

Ephraim Well Morse.

Apocto. 1838.

Hollyanna Grows Hp

The Second GLAD Book

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

Miss Wetherby, "so she'll see the 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 halfopen door, and knocked.

"Well, Mary," answered a "dear-mewhat-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. "T'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 new. 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.

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"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? Von're widowed. I'll admit between

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-whatnow" 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 stayhere."

"Here!" Della Wetherby leaveled.

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 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. Ca-

"Here!" Della Wetherby laughed errily, and threw up her hands; then, ruptly, her voice and manner anged. She regarded her sister with 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 fin
"Yes, yes, I know; but, Ruth, dear, I shed gravily.

"Yes, yes, I know; but, Ruth, dear, I shed gravily.

"Yes, yes, I know; but, Ruth, dear, I shed gravily.

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

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 insisting the gloom, misery and bitterness."

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!"

rollyanna. 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."

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 Sanitorium 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. "But I am miserable and bitter."

"You ought not to be."

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

Who is an efft 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."

Della Wetherby tripped up the some what 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-ves, ma'am, Mrs. Carew is in, hesitated the girl; "but—she gave orders she'd see no one."

"Did she? Well, I'm noone," shiled Miss Wetherby, "so she'll see up. Don't worry—I'll take the blame," stended with a way her head.

"Yy-ves, ma'am; but—that is, she said—"My-ves, ma'am; but—that is, s

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 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 urned out to be nothing but a pair of

"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

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, inhears 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 between them.

ittle crutches.

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 have a che's results included the whole

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"You see, two years ago or more Pollyanna's father died and the little girl was sent East to this aunt. In Oc tober she was hurt by an automobile and was told that she could never walk again. In April Dr. Chilton sent her o the Sanatorium and she was there went home practically cured. You should have seen the child! There was just one cloud to mar her happiness, that she couldn't walk all the way As near as I can gather, the hole town turned out to meet her ith brass bands and banners.

gave a slight start.

or Pollyanna that I'd refuse him any-

thing—no matter what it was?"
"Dear, dear! I hope, now, that the

loctor won't take it into his head to

ask for—for you, my love," murmured the husband-of-a-year with a whimsi-

cal smile. But his wife only gave him a deservedly scornful glance, and

send Pollyanna; and ask him to tell Miss Wetherby to give us full instruc-

the 10th of next month, of course

for you sail then; and I want to see

the child properly established myself

"I don't know—exactly, but not any more than I can't help, certainly. Whatever happens, Thomas, we don't

want to spoil Pollyanna, and no child could help being spoiled if she once got it into her head that she was a

sort of—of—"
"Of medicine bottle with a label of

polated the doctor with a smile.
"Yes," sighed Mrs. Chilton. "It's

her unconsciousness that saves the

whole thing. You know that, dear."
"Yes, I know," nodded the man.

"She knows, of course, that you and

I and half the town are playing the game with her, and that we—we are

wonderfully happier because we are playing it." Mrs. Chilton's voice

hook a little, then went on more

should begin to be anything but her own natural, sunny, happy little self, playing the game that her father taught her, she would be—just what

that nurse said she sounded like—'impossible.' So, whatever I tell her I

sha'n't tell her that she's going down to Mrs. Carew's to cheer her up," concluded Mrs. Chilton, rising to her

eet with decision and putting away

her work.
"Which is where I think you're

Pollyanna was told the next day

and this was the manner of it.
"My dear," began her aunt when

the two were alone together that morning, "how would you like to spend next winter in Boston?"

approved the doctor.

Pollyanna's face fell.

steadily.

"But if, consciously, she

So, whatever I tell her,

full instructions for taking?"

before I leave, naturally."
"When will you tell Pollyanna?"

"What will you tell her?"

"You may write Dr. Ames that we'll

It must be sometime before

dignantly.

But you can't tell about Pollyanna One has to see her. And that's why I say I wish you could have a dose of Pollyanna. It would do you a world of

CHAPTER II. (Continued) "Dear Tom," he began. "Miss Della said: Wetherby has asked me to give her and her sister a 'character,' which I am very glad to do. I have known the Wetherby girls from babyhood. They come from a fine old family, and are thoroughbred gentlewomen. You need not fear on that score.

"There were three sisters, Doris, Ruth and Della. Doris married a man named John Kent, much against the family's wishes. Kent came from good stock, but was not much himself, guess, and was certainly a very eccentric, disagreeable man to deal with. He was bitterly angry at the Wether-bys' attitude toward him, and there was little communication between the families until the baby came. The Wetherbys worshipped the little boy, James-'Jamie,' as they called him. Doris, the mother, died when the boy was 4 years old, and the Wetherbys were making every effort to get the father to give the child entirely up to them, when suddenly Kent disappeared, taking the boy with him. He nas never been heard from since. though a world-wide search has been

The loss practically killed old Mr and Mrs. Wetherby. They both died soon after. Ruth was already married and widowed. Her husband was a man named Carew, very wealthy and much older than herself. He lived out a year or so after marriage, and left her with a young son, who also

died within a year.

"From the time little Jamie disappeared Ruth and Della seemed to have but one object in life, and that was to find him. They have spent money like water, and have all but noved heaven and earth; but without avail. In time Della took up nursing. She is doing splendid work and has become the cheerful, efficient, sane woman that she was meant to be-though still never forgetting her lost nephew, and never leaving unfollowed

any possible clew that might lead to his discovery. "With you?"
"No; I have decided to go with your uncle to Germany. But Mrs. Carew, a dear friend of Dr. Ames, has asked you to come and stay with her for the winter, and I think I shall let you go." But with Mrs. Carew it is quite different. After losing her own boy she seemed to concentrate all her thwarted mother-love on her sister's son. As you can imagine, she was frantic when he disappeared. That was eight years ago—for her, eight shall let you go." "But in Boston I won't have Jimmy or Mr. Pendleton or Mrs. Snow long years of misery, gloom and bit-terness. Everything that money can buy, of course, is at her comamnd; but nothing pleases her, nothing in-terests her. Della feels that the time or anybody that I know, Aunt Polly."
"No, dear; but you didn't have them when you came here-till you

found them.' has come when she must be gotten out of herself, at all hazards; and Pollyanna gave a sudden smile. "Why, Aunt Polly, so I didn't! And that means that down to Boston there Della believes that your wife's sunny little niece, Pollyanna, possesses the magic key that will unlock the door are some Jimmys and Mr. Pendletons a new existence for her. Such being the case, I hope you will see your

and Mrs. Snows waiting for me that I don't know, doesn't it?"
"Yes, dear." "Yes, dear."

"Then I can be glad of that. I believe now, Aunt Polly, you know how to play the game better than I do. I never thought of the folks down there waiting for me to know them. And there's such a lot of 'em, too! I saw some of them when I was there two years ago with Mrs. Gray. We were there two whole hours, you know, on my way here from out West.

"There was a man in the station—a way clear to granting her request. And may I add that I, too, personally, would appreciate the favor; for Ruth Carew and her sister are very old, friends of my wife and myself; and what touches them, touches us.
"As ever yours, CHARLIE." 'As ever yours, CHARLIE."
The letter finished, there was long silence, so long a silence that the doctor uttered a quiet, "Well,

There was a man in the station-Still there was silence. The doo perfectly lovely man, who told me where to get a drink of water. Do you suppose he's there now? I'd like to know him. And there was a nice lady with a little girl. They live in tor, watching his wife's face closely saw that the usually firm lips and chir were trembling. He waited then quietuntil his wife spoke.

riow soon—do you think—they'll expect her?" she asked at last. They said they did. The lit tle girl's name was Susie Smith. Perhaps I could get to know them. Do In spite of himself Dr. Chilton you suppose I could? And there was "You mean—that you will let her go?" he cried. His wife turned ina boy and another lady with a baby-only they lived in Honolulu, so prob "Why, Thomas Chilton, what a question! Do you suppose, after a I couldn't find them there now question! Do you suppose, after a letter like that, I could do anything but let her go? Besides, didn't Dr. Ames himself ask us to? Do you think, after what that man has done for Pollyanya that I'd refuse him any But there'd be Mrs. Carew, anyway Who is Mrs. Carew, Aunt Polly? Is she a relation?"

she a relation?"
"Dear me, Pollyanna!" exclaimed
Mrs. Chilton, half-laughingly, halfdespairingly. "How do you expect
anybody to keep up with your tongue,
much less your thoughts, when they skip to Honolulu and back again in two seconds! No, Mrs. Carew isn't any relation to us. She's Miss Della Wetherby's sister. Do you remeber Miss Wetherby at the sanatorium? Pollyanna clapped her hands.

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Miss Wetherby's sis-'Her sister? Oh, then she'll be lovely, know. Miss Wetherby was. I loved Miss Wetherby. She had little smile wrinkles all around her eyes and mouth, and she knew the nicest stories. I only had her two months, though, because she only got there a

little while before I came away. first I was sorry that I hadn't had her all the time, but afterwards I was glad; for you see if I had had her all the time it would have been harder to say good-by than 'twas when I'd only had her a little while. And now t'll seem as if I had her again, 'cause I'm going to have her sister."

Mrs. Chilton drew in her breath and

bit her lip.
"But, Pollyanna, dear, you must not expect that they'll be quite alike," she

rentured.

"Why, they're sisters, Aunt Polly, argued the little girl, her eyes widening; "and I thought sisters were always alike. We had two sets of 'en in the Ladies' Aiders. One et was twins, and they were so alike you couldn't tell which was Mrs. Peck and which was Mrs. Jones, until a of course we could, because we looked for the wart the first thing. And that's what I told her one day when she was complaining that people called her Mrs. Peck, and I said i they'd only look for the wart as did, they'd know right off. But she acted real cross—I mean displeased, and I'm afraid she didn't like it— though I don't see why; for I should have thought she'd been glad there was something they could be told apart by, 'specially as she was the president, and didn't like it when folks didn't act as if she was the president -best seats and introductions and special attentions at church suppers you know. But she didn't, and afterwards I heard Mrs. White tell Mrs. Rawson that Mrs. Jones had done everything she could think of to get rid that wart, even to trying salt on a bird's tail. But I don't see how that could do any good. Aunt Polly, does putting salt on a bird's tail help the warts on people's noses?"
"Of course not, child! How you do

run on, Pollyanna, especially if you get started on those Ladies' Aiders!"
"Do I, Aunt Polly?" asked the little
girl, ruefully. "And does it plague

girl, ruefully. "And does it plague you? I don't mean to plague you, honestly, Aunt Polly. And, anyway, if I do plague you about those Ladies Aiders, you can be kind o' glad, for if I'm thinking of the Aiders, I'm sure to be thinking how glad I am that I don't belong to them any longer, but have got an aunt all my own You can be glad of that, can't you Aunt Polly?"

Yes, yes, dear, of course I can, of course I can," laughed Mrs. Chilton rising to leave the room, and feeling suddenly very guilty that she was conscious sometimes of a little of her old irritation against Pollyanna's perpetual gladness.

During the next few days, while letters concerning Pollyanna's winter stay in Boston were flying back and forth, Pollyanna herself was preparing for that stay by a series of fare-well visits to her Beldingsville friends.

Everybody in the little Vermont village knew Pollyanna now, and almost everybody was playing the game with her. The few who were not, were not her. The few who were not, were not refraining because of ignorance of what the glad game was. So to one house after another Pollyanna carried the news now that she was going Jadown to Boston to spend the winter; and loudly rose the clamor of regret and remonstrance, all the way from Nancy in Aunt Polly's own kitchen great house on the hill where lived John Pendleton.

Nancy did not hesitate to say-to every one except her mistress—that she considered this Boston trip all foolishness, and that for her part she would have been glad to take Pollyanna home with her to the Corners, she would, she would; and then strolled back to Pollyanna still sitting Mrs. Polly could have gone to Germany all she wanted to.

the hill John Pendleton said practically the same thing, only he did not hesitate to say it to Mrs. Chilton herself. As for Jimmy, the 12-yearold boy whom John Pendleton taken into his home because Pollyanna wanted him to. and whom he had now adopted—because he wanted to himself—as for Jimmy, Jimmy was indignant, and he was not slow to

"But you've just come," he reproached Pollyanna, in the tone of voice a small boy is apt to use when he wants to hide the fact that he has

"Why, I've been here ever since the last of March. Besides, it isn't as if I was going to stay. It's only for this (Conveight 1015 by The Dogs Co

"I don't care. You've just been away for a whole year, 'most, and if I'd s'posed you was going away again right off, the first thing, I wouldn't have helped one mite to meet you with flags and bands and things, that day you come from the sanatorium.
"Why, Jimmy Bean!" ejaculated

Pollyanna, in amazed disapproval. Then, with a touch of superiority born of hurt pride, she observed: "I'm sure I didn't ask you to meet me with bands and things-and you made two mistakes in that sentence. You shouldn't say 'you was'; and I think ou come' is wrong. It doesn't sound

"Well, who cares if I did?" Pollyanna's eyes grew still more

disapproving. You said you did-when you asked me this summer to tell you when you said things wrong, because Mr. Pendleton was trying to make you talk

'Well, if you'd been brought up in a 'sylum without any folks that cared, instead of by a whole lot of old women who didn't have anything to do but tell you how to talk right, maybe you'd say 'you was,' and a whole lot more worse things, Polly-anna Whittier!"

"Why, Jimmy Bean!" flared Polly-ina. "My Ladies' Aiders weren't old women—that is, not many of them, so very old," she corrected hastily, her usual proclivity for truth and literalness superseding her anger

"Well, I'm not Jimmy Bean, either," interrupted the boy, uptilting his chin.
"You're—not— Why, Jimmy Be—
What do you mean?" demanded the little girl.

T've been adopted, legally. He's been intending to do it, all along, he says, only he didn't get to it. Now says, only he didn't get to it. Now he's done it. I'm to be called 'Jimmy Pendleton,' and I'm to call him Uncle John, only I aint—are not—I mean, I am not used to it yet, so I hain't—naven't begun to call him that, much."

The boy still spoke crossly, agrievedly, but every trace of displeasure had fled from the little girl's face at his words. She clapped her hands

"Oh, how splendid! Now you've really got folks—folks that care, you

The boy got up suddenly from the stonewall where they had been sitting, and walked off. His cheeks felt hot, and his eyes smarted with tears. It was to Pollyanna that he owed it all—this great good that had come to him; and he knew it. And it was to Pollyanna that he had just now been saving saying— He kicked a small stone fiercely

hen another, and another. He thought those hot tears in his eyes were going to spill over and roll down his cheeks in spite of himself. He kicked an other stone, then another; then he picked up a third stone and threw it with all his might. A minute later he

on the stone wall.
"I bet you I can hit that pine tree down there before you can," he challenged airily.

"Bet you can't," cried Pollyanna scrambling down from her perch.

The race was not run after all, for Pollyanna remembered just in time that running fast was yet one of the forbidden luxuries for her. But so far as Jimmy was concerned, it did not matter. His cheeks were no long. er hot, his eyes were not threatening to overflow with tears. Jimmy was nimself again.

CHAPTER III.

A Dose of Pollyanna
As the eighth of September approached—the day Pollyanna was to arrive-Mrs. Ruth Carew became more and more nervously exasperated with herself. She declared that she had reherself. She declared that she had re-gretted just once her promise to take the child—and that was ever since she had given it. Before twenty-four hours where in the world there was anyone had passed she had, indeed, written to her sister demanding that she be re-leased from the agreement; but Della told herself angrily, pulling herself up had answered that it was quite too late, as already both she and Dr. Ames had written the Chiltons.

Soon after that had come Della's letter saying that Mrs. Chilton had given her consent and would in a few day come to Boston to make arrangements as to school and the like. So there was nothing to be done, naturally, but to let matters take their course. Mrs. Carew realized that, and submitted to the inevitable, but with poor grace True, she tried to be decently civil when Della and Mrs. Chilton made their expected appearance, but she was very glad that limited time made Mrs Chilton's stay of very short duration

and full to the brim of business.

It was well, perhaps, that Pollyanna's arrival was to be at a date no later plied Mrs. Carew, drily.

"Don't you? She's awfully nice, and the plant of t

inwardly she was very fearful as to chauffeur was holding open results; but on Pollyanna she was pinning her faith, and because she did pin her faith on Pollyanna she determined answered with the weariness of one on the bold stroke of leaving the little to whom "rides" are never anything girl to begin her fight entirely unaided but a means of locomotion from one and alone. She contrived, therefore, tiresome place to another probably that Mea. Carent should meat them at quite as tiresome. that Mrs. Carew should meet them at quite as tiresome. that Mrs. Carew should meet them at 44me as the some.

the station upon their arival; then, as "Yes, we're going to ride in it."

soon as greetings and introductions Then "Home, Perkins," she added to were over, she hurriedly pleaded a pre-the deferential chauffeur. rious engagement and took herself off.

Obediently Pollyanna turned and trotted at Mrs. Carew's side through the huge station; but she looked up once or twice rather anxiously into the ady's unsmiling face. At last she spoke nesitatingly:

"I expect maybe you thought—I'd be pretty," she hazarded, in a troubled

P-pretty?" repeated Mrs. Carew. "Yes-with curls, you know, and all hat. And of course you did wonder now I did look, just as I did you. Only l knew you'd be pretty and nice, on account of your sister. I had her to go by, and you didn't have anybody. And of course I'm not pretty, on account of the freckles, and it isn't nice when you've been expecting a pretty little girl to have one come like me; and—"

"Nonsense, child!" interrupted Mrs. Carew, a trifle sharply. "Come, we'll see to your trunk now, then we'll go I had hoped that my sister would come with us, but it seems she didn't see fit—even for this one night." Pollyanna smiled and nodded.

"I know; but she couldn't, probably Somebody wanted her, I expect. Somebody was always wanting her at the Sanatorium. It's a bother, of course, isn't it?—'cause you can't have your-self when you want yourself, lots of times. Still, you can be kind of glad for that, for it is nice to be wanted, isn't it?" when folks do want you all the time

with a jerk, and frowning down at the child by her side.
Pollyanna did not see the frown.

Pollyanna's eyes were on the hurrying throngs about them.
"My! What a lot of people," she was

saying happily. "There's even more of them than there was the other time I was here; but I haven't seen anybody. yet, that I saw then, though I've looke for them everywhere. Of course the lady and the little baby lived in Hono lady and the little baby lived in Front-dulu, so probably they wouldn't be here; but there was a little girl, Susie Smith—she lived right here in Boston. Maybe you know her, though. Do you know Susie Smith?"
"No, I don't know Susie Smith," re-

than the eighth; for time, instead of reconciling Mrs. Carew to the prospective new member of her household, was filling her with angry impatience at what she was pleased to call her "absurd yielding to Della's crazy automobile! And are we come to have when I go to heaven. But never mind; maybe I can find her for you so you will know her. Oh, my! what a perfectly lovely automobile! And are we come to reconciling Mrs. Carew to the prospective new member of her household, was filling her with the kind I'm going to have when I go to heaven. cheme."

automobile! And are we going to ride

Nor was Della herself in the least in it?" broke off Pollyanna, as they Nor was Della herselt in the least unaware of her sister's state of mind. If came to a pause before a handsom limousine, the door of which a liveries

The chauffeur tried to hide a smile and failed. Mrs. Carew, however,

vious engagement and took herself off.

Mrs. Carew, therefore, had scarcely time to look at her new charge before she found herself alone with the child. "Oh, but Della, Della, you mustn't—" "How perfectly lovely! Then you must I can't—" she called agitatedly after "Oh, but Della, Della, you mustn't— I can't—" she called agitatedly after the retreating figure of the nurse.

But Della, if she heard, did not heed and, plainly annoyed and vexed, Mrs. Carew turned back to the child at her side.

"What a shame! She didn't hear, did she?" Pollyanna was saying, her eyes, also, wistfully following the nurse. "And I didn't want her to go now a bit. But then, I've got you haven't I? I can be glad for that,"

"Oh, but Della, you mustn't— How perfectly lovely! Then you must be rich—awfully—I mean exceedingly rich, more than the kind that just has carpets in every room and ice cream Sundays, like the Whites—one of my Ladies' Aiders, you know. (That is, side.

"And I didn't want her to go now a bit. But then, I've got you haven't I? I can be glad for that,"

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has them, too, only her automobile is a horse. My! but don't I just love to ride in these things," exulted Pollyanride in these things," exulted Pollyanna, with a happy little bounce, "You see I
I never did before, except the one that ran over me. They put me in that one after they'd got me out from under it;

"Of course I don't mean the kind of ran over me. They put me in that one after they'd got me out from under it; but of course I didn't know, about it, so I couldn't enjoy it. Since then I haven't been in one at all. Aunt Polly doesn't like them. Uncle Tom does, though, and he wants one. He says the's got to have one, in his business, he's got to have one, in his business. Not know, and all the least the says he's got to have one, in his business. The says he's got to have one, in his business. I don't mean the kind that's glad because you've got something somebody else can't have; but the kind of that?

Tonyama I was just going on earth she meant by that when down she dropped in the middle of the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was crying for? Because she was so glad she'd got eyes that could see! Now what do you think somebody else can't have; but the kind of that?

"Of course I don't mean the kind of the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that could see! Now what do you think somebody else can't have; but the kind of that?

"Of course I don't mean the kind of the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that could be a suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that somebody else can't have; but the kind of that?

"Of course I don't mean the kind of the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was crying for? Because the way are the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that could be a suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that some and the way are the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that could be a suppose she was crying for? Because the floor and began to cry. And what do you suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that could be a suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that the suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that the beginning. Pollyanna has been and the suppose she was a suppose she was so glad she'd got eyes that the suppose she was so gla w. I don't know how it will come t. Aunt Polly is all stirred up over You see, she wants Uncle Tom to

ot of them for all those folks to live n, of course, that I saw at the station, pesides all these here on the streets. And of course where there are more olks there are more to know. I love

have what he wants, only she wants

folks. Don't you?"
"Love folks!"

"Yes, just folks, I mean. Anybody—everybody."

"Well, no, Pollyanna, I can't say that I do," replied Mrs. Carew, coldly, her brows contracted.

Mrs. Carew's eyes had lost their

They were turned rather mistrustfully, indeed, on Pollyanna. To herself Mrs. Carew was saying: "Now for preachment number one, I suppose, on my duty to mix with my fellow-men, a la Sister Della!"

low-men, a la Sister Della!"
"Don't you? Oh, I do," sighed Pollyanna. "They're all so nice and so different, you know. And down here there must be such a lot of them to be nice and different. Oh, you don't know how glad I am so soon that I came! I knew I would be, anyway, just as soon as I found out you were you—that is, Miss Wetherby's sister, I mean I love Miss Wetherby, so I knew I should you, too; for of course you'd be alike—sisters, so—even if you weren't twins like Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Peck—and they weren't quite alike, anyway, on account of the wart. alike, anyway, on account of the wart. But I reckon you don't know what I mean, so I'll tell you."

And thus it happened that Mrs. Carew, who had been steeling herself for a preachment on social ethics, found rself, much to her surprise and a ittle to her discomfiture, listening to

the story of a wart on the nose of one Mrs. Peck, Ladies' Aider.

By the time the story was finished the limousine had turned into Comonwealth avenue, and Pollyanna imnediately began to exclaim at the beauty of a street which had such a "lovely big long yard all the way up and down through the middle of it," and which was all the nicer, she said,

"after all those little narrow streets."
"Only I should think everyone would want to live on it," she commented, en-

"Very likely; but that would hardly possible," retorted Mrs. Carew, with

uplifted evebrows Pollyanna, mistaking the expression on her face for one of dissatisfaction that her own home was not on the

beautiful avenue, hastened to make

"Why, no, of course not," she agreed.
"And I didn't mean that the narrower streets weren't just as nice," she hurried on; "and even better, maybe, be-cause you could be glad you didn't have to go so far when you wanted to run across the way to borrow eggs or soda, and oh, but do you live here?" she interrupted herself, as the car cam o a stop before the imposing Carew "Do you live here, Mrs. Ca-

ew?"
"Why, yes, of course I live here," returned the lady, with just a touch of irritation.

