

# Anne of Green Gables

Lucy Maud Montgomery

06/13/1908

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*CSS has another font-style value, “oblique,” which supports slant values in degrees. If no font classified as oblique is listed in the font-family, then a font classified as italic is substituted. The converse is also possible, which means oblique and italic are somewhat interchangeable in CSS.*

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Marilla set the candle on a three-legged, three-cornered table and turned down the bedclothes.

“I suppose you have a *nightgown*?” she questioned.

Anne nodded.

“Yes, I have two. The matron of the asylum made them for me. They’re fearfully skimpy. There is never enough to go around in an asylum, so things

are always skimpy—at least in a poor asylum like ours. *I hate skimpy night-dresses.* But one can dream just as well in them as in lovely trailing ones, with frills around the neck, that's one consolation."

"Well, undress as quick as you can and go to bed. I'll come back in a few minutes for the candle. *I daren't trust you to put it out yourself.* You'd likely set the place on fire."

*When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her wistfully. The whitewashed walls were so painfully bare and staring that she thought they must ache over their own bareness. The floor was bare, too, except for a round braided mat in the middle such as Anne had never seen before. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one, with four dark, low-turned posts. In the other corner was the aforesaid three-cornered table adorned with a fat, red velvet pincushion hard enough to turn the point of the most adventurous pin. Above it hung a little six-by-eight mirror. Midway between table and bed was the window, with an icy white muslin frill over it, and opposite it was the wash-stand. The whole apartment was of a rigidity not to be described in words, but which sent a shiver to the very marrow of Anne's bones. With a sob she hastily discarded her garments, put on the skimpy nightgown and sprang into bed where she burrowed face downward into the pillow and pulled the clothes over her head. When Marilla came up for the light various skimpy articles of raiment scattered most untidily over the floor and a certain tempestuous appearance of the bed were the only indications of any presence save her own.*

*She deliberately picked up Anne's clothes, placed them neatly on a prim yellow chair, and then, taking up the candle, went over to the bed.*

*"Good night," she said, a little awkwardly, but not unkindly.*

*Anne's white face and big eyes appeared over the bedclothes with a startling suddenness.*

*"How can you call it a good night when you know it must be the very worst night I've ever had?" she said reproachfully.*

*Then she dived down into invisibility again.*

*Marilla went slowly down to the kitchen and proceeded to wash the supper dishes. Matthew was smoking—a sure sign of perturbation of mind. He seldom smoked, for Marilla set her face against it as a filthy habit; but at certain times and seasons he felt driven to it and then Marilla winked at the practice, realizing that a mere man must have some vent for his emotions.*

*"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish," she said wrathfully. "This is what comes of sending word instead of going ourselves. Richard Spencer's folks have twisted that message somehow. One of us will have to drive over and see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow, that's certain. This girl will have to be sent back to the asylum."*

*"Yes, I suppose so," said Matthew reluctantly.*