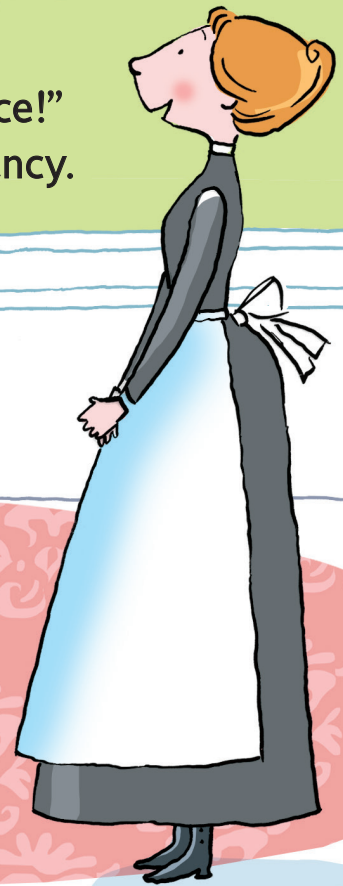


“Nancy, clean the room in the attic,” said Miss Polly.  
“My niece, Pollyanna Whittier, is going to live with me.”



“How nice!”  
cried Nancy.



“Nice? I *must* bring her here,” said Miss Polly. “She’s eleven years old and an orphan. Her mother, my sister, died years ago. Her father died two weeks ago. I know my duty.”

After Nancy went to the attic, Miss Polly thought about her sister, Jennie. Their parents wanted Jennie to marry a rich, older man. But she married a younger man, John Whittier, who had no money. Jennie and her husband left and went south. Jennie wrote a letter to her family after Pollyanna was born. The family never saw Jennie again.