"Why, y-yes, I suppose I have," admitted Mrs. Carew, with a faint smile, to live in such a perfectly lovely
"Then you are rich, of course," nodded Pollyanna, wisely, "My Aunt Polly
ing to the sidewalk and looking eagerly

want. See?"

My! what a lot of houses!" broke off Pollyanna, looking about her with round eyes of wonder. "Don't they ever stop? Still, there'd have to be a lot of them for all those folly and busied himself with the paper boy, to say nothing of every lips and frowning brow, led the way actually bewitched with her up the broad stone steps.

The cnaureur turned his back pre-the policeman on the beat, and the cipitately and busied himself with the paper boy, to say nothing of every lips and frowning brown, led the way actually bewitched with her up to the broad stone steps.

Of them for all those folls to a crisply.

Wetherby received the letter from her making me forget Jamie and my great sister, and very eagerly she tore it sorrow—that is impossible. She only

written. "For pity's sake, Della, why didn't you give me some sort of ar idea what to expect from the child you have insisted upon my taking? I'n nearly wild—and I simply can't senther away. I've tried to three times but every time, before I get the word out of my mouth, she stops them by telling me what a perfectly lovely time she is having, and how glad she is to here, and how good I am to let here ive with me while her Aunt Polly has preached you. But she hasn't preached yet. Lovingly, but distracted-by yours, RUTH," "'Hasn't preached yet,' indeed!" chuckled Della Wetherby to herself, folding up the closely-written sheets of her sister's letter. "Oh, Ruth, Ruth! and yet you admit that you've opened she is having, and how good I am to let her yourself in satin and jewels—and live with me while her Aunt Polly has Pollyanna hasn't been there a week yet. But she hasn't preached—oh, no,

the face of that, can I turn around and say, 'Well, won't you please go home; I don't want you'? And the absurd part of it is, I don't believe it has ever entered her head that I don't want her here; and I can't seem to make it enter her head, either,

Of course if she begins to preach, and to tell me to count my blessings, I ileged to know her—was very much shall send her away. You know I told of a new experience. you, to begin with, that I wouldn't permit that. And I won't. Two or three that she did wish it was not quite so that she that she did wish it was not quite so big.

"You see," she explained earnestly to (preach, I mean), but so far she has Mrs. Carew, the day following her ar story about those Ladies' Aiders of

luckily for her, if she wants to stay.

"But, really, Della, she is impossible. Listen. In the first place she is wild with delight over the house. The very first day she got here she begged me to open every room, and she was not satisfied until every shade in the house was up so that she might 'see all the perfectly lovely things,' which, he declared, were even nicer than Mr. John Pendleton's—whoever he may be, somebody in Beldingsville, I believe. Anyhow he isn't a Ladies' Aider. I've

found out that much.
"Then, as if it wasn't enough to keep me running from room to room (as if I were the guide on a 'person-ally conducted') what did she do but discover a white satin evening gown that I hadn't worn for years, and be-seech me to put it on. And I did put it on—why, I can't imagine, only that I found myself utterly helpless in her

"But that was only the beginning. She begged, then, to see everything that I had, and she was so perfectly funny in her stories of the missionary barrels, which she used to 'dress out of,' that I had to laugh-though I almost cried, too, to think of the wretched things that poor child had to wear. Of course gowns led to jewels, and she made such a fuss over my two or three rings that I foolishly opened the safe, just to see her eyes pop out. And, Della, I thought that child would go orazy. She put on to me every ring, brooch, bracelet and necklace that I owned, and insisted on fastening both diamond tiaras in my hair (when she found out what they were), until there

I sat, hung with pearls and diamonds and emeralds, and feeling like a heathen goddess in a Hindu temple, especially when that preposterous child began to dance round and round me, clapping her hands and chanting: 'Oh, how perfectly lovely, how perfectly lovely! How I would love to hang you on a string in the window—you'd make such a beautiful prism!'

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somebody else can't have; but the kind of that?

that just—just makes you want to shout and yell and bang doors, you the beginning. Pollyanna has been her four days, and she's filled every one of them full. She already numbers among her friends the ash-man, The chauffeur turned his back prethe paper boy to say nothing.

It was five days later that Della keep her this winter. As for her ster, and very eagerly site tore it softow—that is impossible. She only ben. It was the first that had come makes me feel my loss all the more had polyanna's arrival in Boston. "My Dear Sister," Mrs. Carew had him. But, as I said, I shall keep her—titten. "For pity's sake, Della, why

yet. But she hasn't preached—oh, no gone to Germany. Now how, pray, ir she hasn't preached!"

92 62 CHAPTER IV.

The Game and Mrs. Carew

Boston, to Pollyanna, was a new experience, and certainly Pollyanna, to Boston—such part of it as was privof a new experience.
Pollyanna said she liked Boston, but

rival, "I want to see and know it all, and I can't. It's just like Aunt Polly's company dinners; there's so much eat—I mean, to see—that you don't eat—I mean, see—anything, because you're always trying to decide what to

eat—I mean, to see.
"Of course you can be glad there is such a lot," resumed Pollyanna, after taking breath, "'cause a whole lot of anything is nice—that is, good things; not such things as medicine and funerals, of course!—but at the same time I couldn't used to help wishing Aunt Polly's company displaces. Polly's company dinners could be spread out a little over the days when there wasn't any cake and pie; and I feel the same way about Boston. I wish I could take part of it home with me up to Beldingsville so I'd have something new next summer. But of course I can't. Cities aren't like frosted cake—and, anyhow, even the rosted cake—and, anyhow, even the cake didn't keep very well. I tried it, and it dried up, specially the frosting. I reckon the time to take frosting and good times is while they are going; so I want to see all I can now while I'm bere." so I want I'm here."

Pollyanna, unlike the people who think that to see the world one must begin at the most distant point, began her "seeing Boston" by a thorough ex-ploration of her immediate surroundings — the beautiful Commonwealth avenue residence which was now her

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home. This, with her school work, fully occupied her time and attention

tiny buttons in the wall that flooded

rooms with light, to the great si ballroom hung with mirrors and platures. There were so many delightful hung with mirrors and picpeople to know, too, for besides Mrs Carew herself there were Mary, who dusted the drawing rooms, answered the bell, and accompanied Pollyanna to and from school each day; Bridget, who lived in the kitchen and cooked; Jennie, who waited at the table, and Perkins, who drove the automobile. And they were all so delightful-yet; so different!

Pollyanna had arrived on a Monday, so it was almost a week before the first Sunday. She came downstairs that morning with a beaming coun-

tenance.
"I love Sundays," she sighed hap-

"Do you?" Mrs. Carew's voice had the weariness of one who loves no

day.
"Yes, on account of church, you know, and Sunday school. Which do you like best, church or Sunday

school?"
"Well, really, I—" began Mrs.
Carew, who seldom went to church and never went to Sunday school.
"'Tis hard to tell, isn't it?" inter-

posed Pollyanna, with luminous but serious eyes. "But you see I like church best, on account of father. You know he was a minister, and of course he's really up in heaven with mother and the rest of us, but I try to imagine him down here, lots of times, and it's easiest in church when the minister is talking. I shut my eyes and imagine it's father up there and it helps lots. I'm so glad we can

imagine things, aren't you?

I'm not so sure of that, Pollyanna." "Oh, but just think how much nicer our imagined things are than our real ly truly ones—that is, of course, yours aren't, because your real ones are so nice." Mrs. Carew angrily started to speak, but Pollyanna was hurrying on. "And of course my real ones are ever so much nicer than they used to be. But all that time I was hurt, when my legs didn't go, I just had to keep imagining all the time, just as hard as I could. And of course now there are lets of times when I do it like are lots of times when I do it—like about father, and all that. And so to-day I'm just going to imagine it's

day I'm just going to imagine father up there in the pulpit. W time do we go?"

"To church, 1 mean."
"But, Pollyanna, I don't—that is, d rather not—" Mrs. Carew cleared her throat and tried again to say that she was not going to church at all; that she almost never went. But with Pollyanna's confident little face and happy eyes before her, she

could not do it.

"Why, I suppose—about quarter past 10—if we walk," she said then almost crossly. "It's only a little

way."
Thus it happened that Mrs. Carew on that bright September morning octhe Carew pew in the very fashionable and elegant church to which she had gone, as a girl, and which she still supported liberally—so far as money

To Pollyanna that Sunday morning service was a great wonder and joy. The marvellous music of the vested choir, the opalescent rays from the jewelled windows, the impassioned jewelled windows, the impassioned voice of the preacher, and the reverent hush of the worshipping throng filled her with an ecstasy that left her for a time almost speechless. Not until they were nearly home did she fervently breathe:

wently breathe:

"Oh, Mrs. Carew, I've just been thinking how glad I am we don't have to live but just one day at a time!"

Mrs. Carew frowned and looked down sharply. Mrs. Carew was in no mood for preaching. She had just been obliged to endure it from the oulpit she told herself angrily, and she oulpit she told herself angrily, and she

been obliged to endure it from the pulpit, she told herself angrily, and she would not listen to it from this chit of a child. Moreover, this "living one day at a time" theory was a particularly pet doctrine of Della's. Was not Della always saying: "But you only have to live one minute at a time, Ruth, and anyone can endure anything for one minute at a time!"

"Well?" said Mrs. Carew now. tersely.

Yes. Only think what I'd do if had to live yesterday and today and tomorrow all at once," sighed Pollyanna
"Such a lot of perfectly lovely things,
you know. But I've had yesterday "Such a lot of perfectly lovely things, you know. But I've had yesterday, and now I'm living today, and I've got tomorrow still coming, and next Sunday, too. Honestly, Mrs. Carew if it wasn't Sunday now, and on this nice quiet street, I should just dance and shout and yell. I couldn't wait till I get home and then take a hymn—the mest rejaining hymn. I can think the he most rejoicing hymn I can think of What is the most rejoicing hymn? Do you know, Mrs. Carew?"

No, I can't say that I do," answered Mrs. Carew, faintly, looking very much as if she were searching for something she had lost. For a woman who ex-pects, because things are so bad, to be told that she need stand only one day at a time, it is disarming, to say the least, to be told that, because things are so good, it is lucky she does not have to stand but one day at a time

On Monday, the next morning, Pollyanna went to school for the first time alone. She knew the way perfectly now, and it was only a short walk. Pollyanna enjoyed her school very much. It was a small private school for girls, and was quite a new experience, in its way; but Pollyanna liked new experiences.

Mrs. Carew, however, did not like new experiences, and she was having a good many of them these days. For ne who is tired of everything to be in so intimate a companionship with one to whom everything is a fresh and fascinating joy must needs result innovance, to say the least. And Mrs Carew was more than annoved. was exasperated. Yet to herself she was forced to admit that if anyone isked her why she was exasperated the only reason she could give would be "Because Pollyanna is so glad"—

and even Mrs. Carew would hardly

like to give an answer like that.

To Della, however, Mrs. Carew did write that the word "glad" had got on her nerves, and that sometimes she wished she might never hear it again. She still admitted that Pollyanna had not preached—that she had not even once tried to make her play the game. What the child did do, however, was invariably to take Mrs. Carew's ness" as a matter of course, which, to ne who had no gladness, was most provoking.

It was during the second week of Pollyanna's stay that Mrs. Carew's annoyance overflowed into irritable emonstrance. The immediate cause thereof was Pollyanna's glowing conclusion to a story about one of her Ladies' Aiders.

Ladies' Aiders.

"She was playing the game, Mrs. Carew. But maybe you don't know what the game is. I'll tell you. It's a lovely game."

But Mrs. Carew held up her hand.

"Never mind, Pollyanna," she demurred. "I know all about the game.

My sister told me and and I mist My sister told me, and-and I

"I didn't mean the game for you.

gy. "I didn't mean the game for you.
You couldn't play it, of course."
"I couldn't play it!" ejaculated Mrs.
Carew, who, though she would not play this silly game, was in no mood to be told that she could not.
"Why, no, don't you see?" laughed Pollyanna, gleefully. "The game is to find something in everything to be

to find something in everything to be glad about, and you couldn't even begin to hunt, for there isn't anything about you but what you could be glad about. There wouldn't be any game

"Why, Mrs. Carew!" she breathed "Well, what is there—for me?" challenged the woman, forgetting all about for the moment that she was never going to allow Pollyanna to preach."

"Why, there's—there's everything," murmured Pollyanna, still with that dazed unbelief. "There—there's this beautiful house."

"It's just a place to eat and sleep-and I don't want to eat and sleep." "But there are all these perfectly lovely things," faltered Pollyanna. I'm tired of them.'

"And your automobile that will take you anywhere."

don't want to go anywhere." Pollyanna quite gasped aloud.
"But think of the people and things you could see, Mrs. Carew."
"They would not interest me, Polly-

Once again Pollyanna stared in amazement. The troubled frown on her face deepened.

"But, Mrs. Carew, I don't see," she urged. "Always, before, there have been bad things for folks to play the urged. game on, and the badder they are more fun 'tis to get them out—find the things to be glad for, I mean. But where there aren't any bad things I shouldn't know how to play the game myself."

There was no answer for a time Mrs. Carew sat with her eyes out the window. Gradually the angry rebel-lion on her face changed to a look of hopeless sadness. Very slowly, then, she turned and said:

"Pollyanna, I had thought I wouldn't tell you this; but I've decided that will. I'm going to tell you why nothing that I have can make me—glad.' And she began the story of Jamie, the little four-year-old boy who, eight years before, had stepped as into another world, leaving the door fast shut be tween.

"And you've never seen him since— anywhere?" faltered Pollyanna, with tear-wet eyes, when the story was

done. "Never."

"But we'll find him, Mrs. Carew-I'm sure we'll find him."

Mrs. Carew shook her head sadly.
"But I can't. I've looked everywhere, even in foreign lands."

"But he must be somewhere."
"He may be—dead, Pollyanna."

Pollyanna gave a quick cry.
"Oh, no, Mrs. Carew. Please don't
say that! Let's imagine he's alive. We can do that, and that'll help; and when we get him imagined alive we can jus as well imagine we're going to him. And that'll help a whole lot more."

"But I'm afraid he's-dead, Pollyanna," choked Mrs. Carew.
"You don't know it for sure, do you?" besought the little girl, anx-

iously.

"Well, then, you're just imagining it," maintained Pollyanna, in triumph. say that I—I should not care for it."

"Why, of course not, Mrs. Carew!"

exclaimed Pollyanna in quick apolo"I didn't mean the And if you can imagine him dead some day I'm just sure you'll find him.
Why, Mrs. Carew, you can play the
game now! You can play it on Jamie.
You can be glad every day, for every day brings you just one day nearer to the time when you're going to find

But Mrs. Carew did not "see." She

rose drearily to her feet and said:
"No, no, child! You don't understand—you don't understand. Now run away, please, and read, or do anything you like. My head aches. I'm going to lie down."

And Pollyanna, with a troubled, sober face, slowly left the room.

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Pollyanna Takes a Walk

It was on the second Saturday after that Pollyanna took her memorable walk. Heretofore Pollyanna had not walked out alone, except to go to and from school. That she would ever attempt to explore Boston streets by erself never occurred to Mrs. Carew en it. In Beldingsville, however, Pol vanna had found-especially at the irst-her chief diversion in strolling about the rambling old village streets n search of new friends and new ad-

On this particular Saturday after-noon Mrs. Carew had said, as she often did say: "There, there, child, run away; please do. Go where you like and do what you like, only don't, please, ask me any more questions to-

Until now, left to herself, Pollvanna had always found plenty to interest her within the four walls of the house; for, if inanimate things failed, there were yet Mary, Jennie, Bridget and Perkins. Today, however, Mary had a headache, Jennie was trimming a new nat, Bridget was making apple pies and Perkins was nowhere to be found. Moreover, it was a particularly beauiful September day, and nothing with n the house was so alluring as the

For some time she watched in silence the well-dressed men, women and chil-dren who walked briskly by the house, sauntered more leisurely through the parkway that extended up and down the middle of the avenue. Then she got to her feet, skipped down the steps and stood looking, first to he right, then to the left.

Pollyanna had decided that she, too would take a walk. It was a beautiful day for a walk, and not once, yet, had he taken one at all-not a real walk Just going to and from school did not count. So she would take one today. Mrs. Carew would not mind. Had she not told her to do just what she pleased, so long as she asked no more questions? And there was the whole ong afternoon before her. Only think questions? And there was the whole long afternoon before her. Only think what a lot one might see in a whole long afternoon! And it really was such a beautiful day. She would go—this a beautiful day. She would go—this long afternoon! I have been may be a beautiful day. She would go—this long afternoon! She would go—this long the long the long that the long the long that the long the long that the long tha

way! And with a little whirl and skip on to pure joy, Pollyanna turned and walked blithely down the avenue.

Into the eyes of those she met Pollyanna smiled joyously. She was disaparanteed in the control of the contr

pointed-but not surprised-that she received no answering smile in return. She was used to that now—in Boston. She still smiled, however, hopefully; there might be someone, sometime, who would smile back.

Mrs. Carew's home was very near the beginning of Commonwealth avenue, so it was not long before Pollyanna found herself at the edge of a Across the street, in all its autumn glory, lay what to Pollyanna was the most beautiful "yard" she had ever seen—the Boston Public Garden.

For a moment Pollyanna hesitated, her eyes longingly fixed on the wealth of beauty before her. That it was the rivate grounds of some rich man or oman she did not for a momen doubt. Once, with Dr. Ames at the sanatorium, she had been taken to call on a lady who lived in a beautiful house surrounded by just such walks and trees and flower beds as there.

Pollyanna wanted now very much to cross the street and walk in those grounds, but she doubted if she had the right. To be sure, others were here, moving about, she could see; but hey might be invited guests, of course After she had seen two women, on man and a little girl unhesitatingly en-ter the gate and walk briskly down the path, however, Pollyanna concluded that she, too, might go. Watching her chance, she skipped nimbly across the street and entered the garden.

was even more beautitul close a hand than it had been at a distance. Birds twittered over her head, and a squirrel leaped across the path ahead of her. On benches here and there sat nen, women and children. Through the trees came the sparkle of the sun on water; and from somewhere came the shouts of children and the sound

Once again Pollyanna hesitated then, a little timidly, she accosted a handsomely-dressed young woman oming toward her.

"Please, is this—a party?" she asked. The young woman stared.
"A party!" she repeated, dazedly.

"Yes'm. I mean, is it all right for me—to be here?" "For you to be here? Why, of ourse. It's for—for everybody!" exourse.

claimed the young woman.
"Oh, that's all right, then. I'm glad
I came," beamed Pollyanna.

The young woman said nothing; but he turned back and looked at Pollyanna still dazedly as she hurried away

Pollyanna, not at all surprised that owner of this beautiful place should be so generous as to give a party to everybody, continued on her way. 'At the turn of the path she came upon a small girl and a doll carriage. She stopped with a glad little riage. She stopped with a glad little cry, but she had not said a dozen words before from somewhere came bright sunlight and balmy air outside. So outside Pollyanna went and dropped herself down on the steps. small girl, and said sharply:

"Here, Gladys, Gladys, come away with me Hasn't mama told you not to talk to strange children?"

"But I'm not strange children," explained Pollyanna in eager defence. 'I live right here in Boston, now, and—" But the young woman and the little girl dragging the doll carriage were already far down the path; and with a half-stifled sigh Pollyanna fell back. For a moment she stood silent, plainly disappointed; then resofell back. she lifted her chin and went forward.

"Well, anyhow, I can be glad for that," she nodded to herself, "for now maybe I'll find somebody even nicer on the self-absorbed people all about

Undeniably Pollyanna was lonesome. Brought up by her father and the Ladies' Aid Society in a small Western town, she had counted every house in the village her home, and every man, woman and child her friend.

Coming to her aunt in Vermont at eleven years of age she had promptly assumed that conditions would differ only in that the homes and the friends would be new, and therefore even more delightful, possibly, for they would be "different"—and Pollyanna did so love "different" things and people! Her first and always her suggested. preme delight in Beldingsville, there-fore, had been her long rambles about the town and the charming visits with the new friends she had made. naturally, in consequence, Boston, as she first saw it, seemed to Pollyanna even more delightfully promising in its

possibilities.

Thus far, however, Pollyanna had to admit that in one respect, at least, it had been disappointing: she had been here nearly two weeks and she did not yet know the people who lived across the street, or even next door. More inexplicable still, Mrs. Carew herself did not know many of them herself did not know many of them, and not any of them well. She seemed indeed, utterly indifferent to her neighbors, which was most amazing from Pollyanna's point of view; but nothing she could say appeared to change Mrs. Carew's attitude in the

matter at all. "They do not interest me. Polly anna," was all she would say; and with this, Pollyanna—whom they did interest very much—was forced to be

Today, on her walk, however, Pollyanna had started out with high opes, yet thus far she seemed desined to be disappointed. Here all about her were people who were doubtless most delightful—if she only knew them. But she did not know them. Worse yet, there seemed to be no prospect that she would know them, for they did not, apparently, wish to know her: Pollyanna was still smarting under the nurse's sharp

warning concerning "strange children."
"Well, I reckon I'll just have to show em that I'm not strange children," she said at last to herself, moving confidently forward again.

Pursuant of this idea Pollyanna

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smiled sweetly into the eyes of the next person she met and said blithely: "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"Er—what? Oh, y-yes, it is," murmured the lady addressed, as she hast eyed on a little factor.

ened on a little faster

Twice again Pollyanna tried the same experiment, but with like disappointing results. Soon she came upon the little pond that she had seen sparkling in the sunlight through the trees. It was a beautiful pond, and on it were several pretty little boats full of laughing children. As she watched them, Pollyanna felt more and more dissatisfied to remain by herself. It was then that, spying a man sit ting alone not far away, she advanced slowly toward him and sat down on the other end of the bench. Once Pollyanna would have danced unhesitatingly to the man's side and sug-gested acquaintanceship with a cheery confidence that had no doubt of welcome; but recent rebuffs had filled her with unaccustomed diffidence. Covertly she looked at the man now.

CHAPTER VI.

Jerry to the Rescue

was not long before Pollyanna reached the edge of the Garden at a corner where two streets crossed. It was a wonderfully interesting corer, with its hurrying cars, automo biles, carriages and pedestrians. A huge red bottle in a drug store window caught her eye, and from down the street came the sound of a hurdygurdy. Hesitating only a momen Pollyanna darted across the corner and skipped lightly down the street toward the entrancing music.

Pollyanna found much to interest her now. In the store windows were marvellous objects, and around hurdy-gurdy, when she had reached it, she found a dozen dancing children, most fascinating to watch. So altogether delightful, indeed, did this pastime prove to be that Pollyanna followed the hurdy-gurdy for some distance, just to see those children dance. Presently she found herself at a corner so busy that a very big man in a belted blue coat helped the people across the street. For an absorbed minute she watched him in silence; then, a little timidly, she herself started to cross.

It was a wonderful experience. The big, blue-coated man saw her at once and promptly beckoned to her. He even walked to meet her. Then through a wide lane with puffing motors and impatient horses on either hand, she walked unscathed to the further curb. It gave her a delight-ful sensation, so delightful that, after minute, she walked back. igain, after short intervals, she troo the fascinating way so magically opened at the lifting of the big man's hand. But the last time her conductor left her at the curb, he gave a puzzled frown.

