

Huckleberry Finn

Summary

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CHAPTER INDEX

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)

Part 1

Scene: The Mississippi Valley Time: Forty to fifty years ago

I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them,—that is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. I couldn't stood it much longer.

I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight.

I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap down in the dark amongst the trees—something was a stirring. Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. Seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch. Well, I've noticed that thing plenty times since. Pretty soon Jim says:

My nose begun to itch. Just then Jim begun to breathe heavy; next he begun to snore—and then I was pretty soon comfortable again.

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Donnette E Davis

Tom he made a sign to me—kind of a little noise with his mouth—and we went creeping away on our hands and knees. When we was ten foot off Tom whispered to me, and wanted to tie Jim to the tree for fun. I said Jim might wake up and come. But Tom wanted to resk it; so we slid in there and got three candles, and Tom laid five cents on the table for pay. Tom said he slipped Jim's hat off of his head and hung it on a limb right over him, and Jim stirred a little, but he didn't wake. Niggers would come miles to hear Jim tell about it, and he was more looked up to than any nigger in that country. Strange niggers would stand with their mouths open and look him all over, same as if he was a wonder. Niggers is always talking about witches in the dark by the kitchen fire; but whenever one was talking and letting on to know all about such things, Jim would happen in and say, "Hm! We went to a clump of bushes, and Tom made everybody swear to keep the secret, and then showed them a hole in the hill, right in the thickest part of the bushes. Then we lit the candles, and crawled in on our hands and knees. Tom poked about amongst the passages, and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't a noticed that there was a hole. Tom says:

"Now, we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's Gang.

Everybody was willing.

Everybody said it was a real beautiful oath, and asked Tom if he got it out of his own head. Some thought it would be good to kill the FAMILIES of boys that told the secrets. "Well, hain't he got a father?" says Tom Sawyer.

Everybody said:

"Nothing only robbery and murder," Tom said.

"Stuff! stealing cattle and such things ain't robbery; it's burglary," says Tom Sawyer. We stop stages and carriages on the road, with masks on, and kill the people and take their watches and money."

"Must we always kill the people?"

What's that?"

Now, what do you reckon it is?"

"How you talk, Ben Rogers. How can they get loose when there's a guard over them, ready to shoot them down if they move a peg?"

So somebody's got to set up all night and never get any sleep, just so as to watch them. Don't you reckon that the people that made the books knows what's the correct thing to do? Do you reckon YOU can learn 'em anything? "All right. "Well, Ben Rogers, if I was as ignorant as you I wouldn't let on. Kill the women? "Well, if that's the way I'm agreed, but I don't take no stock in it. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he

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lost on pork? I judged I could see that there was two Providences, and a poor chap would stand considerable show with the widow's Providence, but if Miss Watson's got him there warn't no help for him any more. Well, about this time he was found in the river drowned, about twelve mile above town, so people said. They judged it was him, anyway; said this drowned man was just his size, and was ragged, and had uncommon long hair, which was all like pap; but they couldn't make nothing out of the face, because it had been in the water so long it warn't much like a face at all. I knowed mighty well that a drowned man don't float on his back, but on his face. So I knowed, then, that this warn't pap, but a woman dressed up in a man's clothes. I judged the old man would turn up again by and by, though I wished he wouldn't.

All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. Tom Sawyer said I was a numskull.

"How you talk, Huck Finn. All right, then; I WOULD come; but I lay I'd make that man climb the highest tree there was in the country."

