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ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

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CHAPTER I

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Mrs. Rachel Lynde is Surprised

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MRS. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped

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down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and

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traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old

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Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier

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course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by

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the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little

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stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door

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without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that

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Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything

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that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything

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odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys

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and wherefores thereof.

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There are plenty of people in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend

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closely to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs.

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Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own

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concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable

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housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing

240 Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the
252 Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs.
265 Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting
276 “cotton warp” quilts—she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea
290 housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices—and keeping a sharp eye on
304 the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill
315 beyond. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into
330 the Gulf of St. Lawrence with water on two sides of it, anybody who went
348 out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen
355 gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel’s all-seeing eye.

368 She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming
383 in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house
398 was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of
409 bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called
421 “Rachel Lynde’s husband”—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field
434 beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on
448 the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that
461 he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before
476 in William J. Blair’s store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip
488 seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew

499 Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in
502 his whole life.