"See here, little girl, ain't you the same one what crossed a minute ago?" he demanded. "And again be-

fore that?" 'Yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna. "I've

been across four times!"
"Well!" the officer began to bluster;
but Pollyanna was still talking. 'And it's been nicer every time!"

"Oh-h, it has—has it?" mumbled the big man, lamely. Then, with a little more spirit he sputtered: "What do you think I'm here for—just to tote you back and forth?"

"Of course you aren't just for me! There are all these others. I know what you are. You're a policeman We've got one of you out where I live at Mrs. Carew's, only he's the kind that just walks on the sidewalk, you know. I used to think you were soldiers, on account of your gold but-

ons and blue hats; but I know bette Only I think you are a kind o a soldier, 'cause you're so brave-standing here like this, right in the middle of all these teams and automobiles, helping folks across."

man, coloring like a schoolboy and throwing back his head with a hearty laugh, "Ho-ho! Just as if-" He broke off with a quick lifting of his hand. The next moment he was escorting a plainly very much fright-ened little old lady from curb to curb. If his step were a bit more pompous, and his chest a bit more full, it must have been only an un-conscious tribute to the watching eyes of the little girl back at the starting point. A moment later, with a haught-

"Oh, that was splendid!" she greet. I must get back." "Gee! Well, I should worry!" symsee you do it—and it's just like the
Children of Israel crossing the Red
Sea, isn't it?—with you holding back
the waves for the people to cross.
And how glad you must be all the
time, that you can do it! I used to
think being a doctor was the very
think being a doctor was the very

"Gee! Well, I should worry!" sym"Yes, and I'm afraid Mrs. Carew'll
worry, too," sighed Pollyanna.
"Gorry! if you ain't the limit,"
chuckled the youth, unexpectedly.
"But, say listen! Don't ye know the think being a doctor was the very name of the street ye want?"

But, say instent. Both ye want?"

gladdest business there was, but I
"No—only that it's some kind of an reckon, after all, being a policeman is gladder yet—to help frightened people like this, you know. And—"But with another "Brrrr!" and an embarrassed laugh, the big blue-coated man was back in the middle of the street, and Pollyanna was all close served. and Pollyanna. was all alone on the

For only a minute longer did Pollyanna watch her fascinating "Red tentative hand to her hair. Sea," then, with a regretful backward The boy eyed her with

briskly she started to walk back by the way she had come.

eral corners, and unwittingly made two false turns, did Pollyanna grasp the fact that "going back home" was not to be so easy as she had thought "Won't ye listen ter that?" gibed the scornful youth. "There's a seven in it—an' she expects me ter know it when I see it."

"Oh I should know the house, if

She was on a narrow street, dirty, and ill-paved. Dingy tenement blocks

This time it was the boy who gave and ill-paved. Dingy tenement plocks and a few unattractive stores were on either side. All about were jabbering men and chattering women—though of a street?"

This time it was the puzzled frown. "Yard?" he queried; "in the middle of a street?" Pollyanna understand. Moreover, she could not help seeing that the people looked at her very curiously, as if they knew she did not belong there

Several times, already, she had asked her way, but in vain. No one seemed to know where Mrs. Carew lived; and, the last two times, those addressed had answered with a ges-ture and a jumble of words which in Beldingsville-used.

On and on, down one street and up another, Pollyanna trudged. She was thoroughly frightened now. She was hungry, too, and very tired. Her feet ached, and her eyes smarted with the tears she was trying so hard to hold back. Worse yet, it was unmistakably beginning to grow dark.

"Well, anyhow," she choked to herseli, "I'm going to be glad I'm lost, 'cause I'll be so nice when I get found. I can be glad for that!"

It was at a noisy corner where two broader streets crossed that Pollyanna finally came to a dismayed stop. This time the tears quite overflowed, so the literal Pollyanna, anxiously, but I don't know whether it's a—a cinch, to use the backs of both hands to

"Hullo, kid, why the weeps?"

queried a cheery voice. "What's up?"

With a relieved little cry Pollyanna turned to confront a small boy carrying a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she exclaimed "I've so wented to see you!" she exclaimed "I've so wented to see you!" she confidence and darked off into the thick of the crowd. A moment later Pollyanna heard his strident call of "paper, paper! Herald, Globe,—paper, sir?"

With a sigl of relief Pollyanna to the paper of the paper

nean Dago, I bet ye."

Pollyanna gave a slight frown. "Well, anyway, it—it wasn't English," she said doubtfully; "and they "Ho-ho! Brrrr!" spluttered the big couldn't answer my questions. But

"Nix! You can search me."
"Wha-at?" queried Pollyanna, still
more doubtfully.

The boy grinned again.

acquainted with the lady."

"But isn't there anybody anywhere that is?" implored Pollyanna. "You see, I just went out for a walk and I ily permissive wave of his hand toward the chafing drivers and chauft and it's supper—I mean dinner time feurs, he strolled back to Pollyanna, and getting dark. I want to get back.

"Scratch — my — head?" Pollyanna frowned questioningly, and raised a

The boy eyed her with disdain. "Aw, come off yer perch! Ye ain't glance, she turned away.

"I reckon maybe I'd better be going home now," she meditated.

"It know the number of the house ye must be 'most dinner time." And want?"

"N no except there's a seven in it."

"N-no, except there's a seven in it,"

Not until she had hesitated at sev-hopeful air. "Won't ye listen ter that?" gibed

not to be so easy as she had thought it to be. And not until she came to a building which she knew she had never seen before, did she fully realize that she had lost her way.

She was on a narrow street, dirty,

"Yes—trees and grass, you know, with a walk in the middle of it, and seats, and—" But the boy interrupted her with a whoop of delight.

"Gee whiz! Commonwealth Avenue, sure as yer livin'! Wouldn't that get yer goat, now?"

"Oh, do you know—do you really?" besought Pollyanna. "That sounded like it—only I don't know what you Pollyanna, after some thought, decided must be "Dutch," the kind the Haggermans—the only foreign family

"Goats nothin'!" scoffed the boy "You bet yer sweet life I know where 'tis! Don't I tote Sir James up there to the Garden 'most ev'ry day? An' I'll take you, too. Jest ye hang out here till I get on ter my job again, an' sell out my stock. Then we'll make tracks for that 'ere Avenue 'fore ye can say Jack Robinson.

"You mean you'll take me-home? appealed Pollyanna, still plainly not quite understanding.
"Sure!—It's a cinch—if you know

the house."

"Oh, yes, I know the house," replied the literal Pollyanna, anxiously, "but

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I've so wanted to see some one who didn't talk Dutch!"

With a sigh of relief Pollyanna stepped back into a doorway and waited. She was tired, but she was The small boy grinned.
"Dutch nothin'!" he scoffed. "You pects of the case, she yet trusted the pects of the had perfect confidence boy, and she had perfect confidence that he could take her home.

"He's nice, and I like him," she said to herself, following with her eyes the boy's alert, darting figure. "But he does talk funny. His words sound maybe you can. Do you know where English, but some of them don't seem to make any sense with the rest of what he says. But then, I'm glad he found me, anyway," she finished with a contented little sigh.

It was not long before the boy re-

"I say not in mine. I guess I ain't acquainted with the lady."

"But isn't there anybody anywhere that is?" implored Pollyanna. "You see, I just went out for a walk and I got lost. I've been ever and ever so far, but I can't find the house at all: how I hain't got the dough, we'll have ter hoof it.'

It was, for the most part, a silent walk. Pollyanna, for once in her life, was too tired to talk, even of the Ladies' Aiders; and the boy was intent on picking out the shortest way to his goal. When the Public Garden was reached, Pollyanna did exclaim joyfally

"Oh, now I'm 'most there! I remember this place. I had a perfectly lovely time here this afternoon. It's only a little bit of a ways home now." 243 20
"That's the stuff! Now we're gettin'

there," crowed the boy. "What'd I tell ye? We'll just cut through here to the Avenue, an' then it'll be up ter you ter find the house."

"Oh, I can find the house," exulted Pollyanna, with all the confidence of one who has reached familiar ground. It was quite dark when Pollyanna

led the way up the broad Carew steps. The boy's ring at the bell was very answered, and Pollyanna quickly found herself confronted by not only Mary, but by Mrs. Carew, Bridget, and Jennie as well. All four of the women were white-faced and anxious-eved.

"Child, child, where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Carew, hurry-

"Why, I—I just went to walk," began Pollyanna, "and I got lost, and this boy—"

"Where did you find her?" cut in Mrs. Carew, turning imperiously to Pollyanna's escort, who was, at the moment, gazing in frank admiration at the wonders about him in the brilliantly-lighted hall. "Where did you find her, boy?" she repeated sharply. For a brief moment the boy met Her gaze unflinchingly; then something very like a twinkle came into his

eyes, though his voice, when he spoke, was gravity itself.
"Well, I found her 'round Bowdoin

Square, but I reckon she'd been doin' the North End, only she couldn't catch on ter the lingo of the Dagos, so I don't think she give 'em the glad hand, ma'am."

"The North End—that child—alone! Pollyanna!" shuddered Mrs. Carew. "Oh, I wasn't alone, Mrs. Carew," fended Pollyanna. "There were ever and ever so many people there, weren't there, boy?" But the boy, with an impish grin,

was disappearing through the door.
Pollyanna learned many things during the next half-hour. She learned

that nice little girls do not take long walks alone in unfamiliar cities, nor sit on park benches and talk to strangers. She learned, also, that it was only by a "perfectly marvelous miracle" that she had reached home at all that night, and that she had escaped many, many very disagree-able consequences of her foolishness. She learned that Boston was not Beldingsville, and that she must not

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Mrs. Carew," she finally despairingly. "I am here, and argued despairingly, "I am he I didn't get lost for keeps. Seems as if I ought to be glad for that in-stead of thinking all the time of the orry things that might have hap-

"Yes, yes, child, I suppose so, I suppose so," sighed Mrs. Carew; "but you have given me such a fright, and I want you to be sure, sure, sure never to do it again. Now come, dear, you must be hungry."

It was just as she was dropping off sleep that night that Pollyanna murmured drowsily to herself:

"The thing I'm the very sorriest for of anything is that I didn't ask that boy his name nor where he lived. Now I can't ever say thank you to

CHAPTER VII.

A New Acquaintance

Pollyanna's movements were most carefully watched over after her adenturous walk; and, except to go to school, she was not allowed out of the house unless Mary or Mrs. Carew her-self accompanied her. This, to Pollyanna, however, was no cross, for she oved both Mrs. Carew and Mary, and delighted to be with them. They were, too, for a while, very generous with their time. Even Mrs. Carew, in her terror of what might have happened, and her relief that it had not happened, exerted herself to entertain the

vas

Thus it came about that, with Mrs. Carew, Pollyanna attended concerts and matinees, and visited the Public Library and the Art Museum; and she took the wonderful with seeing Boston" trips, and visited the House and the Old South State Church.

Greatly as Pollyanna enjoyed the automobile, she enjoyed the automobile, she enjoyed the trolley cars more, as Mrs. Carew, much to her surprise, found out one day.

"Do we go in the trolley car?" Pollyanna asked eagerly.

"No. Perkins will take us," answered Mrs. Carew.

swered Mrs. Carew. Then, at the unnistakable disappointment in Pollyanna's face, she added in surprise: "Why, I thought you liked the auto, child

"Oh, I do," acceded Pollyanna, hurriedly; "and I wouldn't say anything, anyway, because of course I know it's cheaper than the trolley car, and—"
"Cheaper than the trolley car!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Carew, amazed into an interruption.

"Why, yes," explained Pollyanna, with widening eyes; "the trolley car costs five cents a person, you know, and the auto doesn't cost anything, cause it's yours. And of course love the auto, anyway," she hurried on before Mrs. Carew could speak. "It's only that there are so many more people in the trolley car, and it's such fun to watch them! Don't you think so?'

"Well, no, Pollyanna, I can't say that I do," responded Mrs. Carew, dryly, as she turned away.

As it chanced, not two days later, Mrs. Carew heard something more of Pollyanna and trolley cars—this time from Mary.

mean, it's queer, ma'am," ex plained Mary earnestly, in answer to a recstion her mistress had asked. It's queer how Miss Pollyanna just gets 'round everybody—and without half trying. It isn't that she does anything. She doesn't. She just-just looks glad,

I guess, that's all. But I've seen her get into a trolley car that was full of cross-looking men and women, and whimpering children, and in five minutes you wouldn't know the place. The men and women have stopped scowling, and the children have forgot what they're cryin' for.

'Sometimes it's just somethin' that Miss Pollyanna has said to me, and they've heard it. Sometimes it's just the 'Thank you' she gives when somebody insists on givin' us their seat—and they're always doin' that—givin' us seats, I mean. And sometimes it's

the way she smiles at a baby or a dog All dogs everywhere wag their tails at her, anyway, and all babies, big and little, smile and reach out to her. If we get held up it's a joke, and if we take the wrong car, it's the funniest thing that ever happened. And that's the way 'tis about everythin'. One just can't stay grumpy with Miss Pollyanna, even if you're only one of a trolley car full of folks that don't know her."

"Hm-m; very likely," murmured Mrs. Carew, turning away.

October proved to be that year a particularly warm, delightful month, softly and tapped the shoulder of the and as the golden days came and boy in the chair. went it was soon very evident that to went it was soon very evident that to keep up with Pollyanna's eager little feet was a task which would consume altogether too much of somebody's time and patience; and, while Mrs. Carew had the one, she had not the other, neither had she the willingness to allow Mary to spend quite so much of hor time (whotever her retires). But the boy in the chair interrupted him of her time (whatever her patience might be) in dancing attendance to Pollyanna's whims and fancies.

To keep the child indoors all through those glorious October afternoons was, of course, out of the question.
Thus it came about that before long Pollyanna found herself once more in 'lovely big yard"-the Boston Public Garden-and alone. Apparently she was as free as before, but in reality she was surrounded by a high stone wall of regulations.

She must not talk to strange men or women: she must not play with strange children; and under no cir-cumstances must she step foot outide the Garden except to come home Furthermore, Mary, who had taken her to the Garden and left her, made very sure that she knew the way nome—that she knew just where Com monwealth avenue came down to Ar lington street across from the Garden. And always she must go home when the clock in the church tower said it was half-past four.

Pollyanna went often to the Garden after this. Occasionally she went with ome of the girls from school. More often she went alone. In spite of the omewhat irksome restrictions, she enjoyed herself very much. She could watch the people, even if she could not talk to them; and she could talk to the squirrels and pigeons and sparrows that so eagerly came for the nuts and grain which she soon learned to carry to

hem every time she went.

Pollyanna often looked for her old friends of that first day—the man who was so glad he had his eyes and legs and arms, and the pretty young lady who would go with the handsome man; but she never saw them. She did frequently see the boy in the wheel chair, and she wished she could talk to him. The boy fed the birds and squirrels, too, and they were so tame that the doves would perch on his head and shoulders, and the squirrels would burrow in his pockets for nuts. But Pollyanna, watching from a distance, always spite of the boy's very evident delight noticed one strange circumstance; in serving his banquet, his supply of food always ran short almost at once; and though he invariably looked fully as disappointed as did the squirrel after a nutless burrowing, yet he never remedied the matter by bringing more food the next day—which seemed most shortsighted to Pollyanna.

When the boy was not playing with the birds and squirrels he was reading —always reading. In his chair were usually two or three worn books, and sometimes a magazine or two. He was nearly always to be found in one especial place, and Pollyanna used to wonder how he got there. Then, one unforgettable day, she found out. It was a school holiday, and she had come to the Garden in the forenoon; and it was soon after she reached the place that she saw him being wheeled along one she saw him being wheeled along one of the paths by a snub-nosed, sandy-haired boy. She gave a keen glance into the sandy-haired boy's face, then ran toward him with a glad little cry. "Oh, you—you! I know you—even if I don't know your name. You found me! Don't you remember? Oh, I am so glad to see you! I've so wanted to say thank you!"

"Gee, if it ain't the swell little lost kid of the avenoo," grinned the boy.
"Well, what do you know about that! Lost again

no! exclaimed Pollyanna, dancing up and down on her toes in irrepressible joy. "I can't get lost any more—I have to stay right here. And I mustn't talk, you know. But I can to you, for I know you; and I can to him—after you introduce me, she finished, with a beaming glance at the lame boy and a hopeful pause.

The sandy-haired youth chuckled

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"Jerry, quit your nonsense!" he cried vexedly. Then to Pollyanna he turned a glowing face. "I've seen you here lots of times before. I've watched you feed the birds and squirrels—you always have such a lot of them! And I think you like Sir Lance-

the Lady Rowena—but wasn't she rude to Guinevere yesterday—snatch-ing her dinner right away from her like that?"

Pollyanna blinked and frowned, looking from one to the other of the boys in plain doubt. Jerry chuckled again. Then with a final push he wheeled the chair into its usual position and turned to go. Over his shoulder he called to Pollyanna:

der he called to Pollyanna:

"Say, kid, jest let me put ye wise ter somethin'. This chap ain't drunk nor crazy. See? Them's jest names he's give his young friends here,"—with a flourish of his arms toward the furred and feathered creatures that were gothering from all directions. that were gathering from all direc-'An' they ain't even names of folks. They're just guys out of books. Are ye on? Yet he ruther feed them than feed hisself. Ain't he the limit? Ta-ta, Sir James," he added, with a grimace, to the boy in the chair. "Buck up, now—nix on the no grub racket for you! See you later." And he was gone.

Pollyanna was still blinking and frowning when the lame boy turned 20 27

"You mustn't mind Jerry. That's just his way. He'd cut off his right hand for me—Jerry would; but he loves to tease. Where'd you see him? Does he know you? He didn't tell me your

"I'm Pollvanna Whittier. I was lost and he found me and took me home, answered Pollyanna, still a little dazed

Just like him," nodded the "Don't he tote me up here every boy...day?"

A quick sympathy came to Pollyan na's eyes.
"Can't you walk—at all—er—Sir
J-James?"

The boy laughed gleefully.

"'Sir James,' indeed! That's only more of Jerry's nonsense. I ain't a

Pollyanna looked clearly disappoint-

ed. "You aren't? Nor a—a lord, like he said?

"I sure ain't." "Oh, I hoped you were—like Little Lord Fauntleroy, you know," rejoined Pollyanna. "And——"

But the boy interrupted her with an eager: Do you know Little Lord Fauntleroy? And do you know about Sir Lancelot, and the Holy Grail, and King Arthur and his Round Table, and the Lady Rowena, and Ivanhoe, and all those? Do you?"

Pollyanna gave her head a dubious

"Well, I'm afraid maybe I don't know all of 'em," she admitted. "Are they all—in books?"

The boy nodded.

'I've got 'em here—some of 'em," said. "I like to read 'em over and over. There's always something new-in 'em. Besides, I hain't got no-others, anyway. These were father's. Here, you little rascal—quit that!" he broke off in laughing reproof as a bushy-tailed squirrel leaped to his lap Sa"Gorry, guess we'd better give them their dinner or they'll be tryin' to eat us," chuckled the boy. "That's Sir Lancelot. He's always first, you now

From somewhere the boy produced a small pasteboard box which he opened guardedly, mindful of the numberless bright little eyes that were for the askin'. Besides, if you didn't watching every move. All about him go hungry once in a while you wouldn't now sounded the whir and flutter of know how good 'taters and milk can wings, the cooing of doves, the saucy taste; and you woudn't have so much twitter of the sparrows. Sir Lancelot, alert and eager, occupied one arm of the wheel chair. Another bushy-tailed little fellow, less venturesome, sat and grew suddenly red. little fellow, less venturesome, sat and grew suddenly red. back on his haunches five feet away. "Forget it! I didn't think, for a minlittle fellow, less venturesome, sat and grew suddenly red.
back on his haunches five feet away.

A third squirrel chattered noisily on ute, but you was mumsey or Jerry.

a neighboring tree branch.

From the box the boy took apleaded Pollyanna. "Please tell me.
few nuts, a small roll and a doughnut, Are there knights and lords and ladies
At the latter he looked longingly, hesi-in that?"

The how shook his head. His eyes

asked then.

"Lots-in here," nodded Pollyanna, tapping the paper bag she carried.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pollyanna did not see the boy "tomorrow." It rained, and she could not go to the Garden at all. It rained the next day, too. Even on the third day she did not see him, for, though the sun came out bright and warm, and though she went very early in the afternoon to the Garden, and waited long, he did not some at all. But on the thirk and times like that your think and times like that your think and think; and times like that your think and think; and times like that your think and think; and times like that your think. though she went very early in the afternoon to the Garden, and waited long,
he did not some at all. But on the
fourth day he was there in his old
place, and Pollyanna hastened forward
with a joyous greeting.
"Oh, I'm so glad, glad to see you!

Determine you been? You weren't I thought of that. I wanted to run

"I know, oh, I know," breathed with a cheerfully matter-of-fact air. "Most generally I can stand it and come here just the same, except when come here just the same, except when because it is a stand in the complex of the complex o ome here just the same, except when it gets too bad, same as 'twas yester
But you've got yours again. I hain't, you know," sighed the boy, the shad-

day. Then I can't."

"But how can you stand it—to have it ache—always?" gasped Pollyanna.

"Why, I have to," answered the boy, opening his eyes a little wider. "Things are so, and they can't be hat are so are so, and they can't be any other way. So what's the use thinking how they might be? Besides, the harder it aches one day, the nicer 'tis to have it let up the next."

"I know! That's like the ga—"

began Pollyanna, but the boy inter-

"Did you bring a lot this time?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, I hope you did! You see I couldn't bring them any today. Jerry couldn't spare even a penny for peanuts this morning and there

wasn't really enough stuff in the box for me this noon.

Pollyanna looked shocked. "You mean—that you didn't have enough to eat—yourself?—for your luncheon?"

"Sure!" smiled the boy. "But don't worry. 'Tisn't the first time—and 'twon't be the last. I'm used to it. Hi, there! Here comes Sir Lancelot

Pollyanna, however, was not thinking of squirrels.
"And wasn't there any more at

home? "Oh, no, there's never any left at home," laughed the boy. "You see, mumsey works out—stairs and washings—so she gets some of her feed in them places, and Jerry picks his up where he can, except nights and mornings; he gets it with us then—if we've

Pollyanna looked still more shocked. "But what do you do when you don't have anything to eat?"
"Go hungry, of course."
"But I never heard of anybody who

didn't have anything to eat," gasped Pollyanna. "Of course father and I were poor, and we had to eat beans and fish balls when we wanted turkey. But we had something. Why don't you tell folks—all these folks everywhere, that live in these houses?"

"What's the use?" "Why, they'd give you something, of course

The boy laughed once more, this time

you-bring anything?" The boy shook his head. His eyes helost their laughter and grew dark and fathomless.

"No; I wish't there was," he sighed wistfully. "But when you—you can't even walk, you can't fight battles and win trophies, and have fair ladies

"Oh, I'm so glad, glad to see you! than just mumsey can teach me; and But where've you been? You weren't I thought of that. I wanted to run and play ball with the other boys; and I thought of that. I wanted to go out and sell papers with Jerry; and I thought of that. I didn't want to be taken care of all my life; and I thought of that. I wanted to go out and sell papers with Jerry; and I thought of that. I didn't want to be taken care of all my life; and I thought of that."

"I know, oh, I know," breathed

ow in his eyes deepening.

"But you haven't told me yet about—the Jolly Book," prompted Pollyanna, after a minute.