"Shucks, it ain't no use to talk to you, Huck Finn. I thought all this over for two or three days, and then I reckoned I would see if there was anything in it. So then I judged that all that stuff was only just one of Tom Sawyer's lies. I had been to school most all the time and could spell and read and write just a little, and could say the multiplication table up to six times seven is thirty-five, and I don't reckon I could ever get any further than that if I was to live forever. Living in a house and sleeping in a bed pulled on me pretty tight mostly, but before the cold weather I used to slide out and sleep in the woods sometimes, and so that was a rest to me. I liked the old ways best, but I was getting so I liked the new ones, too, a little bit. One morning I happened to turn over the salt-cellar at breakfast. The widow put in a good word for me, but that warn't going to keep off the bad luck, I knowed that well enough. It fell pretty solid, and only rolled about an inch. Jim tried it again, and then another time, and it acted just the same. Jim got down on his knees, and put his ear against it and listened. But it warn't no use; he said it wouldn't talk. He said sometimes it wouldn't talk without money. I told him I had an old slick counterfeit quarter that warn't no good because the brass showed through the silver a little, and it wouldn't pass nohow, even if the brass didn't show, because it was so slick it felt greasy, and so that would tell on it every time. (I reckoned I wouldn't say nothing about the dollar I got from the judge.) Jim put the quarter under the hair-ball, and got down and listened again. This time he said the hair-ball was all right. He said it would tell my whole fortune if I wanted it to. De bes' way is to res' easy en let de ole man take his own way. One uv 'em is white en shiny, en t'other one is black. De white one gits him to go right a little while, den de black one sail in en bust it all up. A body can't tell yit which one gwyne to fetch him at de las'. But you is all right. You gwyne to have considable trouble in yo' life, en considable joy. Sometimes you gwyne to git hurt, en sometimes you gwyne to git sick; but every time you's gwyne to git well agin. One uv 'em's light en t'other one is dark. One is rich en t'other is po'. You's gwyne to marry de po' one fust en de rich one by en by. You wants to keep 'way fum de water as much as you kin, en don't run no resk, 'kase it's down in de bills dat you's gwyne to git hung."

When I lit my candle and went up to my room that night there sat pap his own self!

I HAD shut the door to. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. "The widow. "Nobody never told her."

I ain't the man to stand it—you hear? When I'd read about a half a minute, he fetched the book a whack with his hand and knocked it across the house. I never see such a son."

He took up a little blue and yaller picture of some cows and a boy, and says:

I never see such a son. "I hain't got no money."

Judge Thatcher's got it. "I hain't got no money, I tell you. "All right. That pleased the old man till he couldn't rest. He said he'd cowhide me till I was black and blue if I didn't raise some money for him. The old man said that what a man wanted that was down was sympathy, and the judge said it was so; so they cried again. And when it was bedtime the old man rose up and held out his hand, and says:

There's a hand that was the hand of a hog; but it ain't so no more; it's the hand of a man that's started in on a new life, and'll die before he'll go back.

It's a clean hand now; shake it—don't be afeard."

The judge's wife she kissed it. Then the old man he signed a pledge—made his mark. The judge said it was the holiest time on record, or something like that. Then they tucked the old man into a beautiful room, which was the spare room, and in the night some time he got powerful thirsty and clumb out on to the porch-roof and slid down a stanchion and traded his new coat for a jug of forty-rod, and clumb back again and had a good old time; and towards daylight he crawled out again, drunk as a fiddler, and rolled off the porch and broke his left arm in two places, and was most froze to death when somebody found him after sun-up.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)

Part 2.

CONTENTS.

WELL, pretty soon the old man was up and around again, and then he went for Judge Thatcher in the courts to make him give up that money, and he went for me, too, for not stopping school. He caught me a couple of times and thrashed me, but I went to school just the same, and dodged him or outrun him most of the time. We lived in that old cabin, and he always locked the door and put the key under his head nights. Every little while he locked me in and went down to the store, three miles, to the ferry, and traded fish and game for whisky, and fetched it home and got drunk and had a good time, and licked me.

It was pretty good times up in the woods there, take it all around.

There warn't a window to it big enough for a dog to get through. The door was thick, solid oak slabs. Pap was pretty careful not to leave a knife or anything in the cabin when he was away; I reckon I had hunted the place over as much as a hundred times; well, I was most all the time at it, because it was about the only way to put in the time. I got rid of the signs of my work, and dropped the blanket and hid my saw, and pretty soon pap come in.

Pap warn't in a good humor—so he was his natural self. That made me pretty uneasy again, but only for a minute; I reckoned I wouldn't stay on hand till he got that chance.

The old man made me go to the skiff and fetch the things he had got. I thought it all over, and I reckoned I would walk off with the gun and some lines, and take to the woods when I run away. I guessed I

wouldn't stay in one place, but just tramp right across the country, mostly night times, and hunt and fish to keep alive, and so get so far away that the old man nor the widow couldn't ever find me any more. I judged I would saw out and leave that night if pap got drunk enough, and I reckoned he would. I got so full of it I didn't notice how long I was staying till the old man hollered and asked me whether I was asleep or drowned.

