todd's Consignment	2	99 00	" 3	" Todd's Consignment	1	124 00
" 5	" " "	2	1020 59	" " "	" Sundries	1	11 50
" 6	" Griswold's Work	2	407 36	" " "	" "	1	112 12
" 11	" Christopher Bassell	3	674 00	" 4	" Expense Account	2	17 26
" 11	" Sundries	3	205 33	" 8	" Todd's Consignment	3	1484 75
" 11	" " "	3	906 05	" 11	" Griswold's Work	4	2251 87
" 11	" " "	3	500 50	" 12	" Foster's Consignment	4	10 40
" 11	" Bills Receivable	3	1000 00	" " "	" Adventure to Boston	4	12 00
			<u>5112 83</u>				<u>4487 90</u>
" 13	" Foster's Consignment	4	19 00	" 16	" Foster's Consignment	4	310 94
" "	" Shoes	4	7 50	" 18	" Wood	5	250 00
" 17	" Sundries	5	170 00	" "	" Shipment to Philadelphia	5	30 00
" "	" " "	5	209 80	" 20	" Philadelphia	6	40 00
" 20	" Wood	5	55 00	" 24	" White Lead	6	40 00
" "	" " "	5	312 50	" 25	" Shipment to Bangor	6	30 00
" 21	" Expense Account	5	75 00	" 30	" Expense Account	6	60 00
" "	" Adventure to Boston	5	310 00				<u>5208 94</u>
" "	" Wood	6	312 50				
" 24	" Shipment to Philadelphia	6	1270 50				
" 26	" White Lead		26 00				
" 30	" Reuben Todd		178 19				
			<u>8088 76</u>				<u>8088 76</u>
						" Balance	10 2879 92

Dr Bills Receivable Cr

Jan 1	To Sundries	1	450 00	Jan 11	By Cash	3	200 00
" 5	" Todd's Consignment	2	500 00	" "	" "	3	300 00
" 8	" Griswold & Woods "	2	1000 00	" "	" "	3	500 00
" 14	" Salt "	5	380 00	" "	" "	3	1000 00
" 21	" Wood "	5	145 00	" "	" "		
" "	" "	6	325 00				2000 00
				" Balance		10	1320 00
			<u>3320 00</u>				<u>3320 00</u>

Dr Expense Account Cr

Jan 1	To Cash	1	4 00	Jan 8	By Todd's Consignment	3	30 20
" 3	" "	1	10 00	" 10	" Griswold & Woods "	3	12 00
" 7	" "	2	17 26	" 14	" Foster & Gos "	14	2 10
" 20	" Wood "	5	75 00	" 21	" Cash "	5	75 00
" 30	" Cash "	6	60 00				
							119 00
				" Profit & Loss		10	146 66
			<u>166 26</u>				<u>166 26</u>

Dr Bills Payable Cr

Jan 6	To Griswold & Woods	2	320 00	Jan 1	By Sundries	1	420 00
	Consignment			" 13	" Salt	4	900 00
				" 18	" Wood	5	2000 00
	To Balance	10	6520 00	" 24	" Flour	6	2500 00
				" 26	" Beef	6	520 00
			<u>6840 00</u>				<u>6840 00</u>

Dr Todd's Consignment Cr

Jan 3	To Cash	1	124 00	Jan 1	By Cash	2	99 00
" 8	" Sundries	3	2069 79	" "	" Sundries	2	574 20
				" "	" "	2	1520 59
			<u>2193 79</u>				<u>2193 79</u>

Dr Interest Cr

Jan 6	To Griswold & Woods	2	12 64	Jan 11	By Cash	3	5 33
	Consignment			" "	" "	3	6 05
				" "	" "	3	50
				" Profit & Loss		4	76
			<u>12 64</u>				<u>12 64</u>