The boy stirred and laughed shame-

facedly.
"Well, you see, it ain't much, after all, except to me. You wouldn't see much in it. I started it a year ago. I was feeling 'specially bad that di Nothin' was right. For a while grumped it out, just thinkin'; and then I picked up one of father's books and tried to read. And the first thing I see was this: I learned it afterwards, so can sav it now:

'Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem:

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground But holds some joy, of silence or of

sound.'a

aBlanchard. Lyric Offerings. Hidden

"Well. I was mad. I wished I could well, I was mad. I wished I could put the guy that wrote that in my place, and see what kind of joy he'd find in my 'leaves.' I was so mad I made up my mind I'd prove he didn't hade up my mind I d prove he didn't know what he was talkin' about, so I, begun to hunt for 'em—the joys in my n 'leaves,' you know. I took a little old empty notebook that Jerry had given me, and I said to myself that I'd write 'em down. Everythin' that had any-

thin' about it that I liked I'd put down

thin about it that I liked I'd put down in the book. Then I'd just show how many 'joys' I had."

"Yes, yes!" cried Pollyanna absorbedly, as the boy paused for breath.

"Well, I didn't expect to get many, but—do you know?—I got a lot. There was somethin about 'most everythin' that I liked a little so in it bed.

that I liked a little, so in it had to go. The very first one was the book itself—that I'd got it, you know, to write in. Then somebody give me a flower in a pot, and Jerry found a dandy book in the company. in a pot, and Jerry round a dainly book in the subway. After that it was really fun to hunt 'em out—I'd find 'em in such queer places, sometimes. Then such queer places, sometimes. Then one day Jerry got hold of the little notebook and found out what 'twas. Then he give it its name—the Jolly Book. And—and that's all."
"All—all!" cried Pollyanna, delight

and amazement struggling for the mastery on her glowing little face. "Why that's the game! You're playing the glad game, and don't know it-only you're playing it ever and ever so mucl better than I ever could! Why, I ouldn't play it at all, I'm afraid, if Ididn't have enough to eat, ouldn't ever walk, or anything,"

'The game? What game? I don't know anything about any game,' frowned the boy. Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"I know you don't—I know you don't, and that's why it's so perfectly lovely, and so—so wonderful! But listen. I'll tell you what the game is."

And she told him.
"Gee!" breathed the boy, appreciatively, when she had finished. "Now what do you think of that!"

"And here you are, playing my game better than anybody I ever saw, and I don't even know your name yet, nor anything!" exclaimed Pollyanna, in almost awestruck tones. "But I want to; -I want to know everything.

"Pooh! there's nothing to know," rejoined the boy, with a shrug, "Besides, see, here's poor Sir Lancelot and all the rest, waiting for their dinner,"

"Dear me, so they are," sighed Polly-anna, glancing impatiently at the flut-tering and chattering creatures all about them. Recklessly she turned her bag upside down and scattered her supplies to the four winds. "There, now that's done, and we can talk again, she rejoiced. "And there's such a lot want to know. First, please, what is your name. I only know it isn't 'Sir

The boy smiled.
"No, it isn't; but that's what Jerry 'most always calls me. Munsey and the rest call me 'Jamie.'"
"'Jamie!'" Pollyanna caught her

"'Jamie!" Pollyanna caught her breath and held it suspended. A wild hope had come to her eyes. It was followed almost instantly, however, by fearful doubt. . 'Does 'mumsey' mean-mother?"

Pollyanna relaxed visibly. Her face fell. If this Jamie had a mother, he could not, of course, be Mrs. Carew's Jamie, whose mother had died long

Jamie, whose mother had died long ago. Still, even as he was, he was wonderfully interesting.

"But where do you live?" she catechised eagerly. "Is there anybody else in your family but your mother and—and Jerry? Do you always come here every day? Where is your Jolly Book? Mayn't I see it? Don't the doctors are

you can ever walk again? And where was it you said you got it?—this wheel chair, I mean." The boy chuckled.
"Say, how many of them questions

do you expect me to answer all at once? I'll begin at the last one, any-how, and work backwards, maybe, if I don't forget what they be. I got this chair a year ago. Jerry knew one of them fellers what writes for papers, you know, and he put it in about me -how I couldn't ever walk, and all that, and—and the Jolly Book, you see.

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The first thing I knew, a whole lot of they used to live. They were possible then, but they wasn't near so poor as they dread all about me, and they are now. Jerry's father was alive them days, and had a job."

'My! How glad you must have anna.

"I was. It took a whole page of my Jolly Book to tell about that chair." 'But can't you ever walk again?" Pollyanna's eyes were blurred

Ola.

Mas

'It don't look like it. They said I

"Oh, but that's what they said about me, and then they sent me to Dr. Ames, and I stayed 'most a year, and he made me walk. Maybe he could

The boy shook his head.

"He couldn't—you see; I couldn't go to him, anyway. "Twould cost too much. We'll just have to call it that In can't ever—walk again. But never mind." The boy threw back his head impatiently. "I'm trying not to think of that. You know what it is when—

when your think gets to going."
"Yes, yes, of course—and here I am talking about it!" cried Pollyanna penitently. "I said you knew how to play the game better than I did, now. But go on. You haven't told me half, yet. Where do you live? And is Jerry all the brothers and sisters you've got?"

A swift change came to the boy's.

A swift change came to the boy's ace. His eyes glowed.
"Yes—and he ain't mine, really. He ain't any relation, nor mumsey ain't, neither. And only think how good they've been to me!"
"What's that?" questioned Pollyan-

"What's that?" questioned Pollyanna, instantly on the alert. "Isn't that—that 'mumsey' your mother at all?"
"No, and that's what makes—"

"And haven't you got any mother?" interrupted Pollyanna, in growing ex-

"No; I never remember any mother, and father died six years ago."
"How old were you?"

"I don't know. I was little." Mumsey says she guesses maybe I was about six. That's when they took me,

ou see." Polly-" And your name is Jamie?" Pollyanna was holding her breath. "Why, yes, I told you that."

"And what's the other name?" ongingly but fearfully, Pollyanna isked this question.
"I don't know."

"You don't know?"
"I don't remember. I was too little suppose. Even the Murphys don't now. They never knew me as anyhing but Jamie."

A great disappointment came to Pol-lyanna's face, but almost immediately a flash of thought drove the shadow

"Well, anyhow, if you don't know it what your name is you can't know it isn't 'Kent'!" she exclaimed.
"'Kent'?" puzzled the boy.

"Yes," began Pollyanna all excite-nent. "You see, there was a little boy Mas ment. named Jamie Kent that—" She stopped abruptly and bit her lip. It had occurred to Pollyanna that it would be kinder not to let this boy

know yet of her hope that he might be the lost Jamie. It would be better that she make sure of it before raising any expectations, otherwise she might be oringing him sorrow rather than joy she had not forgotten how disappoint ed Jimmy Bean had been when she had been obliged to tell him that the Ladies' Aid did not want him, and again when at first Mr. Pendleton had not wanted him, either. She was determined that she would not make the same mistake a third time, so very promptly now she assumed an air of laborate indifference on this most dangerous subject, as she said:

'But never mind about Jamie Kent. Tell me about yourself. I'm so inter-

"There isn't anything to tell. I don't know anything nice," hesitated the boy. "They said father was—was queer and never talked. They didn't even know his name. Everybody called him 'the professor.' Mumsey says he and I lived in a little back room on the top

floor of the house in Lowell where they used to live. They were poor

"Yes, yes, go on," prompted Polly-

"Well, mumsey says my father was sick a lot, and he got queerer and queerer, so that they had me downwalk then, a little, but my legs wasn't right. I played with Jerry and the little girl that died. Well, when father died there wasn't anybody to take me, and some men were goin' to put me in and some men were goin' to put me in and some men were goin' to put me in an orphan asylum, but mumsey says I took on so and Jerry took on so that they said they'd keep me. And they did. The little girl had just died and they said I might take her place. And they've had me ever since. And I fell and got worse, and they're awful poor sawy too besides Jerry's father dyin'. now, too, besides Jerry's father dyin'. But they've kept me. Now ain't that what you call bein' pretty good to a feller?"

"Yes, oh, yes," cried Pollyanna.
"But they'll get their reward—I know
they'll get their reward!" Pollyanna was quivering with delight now. The last doubt had fled. She had found the lost Jamie. She was sure of it. But not yet must she speak. First Mrs. Carew must see him. Then—then——! Even Pollyanna's imagination failed when it came to picturing the bliss in store for Mrs. Carew and Jamie at that glad reunion.

She sprang lightly to her feet in utter disregard of Sir Lancelot, who had come back and was nosing in her lap for more nuts.

"I've got to go now, but I'll come again tomorrow. Maybe I'll have a ady with me that you'll like to know. ou'll be here tomorrow, won't you? she finished anxiously.

"Sure, if it's pleasant. Jerry totes me up here most every mornin. They fixed it so he could, you know, and I

bring my dinner and stay till 4 o'clock. Jerry's good to me—he is!"

"I know, I know," nodded Pollyanna. "And maybe you'll find somebody else to be good to you, too," she carolled. With which cryptic statement and a beaming smile she was gone.

CHAPTER IX. Plans and Plottings

On the way home Pollyanna made joyous plans. Tomorrow, in some way or other, Mrs. Carew must be persuaded to go with her for a walk in the Public Garden. Just how this was to be brought about Pollyanna did not now; but brought about it must be.

To tell Mrs. Carew plainly that she had found Jamie, and wanted her to go to see him, was out of the question. There was, of course, a bare chance

that this might not be her Jamie; and if it were not, and if she had thus raised in Mrs. Carew false hopes, the result might be disastrous. Pollyanna knew, from what Mary had told her, that twice already Mrs. Carew had been made very ill by the great disappointment of following alluring clues that had led to some boy very different from her dead sister's son. So Pollyanna knew that she could not tell Mrs. Carew why she wanted her tell Mrs. Carew why she wanted her to go to walk tomorrow in the Public Garden. But there would be a way, declared Pollyanna to herself as she happily hurried homeward.

happily hurried homeward.

Fate, however, as it happened, once more intervened in the shape of a heavy rainstorm; and Pollyanna did not have to more than look out of doors the next morning to realize that there would be no Public Garden stroll that day. Worse yet, neither the next day nor the next saw the clouds dis-pelled; and Pollyanna spent all three afternoons wandering from window to window, peering up into the sky, and anxiously demanding of everyone:
"Don't you think it looks a little like

So unusual was this behavior on the part of the cheery little girl, and so irritating was the constant questioning, that at last Mrs. Carew lost her pa-

"For pity's sake, child, what is the trouble?" she cried. "I never knew you to fret so about the weather. Where's that wonderful glad game of ours today?

Pollyanna reddened and looked

"Dear me, I reckon may be I did forget the game this time," she admit-ted. "And of course there is some-thing about it I can be glad for, if I'll only hunt for it. I can be glad that— that it will have to step raining some that it will have to stop raining some time 'cause God said he wouldn't send another flood. But, you see, I did so want it to be pleasant today."

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"Why, especially?"
"Oh, I—I just wanted to go to walk in the Public Garden." Pollvanna was

trying hard to speak unconcernedly. "I I thought may be you'd like to go with me, too." Outwardly Pollyanna was nonchalance itself. Inwardly, was nonchalance itself. Inwardly however, she was a-quiver with ex-

however, she was a-quiver with excitement and suspense.

"I go to walk in the Public Garden?"
queried Mrs. Carew, with brows
slightly uplifted. "Thank you, no, I'm
afraid not," she smiled.

"Oh, but you—you wouldn't refuse!"
faltered Pollyanna, in quick panic.

"I have refused."

"I have refused."

Pollyanna swallowed convulsively.

She had grown really pale.

"But, Mrs. Carew, please, please don't say you won't go, when it gets pleasant," she begged. "You see, for a—special reason I wanted you to go with me-just this once.'

Mrs. Carew frowned. She opened her lips to make the "no" more decisive; but something in Pollyanna's pleading eyes must have changed the words, for when they came they were reluctant acquiescence.
"Well, well, child, have your own

way. But if I promise to go, you must bromise not to go near the window for an hour, and not to ask again today if wav.

I think it's going to clear up."
"Yes'm, I will—I mean, I won't,"
palpitated Pollyanna. Then, as a pale shaft of light that was almost a sun beam, came aslant through the window she cried joyously: "But you do think it is going to—Oh!" she broke off in lismay, and ran from the room.

dismay, and ran from the room.

Unmistakably, it "cleared up" the next morning. But, though the sun shone brightly, there was a sharp chill in the air, and by afternoon, when Pollyanna came home from school, there was a brisk wind. In spite of protests, however, she insisted that is was a beautiful day out, and that she hould be perfectly miserable if Mrs. Carew would not come for a walk in the Public Garden. And Mrs. Carew went, though still protesting.

As might have been expected, it was a fruitless journey. Together the impatient woman and the anxious-eyed little girl hurried shiveringly up one

path and down another. (Pollyanna, not finding the boy in his accustomed place, was making frantic search in every nook and corner of the Garden. To Pollyanna it seemed that she could 27 14 not have it so. Here she was in the Garden, and here with her was Mrs. Carew; but not anywhere to be found was Jamie—and yet not one word could she say to Mrs. Carew.) At last, thoroughly chilled and exasperated, Mrs. Carew insisted on going home; and despairingly Pollyanna

Sorry days came to Pollyanna then. What to her was perilously near a second deluge—but according to Mrs. Carew was merely "the usual fall rains"—brought a series of damp, foggy, cold, cheerless days, filled with either a dreary drizzle of rain, or, worse yet, a steady downpour. If perchance occasionally there came a day of sunshine, Pollyanna always flew to the Garden; but in vain. Jamie was never there. It was the middle of November now, and even the Garden itself was full of dreariness. The trees were bare, the benches almost empty, and not one boat was on the little pond. True, the squirrels and pigeons were there, and the sparrows were as pert as ever, but to feed them

Joy, for every saucy switch of Sir "But he says Ja—Lancelot's feathery tail but brought sick, and wants me!" bitter memories of the lad who had "I can't help that." given him his name—and who was not

"And to think I didn't find out where he lived!" mourned Pollyanna to herself over and over again, as the days passed. "And he was Jamie—I just know he was Jamie. And now I'll have the was Jamie. have to wait and wait till spring comes, and it's warm enough for him to come here again. And then, may be, I shan't be coming here by that time. O dear, O dear—and he was Jamie, I know he was Jamie!"

Then, one dreary afternoon, the unexpected happened. Pollyanna, passing through the upper hallway, heard angry voices in the hall below, one of

which she recognized as being Mary's, while the other—the other—

The other voice was saying:
"Not on your life! It's nix on the beggin' business. Do yer get me? If wants ter see the kid, Pollyanna. I got a message for her from—from Sir

got a message for her from—from Sir James. Now beat it, will ye, and trot out the kid, if ye don't mind?"
With a glad cry Pollyanna turned and fairly flew down the stairway.
"Oh, I'm here, I'm here, I'm right here!" she panted, stumbling forward.
"What is it? Did Jamie send you?"
In her excitement she had almost flung herself, with outstretched

flung herself with outstretched arms upon the boy when Mary intercepted a shocked, restrained hand.

"Miss Pollyanna, Miss Pollyanna, do you mean to say you know this—this beggar boy?"

The boy flushed angrily; but before e could speak Pollyanna interposed valiant championship.

'He isn't a beggar boy. He belongs one of my very best friends. Besides, he's the one that found me and brought me home that time I was lost.' Then to the boy she turned with impetuous questioning. "What is it? Did Jamie send you?"

Sure he did. He hit the hay month ago, and he hain't been up

'He hit-what?" puzzled Pollyanna.

"Hit the hay-went ter bed. He's "Hit the hay—went ter bed. He's sick, I mean, and he wants ter see ye. Will ye come?"
"Sick? Oh, I'm so sorry!" grieved Pollyanna. "Of course I'll come. I'll go get my hat and coat right away."
"Miss Pollyanna!" gasped Mary in stern disapproval. "As if Mrs. Carew would let you go—anywhere with a would let you go—anywhere with a see."

would let you go—anywhere with a strange boy like this!"

"But he isn't a strange boy," objected Pollyanna. "I've known him ever so long, and I must go. I—"
"What in the world is the meaning of this?" demanded Mrs. Carew icily

from the drawing-room doorway. "Pollyanna, who is this boy, and what is he doing here?"

Pollyanna turned with a quick cry.
"Oh, Mrs. Carew, you'll let me go, won't you where?"

"Go where?"

"To see my brother, ma'am," cut in the boy hurriedly, and with an obvious effort to be very polite. "He's sort o off his feed, ye know, and he wouldn' give me no peace till I come up—after her,' with an awkward gesture toward Pollyanna. "He thinks a sight an' ali

"I may go, mayn't I?" pleaded Polly-

Mrs. Carew frowned.

"Go with this boy—you? Certainly ot, Pollyanna! I wonder you are wild enough to think of it for a moment."
"Oh, but I want you to come, too,"

began Pollyanna.
"I? Absurd, child! That is impos

sible. You may give this boy here a little money, if you like, but—"......"
"Thank you, ma'am, but I didn't come for money," resented the boy, his eyes flashing. "I come for—her."
"Yes and Mrs. Corew to Letter."

"Yes, and Mrs. Carew, it's Jerry— Jerry Murphy, the boy that found me when I was lost and brought me home," appealed Pollyanna. "Now

won't you let me go?",

Mrs. Carew shook her head.

"It is out of the question, Polly-

"But he says Ja - the other boy is

"And I know him real well, Mrs. Larew. I do, truly. He reads books all full of knights and Carew lords and ladies, and he feeds the birds and squirrels and gives 'em names, and everything. And he can't walk, and he doesn't have enough to cat, lots of days," panted Pollyanna; "and he's been playing my glad game for a year, and didn't know it. And he plays it ever and ever so much better than I do. And I've hunted and hunted for do. And I've hunted and hunted to him, ever and ever so many days. Honest and truly, Mrs. Carew, I've just got to see him," almost sobbed Pollyanna. "I can't lose him again!"

Carew's cheeks.

I am surprised. I am amazed at you for insisting upon doing something you know I disapprove of. I cannot alow you to go with this boy. please let me hear no more about it.

A new expression came to Pollynna's face. With a look half-terrianna's face. fied, half-exalted, she lifted her chin and squarely faced Mrs. Carew. Tremulously, but determinedly, she

spoke.

"Then I'll have to tell you. I didn't mean to—till I was sure. I wanted you to see him first. But now I've got to tell. I can't lose him again. I think, Mrs. Carew, he's—Jamie."

"Jamie! Not—my—Jamie!" Mrs.

Carew's face had grown very white.

"Impossible!".
"I know; but, please, his name is Jamie; and he doesn't know the other one. His father died when he was 6 years old, and he can't remember his mother. He's 12 years old, he thinks. These folks took him when his father died, and his father was queer, and didn't tell folks his name, and—"

But Mrs. Carew had stopped her with a resture.

with a gesture. Mrs. Carew was even whiter than before, but her eyes

burned with a sudden fire.
"We'll go at once," she said. "Mary, tell Perkins to have the car here as soon as possible. Pollyanna, get your hat and coat. Boy, wait here, please. We'll be ready to go with you immedi-The next minute she had hurried unstairs

In the hall the boy drew a long breath. 'Gee whiz!" he muttered softly. "If we ain't goin' ter go in a buzz-wagon! Some class ter that! Gorry! what'll gir James say?"

CHAPTER X. In Murphy's Alley

With the opulent purr that seems o be peculiar to luxurious limousines, Mrs. Carew's car rolled down Comnonwealth avenue and out upon Arlington street to Charles. Inside sat a slaning-eyed little girl and a white-flaced tense woman. Outside, to give directions to the plainly disapproving chauffeur, sat Jerry Murphy, inordi-nately proud and insufferably im-When the limousine came to a stop

before a shabby doorway in a narrow, dirty alley, the boy leaped to the ground, and, with a ridiculous imitation of the liveried pomposities he had o often watched, threw open the door if the car and stood waiting for the adies to alight.

Pollyanna sprang out at once, her eyes widening with amazement and distress as she looked about her. Behind her came Mrs. Carew, visibly shuddering as her gaze swept the filth, the sordidness, and the ragged children that swarmed shrieking and chattering out of the dismal tenements, and surrounded the car in a second.

Here, you, beat it!" he yelled to the motley throng. "This ain't no free movies! Can that racket and get a move on ye. Lively, now! We gotta get by. Jamie's got comp'ny."

Mrs. Carew shuddered again, and

laid a trembling hand on Jerry's "Not-here!" she recoiled.

But the boy did not hear. With shoves and pushes from sturdy fists and elbows, he was making a path for his charges; and before Mrs. Carew knew quite how it was done, she found herself with the boy and Pollyanna at the foot of a rickety flight of

stairs in a dim, evil-smelling hallway Once more she put out a shaking

'Wait," she commanded huskily "Remember! Don't either of you say Word about—about his being possibly the boy I'm looking for. I must see for myself first, and—question him."
"Of course!" agreed Pollyanna.

"Sure! I'm on," nodded the boy. gotta go right off anyhow, so I won't bother ye none. Now toddle easy up these 'ere stairs. There's always holes, and most generally there's a kid or two asleep somewheres. An' the elevator ain't runnin' ter-day," he gibed cheer

ully. "We gotta go ter the top, too!"
Mrs. Carew found the "holes" broken boards that creaked and bent fearsomely under her shrinking feet; and she found one "kid"—a two-yearold baby playing with an empty tin 30 30 can on a string which he was banging up and down the second flight o stairs. On all sides doors were opened now boldly, now stealthily, but always disclosing women with tousled heads or peering children with dirty faces. omewhere a baby was wailing piteous y. Somewhere else a man was cursing Everywhere was the smell of bad whiskey, stale cabbage, and unwashed humanity.

At the top of the third and last stairway the boy came to a pause be-fore a closed door.
"I'm i just a-thinkin' what Sir

James'll say when he's wise ter the prize package. I'm bringin' him," he whispered in a throaty voice. "I know what mumsey'll do—she turn on the weeps in no time ter see Jamie so tickled." The next moment he threw wide the door with a gay: "Here we be—an' we come in a buzz-wagon Ain't that goin' some, Sir James?"

It was a tiny room, cold and cheer-less and pitifully bare, but scrupulously neat. There were here no tousled heads, no peering children, no odors of whiskey, cabbage and unclean humanity. There were two beds, three broken chairs, a dry-goods-box table, and a stove with a faint glow of light that tell of a fire protection. that told of a fire not nearly brisk enough to heat even that tiny room. On one of the beds lay a lad with flushed cheeks and fever-bright eyes. Near him sat a thin, white faced woman, bent and twisted with rheuma-

Mrs. Carew stepped into the room and, as if to steady herself, paused a minute with her back to the wall. Pollyanna hurried forward with a low cry just as Jerry, with an apologetic "I gotta go now; goodby!" dashed through the door.

"Oh, Jamie, I'm so glad I've found you," cried Pollyanna. "You don't know how I've looked and looked for you every day. But I'm so sorry

Jamie smiled radiantly and held out thin white hand:

'I ain't sorry-I'm glad," he emphasized meaningly; "'cause it's brought you to see me. Besides, I'm better now, anyway. Mumsey, this is the little girl, you know, that told me the glad game—and mumsey's playing at too," he triumphed, turning back to Pollyanna. "First she cried 'cause her back hurts too bad to let her work; then when I was took worse she was glad she couldn't work, 'cause she could be here to take care of me, you At that moment Mrs. Carew hurris

forward, her eyes half-fearfully, haliongingly on the face of the lame boy

"It's Mrs. Carew. I've brought her to see you, Jamie," introduced Pollyanna, in a tremulous voice.