While I was cooking supper the old man took a swig or two and got sort of warmed up, and went to ripping again. Whenever his liquor begun to work he most always went for the govment, this time he says:

"Call this a govment! The law backs that old Judge Thatcher up and helps him to keep me out o' my property. A man can't get his rights in a govment like this. Yes, and I TOLD 'em so; I told old Thatcher so to his face. Look at it, says I—such a hat for me to wear—one of the wealthiest men in this town if I could git my rights.

There was a free nigger there from Ohio—a mulatter, most as white as a white man. He had the whitest shirt on you ever see, too, and the shiniest hat; and there ain't a man in that town that's got as fine clothes as what he had; and he had a gold watch and chain, and a silver-headed cane—the awfulest old gray-headed nabob in the State. I says I'll never vote agin. I never see a man look so wild in the eyes. By and by he raised up part way and listened, with his head to one side. hands off—they're cold; let go. "Well, all right. Don't stand there palavering all day, but out with you and see if there's a fish on the lines for breakfast. I noticed some pieces of limbs and such things floating down, and a sprinkling of bark; so I knowed the river had begun to rise. I reckoned I would have great times now if I was over at the town. I shot head-first off of the bank like a frog, clothes and all on, and struck out for the canoe. Thinks I, the old man will be glad when he sees this—she's worth ten dollars.

But when I got to shore pap wasn't in sight yet, and as I was running her into a little creek like a gully, all hung over with vines and willows, I struck another idea: I judged I'd hide her good, and then, 'stead of taking to the woods when I run off, I'd go down the river about fifty mile and camp in one place for good, and not have such a rough time tramping on foot.

It was pretty close to the shanty, and I thought I heard the old man coming all the time; but I got her hid; and then I out and looked around a bunch of willows, and there was the old man down the path

a piece just drawing a bead on a bird with his gun. That man warn't here for no good. Next time you roust me out, you hear?"

The river was coming up pretty fast, and lots of driftwood going by on the rise. By and by along comes part of a log raft—nine logs fast together. Anybody but pap would a waited and seen the day through, so as to catch more stuff; but that warn't pap's style. Nine logs was enough for one time; he must shove right over to town and sell. I judged he wouldn't come back that night. I cleaned out the place. If you stood four or five foot away and didn't know it was sawed, you wouldn't never notice it; and besides, this was the back of the cabin, and it warn't likely anybody would go fooling around there.

Nobody could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing as that.

It was about dark now; so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. All right; I can stop anywhere I want to. Jackson's Island is good enough for me; I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever comes there. Jackson's Island's the place.

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed I was asleep. I set up and looked around, a little scared. The river looked miles and miles across. I listened. Pretty soon I made it out. It kept a-coming, and when it was abreast of me I see there warn't but one man in it. Think's I, maybe it's pap, though I warn't expecting him. I heard people talking at the ferry landing. One man said it was getting towards the long days and the short nights now. The first fellow said he 'lowed to tell it to his old woman—she would think it was pretty good; but he said that warn't nothing to some things he had said in his time. I heard one man say it was nearly three o'clock, and he hoped daylight wouldn't wait more than about a week longer. There warn't any signs of the bar at the head—it was all under water now.

I shot past the head at a ripping rate, the current was so swift, and then I got into the dead water and landed on the side towards the Illinois shore. I heard that just as plain as if the man was by my side.

There was freckled places on the ground where the light sifted down through the leaves, and the freckled places swapped about a little, showing there was a little breeze up there. "Boom!" The river was a mile wide there, and it always looks pretty on a summer morning—so I was having a good enough time seeing them hunt for my remainders if I only had a bite to eat. I lit a pipe and had a good long smoke, and went on watching. Most everybody was on the boat. Pap, and Judge Thatcher, and Bessie Thatcher, and Jo Harper, and Tom Sawyer, and his old Aunt Polly, and Sid and Mary, and plenty more. Everybody was talking about the murder, but the captain broke in and says:

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If they'd a had some bullets in, I reckon they'd a got the corpse they was after. Well, I see I warn't hurt, thanks to goodness. The island was three mile long. I crossed over to that side and watched them. When they got abreast the head of the island they quit shooting and dropped over to the Missouri shore and went home to the town.