Dr Griswold & Woods Consignment Cr

Jan 9	To Cash	1	11 50	Jan 8	By Sundries	2	740 00
" 10	" Sundries	3	2402 50	" 8	" Bills Receivable	2	1000 00
				" 9	" Christopher Basset	3	674 00
			<u>2414 00</u>				<u>2414 00</u>

Dr Commission Cr

Jan 8	To Profit & Loss	9	178 43	Jan 6	By Todd's Consignment	3	84 84
				" 10	" Griswold & Woods "	3	108 63
				" 16	" Foster & Gos "	4	15 26
			<u>178 43</u>				<u>178 43</u>

Dr Foster & Gos Consignment Cr

Jan 12	To Cash	4	10 40	Jan 14	By Adventure to Boston	4	300 00
" 16	" Sundries	4	328 60	" 13	" Shoes	4	20 00
				" 13	" Cash	4	19 00
			<u>339 00</u>				<u>339 00</u>

Dr Todd Cr

Jan 13	To Bills Payable	11	900 00	Jan 14	By Blood & Tickestump	4	140 00
	" Profit & Loss	9	127 30	" 11	" Cash	5	162 50
				" "	" "	5	199 80
				" "	" Bills Receivable	5	350 00
				" 18	" Reuben Todd	5	175 10
			<u>1027 30</u>				<u>1027 30</u>

Dr Shoes Cr

Jan 13	To consignment	4	20 00	Jan 13	By Cash	4	7 50
" Profit & Loss	9	8 00	" 17	" "	5	7 50	
				" "	5	10 00	
			<u>25 00</u>				<u>25 00</u>

Dr Adventure to Boston Cr

Jan 12	To Sundries	4	312 10	Jan 21	By Cash	5	340 00
" Profit & Loss	9	28 00					
			<u>340 00</u>				<u>340 00</u>

Dr Shipment to Philadelphia Cr

Jan 20	To Sundries	8	1155 00	Jan 24	By Cash	6	1270 50
" Profit & Loss	9	115 50					
			<u>1270 50</u>				<u>1270 50</u>

Dr Philip K. Penick Cr

	To Balance	10	1000 00	Jan 24	By Hats	6	1000 00
			<u>1000 00</u>				<u>1000 00</u>

Dr Michael Huse Cr

Jan 4	To Todd's consignment	2	79 20	By Balance	10	79 12
			<u>79 20</u>			<u>79 20</u>

Dr Stephen Pike Cr

Jan 4	To Todd's consignment	2	69 30	By Balance	10	69 30
			<u>69 30</u>			<u>69 30</u>

Dr Charles Thomas Cr

Jan 4	To Todd's consignment	2	39 60	By Balance	10	39 60
			<u>39 60</u>			<u>39 60</u>

Dr Orlando Page Cr

Jan 4	To Todd's consignment	2	89 10	By Balance	10	89 10
			<u>89 10</u>			<u>89 10</u>

Dr William Bartlett Cr

Jan 4	To Todd's consignment	2	297 10	By Balance	10	297 00
			<u>297 00</u>			<u>297 00</u>

Dr Griswold & Wood Cr

Dr Reuben Todd Cr

Jan 11 To Cash	4	2281 87	Jan 10 By their Consignment	3	2281 87
		<u>2281 87</u>			<u>2281 87</u>

Jan 18 To Salt	6	175 00	Jan 20 By Sundries	6	175 00
" 25 " Flour		300 00			
		<u>475 00</u>			<u>475 00</u>

Dr Christopher Bassett Cr

Dr Flour Cr

Jan 9 To Griswold & Wood Consignment	3	674 00	Jan 4 By Cash	3	674 00
		<u>674 00</u>			<u>674 00</u>

Jan 24 To Bills Payable	6	2700 00	Jan 23 By Reuben Todd	6	300 00
" Profit & Loss	1	30 00	" " Shipment to Bangor	6	1530 00
		<u>2730 00</u>	" " Balance	10	900 00
					<u>2730 00</u>