The little twisted woman by the bed

had struggled to her feet by this time, and was nervously offering her chair. Mrs. Carew accepted it without so much as a glance. Her eyes were still on the box in the bed.

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'Your name is-Jamie?" she asked, with visible difficulty:
"Yes, ma'am." The boy's hright "Yes, ma'am." The boy'yes looked straight into hers.

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

"He is not your son?" For the first ime Mrs. Carew turned to the twisted ittle woman who was still standing the bed.
"No, madam

"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. "But it is just possible that it would not be so well for Jamie as—as if that book were given by a oody of people who knew what sort f one to select."

This led her to say much, also (none of which Pollyanna in the least under-stood), about "pauperizing the poor," he "evils of indiscriminate giving," nd the "pernicious effect of unorgan-

"Besides."

she added, in answer to he still perplexed expression on Polly anna's worried little face. "very likely if I offered help to these people they would not take it. You remember Mrs. Murphy declined, at the first, to let me send food and clothing—though they accepted it readily enough from their neighbors on the first floor, it ward. "Don't ye know a good thing when ye see it?"

"Yes: but I can't—go," said the crip-

"Yes, I know," sighed Pollyanna, turning away. "There's something there somehow I don't understand. But it doesn't seem right that we should have such a lot of nice things and that they shouldn't have anything, leadin."

As the days passed, this feeling on the part of Pollyanna increased rather than diminished; and the questions she asked and the comments she made were anything but a relief to the state of mind in which Mrs. Carew herself was. Even the test of the glad game, in this case, Pollyanna was finding be very near a failure; for, as she

to be very near a failure; for, as she expressed it:

"I don't see how you can find anything about this poor-people business to be glad for. Of course we can be glad for ourselves that we aren't poor like them; but whenever I'm thinking how glad I am for that, I get so sorry for them that I can't be glad any longer. Of course we could be glad there were poor folks, because we there were poor folks, because we could help them. But if we don't help them, where's the glad part of that coming in?" And to this Pollyanna could find no one who could give her

a satisfactory answer.
Especially she asked this question of Mrs. Carew; and Mrs. Carew, still aunted by the visions of Jamie that was, and the Jamie that might be, grew only more restless, more wretched, and nore utterly despairing. Nor was he helped any by the approach of Phristmas. Nowhere was there glow f holly or flash of tinsel that did to carry its pang to her; for always Mrs. Carew it but symbolized a ild's empty stocking—a stocking that ight be—Jamie's.

Finally, a week before Christmas, she fought what she thought was the last battle with herself. Resolutely, but with no real joy in her face, she gave terse orders to Mary and sum-moned Pollyanna.

"Pollyanna," she began, almost

"Pollyanna," slie began, almost rshly, "I have decided to—to take harshly, "I have decluded to all once. Iamie. The car will be here at once. 'm going after him now, and bring You may come with me

you like. great light transfigured Polly-

"Oh, oh, oh, how glad I am!" she eathed. "Why, I'm so glad I—I want o 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

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 amie, and of her first hopes that this lamie 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, little wearily, she told what were the plans she had made for him.

At the foot of the bed Mrs. Murphy istened, crying softly. Across the roon Jerry Murphy, his eyes dilating, emit-ted an occasional low "Gee! Can ye beat that, now?" As to Jamie—Jamie, on the bed, had listened at first with the air of one to whom suddenly a door has opened into a longed-for paradise; but gradually, as Mrs. Carew talked, a new look came to his eyes Very slowly he closed them, and turned away his face.

When Mrs. Carew ceased speaking there was a long silence before Jamie turned his head and answered. They saw then that his face was very white and that his eyes were full of tears.

Thank you, Mrs. Carew, but-1

can't go," he said simply.

"You can't—what?" cried Mrs. Ca-

led boy, again "But, Jamie, Jamie, think, think what it would mean to you!" quavered Mrs. Murphy, at the foot of the bed.

"I am a-thinkin'," choked Jamie.
'Don't you suppose I know what I'm doin'-what I'm givin' up?" Then

to Mrs. Carew he turned tear-wet eyes. "I can't," he faltered. "I can't let you do all that for me. If you—cared, it would be different. But you don't care -not really. You don't want me-not You want the real Jamie, and I ain't the real Jamie. You don't think I am. I can see it in your face.'

"I know. But-but-" began Mrs. Carew helplessly.

'And it isn't as if—as if I was like other boys, and could walk, either," interrupted the cripple, feverishly. "You'd get tired of me in no time. And I'd see it comin'. I couldn't stand t-to be a burden like that. Of course, if you cared—like mumsey here—" He threw out his hand, choked back a sob, then turned his head away again. "I'm not the Jamie you want. I—can't—go," he said. With the words his thin, boysh hand fell clenched till the knuckles howed white against the tattered old

shawl that covered the bed. There was a moment's breathless hush, then, very quietly, Mrs. Carew got to her feet. Her face was colorless; but there was that in it that sienced the sob that rose to Pollyanna's

"Come, Pollyanna," was all she said.
"Well, if you ain't the fool limit!"
pabbled Jerry Murphy to the boy on he bed, as the door closed a moment

But the boy on the bed was crying very much as if the closing door had been the one that had led to paradiseand that had closed now forever.

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CHAPTER XII.

From Behind a Counter Mrs. Carew was very angry.

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 ainost 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 him, not even because she wished to help him and inake him happy—but be cause 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

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It certainly had not helped matters any that the boy had divined her state of mind, and had given as the rea-son 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 relation-ship thrust themselves upon her in the hape of panicky doubts; and however resolutely she turned her thoughts to other matters, just so resolutely visions of a wistful-eyed boy in a pov erty-stricken room loomed always be

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

"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 cur

was the same with her food Pollvanna was actually losing her appetite; but here again she disclaimed sickness. "Oh, no," she would sight mournfully. "It's just that I don' seem hungry. Some way, just as soon as I begin to eat, I think of Jamie, and how he doesn't have only old doughnuts and dry rolls; and then -I don't want anything.

Mrs. Carew, spurred by a feeling Mrs. Carew, spurred by a feeling that she herself only dimly understood, and recklessly determined to bring about some change in Pollyanna at all costs, ordered a huge tree, two dozen wreaths and quantities of holly and Christmas baubles. For the first time in many years the house was aflame and a-glitter with scarlet and time! There was even to be a Christ. tinsel. There was even to be a Christ mas party, for Mrs. Carew had told Pollyama to invite half a dozen of her schoolgirl friends for the tree on Christmas Eve.

But even here Mrs. Carew met with disappointment; for, though Polly-anna was always grateful, and at times interested and even excited, she still carried frequently a sober little face. And in the end the Christmas party was more of a sorrow than a joy for the first glimpse of the glittering

tree sent her into a storm of sobs.
"Why, Pollyanna!" cjaculated Mrs.
Carew. "What in the world is the

"N-n-nothing," wept Pollyanna. "It's only that it's so perfectly, perfectly beautiful that I just had to cry, I

was thinking how Jamie would love It was then that Mrs. Carew's pa- 675 88

tience snapped.

"Jamie, Jamie, Jamie'!" she exclaimed. "Pollyanna, can't you stop talking about that boy? You know perfectly well that it is not my fault that he is not here. I asked him to come here to live. Besides, where is

would play it on this.

glad about things I've been happy. But cally, now, about Jamie—I'm so glad I've "My, wasn't she cross? But she was got carpets and pictures and nice things to eat, and that I can walk and Marcrun, and go to school, and all that; but the harder I'm glad for myself "I suppose so" said the girl with

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 changed to some fasther. "Well, I can't say I've given more'n five parties, nor been to more'n seven in the pollyanna changed to some fasther." 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

claimed 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

"Fifty cents? Hm-m!"

lady fingered the bow, hesitated, then laid it down with a sigh. "Hm, yes; well, it's very pretty, i'm sure my dear," she said, as she passed on.

Immediately behind her came two bright-faced girls who, with much gig gling and bantering, picked out a jewelled creation of scarlet velvet, and a fairy-like structure of tulle and pink As the girls turned chattering away, Pollyanna drew an ecstatic sigh.
"Is that what you do all day? My,
how glad you must be you chose this!"
"Glad!"

"Yes. It must be such fun—such lots of folks, you know, and all different. And you can talk to 'em. You have to talk to 'em-it's your business. should love that. I think I'll do this

when I grow up. It must be such fun to see what they all buy!"

"Fun! Glad!" bristled the girl behind the counter. "Well, child, I guess if you knew half— That's a dollar, madam" she intervented by self-like madam," she interzupted herself hastlly, in answer to a young woman's sharp question as to the price of a flaring yellow bow of beaded velvet in

Well, I should think 'twas time you told me," snapped the young woman.
"I had to ask you twice."
The girl behind the counter bit her

'I didn't hear you, madam." "I can't help that. It's your business to hear. You are paid for it, aren't you? How much is that black oze?"

"Fifty cents."
"And that blue one?" "One dollar."

"No impudence, miss! You needn't be so short about it, or I shall report you. Let me see that tray of pink

The salesgirl's lips opened, then closed in a thin, straight line. Obediently she reached into the show case iently she reached into the show case and took out the tray of pink bows; but her eyes flashed, and her hands shook visibly as she set the tray down on the counter. The young woman whom she was serving picked up five bows, asked the price of four of them, then turned away with a track:

be an excellent idea if you "I see nothing I care tor.

"Well," said the girl behind the "I am playing it," quavered Polly-anna. "And that's what I don't un-derstand. I never knew it to act so funny. Why, before, when I've been glad about things I've been been glad about there?"

Pollyanna giggled a little beautiful the girl behind the wide-eyed Pollyanna, "what do you think of my business now? Anything 7 to be glad about there?"

Pollyanna giggled a little behind the

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 gesture, merely turned away without a well for you; but—" Once more she stopped with a tired: "Fifty cents, madam," in answer to a question from

since I saw you," replied the girl so bitterly that Pollyanna detected the

'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 out as it was—except for the presents, and the said so very distinctly.

"Oh, yes. I stayed in bed all day tinctly.

"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.

Now, can't you come out tonight, or tomorrow night, and—"
"Pollyanna!" interrupted Mrs. Carew in her chilliest accents. "What in the world does this mean? Where have you been? I have looked everywhere for you. I even we back to the suit department. I even went 'way

out tohight or tomorrow night. And you'll let me have it all lighted up again, won't you?"

"Well, really, Pollyanna," began Mrs. Carew, in cold disapproval. But the

behind the counter interrupted with a voice quite as cold, and even more disapproving.

"Don't worry, madam. I've no notion of goin'."
"Oh, but please," begged Pollyanna.
"You don't know how I want you,

'I notice the lady ain't doin' any skin'," interrupted the salesgirl, a little maliciously.

Mrs. Carew flushed an angry red,

and turned as if to go; but Polly-anna caught her arm and held it, talk-ing meanwhile almost frenziedly to the girl behind the counter, who happened, at the moment, to be free from customers.

"Oh, but she will, she will," Polly-anna was saying. "She wants you to come—I know she does. Why, you don't know how good she is, and how much money she gives to—to chari-table 'sociations and everything." "Pollyanna!" shouted Mrs. Carew,

sharply. Once more she would have gone, but this time she was held spellbound by the ringing scorn in the low, tense voice of the salesgirl. "Oh, yes, I know! Incress for on 'em that'll give the rescue work, there's always lenty 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 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 Pollyan-

na 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 de lightful plan, and she said so very dis-

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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.

"Fifty cents? Hm.p." "I

day, and she told me all about how lonesome she was, and that she thought the lonesomest 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 back to the suit department."

Pollyanna turned with a happy little cry

"Oh, Mrs. Carew, I'm glad you've come," she rejoiced. "This is—well, I don't know her name yet, but I know her, so it's all right. I met her in the Public Garden ever so long ago. And she's lonesome and doesn't know any-body. And her father was a minister like mine, only he's alive. And she didn't have any Christmas tree only blistered feet and chicken pie; and I want her to see mine, you know—the tree, I mean," plunged on Pollyanna, breathlessly. "I've asked her to come out 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 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

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 4264 00

"No, no, Pollyanna, I—" she began protestingly. But Pollyanna, entirely mistaking the meaning of her interrup-

tion, plunged in again in stout cham

"Indeed you are good—just the best-est ever; and I sha'n't let you say you aren't. Now I reckon I'll have a party all right! There's Tommy Dolan and his sister Jennie, and the two Macdon-ald children, and three girls whose names I don't know that live under the Murphys, and a whole lot more, if we have room for 'em! Why, Mrs. Carew, seems to me as if I never knew anything so perfectly lovely in all my

mayn't I begin right away to invite it's just another way of loving Jamie."

And Mrs. Carew, who would not have believed such a thing possible, heard herself murmuring a faint "yes," which, she knew, bound her to the giv ng of a Christmas tree party on New Year's Eve to a dozen children from Iurphy's alley and a young salesgir whose name she did not know.

Perhaps in Mrs. Carew's memory was still lingering a young girl's 'Sometimes I wonder there don't some of 'em think of helpin' the girls before they go wrong." Perhaps in her ears was still ringing Pollyanna's story of that same girl who had found a crowd in a big city the loneliest place in the world yet who had refused to go with the handsome man that had "noticed her too much" Perhaps in Mrs. her too much." Perhaps in Mrs Carew's heart was the undefined hope that somewhere in it all lay the peace the had so longed for. Perhaps it was little of all three combined with utter nelplessness in the face of Pollyanna's mazing twisting of her irritated sarmazing twisting of her hospi-asm into the wide-sweeping hospiality of a willing hostess. it was, the thing was done; and at once Mrs. Carew found herself caught into veritable whirl of plans and plot-ngs, the centre of which was always Pollyanna and the party.

To her sister, Mrs. Carew wrote dis-

tractedly of the whole affair, closing

llow

'What I'm going to do I don't know; but I suppost I shall have to keep right on doing as I am doing. There is no other way. Of course, f Pollyanna once begins to preachout she hasn't yet; so I can't, with a clear conscience, send her back to

Della, reading this letter at the Sanatorium, laughed aloud at the conclu-

"'Hasn't preached yet,' indeed!" she chuckled to herself. "Bless her dear heart! And yet you, Ruth Carew, own up to giving two Christmas-tree parties within a week, and as I happen to know, your home, which used to be shrouded in death-like gloom is aflame with scarlet and green from top to But she hasn't preached yet-oh, no, she hasn't preached yet!"

The party was a great success. Even Carew admitted that. Jamie, in his wheel chair, Jerry with his startling, but expressive vocabulary, and girl (whose name proved to be Sadie Dean), vied with each other in amusing the more diffident guests. Sadie Dean, much to the others' surprise-and perhaps to her own-disclosed an intimate knowledge of the most fascinating games; and these games, with Jamie's stories and Jerry's good-natured banter, kept everyone in gales of laughter until supper, and the enerous distribution of presents from the laden tree sent the happy guests nome with tired sighs of content.

Jamie (who with Jerry was the last to leave) looked about him a bit wistfully, no one apparently noticed it. Yet Mrs. Carew, when she bade him good night, said low in his ear, half npatiently, half embarrassedly

"Well, Jamie, have you changed your mind—about coming?"
The boy hesitated. A faint color stole into his checks. He turned and looked into her eyes wistfully, search-Then very slowly he shook his

"If it could always be—like tonight,—could," he sighed. "But it wouldn't. 'here'd be tomorrow, and next There'd week, and next month, and next year comin'; and I'd know before next week that I hadn't oughter come."

If Mrs. Carew had thought that the New Year's Eve party was to end the matter of Pollyanna's efforts in behalf of Sadie Dean, she was soon unde-ceived; for the very next morning

ollyanna began to talk of her. "And I'm so glad I found her ain," she prattled, contentedly. 'Even if I haven't been able to find the real Jamie for you, I've found omebody else for you to love-and

Mrs. Carew drew in her breath and gave a little gasp of exasperation. This unfailing faith in her goodness of heart, and unhesitating belief in her desire to "help everybody" was most disconcerting, and sometimes most annoying. At the same time it was a most difficult thing to disclaim under the circumstances, especially with Pollyanna's happy, confident eyes full on her face.

"But, Pollyanna," she objected impotently, at last, feeling very much as of she were struggling against invisi-ble silken cords, "I—you—this girl ble silken cords, "I-you-this really isn't Jamie, at all, you know

"I know she isn't," sympathized Pol-inna quickly. "And of course I'm lyanna quickly. "And of course I'm just as sorry she isn't Jamie as can be. But she's somebody's Jamie—that I mean she hasn't got anybody down here to love her and-and no tice, you know, and so, whenever you remember Jamie I should think you couldn't be glad enough there was somebody you could help, just as you'd want folks to help Jamie, wherever

Mrs. Carew shivered and gave a little moan.

But I want my Jamie," she grieved Pollyanna nodded with understand-

"I know—the 'child's presence.' Mr Pendleton told me about it — only you've got the 'woman's hand.'"
"'Woman's hand?'"

'Yes-to make a home, you know He said that it took a woman's hand or a child's presence to make a home. That was when he wanted me, and I tound him Jimmy, and he adopted him

'Jimmy?" Mrs. Carew looked up eyes that always came into them at he mention of any variant of that

'Yes: Jimmy Bean." "Oh-Bean," said Mrs. Carew, re-

"Yes. He was from an orphan' ome, and he ran away. I found him He said he wanted another kind of home with a mother in it instead of a matron. I couldn't find him the mothr part, but I found him Mr. Pendle on, and he adopted him. His name is mmy Pendleton now.

"Yes, it was Bean." Oh!" said Mrs. said Mrs. Carew, this time ith a long sigh.

Mrs. Carew saw a good deal o lowed the New Year's Eve party. She saw a good deal of Jamie, too. In one way and another Pollyanna contrived to have them frequently at the house, and this, Mrs. Carew, much to her surprise and vexation, could not seem to prevent. Her consent and even her delight were taken by Pollyanna as so nuch a matter of course that she found herself helpless to convince the child that neither approval nor satisfaction entered into the matter at all,

as far as she was concerned.
But Mrs. Carew, whether she herself realized it or not, was learning many things—things she never could have learned in the old days, shut up her rooms, with orders to Mary to dmit no one. She was learning admit no one. She was learning something of what it means to be a lonely young girl in a big city, with one's living to earn, and with no one to care—except one who cares too much, and too little.

"But what did you mean?" she nervously asked Sadie Dean one evening; "what did you mean that first day the store-what you said-about helping the girls?"

Sadie Dean colored distressfully.
"I'm afraid I was rude," she apolo-

"Never mind that. Tell me what you meant. I've thought of it so many times since."

For a moment the girl was silent then, a little bitterly, she said:

and I was thinkin' of her. She came from my town, and she was pretty and good, but she wa'n't over strong. year we pulled together, sharm' the same room, boiling our eggs over the same gasjet, and eatin' our hash and fishballs for supper at the same cheap restaurant. There was never anything to do evenin's but to walk in the Common, or go to the movies, if we had the dime to blow in, or just stay in our room. Well, our room wasn't very pleasant. It was hot in summer and cold in winter, and the gasjet was so measly and so flickery that we couldn't sew or read, even if we hadn't been too fagged out to do either-which we most generally was. B sides, over our heads was a squeaky poard that someone was always in' on, and under us was a feller that was learnin' to play the cornet. Did you ever hear any one learn to play the cornet?

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'N-no, I don't think so," murmured Carew.

"Well, you've missed a lot," said the girl, dryly. Then, after a moment, she Then, after a moment, she resumed her story.

"Sometimes, 'specially at Christmas and holidays, we used to walk up here on the avenue, and other streets, hunt-in' for windows where the curtains were up, and we could look in. see, we were pretty lonesome, them days 'specially, and we said it did us good to see homes with folks, and lamps on the centretables, and children playin' games; but we both of us that really it only made us feel worse than ever, because we were so hopelessly out of it all. 'Twas even harder to see the automobiles, and the gay young folks in them, laughing and chatting. You see, we were young, and I suspect we wanted to laugh and chatter. We wanted a good time, too, and, by and by-my chum began to have it—this good time.

"Well, to make a long story short, we broke partnership one day, and she went her way, and I mine. I didn't went her way, and I mine. like the company she was keepin', and I said so. She wouldn't give 'em up, so we quit. I didn't see her again for most two years, then I got a note

from her, and I went. This was just last month. She was in one of them 3088 65 rescue homes. It was a lovely place soft rugs, fine pictures, plants, flowers and books, a piano, a beautiful room and everything possible done for her Rich women came in their automobiles and carriages to take her driv ing, and she was taken to concerts and matinees. She was learnin' stenography, and they were going to help her to a position just as soon as she could take it. Everybody was wonderfully good to her, she said, and showed they wanted to help her in every way. But she said something every way. But

e, too. She said:
'Sadie, if they'd taken one-half the pains to show me they cared and wanted to help me long ago when I was honest, self-respectin', hard-workin', homesick girl—I wouldn't have been here for them to help now.' And -well, I never forgot it. That's all. It ain't that I'm objectin' to the rescue work—it's a fine thing, and they ought to do it. Only I'm thinkin' there wouldn't be quite so much of it for them to do—if they'd just show a little of their interest earlier in the game

But I thought-there were working girls' homes, and—and settlement houses that—that did that sort of thing," faltered Mrs. Carew in a voice that few of her friends would

have recognized, inside of one of them?"

"Why, n-no; though I—I have given money to them." This time Mrs. Carew's voice was almost apologetically pleading in tone.

Sadie Dean smiled curiously.
"Yes, I know. There are lots of good women that have given money 13344 54 to them—and have never seen the in-side of one of them. Please don't understand that I'm sayin' anythin' against the homes. I'm not. They're good things. They're almost the only thing that's doing anything to help;

but they're only a drop in the bucket to what is really needed. I tried one omehow I felt—But there, what's the use? Probably they aren't all like that one, and maybe the fault was with me. If I should try to tell you, you wouldn't understand. to live in it—and you haven't even seen the inside of one. But I can't elp wonderin' sometimes why many of those good women never seem to put the real heart and interest into the preventin' that they do into the rescuin'. But there! I didn't mean to talk such a lot. But-you sked me.

"Yes, I asked you," said Mrs. Carew in a half-stifled voice, as she turned away.

Not only from Sadie Dean, how-ever, was Mrs. Carew learning things never learned before, but from Jamie,

Jamie was there a great deal. Pol-lyanna liked to have him there, and he liked to be there. At first, to be sure, he had hesitated; but very soon he had quieted his doubts and yielded to his longings by telling himself (and Pollyanna) that, after all, visiting was staying for keeps.

Mrs. Carew often found the boy

and Pollyanna contentedly settled on the library window-seat, with the empty wheel chair close by. Sometimes they were poring over a book. (She heard Jamie tell Pollyanna one day that he didn't think he'd mind so wery much being lame if he had so many books as Mrs. Carew, and that he guessed he'd be so happy he'd fly clean away if he had both books and egs:) Sometimes the boy was telling stories, and Pollyanna was listening, wide-eved and absorbed.

Mrs. Carew wondered at Pollyan na's interest—until one day she her-seli stopped and listened. After that she wondered no longer—but she listened a good deal longer. Crude and incorrect as was much of the boy's language, it was always wonderfully vivid and picturesque, so that Mrs. Carew found herself, hand in hand with Pollyanna, trailing down the Golder Ages at the beck of a glowing-eyed

Dimly Mrs. Carew was beginning to realize, too, something of what it must mean, to be in spirit and ambition the centre of brave deeds and wonderful adventures, while in reality one was only a crippled boy in a wheel chair. But what Mrs. Carew did not realize was the part this crippled boy was beginning to play in her own life. She did not realize how much a matter of course his presence was becoming, nor how interested she now was in finding something new "for Jamie to see." Neither did she realize how day by day he was coming to seem to her more and more the lost Jamie, her dead sister's child.