I knowed I was all right now. Well, I went fooling along in the deep woods till I judged I warn't far from the foot of the island. My heart jumped up amongst my lungs. If I see a stump, I took it for a man; if I trod on a stick and broke it, it made me feel like a person had cut one of my breaths in two and I only got half, and the short half, too.

By the time it was night I was pretty hungry. I hadn't got far when I hear a man say:

"We better camp here if we can find a good place; the horses is about beat out. I didn't wait, but shoved out and paddled away easy. I tied up in the old place, and reckoned I would sleep in the canoe.

I couldn't, somehow, for thinking. Well, I felt better right off.

Well, by this time I was most down to the foot of the island. A little ripply, cool breeze begun to blow, and that was as good as saying the night was about done. Pretty soon he gapped and stretched himself and hove off the blanket, and it was Miss Watson's Jim! "Hello, Jim!" and skipped out.

I alwuz liked dead people, en done all I could for 'em.

You go en git in de river agin, whah you b'longs, en doan' do nuffn to Ole Jim, 'at 'uz awluz yo' fren'."

Well, I warn't long making him understand I warn't dead. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I warn't lonesome now. I told him I warn't afraid of HIM telling the people where I was. "What's de use er makin' up de camp fire to cook strawbries en sich truck? "Why, how long you been on the island, Jim?"

"I come heah de night arter you's killed."

"What, all that time?"

How long you ben on de islan'?"

"Since the night I got killed."

"No! Dat's good. Now you kill sumfn en I'll make up de fire."

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I caught a good big catfish, too, and Jim cleaned him with his knife, and fried him.

By and by Jim says:

"But looky here, Huck, who wuz it dat 'uz killed in dat shanty ef it warn't you?"

"Why, Jim?"

"Well, dey's reasons. "Blamed if I would, Jim."

I— RUN OFF."

"Jim!"

Ole missus—dat's Miss Watson—she pecks on me all de time, en treats me pooty rough, but she awluz said she wouldn' sell me down to Orleans. But I noticed dey wuz a nigger trader roun' de place considerable lately, en I begin to git oneasy. Well, one night I creeps to de do' pooty late, en de do' warn't quite shet, en I hear old missus tell de widder she gwyne to sell me down to Orleans, but she didn' want to, but she could git eight hund'd dollars for me, en it 'uz sich a big stack o' money she couldn' resis'. De widder she try to git her to say she wouldn' do it, but I never waited to hear de res'. I lit out mighty quick, I tell you.

"I tuck out en shin down de hill, en 'spec to steal a skiff 'long de sho' som'ers 'bove de town, but dey wuz people a-stirring yit, so I hid in de ole tumble-down cooper-shop on de bank to wait for everybody to go 'way. Well, I wuz dah all night. Dey wuz somebody roun' all de time. 'Long 'bout six in de mawnin' skifts begin to go by, en 'bout eight er nine every skift dat went 'long wuz talkin' 'bout how yo' pap come over to de town en say you's killed. Dese las' skifts wuz full o' ladies en gentlmen a-goin' over for to see de place. Sometimes dey'd pull up at de sho' en take a res' b'fo' dey started acrost, so by de talk I got to know all 'bout de killin'. I 'uz hungry, but I warn't afeard; bekase I knowed ole missus en de widder wuz goin' to start to de camp-meet'n' right arter breakfas' en be gone all day, en dey knows I goes off wid de cattle 'bout daylight, so dey wouldn' 'spec to see me roun' de place, en so dey wouldn' miss me tell arter dark in de evenin'. "Well, when it come dark I tuck out up de river road, en went 'bout two mile er more to whah dey warn't no houses. "I see a light a-comin' roun' de p'int bymeby, so I wade' in en shove' a log ahead o' me en swum more'n half way acrost de river, en got in 'mongst de drift-wood, en kep' my head down low, en kinder swum agin de current tell de raff come along. It clouded up en 'uz pooty dark for a little while. De men 'uz all 'way yonder in de middle, whah de lantern wuz. De river wuz a-risin', en dey wuz a good current; so I reck'n'd 'at by fo' in de mawnin' I'd be

twenty-five mile down de river, en den I'd slip in jis b'fo' daylight en swim asho', en take to de woods on de Illinois side.