Dr Blood & Tuckersbury Cr

Dr Hats Cr

Jan 14 To Salt	4	140 00	By Balance	10	140 00
		<u>140 00</u>			

Jan 24 To Philip H. Bemick	6	1000 00	By Balance	10	1000 00
		<u>1000 00</u>			<u>1000 00</u>

Dr Wood Cr

White Lead

Jan 18 To Sundries	6	2250 00	Jan 20 By Sundries	6	130 00
" Profit & Loss	9	150 00	" 20 " Cash	5	312 50
		<u>2400 00</u>	" " Shipment to Philadelphia	5	1125 00
			" 21 " Bills Receivable	6	198 00
			" " " " "	6	325 00
			" " " Cash	6	312 50
		<u>2400 00</u>			<u>2400 00</u>

Jan 24 To Cash	6	40 00	Jan 23 By Cash	6	26 00
" Profit & Loss	9	6 00	" Balance	10	20 00
		<u>46 00</u>			<u>46 00</u>
					<u>46 00</u>

Dr Shipment to Bangor Cr

Jan 25 To Sundries	6	1560 00	By Balance	10	1560 00
		<u>1560 00</u>			<u>1560 00</u>

Dr Bill Cr

Jan 26 To Bills Payable	6	520 00	By Balance	10	520 00
		<u>520 00</u>			<u>520 00</u>

Dr Profit & Loss Cr

Jan 30 To Reuben South	6	296 87	By Commission	3	178 73
" Interest	3	76	" Salt	5	127 30
" Expense Account	4	46 66	" Shoes	8	5 00
		<u>344 29</u>	" Adventure to Boston	5	28 00
			" Shipment to Philadelphia	5	115 50
" H. E. Titcomb	1	148 12	" Wood	7	150 00
" E. W. Morse	1	148 12	" Flour	9	30 00
		<u>640 53</u>	" White Lead	4	6 00
					<u>640 53</u>

Dr Balance Cr

To Cash	2	2879 92	By Bills Payable	3	6520 00
" Bills Receivable	3	1320 00	" Philip S. Sennick	5	1000 00
" Expense Account	4	46 66			<u>7520 00</u>
" Michael Huse	6	79 20			
" Stephen Pike	6	69 30			
" Charles Thomas	6	39 60			
" Orlando Page	6	89 10			
" William Bartlett	6	297 00			
" Blood & Tuckerburg	7	140 00	" H. E. Titcomb	1	596 00
" Flour	9	900 00	" E. W. Morse	1	798 12
" Hats	8	1000 00			
" White Lead	4	20 00			
" Shipment to Bangor	9	1560 00			
" Beef	9	520 00			
		<u>8914 12</u>			<u>8914 12</u>

Dr Trial Balance Cr

Cash	2	2879 92	Bills Payable	3	6520 00
Bills Receivable	3	1320 00	Commission	3	178 73
Expense Account	4	46 66	Salt	5	127 30
Interest	3	76	Shoes	8	5 00
Michael Huse	6	79 20	Shipment to Philadelphia	5	115 50
Stephen Pike	6	69 30	Adventure to Boston	5	28 00
Charles Thomas	6	39 60	P. S. Sennick	5	1000 00
Orlando Page	6	89 10	Wood	7	150 00
William Bartlett	6	297 00	H. E. Titcomb	1	447 88
Blood & Tuckerburg	7	140 00	E. W. Morse	1	650 00
Flour	9	900 00			
Hats	8	1000 00			
White Lead	4	20 00			
Shipment to Bangor	9	1560 00			
Beef	9	520 00			
Profit & Loss	9	296 87			
		<u>9222 41</u>			<u>9222 41</u>

Blank ledger page with a grid of 10 columns and 20 rows. The grid is defined by thin blue horizontal lines and thin red vertical lines. A double red vertical line is located between the 3rd and 4th columns. A double red horizontal line is located at the top of the page, above the first row. The page is otherwise blank.