As February, March and April passed, nowever, and May came, bringing with it the near approach of the date set for Pollyanna's home-going, Mrs. Carew did suddenly awake to the knowl edge of what that home-going was to

She was amazed and appalled. Up to now she had, in belief, looked for-ward with pleasure to the departure of Pollyanna. She had said that then onc again the house would be quiet, with the glaring sun shut out. Once again she would be at peace and able to hid herself away from the annoying, tire-some world. Once again she would be free to summon to her aching conciousness all those dear memories of the lost little lad who had so long ago stepped into that vast unknown closed the door behind him. All this she had believed would be the case when Pollyanna should go home.

But now that Pollyanna was really going home, the picture was far different. The "quiet house with the sun shut out" had become one that promised to be "gloomy and unbearable."
The longed-for "peace" would be "wretched loneliness," and as for her being able to "hide herself away from the annoying, tiresome world," and "free to summon to her aching con-

sciousness all those dear memories of once; but there was an air about it— that lost little lad"—just as if anything could blot out those other aching mem ories of the new Jamie (who yet might be the old Jamie), with his pitiful,

pleading eyes!
Full well now Mrs. Carew knew that without Pollyanna the house would be empty; but that without the lad, Jamie, it would be worse than that. To her

pride this knowledge was not pleasing. To her heart it was torture—since the boy had twice said that he would not come. For a time, during those last few days of Pollyanna's stay, the struggle was a bitter one, though pride al-ways kept the ascendancy. Then, on ways kept the ascendancy. what Mrs. Carew knew would Jamie's last visit, her heart triumphed, and once more she asked Jamie to come and be to her the Jamie that was

What she said she never could remember afterwards; but what the boy said she never forgot. After all, it was compassed in six short words.

For what seemed a long, long minute his eyes had searched her face; then to his own had come a transfiguring

'Oh, yes! Why, you-care, now!"

CHAPTER XIV. Jimmy and the Green-Eyed Monster

This time Beldingsville did not literally welcome Pollyanna home with brass bands and bunting-perhaps because the hour of her expected arrival was known to but few of the townspeople. But there certainly was no lack of joyful greetings on the part of everybody from the moment she stepped from the railway train with her Aunt Polly and Dr. Chilton. Nor did Polly-anna lose any time in starting on a round of fly-away minute calls on all her old friends. Indeed, for the next few days, according to Nancy, "There wasn't no putting of your finger on her anywheres, for by the time you'd got your finger down she wasn't there.

And always, everywhere she went, Pollyanna met the question: "Well, how did you like Boston?" Perhaps to no one did she answer this more fully than she did to Mr. Pendleton. As was usually the case when this question was put to her, she began her reply with a

"Oh, I liked it-I just loved it-some

"But not all of it?" smiled Mr. Pendleton.

There's parts of it-. Oh, was glad to be there," she explained hastily. "I had a perfectly lovely time, and lots of things were so queer different, you know—like eating dinner at night instead of noons, when you ought to eat it. But everybody was so good to me, and I saw such a lot of vonderful things-Bunker Hill, the Public Garden, and the Seeing Boston autos, and miles of pictures and statues and store-windows and streets that didn't have any end. And folks. I never saw such a lot of folks."

"Well, I'm sure—I thought you liked

folks," commented the man.

'I do." Pollyanna frowned again and pondered. "But what's the use of such a lot of them if you don't know 'em And Mrs. Carew wouldn't let me. She didn't know 'em herself. She said folks didn't, down there.'

There was a slight pause, then, with a sigh, Pollyanna resumed.

"I reckon maybe that's the part I don't like the most—that folks don't know each other. It would be such a lot nicer if they did! Why, just think, Mr. Pendleton, there are lots of folks that live on dirty, narrow streets, and don't even have beans and fish balls to eat. nor things even as good as missionary barrels to wear. Then there are other folks-Mrs. Carew and a whole lo

like her-that live in perfectly beautiful houses, and have more things to eat and wear than they know what to do with. Now if those folks only knew the other folks—" But Mr. Pendleton interrupted with a laugh.

"My dear child, did it ever occur to you that these people don't care to know each other?" he asked quizzically.

"Oh, but some of them do," main-Pollyanna, in eager defence. "Now there's Sadie Dean—she sells bows, lovely bows, in a big store—she wants to know people; and I introduced her to Mrs. Carew, and we had her up to the house, and we had Jamie and lots of others there, too; and she was so glad to know them! And that's what made me think that if only a lot of Mrs. Carew's kind could know the other kind—but of course I couldn't do
the introducing. I didn't know many
of them myself, anyway. But if they
could know each other, so that the rich people could give the poor people part of their money—"
But again Mr. Pendleton interrupted

with a laugh.

"Oh, Pollyanna, Pollyanna," he chuckled; "I'm afraid you're getting into pretty deep water. You'll be a rabid little Socialist before you know

"A—what?" questioned the little girl, dubiously. "I—I don't think I know what a Socialist is. But I know what being sociable is—and I like folks that are that. If it's anything like that, I don't mind being one, a mite. I'd like

"I don't doubt it, Pollyanna," smiled the man. "But when it comes to this scheme of yours for the wholesale distribution of wealth-you've got a probem on your hands that you might have difficulty with."

Pollyanna drew a long sigh.

"I know," she nodded. "That's the
way Mrs. Carew talked. She says I don't understand; that 'twould—er— pauperize her and be indiscriminate and pernicious, and-well, it was something perficious, and—well, it was something like that, anyway," bridled the little girl, aggrievedly, as the man began to laugh. "And, anyway, I don't understand why some folks have such a lot, and other folks shouldn't have anything; and I don't like it. And if I ever have a lot I shall just give some of it to folks who don't have any even of it to folks who don't have any, even if it does make me pauperized and per-nicious, and—" But Mr. Pendleton was laughing so hard now that Pollyanna, after a moment's struggle, surrendered

and laughed with him. "Well, anyway," she reiterated, when she had caught her breath, "I don't understand it. all the same."

"No, dear, I'm afraid you don't," agreed the man, growing suddenly very grave and tender-eyed; "nor any of the rest of us, for that matter. But tell he added, after a minute, "who is this Jamie you've been talking so much about since you came?"

And Pollyanna told him.

In talking of Jamie, Pollyanna lost her worried, baffled look. Pollyanna loved to talk of Jamie. Here was something she understood. Here was no problem that had to deal with big, fearsome-sounding words. Besides, in this Pendleton be especially interested in Mrs. Carew's taking the boy into her home, for who better than himself could understand the need of a child's

For that matter, Pollvanna talked to everybody about Jamie. She assumed that everybody would be as interested as she herself was. On most occasions she was not disappointed in the interes shown; but one day she met with : surprise. It came through Jimmy Pen

"Say, look a-here," he demanded one afternoon, irritably. "Wasn't there any body else down to Boston but just that everlasting 'Jamie'?"

"Why, Jimmy Bean, what do you mean?" cried Pollyanna.

hink, from your talk, that there wasn't anybody down to Boston but just that sistence upon eternal mourning boy who calls them birds and ommyrot.

and looked utterly wretched. Growing more and more jealous moment by mo-

omebody else that said so, too." Who was it?

There was no answer.
"Who was it?" demanded Pollyanna, "Dad." The boy's

ever he spoke of his father.

-and I did, too, some. The farmer's wife was awful good to me, and pretty quick she was callin' me 'Jamie.' I day father heard her. He got aw- enthusiastic interest. ful mad—so mad that I remembered i always-what he said. He said 'Jamie' wasn't no sort of a name for a boy, and that no son of his should ever be called it. He said 'twas a sissy name, and he hated it. 'Seems so I never saw nim so mad as he was that night. He wouldn't even stay to finish the work, but him and me took to the road again hat night. I was kind of sorry, 'cause liked her—the farmer's wife, I mean. she was good to me.

Pollyanna nodded, all sympathy and neerest. It was not often that Jimmy said much of that mysterious past life

of his, before she had known him.
"And what happened next?" she
brompted. Pollyanna had, for the moment, forgotten all about the original subject of the controversy—the name 'Jamie' that was dubbed "sissy."

The boy sighed. We just went on till we found an other place. And 'twas there dad-lied. Then they put me in the 'sylum." "And then you ran away and I found Mrs. Snow's," ly. "And I've

ou that day, down by Mr exulted Pollyanna, softly, mown you ever since."

yes-and you've known ever since," repeated Jimmy—but in a far different voice. Jimmy had sudenly come back to the present, and to grievance. "But then, I ain't nie,' you know," he finished with cornful emphasis, as he turned loftily way, leaving a distressed, bewildered Pollyanna behind him.

"Well, anyway, I can be glad he loesn't always act like this," sighed the little girl, as she mournfully watched the sturdy, boyish figure with its disagreeable, amazing swagger

CHAPTER XV.

Aunt Polly Takes Alarm

Pollyanna had been at home about a

week when the letter from Della Wetherby came to Mrs. Chilton.
"I wish I could make you see what your little niece has done for my sister," wrote Miss Wetherby; "but I'm afraid I can't. You would have to know what she was before. You did see her, to be sure, and perhaps you saw something of the hush and gloom

in which she has shrouded herself for The boy lifted his chin a little.

"I'm not Jimmy Bean. I'm Jimmy Pendleton. And I mean that I should be lead of the bitterness of heart, her lack of aim and interest, her in

down to Boston but just that sistence upon eternal mourning.

by who calls them birds and 'Lady Lancelot,' and all that that the minute it was given; and she made the minute it was given; and she made "Why, Jimmy Be—Pendleton!" the minute it was given; and she made the stern stipulation that the moment Pollyanna began to preach, back she should come to me. Well, she hasn't should come to me. Well, she hasn't should come to me. Why, he can make stories preached—at least, my sister says she right out of his own head! Besides, it hasn't; and my sister ought to know. sn't 'Lady Lancelot'—it's 'Sir Lancelot.' And yet—well, just let me tell you knew half as much as he does what I found when I went to see her know that, too!" she finished, yesterday. Perhaps nothing else could give you a better idea of what that wonyith flashing eyes.

Jimmy Pendleton flushed miserably derful little Pollyanna of yours has ac-

complished.
"To begin with, as I approached the "Well, anyhow," he scoffed, "I don't were up; they used to be down—'way think much of his name. 'Jamie'! down to the sill. The minute I stepped umph!—sounds sissy! And I know into the hall I heard music—'Parsifal.' The drawing-rooms were open, and the air was sweet with roses.

Mrs. Carew and Master Jamie are in the music-room, said the maid. And there I found them—my sister and the ever since I knew her." "Dad." The boy's voice was sullen.
"Your—dad?" repeated Pollyanna, in tening to one of those modern contrivant amazement. "Why, how could he know ances that can hold an entire opera

Jamie?"

"He didn't. 'Twasn't about that Jamie.
Twas about me." The boy still spoke ullenly, with his eyes turned away. Yet there was a curious softness in his curious that was a curious softness in his curious control of the orchestra.

"The boy was in a wheel chair. He was pale, but plainly beatifically happy. My sister looked ten years younger. Her usually colorless cheeks showed a faint can note an entire operation. there was a curious softness in his faint pink, and her eyes glowed and sparkled. A little later, after I had "You!"

"Yes. "I'was just a little while before talked a few minutes with the boy, my sister and I went upstairs to her own rooms, and there she talked to me—of Jamie. Not of the old Jamie, as she used to, with tear-wet eyes and hopeless sighs, but of the new Jamie—and don't know why, but she just did. And There was, instead, the eagerness of

cht 1915 by The Page Company.) "Della, he's wonderful,' she began. and literature seems to appeal to him in a perfectly marvellous fashion, only, of course, he needs development and training. That's what I'm going to see that he gets. A tutor is coming tomorrow. Of course his language is somerow. Of course his language is someas you and I do of the members of our now. I'm going to take her with me own family—only sometimes I don't "Take her with us? Good! W own family-only sometimes I don't

as you and I do of the members of our own family—only sometimes I don't know whether his Sir Lancelot means the ancient knight or a squirrel in the Public Garden. And, Della, I believe he can be made to walk. I'm going to have Dr. Ames see him, anyway, and——'

"And so on and on she talked, while I sat amazed and tongue-tied, but, oh, so happy! I tell you all this, dear Mrs. Chilton, so you can see for yourself how interested she is, how eagerly she is going to watch this boy's growth and development, and how, in spite of herself, it is all going to change her attitude toward life. She can't do what she is doing for this boy, Jamie, and not do for herself at the same time. Never again, I believe, will she be the soured, morose woman she was before. And it's all because of Pollyanna.

"Pollyanna! Dear child—and the best part of it is, she is so unconscious of the whole thing. I don't believe even."

part of it is, she is so unconscious of Polly gave a satisfied sigh. the whole thing. I don't believe even my sister yet quite realizes what is taking place within her own heart and life, and certainly Pollyanna doesn't—least of all does she realize the part she played in the change.

can I thank you? I know I can't; so I'm not even going to try. Yet in your heart I believe you know how grateful I am to both you and Pollyanna.
"DELLA WETHERBY."

"Well, it seems to have worked a cure, all right," smiled Dr. Chilton, when his wife had finished reading the

To his surprise, she lifted a quick, remonstrative hand.

"Thomas, don't, please!" she begged.
"Why, Polly, what's the matter?
Aren't you glad that—that the medicine worked?"
Mrs. Chilton dropped despairingly back in ther chair.

back in her chair.

"There you go again, Thomas," she sighed. "Of course I'm glad that this misguided woman has forsaken the error of her ways and found that she can be of use to someone. And of course I'm glad that Pollyanna did it. But I am not glad to have the child continually spoken of as if she were a -a bottle of medicine, or a 'cure.' Don't

"Nonsense! After all, where's the

"Harm! Thomas Chilton, that child is growing older every day. Do you want to spoil her? Thus far she has been utterly unconscious of her extraordinary power. And therein lies the secret of her success. The minute

she consciously sets herself to reform somebody, you know as well as I do that she will be simply impossible. Consequently, heaven forbid that she ever gets it into her head that she's anything like a cure-all for poor, sick, suffering

'Nonsense! I wouldn't worry, laughed the doctor.

"But I do worry, Thomas."
"But, Polly, think of what she's done," argued the doctor. "Think of Mrs. now, and John Pendleton, and quanti Everything that is best in music, art same people at all that they used to be

row. Of course his language is something awful; at the same time, he has read so many good books that his vocabulary is quite amazing—and you should hear the stories he can reel off! Of course, in general education he is very deficient; but he's eager to learn, so that will soon be remedied. He loves music, and I shall give him what training in that he wishes. I have already put in a stock of carefully selected records. I wish you could have seen his face when he first heard that Holy Grail music. He knows all about King with you this fall. At first I thought I Grail music. He knows all about King with you this fall. At first I thought I Arthur and his Round Table, and he wouldn't. I didn't want to leave Pollyprattles of knights and lords and ladies anna—and I'm not going to leave her

CHAPTER XVI.

When Pollyanna Was Expected

All Beldingsville was fairly aquiver with excitement. Not since Pollyanna Whittier came home from the Sanatorium, walking, had there been such a and on every street corner. Today, too the centre of interest was Pollyanna.
Once again Pollyanna was coming
home—but so different a Pollyanna,

home—but so different a Follyanna, and so different a home-coming!

Pollyanna was 20 now. For six years she had spent her winters in Germany, her summers leisurely travelling with Dr. Chilton and his wife. Only once during that time had she been in Beldingsville, and then it was for but about four weeks the summer she a short four weeks the summer she was sixteen. Now she was coming home—to stay, report said; she and

her Aunt Polly.

The doctor would not be with them. Six months before, the town had been shocked and saddened by the news that the doctor had died suddenly. Beldingsville had expected then that

Mrs. Chilton and Pollvanna would re turn at once to the old home. But they had not come. Instead had come word that the widow and her niece would remain abroad for a time. The report said that, in entirely new surroundings, Mrs. Chilton was trying to seek distraction and relief from her great sorrow.

Very soon, however, vague rumor and rumors not so vague, began to float through the town that, financial all was not well with Mrs. Polly Certain railroad stocks, in which it was known that the Harrington estate had been heavily interested wavered uncertainly, then tumbled in to ruin and disaster. Other invest ments, according to report, were in a most precarious condition. From the doctor's estate, little could be expected. He had not been a rich man, and his expenses had been heavy for the past six years. Beldingsville was not sur prised, therefore, when, not quite six months after the doctor's death, word came that Mrs. Chilton and Pollyanna ere coming home.

Once more the old Harrington homestead, so long closed and silent showed up-flung windows and wide open doors. Once more Nancy-nov Mrs. Timothy Durgin—swept and scrubbed and dusted until the old

place shone in spotless order.

"No, I hain't had no instructions ter do it; I hain't, I hain't," Nancy explained to curious friends and neigh bors who halted at the gate, or came more boldly up to the doorway "Mother Durgin's had the key, 'cours doorways and has come in regerler to air up and see that things was all right; and Mis' Chilton just wrote and said she and Miss Pollyanna was comin' this week Friday, and ter please see that the rooms and sheets was aired, and ter leave the key under the side-door mat

on that day.
"Under the mat, indeed! Just as if I'd leave them two poor things ter come into this house alone, and all forlorn like that-and me only a mile away, a-sittin' in my own parlor like as if I was a fine lady an' hadn't no heart at all, at all! Just as if the poor things hadn't enough ter stand without that—a-comin' into this house an' the doctor gone-bless his kind heart !-- an' comin' back. An' no money Did ye hear about that? An' it a shame, a shame! Think of Miss Polly—I mean, Mis' Chilton—bein' poor! My stars and stockings, I can't sense it-I can't, I can't!'

Perhaps to no one did Nancy speak so interestedly as she did to a tall, good-looking young fellow with peculiarly frank eyes and a particularly winning smile, who cantered up to the side door on a mettlesome thorough-bred at 10 o'clock that Thursday At the same time, to no one did she talk with so much evident emdid she tank the barrassment, so far as the manner address was concerned; for her tongue stumbled and blundered out a "Master out intentness." That's exactly it! See? You said

Jimmy-er-Mr. Bean-I mean, Mr. Pendleton, Master Jimmy!" with a nervous precipitation that sent the young man himself into a merry peal of laughter.

"Never mind, Nancy! Let it go at whatever comes handiest," he chuckled T've found out what I wanted to know: Mrs. Chilton and her niece

really are expected tomorrow."

"Yes, sir, they be, sir," courtesied
Nancy, "—more's the pity! Not but
that I shall be glad enough ter see 'em,

understand, but it's the way they're a-comin'."
"Yes, I know. I understand," nod-

ded the youth, gravely, his eyes sweeping the fine old house before him. "Well, I suppose that part can't be helped. But I'm glad you're doing -just what you are doing. That will elp a whole lot," he finished with a bright smile, as he wheeled about and rode rapidly down the driveway.

Back on the steps Nancy wagged her head wisely.

'I ain't surprised. Master Jimmy, she declared aloud, her admiring eyes following the handsome figures of horse and man. "I ain't surprised than you ain't lettin' no grass grow under your feet 'bout inquirin' Miss Pollyanna. I said long twould come some time, an' it's bound to—what with your growin' so handsome and tall. An' I hope 'twill; I
do, I do. It'll be just like a book,
what with her a-findin' you an' gettin'
you into that grand home with Mr.
Pendleton. My, but who'd ever take
you now for that little Jimmy Bean
that used to be! I never did see such a change in anybody—I didn't, I didn't!" she answered, with one last

ares far down the road. Something of the same thought Pendleton some time later that same morning, for, from the veranda of his big gray house on Pendleton Hill, John Pendleton was watching the rap-id approach of that same horse and rider; and in his eyes was an expression very like the one that had been in Mrs. Nancy Durgin's. On his lips, too, was an admiring "Jove! what a handsome pair!" as the two dashed by on the way to the stable.

look at the rapidly disappearing fig-

Five minutes later the youth came around the corner of the house and

snowly ascended the veranda steps.
"Well, my boy, is it true? Are they coming?" asked the man, with visible "Yes."

"When?" "Tomorrow." The young fellow dropped himself into a chair.

At the crisp terseness of the anwer John Pendleton frowned. He threw a quick look into the young ed; then, a little abruptly, he asked:
"Why, son, what's the matter?"
"Matter?" Nothing, sir."
"Nonsense! I know better. You

left here an hour ago so eager to be off that wild horses could not have held you. Now you sit humped up in that chair and look as if wild horses couldn't drag you out of it. If idn't know better I'd think you veren't glad that our friends are com-

ng."
He paused, evidently for a reply But he did not get it. "Why, Jim, aren't you glad they're

The young fellow laughed and tirred restlessly.

"Why, yes, of course."
"Humph! You act like it."
The youth laughed again. A boyish red flamed into his face.

Well, it's only that I was thinking

of Pollyanna."

"Pollyanna! Why, man alive, you've done nothing but prattle of Pollyanna ever since you came home from Boston and found she was expected. I thought you were dying to see Polly-

it a minute ago. It's just as if yester-day wild horses couldn't keep me from seeing Pollyanna; and now, today, when I know she's coming—they can't

"Why, Jim!"

At the shocked incredulity on John Pendleton's face the younger man fell back in his chair with an embarrassed augh.

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"Yes, I know. It sounds nutty, and I don't expect I can make you understand. But, somehow, I don't think— I ever wanted Pollyanna to grow up. She was such a dear, just as she was. I like to think of her as I saw her last, her earnest, freckled little face, her yellow pigtails, her tearful: 'Oh, yes I'm glad I'm going; but I think I shall be a little gladder when I come back.' That's the last time I saw her. You know we were in Foyet that time You know we were in Egypt that time

"I know. I see exactly what you mean, too. I think I felt the same way—till I saw her last winter in

"Sure enough, you have seen her! Tell me about her." shrewd twinkle came into John

Pendleton's eyes.
"Oh, but I thought you didn't want to know Pollyanna-grown up.

With a grimace the young fellow tossed this aside. "Is she pretty?"

"Oh, ye young men!" shrugged John Rendleton, in mock despair. "Always Pendleton, in mock despair. the first question—'Is she pretty?'"
"Well, is she?" insisted the youth.

"I'll let you judge for yourself. If you— On second thoughts, though, I believe I won't. You might be too disbelieve I won't. You might be too disappointed. Pollyanna isn't pretty, so far as regular features, curls and dimples go. In fact, to my certain knowledge the great cross in Pollyanna's life thus far is that she is so sure she isn't pretty. Long ago she told me that black curls were one of the things she was going to have when she got to heaven; and last year in Rome she said something else. It Rome she said something else. It wasn't much, perhaps, so far as words went, but I detected the longing beneath. She said that she did wish that some time someone would write a novel with a heroine who had straight hair and a freckle on her nose; but that she supposed she ought to be glad girls in books didn't have to have

"That sounds like the old Polly-

"Oh, you'll still find her-Pollyanna," smiled the man quizzically. "Besides, I think she's pretty. Her eyes are lovely. She is the picture of health. She carries herself with all the joyous springiness of youth, and her whole face lights up so wonderfully when she talks that you quite forget whether her features are regular o

"Does she still-play the game?"

John Pendleton smiled fondly.
"I imagine she plays it, but she doesn't say much about it now, I fancy. Anyway, she didn't to me, the 16543 28 two or three times I saw her."