When we 'uz mos' down to de head er de islan' a man begin to come aft wid de lantern, I see it warn't no use fer to wait, so I slid overboard en struck out fer de islan'. I 'uz mos' to de foot er de islan' b'fo' I found' a good place. I went into de woods en jedged I wouldn' fool wid raffs no mo', long as dey move de lantern roun' so. I had my pipe en a plug er dog-leg, en some matches in my cap, en dey warn't wet, so I 'uz all right."

"And so you ain't had no meat nor bread to eat all this time? You can't slip up on um en grab um; en how's a body gwyne to hit um wid a rock? How could a body do it in de night? En I warn't gwyne to show myself on de bank in de daytime."

You've had to keep in the woods all the time, of course. I knowed dey was arter you. Some young birds come along, flying a yard or two at a time and lighting. Jim said it was a sign it was going to rain. The same if you shook the table-cloth after sundown. And he said if a man owned a beehive and that man died, the bees must be told about it before sun-up next morning, or else the bees would all weaken down and quit work and die. Jim knowed all kinds of signs. I said it looked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't any good-luck signs. "Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? "What did you speculate in, Jim?"

De cow up 'n' died on my han's."

I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

You know that one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to old Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en' er de year. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep me out er de business, bekase he says dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so he say I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de en' er de year.

Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de thirty-five dollars right off en keep things a-movin'. Dey wuz a nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, en his marster didn' know it; en I bought it off'n him en told him to take de thirty-five dollars when de en' er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex day de one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no money."

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. "Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffn never come of it. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten CENTS back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

"Well, it's all right anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again some time or other."

I owns myself, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. CHAPTER IX.

This place was a tolerable long, steep hill or ridge about forty foot high. We had a rough time getting to the top, the sides was so steep and the bushes so thick. The cavern was as big as two or three rooms bunched together, and Jim could stand up straight in it. Jim was for putting our traps in there right away, but I said we didn't want to be climbing up and down there all the time.

Jim said if we had the canoe hid in a good place, and had all the traps in the cavern, we could rush there if anybody was to come to the island, and they would never find us without dogs. Then we hunted up a place close by to hide the canoe in, amongst the thick willows. The door of the cavern was big enough to roll a hogshead in, and on one side of the door the floor stuck out a little bit, and was flat and a good place to build a fire on. Pretty soon it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. "Jim, this is nice," I says. "Well, you wouldn't a ben here 'f it hadn't a ben for Jim. You'd a ben down dah in de woods widout any dinner, en gittn' mos' drowned, too; dat you would, honey. The water was three or four foot deep on the island in the low places and on the Illinois bottom. On that side it was a good many miles wide, but on the Missouri side it was the same old distance across—a half a mile—because the Missouri shore was just a wall of high bluffs.

Daytimes we paddled all over the island in the canoe, It was mighty cool and shady in the deep woods, even if the sun was blazing outside. Well, on every old broken-down tree you could see rabbits and snakes and such things; and when the island had been overflowed a day or two they got so tame, on account of being hungry, that you could paddle right up and put your hand on them if you wanted to; but not the snakes and turtles—they would slide off in the water. We could a had pets enough if we'd wanted them.

One night we caught a little section of a lumber raft—nice pine planks. So Jim says:

"De man ain't asleep—he's dead. 'It's a dead man. Jim threw some old rags over him, but he needn't done it; I didn't want to see him. There was two old dirty calico dresses, and a sun-bonnet, and some women's underclothes hanging against the wall, and some men's clothing, too. There was a boy's old speckled straw hat on the floor; I took that, too. There was a seedy old chest, and an old hair trunk with the hinges broke. The way things was scattered about we reckoned the people left in a hurry, and warn't fixed so as to carry off most of their stuff.

