

GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS

**REBECCA OF
SUNNYBROOK FARM**

Kate Douglas Wiggin

adapted by
Eliza Gatewood Warren

Illustrations by
Ed Tadiello



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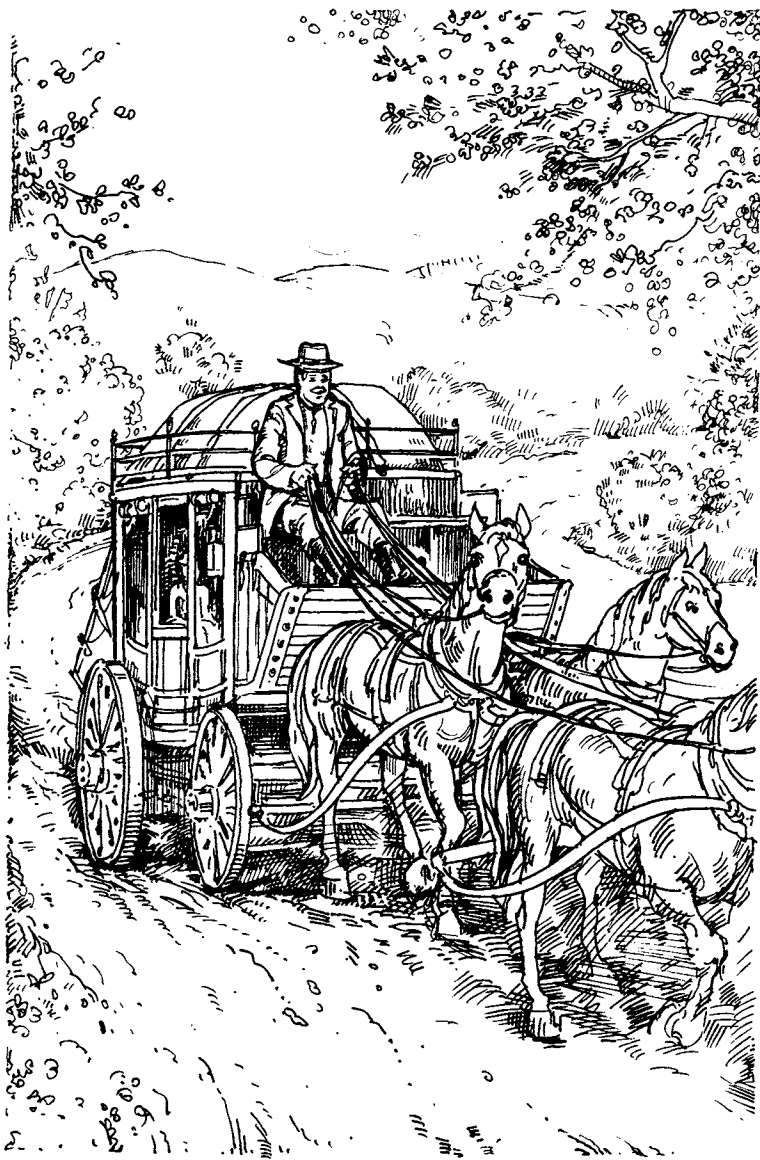
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The Mail and One Passenger

Chapter One

The Long Journey to Riverboro

One warm day in May, Jeremiah Cobb was driving the stagecoach along the dusty road from Maplewood to Riverboro. Lolling back in his seat atop the coach, he held the horses' reins loosely in his hands and chewed his wad of tobacco.

Mr. Cobb carried the mail and one passenger—a small dark-haired girl about ten or eleven named Rebecca Randall. She was so thin and her brown calico dress so stiffly starched that she kept sliding back and forth on her leather seat. Whenever the wheels of

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the coach hit a rut, she bounced up and down in the air. It was all she could do just to keep her straw bonnet on straight.

Her mother had put her on the stagecoach in Maplewood a half hour earlier along with her trunk, a pink parasol, and a large bunch of lilacs.

"I want you to take Rebecca to my sisters in Riverboro," Mrs. Randall told Mr. Cobb. "Do you know Miranda and Jane Sawyer? They live in the brick house."

"Bless my soul. I know them well," Mr. Cobb assured her.

"Well, Rebecca is going there. They're expecting her. Will you keep an eye on her, please?" Mrs. Randall asked. "Good-bye, Rebecca. Try not to get into any mischief. Sit still, so you'll look nice and neat when you arrive."

"Good-bye," said Rebecca, giving her mother a hug and a kiss. "Don't worry. It's not like I haven't traveled before."

"Miranda will have her hands full, I guess,"



“They Live in the Brick House.”