There was a short silence; then, a

little slowly, young Pendleton said:
"I think that was one of the things that was worrying me. That game has been so much to so many people. It has meant so much everywhere, all through the town! I couldn't bear to think of her giving it up and not playing it. At the same time I couldn't fancy a grown-up Pollyanna perpetually admonishing people to be glad for something. Some way, I—well, as I said, I—I just didn't want Pollyanna to grow up, anyhow."
"Well, I wouldn't worry," shrugged

the elder man, with a peculiar smile "Always with Pollyanna, you know, was the 'clearing-up shower,' both lit erally and figuratively; and I think you'll find she lives up to the same principle now—though perhaps not quite in the same way. Poor child, I fear she'll need some kind of game to make existence endurance, for a while at least.

"Do you mean because Mrs. Chilton has lost her money? Are they so very poor, then?"

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"I suspect they are. In fact, they are in rather bad shape, so far as money matters go, as I happen to know. Mrs. Chilton's own fortune has shrunk unbelievably, and poor Tom' estate is very small, and hopelessly full of bad debts—professional services never paid for, and that never will be paid for. Tom could never say no when his help was needed, and all the dead beats in town knew it and imposed on him accordingly. Expenses have been heavy with him lately. Besides, he expected great things when he should have completed this special work in Germany. Naturally he supposed his wife and Pollyanna were more than amply provided for through the Harrington estate; so he had no worry in that direction."

Mm-m; I see, I see. Too bad, too

But that isn't all. It was about two months after Tom's death that I saw Mrs. Chilton and Pollyanna in Rome, and Mrs. Chilton then was in a terri ble state. In addition to her sorrow she had just begun to get an inkling of the trouble with her finances, and she was nearly frantic. She refused to come home. he declared she never I wanted to see Beldingsville, or anybody in it, again. You see, she has always been a peculiarly proud woman, and it was all affecting her in a rather curious way. Pollyanna said that her aunt seemed possessed with the idea that Beldingsville had not approved of her marrying Dr. Chilton in the first place at her age; and now that he was dead, she felt that they were utterly out of sympathy in any grief that she might show. She resented keenly, too, the fact that they must now know that she was poor as well as widowed. In short, she had worked herself into an utterly morbid, wretched state, as unreasonable as it was terrible. Poor little Pollyanna! It was a marvel to me how she stood it. All is, if Mrs. Chilton kept it up, and continues to keep it up, that child will be a wreck. That's why I said Pollyanna would need some kind of a game if ever anybody did."

"The situation of the state of the said pollyanna with the spirit," protested Pollyanna, hurriedly rummaging in the black bag for

"The pity of it!—to think of that happening to Pollyanna!" exclaimed the young man, in a voice that was no

guite steady.

"Yes; and you can see all is not right by the way they are coming today—so quietly, with not a word to anybody. That was Polly Chilton's anybody. That was Polly Chilton's doings, I'll warrant. She didn't want to be met by anybody. I understand she wrote to no one but her Old Tom's wife, Mrs. Durgin, who had the keys"

"Yes, so Nancy told me—good old soul! She'd got the whole house open, and had contrived somehow to make it look as it wasn't a tomb of dead hopes and lost pleasures. Of course the grounds looked fairly well, for Old Tom has kept them up, after a fashon. But it made my heart ache-the hole thing."

There was a long silence, then, curt-John Pendleton suggested: They ought to be met.'

"They will be met."

"Are you going to the station?" 'I am.

"Then you know what train they're oming on. "Oh, no. Neither does Nancy."

Then how will you manage?" "I'm going to begin in the morning nd go to every train till they come, aughed the young man, a bit grimly

"Timothy's going, too, with the family carriage. After all, there aren't many rains, anyway, that they can come on,

"Hm-m, I know," said John Pendle-n. "Jim, I admire your nerve, but by your judgment. I'm glad you're going to follow your nerve and not our judgment, however—and I wish ou good luck."

"Thank you, sir," smiled the young man dolefully. "I need 'em—your good wishes—all right, all right, as Vancy says.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Pollyanna Came

As the train neared Beldingsville, Pollyanna watched her aunt anxiously. All day Mrs. Chilton had been growing more and more restless, more and more gloomy; and Pollyanna was fearful of the time when the familiar home station should be reached.

As Pollyanna looked at her aunt, her heart ached. She was thinking that she would not have believed it possible that any one could have changed and aged so greatly in six short months. Mrs. Chilton's eyes were lustreless, her cheeks pallid and shrunken, and her forehead crossed and recrossed by fretful lines. Her mouth drooped at the corners, and her hair was combed tightly back in the unbecoming fashion that had been hers when Pollyanna first had seen her, years before. All the softness and sweetness that seemed to have come to her with her marriage had dropped from her like a cloak, leaving uppermost the old hardness and

sourness that had been hers when she was Miss Polly Harrington, unloved, and unloving.
"Pollyanna!" Mrs. Chilton's voice

was incisive. Pollyanna started guiltily. She had an uncomfortable feeling that her aunt might have read her thoughts.

'Yes, auntie.

"Where is that black bag-the little

"Right here."
"Well, I wish you'd get out my black eil. We're nearly there."
"But it's so hot and thick, auntie!"
"Pollyanna, I asked for that black If you'd please learn to do what veil. I ask without arguing about it, would be a great deal easier for me. want that veil. Do you suppose I'm going to give all Beldingsville a chance to see how I 'take it'?"

riedly rummaging in the black bag for the much-wanted veil. "Besides, there won't be anybody there, anyway, to meet us. We didn't tell anyone we

were coming, you know."

"Yes, I know. We didn't tell anyone to meet us. But we instructed Mrs. Durgin to have the rooms aired and the key under the mat for today. Do you suppose Mary Durgin has kept that information to herself? Not much! Half the town knows we're coming today, and a dozen or more will 'happen around' the station about train time. I know them! They want to see what Polly Harrington poor

looks like. They—"
"Oh, auntie, auntie," begged Polly-

anna, with tears in her eyes.
"If I wasn't so alone. If—the doctor were only here, and—" She stopped speaking and turned away her Her mouth worked convulsively. "Where is—that veil?" she choked

Here it is-right here," Yes, dear. comforted Pollyanna, whose only aim now, plainly, was to get the veil into her aunt's hands with all haste. "And here we are now almost there. Oh, auntie, I do wish you'd had Old Tom

Timothy meet us!"
"And ride home in state, as if we could afford to keep such horses and carriages? And when we know we carriages? And when we know we her, she knew something of what it shall have to sell them tomorrow? No, must be for her aunt. She knew, too, I thank you, Pollyanna. I prefer to that the one thing her aunt was dread-use the public carriage, under those ing was a breakdown before Nancy circumstances.

veil, looked neither to the right nor her heart was breaking. Pollyanna

"Why, it isn't-it is-Jimmy!" she beamed, reaching forth a cordial hand. "That is, I suppose I should say, "Mr. Pendleton," she corrected herself with a shy smile that said plainly: "Now that you've grown so tall and fine!"

'I'd like to see you try it," challenged the youth, with a very Jimmy-like tilt to his chin. He turned then to speak Mrs. Chilton; but that lady, her head half averted, was hurrying on a little in advance.

He then turned back to Pollyanna,

his eyes troubled and sympathetic.
"If you please come this way—both of you," he urged hurriedly. "Timo-

of you," he urged hurriedly. "Timothy is here with the carriage."

"Oh, how good of him," cried Pollyanna, but with an anxious glance at the sombre veiled figure ahead. Timidly she touched her aunt's arm. "Auntie, dear, Timothy's here. He's come with the carriage. He's over this side. the carriage. He's over this side. And
—this is Jimmy Bean, auntie. You
remember Jimmy Bean!"

In her nervousness and embarrass-ment Pollyanna did not notice that she had given the young man the old name of his boyhood. Mrs. Chilton, however, evidently did notice it. With palpable reluctance she turned and in-

clined her head ever so slightly.
"Mr.—Pendleton is very kind, I am sure; but—I am sorry that he or Timothy took quite so much trouble," she

"No trouble—no trouble at all, I assure you," laughed the young man, trying to hide his embarrassment. "Now if you'll just let me have your." checks, so I can see to your baggage."
"Thank you," began Mrs. Chilton,

but I am very sure we can-But Pollyanna, with a relieved little "thank you!" had already passed over the checks; and dignity demanded that Mrs. Chilton say no more.

The drive home was a silent one. Timothy, vaguely hurt at the reception he had met with at the hands of his former mistress, sat up in front stiff and straight, with tense lips. Mrs. Chilton, after a weary "Well, well, child, just as you please; I suppose we shall have to ride home in it now!" had subsided into stern gloom. Pollyanna, however, was neither stern, nor tense, nor gloomy. With eager, though tearful eyes, she greeted each loved landmark as they came to it. Only once did she speak, and that was to

"Isn't Jimmy fine? How he has improved! And hasn't he the nicest eyes and smile?"

She waited hopefully, but as there was no reply to this, she contented herself with a cheerful: "Well, I think he has, anyhow."

think he has, anyhow."

Timothy had been both too aggrieved and too afraid to tell Mrs. Chilton what to expect at home; so the wide-flung doors and flower-adorned rooms with Nancy courtesying on the porch were a complete surprise to Mrs. Chilton and Pollyanna.

"Why Nancy, how perfectly lovely!" cried Pollyanna, springing lightly to the ground. "Auntie, here's Nancy to welcome us. And only see how charming she's made everything look!"

charming she's made everything look

Pollyanna's voice was determinedly cheerfully, though it shook audibly This home-coming without the dear doctor whom she had loved so well was not easy for her; and if hard for than which nothing could be worse in I know, but—" The train came to her eyes. Behind the black veil the a jolting, jarring stop, and only a fluttering sigh finished Pollyanna's sentence.

As the two women stepped to the platform, Mrs. Chilton, in her black veil, looked neither to the tight not veil, looked neither to the right nor the left. Pollyanna, however, was nodding and smiling tearfully in half a dozen directions before she had taken twice as many steps. Then, suddenly, she found herself looking into a familiar, yet strangely unfamiliar face.

her heart was breaking. Pollyanna was not surprised, therefore, to hear her aunt's few cold words of greeting to Nancy followed by a sharp: "Of course all this was very kind, Nancy; but, really, I would have much preferred that you had not done it."

All the joy fled from Nancy's face. She looked hurt and frightened. "Oh, but Miss Polly—I mean, Mis' Chilton," she entreated; "it seemed as if I couldn't let you—"

if I couldn't let you-

"There, there, never mind, Nancy," interrupted Mrs. Chilton. "I—I don't want to talk about it." And, with her head proudly high, she swept out of the room. A minute later they heard the door of the bedroom shut upstairs. Nancy turned in dismay.

Nancy turned in dismay.

"Oh, Miss Pollyanna, what is it?
What have I done? I thought she'd
like it. I meant it all right!"

"Of course you did," wept Pollyanna, fumbling in her bag for her
handkerchief. "And 'twas lovely to
have you do it, too—just lovely."

"But she didn't like it."

"Yes, she did. But she didn't want
to show you she liked it. She was

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"Yes, she did. But she didn't want to show you she liked it. She was afraid if she did she'd show—other things, and—Oh, Nancy, Nancy, I'm so glad just to c-cry!" And Pollyanna was sobbing on Nancy's shoulder.

"There, there, dear; so she shall, so she shall," soothed Nancy, patting the heaving shoulders with one hand and

heaving shoulders with one hand, and trying with the other to make the cor-

ner of her apron serve as a handker-chief to wipe her own tears away. "You see, I mustn't—cry—before— her," faltered Pollyanna; "and it was hard—coming here—the first time, you know, and all. And I knew how she was feeling.

"Of course, of course, poor lamb," crooned Nancy. "And to think the first thing I should have done was somethin' ter vex her, and—"
"Oh, but she wasn't vexed at that,"

corrected Pollyanna, agitatedly. just her way, Nancy. You see, she doesn't like to show how badly she feels about—about the doctor. And she's so afraid she will show it that she-she just takes anything for an excuse to—to talk about. She does it to me, too, just the same. So I know all about it. See?"
"Oh, yes, I see, I do, I do." Nancy's

"Oh, yes, I see, I do, I do." Nancy's lips snapped together a little severely, and her sympathetic pats, for the minute, were even more loving, if possible. "Poor lamb! I'm glad I come, anyhow, for your sake."

"Yes, so am I," breathed Pollyanna, gently drawing herself away and wiping her eyes. "There, I feel better. And I do thank you ever so much

ing her eyes. "There, I feel better. And I do thank you ever so much, Nancy, and I appreciate it. Now don't

let us keep you when it's time for you to go."
"Ho! I'm thinkin' I'll stay for a

spell," sniffed Nancy, I thought you were married. Aren't you Timothy's

"Sure! But he won't mind—for you."

"Oh, but, Nancy, we couldn't let you," demurred Pollyanna. "We can't have anybody—now, you know. I'm going to do the work. Until we know just how things are we shell!

just how things are, we shall live very economically. Aunt Polly says.

"Ho! as if I'd take money from—" began Nancy, in bridling wrath; but at the expression on the other's face at the expression on the outers lack she stopped, and let her words dwindle off in a mumbling protest, as she hurried from the room to look after her creamed chicken on the stove.

Not until supper was over and everything put in order, did Mrs. Timothy Durgin consent to drive away with her husband; then she went with evident reluctance, and with many pleadings to be allowed to come "just

ter help out a bit" at any time.

After Nancy had gone, Pollyanna came into the living-room where Mrs. Chilton was sitting alone, her hand over her eyes.

"Well, dearie, shall I light up?" suggested Pollyanna, brightly.

"Oh, I suppose so."
"Wasn't Nancy a dear to fix us all up so nice?" o answer.

"Where in the world she found all these flowers I can't imagine. She has them in every room down here, and in both bedrooms, too." Still no answer.

Pollyanna gave a half-stifled sigh and threw a wistful glance into her aunt's averted face. After a moment she began again hopefully.
"I saw Old Tom in the garden. Poor

man, his theumatism is worse than ever. He was bent nearly double. He inquired very particularly for you,

Mrs. Chilton turned with a sharp interruption.

"Do? Why, the best we can, of course, dearie."

ture.

"Come, come, Pollyanna, do be serious for once. You'll find it is serious, fast enough. What are we going to do? As you know, my income has almost entirely stopped. Of course, some of the things are worth something, I suppose; but Mr. Hart says And we have this house. But what earthly use is the house? We can't eat it, or wear it. It's too big for us, the way we shall have to live; and we couldn't sell it for half what it's really sideration of the price of butter and

"Sell it! Oh, auntie, you wouldn't— this beautiful house full of lovely

"I may have to, Pollyanna. We have to eat-unfortunately.'

"I know it; and I'm always so hun-y," mourned Pollyanna, with a rue-l laugh. "Still, I suppose I ought ful laugh. "Still, I suppose I ought to be glad my appetite is so good."
"Very likely. You'd find something

to be glad about, of course. But what shall we do, child? I do wish you'd be serious for a minute." A quick change came to Pollyanna's

"I am serious, Aunt Polly. I've been thinking. I—I wish I could earn some

"Oh, but that isn't the way to look it," laughed Pollyanna. "You ought to be glad if a daughter of the Harringtons is smart enough to earn her That isn't any disgrace, Aunt

"Perhaps not; but it isn't very pleasant to one's pride, after the position we've always occupied in Beldingsville, Pollyanna.

Pollyanna did not seem to have at all. Her eyes were musingly fixed on space.
"If only I had some talent! If only

I could do something better than any-body else in the world," she sighed at last. "I can sing a little, play a little, embroider a little, and darn a little, but I can't do any of them well—not well enough to be paid for it.

"I think I'd like best to cook," she resumed, after a minute's silence, "and keep house. You know I loved that Germany winters, when Gretchen used to bother us so much by not coming when we wanted her. But I don't exactly want to go into other people' kitchens to do it."

"As if I'd let you! Pollyanna!' shuddered Mrs. Chilton again.

"And of course, to just work in our own kitchen here doesn't bring in any thing," bemoaned Pollyanna, "-not any money, I mean. And it's money we

"It most emphatically is," sighed Aunt Polly. There was a long silence, broken at |

last by Pollyanna.
"To think that after all you've done

In think that after all you've done for me, auntie—to think that now, if I only could, I'd have such a splendid chance to help! And yet—I can't do it. Oh, why wasn't I born with something that's worth money?"

"There, there, child, don't, don't! Of the words if the doctor."

"The words are the county in the words are the county in the words."

course, if the doctor-" The words choked into silence.

Pollyanna looked up quickly, and sprang to her feet.
"Dear, dear, this will never do!" she

exclaimed, with a complete change of manner. "Don't you fret, auntie. What'll you wager that I don't dewhat if you wager that I don't develop the most marvellous talent going, one of these days? Besides, I think it's real exciting—all this. There's so much uncertainty in it. There's a lot of fun in wanting things—and then watching for them to come. Just live

ing along and knowing you're going to

"Pollyanna, what are we going to loo?"

"Do? Why, the best we can, of ourse, dearie."

Mrs. Chilton gave an impatient gesture.

"Come, come, Pollyanna, do be serifuced for once."

"Come, come, Vow'll find it is serious."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Matter of Adjustment

The first few days at Beldingsville very few of them will pay anything at present. We have something in the bank, and a little coming in, of course. are seldom easy.

From travel and excitement it was worth, unless we happened to find just the delinquencies of the butcher. From the person that wanted it." having all one's time for one's own, it was not easy to find always the next task clamoring to be done. Friends and neighbors called, too, and although Pollyanna welcomed them with glad cordiality, Mrs. Chilton, when possible, excused herself; and always she said bitterly to Pollyanna:

"Curiosity, I suppose, to see how Polly Harrington likes being poor." Of the doctor Mrs. Chilton seldom

spoke, yet Pollyanna knew very well that almost never was he absent from her thoughts; and that more than half her taciturnity was but her usual cloak for a deeper emotion which she did

money."

"Oh, child, child, to think of my ever living to hear you say that!"
moaned the woman; "—a daughter of moaned the woman; the came first with John Pendleton for a somewhat stiff and ceremonious call not that it was either stiff or cerenot that it was either stiff or ceremonious until after Aunt Polly came into the room; then it was both. For some reason Aunt Polly had not exceed the stiff of t cused herself on this occasion. After that Jimmy had come by himself, once with flowers, once with a book for Aunt Polly, twice with no excuse at all. Pollyanna welcomed him with frank pleasure always. Aunt Polly, after that first time, did not see him

at all.

To the most of their friends and acquaintances Pollyanna said little about the change in their circumstances. To Jimmy, however, she talked freely, and always her constant cry was: "If only I could do something to bring in some money!"

"I'm cetting to be the most again."

thing to bring in some money!"

"I'm getting to be the most mercenary little creature you ever saw," she laughed dolefully. "I've got so I measure everything with a dollar bill, and I actually think in quarters and dimes. You see, Aunt Polly does feel so poor!"

"It's a shame!" stormed Jimmy.
"I know it But honestly I think

"I know it. But, honestly. I think she feels a little poorer than she needs to—she's brooded over it so. But I do wish I could help!" Jimmy looked down at the wistful,

eager face with its luminous eyes, and 102 30 is own eyes softened. "What do you want to do—If you could do it?" he asked.

could do it?" he asked.

"Oh I want to cook and keep house," smiled Pollyanna, with a pensive sigh. "I just love to beat eggs and sugar, and hear the soda gurgle its little tune in the cup of sour milk. I'm happy if I've got a day's baking before me. But there isn't any money in that except in somebody else's in that—except in somebody else's kitchen, of course. And I—I don't exactly love it well enough for that!"
"I should say not!" ejaculated the

young fellow.

Once more he glanced down at the expressive face so near him. This time a queer look came to the corners of his mouth. He pursed his lips, then

spoke, a slow red mounting to his fore

"Well, of course, you might—marry. Have you thought of that—Miss Pollyanna?"

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 zzically. "Did it ever—er—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 mitror, you see," she objected, with a

It sounded like coquetry. In any other girl it would have been coquetry, Pendlton 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

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.

"Why, I just am not," she laughed, a little ruefully. "I wasn't made that way. Maybe you don't remember, but ong ago, when I was a little girl, it seemed to me that one of the nicest things Heaven was going to give scheme of living, he made himself and me when I got there was black curls." everybody else wretched, didn't he? "And is that your chief desire

lvanna. Besides, my eyelashes aren't them. long enough, and my nose isn't Gre-cian, or Roman, or any of those de-were; so that much would be gained cian, or Roman, or any of those de-lightfully 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—to something else. I've forgotten that, too-only that mine

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 ele-lashes and some nose!"

Pendleton joined her in her laugh,

but an odd expression came to his

Then you still play-the game," he

said, a little diffidently.

Pollyanna turned soft eyes of won-

"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

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 ike 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 t has done for those who are playing

"I know-what it has done for self." Her voice self." 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 "Somebody said once that it would revolutionize the world if every body would really play it. And I be-

"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 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 the state of the property of of th Even as he uttered the question, and I have no use for. I don't want to ure as he was of his estimate of Pol- breathe, or eat, or walk, or lie down-

swered 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 everybody else wretched, didn't he? Well, just suppose he was playing the While he was trying to hunt game. "N-no, maybe not," hesitated Pol-up something to be glad about in ev-anna. "But I still think I'd like erything that had happened to him, he couldn't be at the same time grumbling He'd be a whole lot easier to live with, both for himself and for his friends. Meanwhile, just thinking of the dough nut instead of the hole couldn't make things any worse for him, and it might 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 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 or

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, 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 helplase pages looking dered into a helpless pause, looking

very red indeed.
"Well, Jimmy Pendleton," bridled the girl, "you needn't think wor 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

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 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 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.

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"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 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 pos-

sible 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 ime. 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, ou 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 hem. 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 siting erect in horror.

"Now, auntie, please don't say no please don't," begged Pollyanna, agerly. "Don't you see? This is my hance, the chance I've been waiting or; 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

house into a boarding house?—the Harrington homestead a common Oh, Pollyanna, I poarding house?

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 "But I could do the cooking won.) and the overseeing, and I'm sure could get one of Nancy's younger sisters to help about the rest. Mrs. Durgin would do the laundry part just as he does now

"But, Pollyanna, I'm not well at all -you know I'm not. I couldn't do

"Of course not. There's no reason why you should," scorned Pollyanna, "Oh, auntie, won't it be splenoftily. did? Why, it seems too good to be -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 freshlaid eggs to the weather, you will be-

lieve 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 after-

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 under-

"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 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, be-sides," 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 contraint in the young

'Well, isn't it splendid, if they can

"Why, I don't know as I should call it exactly splendid," he parried.
"Not splendid that I've got such a cliance to help Aunt Polly out, for even this little while? Why, Jimmy, of course it's splendid."

ourse 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 ir-

"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."

them—there's a secretary with them." reply; then, a little abruptly, the "But, Pollyanna, I can't! Turn this young man asked:

house into a boarding house?—the "Let's see, how old is this Jamie Harrington homestead a common now?" Pollyanna glanced up with a merry smile.

"Oh I remember work never did scores of girls now who regard her as boarding house? Oh, Pollyanna, 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. 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'd be earning be paying guests, so meanwhile we'd be earning money—money that we need, auntie, 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 money that we need the is not tell; but I imagine he's about your age. I wonder the support and right-hand man is the paying guests, so meanwhile we'd mean that is not telling me how old 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 children is now the strain 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 children is now the strain 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 children is now the strain 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 children is now the strain 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 children is now the strain of the whole thing, and never hesitates to give herself to each and every one of the girls. You can imagine what the means in nerve strain her children is never the strain of the whole thing, and never hesitates to give herself to each and every one of the girls. You can imagine where the strain is never the strain of the whole thing, and never hesitates to give herself to each and every one of the girls. You know, he couldn't tell; but I imagine the strain is never the strain of the whole thing, and never hesitates to give herself to each and every one of the girls who the strain is never the strain of the whole thing the strain of the whole the strain of the whole the strain of the strain of the whole the strain of the whole the strain of the strain of the whole th how he is now. I've asked all about it

CHAPTER XX. The Paying Guests

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

youth with the sissy name come to

-but mail it.

"Oh, are you!"

Carew.

gan to read.

"Now don't be sarcastic, just be-cause you don't like Jamie's name,"

reproved Pollyanna, with mock sev-

erity. "You'll like him, I'm sure, when you know him; and you'll love Mrs.

huffity. "Well, that is a serious pect." Let us hope, if I do, the lady

know, at the sanatorium."
"All right. Go ahead!" directed Jim-

my, with a somewhat too evident at-

the last six years have done wonders for Just now she is a bit thin and cared from overwork, but a good

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 in-

terest 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

Will I, indeed?" retorted Jimmy

The few intervening days before the expected arrival of "those dreadful people," as Aunt Polly termed her Jimmy knew perfectly well that he was jealous, that he always had been jealous of this youth with the name so nieces's paying guests, were busy ones indeed for Pollyanna—but they were happy ones, too, as Pollyanna refused to be weary, or discouraged, or dislike and yet so unlike his own. Not that he was in love with Pollyanna, he

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 conduassured himself wrathfully. He was not that, of course. It was just that he did not care to have this strange igsville and be always around to spoi 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 ward 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

erby; and when Jimmy came heart 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. 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 But the rest I thought you'd like to hear, because you've heard me talk so much about them. Besides, you'll know with a scornful glance and a deeper sigh, so Pollyanna was forced to leave them yourself pretty soon, of course. I'm depending a whole lot on you, Jimmy, to help me make it pleasant for them." ner to travel alone her road of deter

Upon the appointed day Pollyanna with Timothy (who owned the Harrington horses now), went to the sta-tion 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. bered 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

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 only of getting away-somewhere, any-

tempt at polite interest. And Polly-anna, still smiling mischievously, be-"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 "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. 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 rest will soon remedy that, and you'll see how young and blooming and happy she looks. Please notice I said

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-clasps and incoherent expenses the found of the straight to her goal.

nerself 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 chief support and right-hand man is her secretary, this same Sadie Dean. You'll find her changed, too, yet she in this letter, anyway." You'll find her chang "Oh, you have!" Pendleton looked is the same old Sadie.

clamations, then, somehow, she found

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 former by former with that dread tally, figure by figure, with that dread beauty-test table. But more than any-thing else, she rejoiced in the absence f the old fretful lines of gloom and itterness.
Then she turned to Jamie. Here

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 for as bair dress temper speech and far as hair, dress, temper, speech and disposition were concerned, was a very ifferent 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

er throat was still tightened from that

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

'A bag of peanuts, indeed!" laughed

"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," re-Jamie whimsically; "but it amounts to the same thing. And maybe I'd better warn you—you remember how greedy Sir Lancelot was;
—well—" He paused meaningly.
"All right, I'll take the risk," dim-

"All right, I'll take the risk," dim-pled Pollyanna, thinking how glad she was that Aunt Polly was not present 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," inter-

posed 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 new-comers were so frankly delighted with he old house and everything in it, hat 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 n hour had passed, the personal

charm and magnetism of Jamie had pierced even Aunt Polly's armor distrust; and Pollyanna knew tha least one of her own most drea problems was a problem no long for already Aunt Polly was beginn to play the stately, yet gracious host to these, her guests.

Notwithstanding her relief at A Polly's change of attitude, howe Pollyanna did not find that all smooth sailing, by any means. The was work, and plenty of it, that n

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

Gradually, however, after incess arguments and pleadings on the pof Mrs. Carew and Jamie, Pollyan came to take her tasks more ear and to realize that the real crime tragedy in her friends' eyes was the dusty chair nor the fallen cake, the frown of worry and anxiety

her frown of worry and anxiety her own face.

"Just as if it wasn't enough for you to let us come," Jamie declared, "wout just killing yourself with work get us something to eat."

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

It was wonderful, after all, how y the three new members of the ly fitted into the daily life. Be ily fitted into the daily life. Bet twenty-four hours had passed M Carew had gotten Mrs. Chi to asking really interested questi about the new Home for Work Girls, and Sadie Dean and Ja were quarreling over the chance help with the pea-shelling or ower-picking.
The Carews had been at the

rington homestead nearly a when one evening John Pendland Jimmy called. Pollyanna been hoping they would come s She had, indeed, urged it very stre ly before the Carews came. made the introductions now visible pride.

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

That Jimmy and Mr. Pendleshould be clearly impressed with charm and beauty of Mrs. Carew not surprise Pollyanna in the lebut the look that came into I Carew's face at sight of Jimmy most a look of recognition.
"Why, Mr. Pendleton, haven't you before?" Mrs. Carew cried

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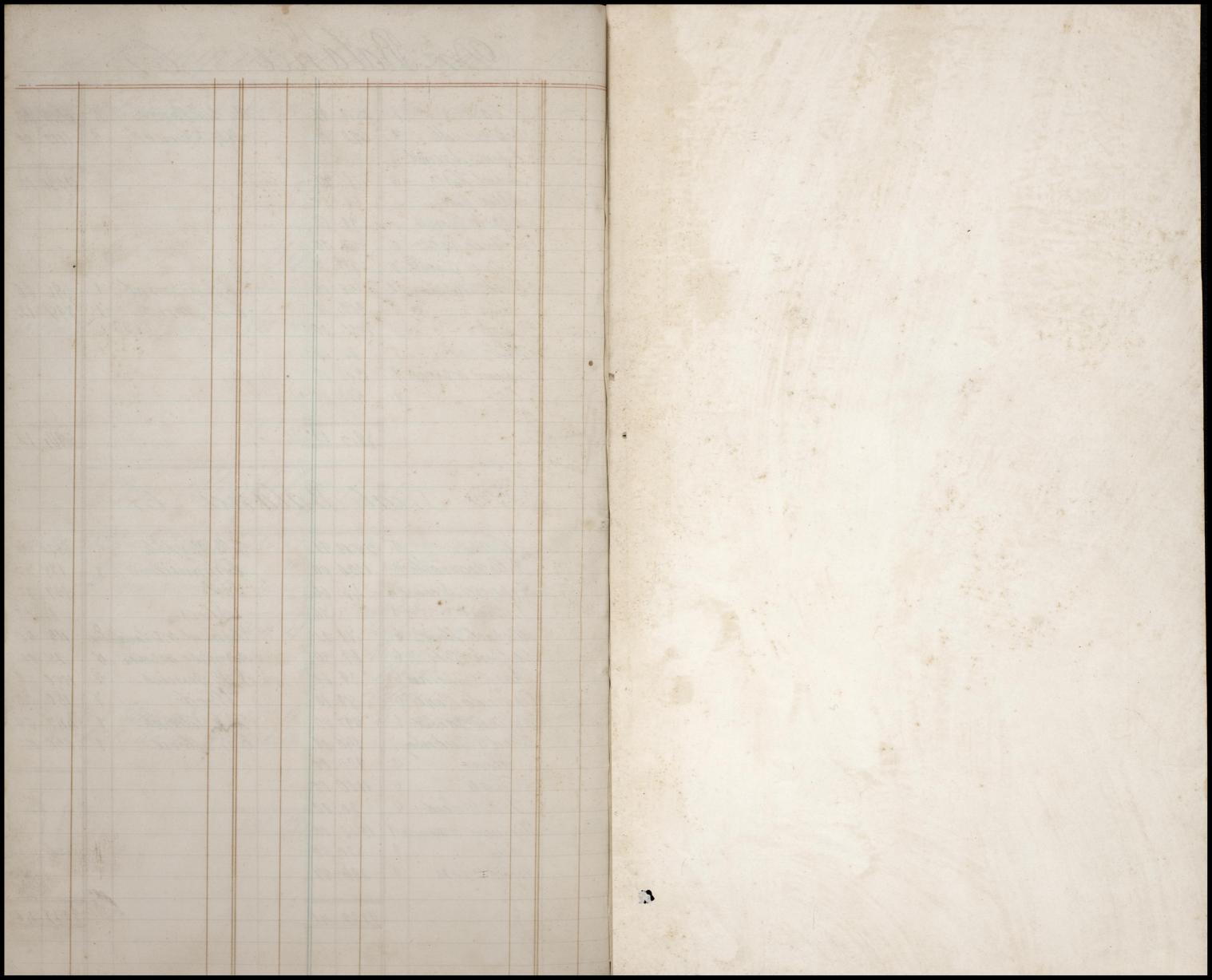
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The Second GLAD Book

By Eleanor H. Porter

AS TO BACK NUMBERS

There is only a limited number of back copies of "Pollyanna" (and none of May 2 and 16), so that, to secure any, an early application is necessary Apply for back numbers of "Pollyanna Grows Up" to your newsdealer. I he cannot supply you, apply to the Circulation Department of the Post, sending an extra cent, in addition to the price of the paper, for each copy desired,

START HERE AND GO ON WITH THE STORY

Pollyanna comes to spend the winter at the Boston home of wealthy Mrs. Carew, whose life is continuously miserable because of the disappearance of her nephew, Jamie, eight years ago. Although the child is unaware of the fact, she has been recom-

mended to Mrs. Carew as an antidote for the latter's gloomy view of life. Pollyanna finds city dwellers so cold and suspicious of her friendly advances that when she sees a lonely looking man in a park she hesitates at speaking a friendly, cheering word to him.

He was not very good to look at. Hat's because they brought me up this garments, though new, were dusty, and plainly showed lack of care. They were of the cut and style (though Pollyanna of course did not know this that the State gives its prisoners as a freedom suit. His face was a active white and was advanted to the heart tedeus the property of the party. It him it's a perfectly beautiful party—now that I know some one."

"P-party?"

"Yes—this, you know—all these peowas a pasty white, and was adorned with a week's beard. His hat was pulled far down over his eyes. With his hands in his pockets he sat idly staring at the ground.

For a long minute Pollyanna said nothing; then hopefully she began. "It is a nice day, isn't it?"

The man turned his head with a

Eh? Oh-er-what did you say:

he questioned, with a curiously fright-ened look around to make sure the remark was addressed to him.
"I said 'twas a nice day," explained
Pollyanna in hurried earnestness;

Pollyanna in hurried earnestness; "but I don't care about that especially. That is, of course I'm glad it's a nice day, but I said it just as a beginning to things, and I'd just as soon talk about something else—anything else. It's only that I wanted you to

Talk—about something, you see."

The man gave a low laugh. Even to Pollyanna the laugh sounded a little queer, though she did not know (as did the man) that a laugh to his lips had been a stranger for many months "So you want me to talk, do you?"

he said a little sadly. "Well, I don't see but what I shall have to do it, then. Still, I should think a nice little lady like you might find lots nicer people to talk to than an old duffer like me."

"Oh, but I like old duffers," ex-claimed Pollyanna quickly; "that is I like the old part, and I don't know what a duffer is, so I can't dislike that. Besides, if you are a duffer, I reckon I like duffers. Anyhow, I like you," she finished, with a contented little settling of herself in her seat at carried conviction.
"Humph! Well, I'm sure I'm flat

tered," smiled the man, ironically. Though his face and words expressed polite doubt, it might have been noticed that he sat a little straighter on the bench. "And, pray, what shall we talk about?"

"It's—it's infinitesimal to me. That means I don't care, doesn't it?" asked Pollyanna, with a beaming smile. "Aunt Polly says that, whatever I talk about, anyhow, I always bring up at the Ladies' Aiders. But I reckon

ple here today. It is a party, isn't it? The lady said it was for everybody, so I stayed—though I haven't got to where the house is, yet, that's giving the party.

The man's lips twitched.

"Well, little lady, perhaps it is a party, in a way," he smiled; "but the 'house' that's giving it is the city of soston. This is the Public Gardena public park, you understand, for everybody."

Always? And I may come here any time I want to? Oh, how perfectly lovely! That's even nicer than I thought it could be. I'd worried for fear I couldn't ever come again, after today, you see. I'm glad now, though, that I didn't know it just at the first, for it's all the nicer Nice things are nicer when you leen worrying for fear they won't be nice, aren't they?"

"Perhaps they are-if they ever turn out to be nice at all," conceded the man, a little gloomily.

"Yes, I think so," nodded Pollyanna, not noticing the gloom. "But isn't it beautiful—here?" she gloried. "I wonder if Mrs. Carew knows about it—that it's for anybody, so. Why, I should think everybody would want to come here all the time and instanting. to come here all the time, and just stay and look around.

The man's face hardened.
"Well, there are a few people in
the world who have got a job—who've got something to do besides just to come here and stay and look around but I don't happen to be one of them.'

"Don't you? Then you can be glad for that, can't you?" sighed Polly-anna, her eyes delightedly following

a passing boat.

The man's lips parted indignantly, but no words came. Pollyanna was a trip, and she did not have any money

'specially glad when I remember how After a time she turned her steps you know about 'em, though—the re last winter I didn't think I could ever into still another path. Here she found joicing texts." go again. You see, I lost my legs a white-faced boy in a wheel chair. She for a while—I mean, they didn't go; would have spoken to him, but he was and you know you never know how so absorbed in his book that she turned "Well, no," she said, dryly. "I can't

much you use things, till you don't have 'em. And eyes, too. Did you soon then she came upon a pretty, but ever think what a lot you do with eyes? I didn't till I went to the Sana-staring at nothing, very much as the and he—" orium. There was a lady there who had just got blind the year before. I tried to get her to play the game finding something to be glad about you know-but she said she couldn't and if I wanted to know why I migh

and if I wanted to know why I might tie up my eyes with my handkerchief for just one hour. And I did. It was awful. Did you ever try it?"

"Why, n-no, I didn't." A half-vexed, half-baffled expression was coming to the man's face.

"Well don't. It's awful. You can't do anything—not anything that you want to do. But I kept it on the whole hour. Since then I've been so glad, sometimes—when I see something perfectly lovely like this, you know—I've been so glad I wanted to cry;—'cause I could see it, you know, I didn't know you were going to be you, exactly. It's just that I wanted -'cause I could see it, you know She's playing the game now, thoughthat blind lady is. Miss Wetherby

you? Finding something in everything to be glad about. Well, she's found it now—about her eyes, you know. Her husband is the kind of a man that goes to help make the laws, and she had him ask for one laws, and she had him ask for one that would help blind people, 'specially little babies. And she went herself and talked and told those men how it felt to be blind. And they made it —that law. And they said that she did more than anybody else, even her husband, to help make it, and they had it believe there would have been any law at all if it hadn't been for her. So now she says she's glad she lost her eyes, 'cause she's kept so many little babies from growing in think—or notice, crowds don't."

world is in a crowd in a big city."

Pollyanna frowned and pondered.

"Is it? I don't see how it can be. I don't see how you can be lonesome when you've got folks all around you. Still—" she hesitated, and the frown deepened. "I was lonesome this afternoon, and there were folks all around me; only they didn't seem to—to think—or notice."

"That's just it. They don't ever think—or notice, crowds don't." lost her eyes, 'cause she's kept so many little babies from growing up many little babies from growing up to be blind like her. So you see she's playing it—the game. But I reckon you don't know about the game yet, after all; so I'll tell you. It started this way." And Pollyanna, with her eyes on the shimmering beauty all about her, told of the little pair of crutches of long ago, which should have been a doll.

When the story was finished there

When the story was finished there was a long silence; then, a little abruptly the man got to his feet.

"Oh, are you going away now?" she asked in open disappointment.
"Yes, I'm going now." He smiled down at her a little queerly.
"But you're coming back sometime?"

He shook his head-but again he it was someone from home.

"I hope not-and I believe not, little girl. You see, I've made a great discovery today. I thought I was down and out. I thought there was no place for me anywhere—now. But I've just discovered that I've got two eyes, two arms and two legs. Now, I'm going to use them—and I'm going to make

to her feet and resuming her walk.
Pollyanna was now once more her

usual cheerful self, and she stepped with the confident assurance of one who has no doubt. Had not the man said that this was a public park, and that she had as good a right as any-body to be there? She walked nearer to the pond and crossed the bridge to the starting place of the little boats. For some time she watched the cmiden happily, keeping a particularly sharp lookout for the possible black curls of Susie Smith. She would have liked to take a ride in the pretty boats, herself, but the sign said "Five Cents" and she did not have any money Pollyanna smiled and nodded her carroyal still talking.

"I wish I didn't have anything to do but that. I have to go to school. Oh, I like school; but there's such a whole lot of things I like better. Still I'm glad I can go to school. I'm scant response.

'Specially glad when I remember how lest winter I didn't think I could ever into still another path. Here she found

staring at nothing, very much as the man had sat. With a contented little

ery, Pollyanna hurried forward.
"Oh, how do you do?" she beamed.
"I'm so glad I found you! I've been hunting ever so long for you," she asserted, dropping herself down on the unoccupied end of the bench.

I didn't know you were going to be you, exactly. It's just that I wanted to find someone that looked lonesome, and that didn't have anybody. Like me,

"The—game?"

"Yes, the glad game. Didn't I tell ou? Finding something in everying to be glad about. Well, she's poor little kid, it's too bad you should."

find it out—so soon."
"Find out what?"

"That the lonesomest place in all the world is in a crowd in a big city."

The pretty girl smiled bitterly.

"That's just it. They don't ever think—or notice, crowds don't."

"But some folks do, We can be glad some 'do," urged Pollyanna. "Now when I—"

"Oh, yes, some do," interrupted the other. As she spoke she shivered and ooked fearfully down the path beyond Pollyanna. "Some notice—too much." Pollyanna shrank back in dismay

Repeated rebuffs that afternoon had given her a new sensitiveness.
"Do you mean—me?" she stammered. "That you wished I hadn't—

noticed—you?"
"No, no, kiddie! I meant—someone

quite different from you. Someone that hadn't ought to notice. I was glad to have you speak, only—I thought at first

"Oh, then you don't live here, either, any more than I do-I mean, for "Oh, yes, I live here now," sighed the girl; "that is, if you call it living—

what I do."
"What do you do?" asked Polly, interestedly

to use them!"

The next moment he was gone.

"Why, what a funny man!" mused Pollyanna. "Still, he was nice—and he was different, too," she finished, rising to her feet and resuming her walk

Pollyanna was a firm of the property of the pro cot-bed, a washstand with a nicked pitcher, one rickety chair, and me. It's like a furnace in the summer and an ice box in the winter; but it's all the place I've got, and I'm supposed to stay in it—when I ain't workin'. But I've come out today. I ain't goin' to stay in that room, and I ain't goin' to go to any old library to read, neither It's our last half-holiday this year—

approval.
"I'm glad you feel that way. I do

too. It's a lot more fun—to be happy, isn't it? Besides, the Bible tells us to; rejoice and be glad, I mean. It tells us to eight hundred times. Probably

and he—"
"A minister?"

"Yes. Why, was yours, too?" cried Yes. Why, was yours, too? cried Pollyanna, answering something she saw in the other's face.

"Y-yes." A faint color crept up to the girl's forehead.

"Oh, and has he gone like mine to be with God and the angels?"

The cried turned away her head.

The girl turned away her head. "No. He's still living—back home,

she answered, half under her breath. "Oh, how glad you must be," sighed Pollyanna, enviously. "Sometimes I get to thinking, if only I could see father once—but you do see your father, don't you?"
"Not often. You see, I'm down—

here.

"But you can see him-and I can't mine. He's gone to be with mother and the rest of us up in heaven, and—have you got a mother, too—an earth moth-

"Y-yes." The girl stirred restlessly, and half moved as if to go.
"Oh, then you can see them both," breathed Pollyanna, unutterable longing in her face. "Oh, how glad you must be! For there just isn't anybody is there, that really cares and notices quite so much as fathers and mothers You see, I know, for I had a father until I was eleven years old; but, for a mother, I had Ladies' Aiders for ever so long, till Aunt Polly took me.; Ladies' Aiders are lovely, but of course they aren't like mothers, or even Aunt Pollys; and—"

On and on Pollyanna talked, Pollyanna was in her element now. Pollyanna loved to talk. That there was anything strange or unwise or even un-conventional in this intimate telling of her thoughts and her history to a total stranger on a Boston park bench did not once occur to Pollyanna. To Pollyanna all men, women and children were friends, either known or un-known; and thus far she had found the unknown quite as delightful as the known, for with them there was always the excitement of mystery and adventure—while they were changing from the unknown to the known.

To this young girl at her side, there fore, Pollyanna talked unreservedly o her father, her Aunt Polly, her West-ern home, and her journey East to Vermont. She told of new friends and old friends, and of course she told of the game. Pollyanna almost always told everybody of the game, either sooner or later. It was, indeed, so much a part of her very self that she could hardly have helped telling of it.

As for the girl-she said little was not now sitting in her old listless attitude, however, and to her whole self had come a marked change. flushed cheeks, frowning brow, troubled eyes and nervously working fingers were plainly the signs of some inward struggle. From time to time she glanced apprehensively down the path beyond Pollyanna, and it was after such a glance that she clutched the little girl's arm.
"See here, kiddie, for just a minute

don't you leave me. Do you hear? Stay right where you are! There's a man I know comin'; but no matter what he says, don't you pay no attention, and don't you go. I'm going' to stay with you. See?"

Before Pollyanna could more than grasp her wonderment and surprise she found herself looking up into the face of a very handsome young gentleman, who had stopped before them.
"Oh, here you are," he smiled pleas-

antly, lifting his hat to Pollyanna's companion. "I'm afraid I'll have to companion. "I'm afraid I'll have to begin with an apology-I'm a little

late."

"It don't matter, sir," said the young girl, speaking hurriedly. "I—I've decided not to go."

The young man gave a light laugh, "Oh, come, my dear, don't be hard on a chap because he's a little late!"

"It isn't that, really," defended the girl, with a swift red flaming into her cheeks. "I mean—I'm not going."

"Nonsense!" The young man stooped

said yesterday you'd go."
"I know; but I've changed my mind. I told my little friend here—I'd stay

'Oh, but if you'd rather go with this nice young gentleman," began Pollyanna, anxiously; but she fell back silenced at the look the girl gave her.

"I tell you I had not rather go. I'm not going.

"And pray, why this sudden right-about face?" demanded the young man with an expression that made him sud-

denly look, to Pollyanna, not quite so handsome. "Yesterday, you said—"
"I know I did," interrupted the girl, feverishly. "But I knew then that I hadn't ought to. Let's call it—that I know it even better now. That's all."

And she turned away resolutely.

It was not all. The man spoke again, twice. He coaxed, then he sneered with a hateful look in his eyes. At last he said something very ow and angry, which Pollyanna did not understand. The next moment he wheeled about and strode away.

The girl watched him tensely till he passed quite out of sight, then, re-axing, she laid a shaking hand on Pollyanna's arm

Thanks, kiddie. I reckon I owe "But you aren't going away now!"
bemoaned Pollyanna.

The girl sighed wearily.

"I got to. He might come back, and next time I might not be able to—" She clipped the words short and rose to her feet. For a moment she hesi-tated, then she choked bitterly: "You see, he's the kind that—notices too much—and that hadn't ought to notice —me—at all!" With that she was

"Why, what a funny lady," mur-mured Pollyanna, looking wistfully af-ter the vanishing figure. "She was nice, but she was sort of different, too," she commented, rising to her feet and moving idly down the path.