When we was ready to shove off we was a quarter of a mile below the island, and it was pretty broad day; so I made Jim lay down in the canoe and cover up with the quilt, because if he set up people could tell he was a nigger a good ways off. We got home all safe.

AFTER breakfast I wanted to talk about the dead man and guess out how he come to be killed, but Jim didn't want to. Jim said he reckoned the people in that house stole the coat, because if they'd a knowed the money was there they wouldn't a left it. I said I reckoned they killed him, too; but Jim didn't want to talk about that. I wish we could have some bad luck like this every day, Jim."

"Never you mind, honey, never you mind. I killed him, and curled him up on the foot of Jim's blanket, ever so natural, thinking there'd be some fun when Jim found him there. Well, by night I forgot all about the snake, and when Jim flung himself down on the blanket while I struck a light the snake's mate was there, and bit him.

I laid him out in a second with a stick, and Jim grabbed pap's whisky-jug and begun to pour it down.

Jim told me to chop off the snake's head and throw it away, and then skin the body and roast a piece of it. Then I slid out quiet and throwed the snakes clear away amongst the bushes; for I warn't going to let Jim find out it was all my fault, not if I could help it.

Jim was laid up for four days and nights. Jim said he reckoned I would believe him next time. Pap told me. It was as big a fish as was

ever caught in the Mississippi, I reckon. Jim said he hadn't ever seen a bigger one. I said I reckoned I would slip over the river and find out what was going on. Jim liked that notion; but he said I must go in the dark and look sharp. Jim hitched it behind with the hooks, and it was a fair fit. Jim said nobody would know me, even in the daytime, hardly. I started across to the town from a little below the ferry-landing, and the drift of the current fetched me in at the bottom of the town.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Scene: The Mississippi Valley Time: Forty to fifty years ago

CHAPTER XI.

"Hungry, too, I reckon. You better stay here all night. "Well, I reckon there's a right smart chance of people HERE that'd like to know who killed him. Some think old Finn done it himself."

"Most everybody thought it at first. I stopped. I reckoned I better keep still. She run on, and never noticed I had put in at all:

"The nigger run off the very night Huck Finn was killed. People do say he warn't any too good to do it. Oh, he's sly, I reckon. "Yes, I reckon so, 'm. Has everybody quit thinking the nigger done it?"

"Oh, no, not everybody. A few days ago I was talking with an old couple that lives next door in the log shanty, and they happened to say hardly anybody ever goes to that island over yonder that they call Jackson's Island. Don't anybody live there? I hain't seen any smoke sence, so I reckon maybe he's gone, if it was him; but husband's going over to see—him and another man. When the woman stopped talking I looked up, and she was looking at me pretty curious and smiling a little. "Three hundred dollars is a power of money. After midnight he'll likely be asleep, and they can slip around through the woods and hunt up his camp fire all the better for the dark, if he's got one."

Pretty soon she says,

"M—Mary Williams."

Sarah Mary Williams. Sarah's my first name. Some calls me Sarah, some calls me Mary."

Well, the woman fell to talking about how hard times was, and how poor they had to live, and how the rats was as free as if they owned the place, and so forth and so on, and then I got easy again. She was right about the rats. I wanted to be getting away before the old man got back, but of course I didn't let on. "What's your real name? If I'm in the way here, I'll—"

So'll my old man if you want him to. "Goshen, child? Goshen's ten mile further up the river. I'll fetch Goshen before daylight."

"North side."

"If fifteen cows is browsing on a hillside, how many of them eats with their heads pointed the same direction?"

"Well, I reckon you HAVE lived in the country. What's your real name, now?"

"George Peters, mum."

You do a girl tolerable poor, but you might fool men, maybe. Keep the river road all the way, and next time you tramp take shoes and socks with you. When I struck the head of the island I never waited to blow, though I was most winded, but I shoved right into the timber where my old camp used to be, and started a good fire there on a high and dry spot.

There Jim laid, sound asleep on the ground. "Git up and hump yourself, Jim! Jim never asked no questions, he never said a word; but the way he worked for the next half an hour showed about how he was scared. I took the canoe out from the shore a little piece, and took a look; but if there was a boat around I couldn't see it, for stars and shadows ain't good to see by.

Then we got out the raft and slipped along down in the shade, past the foot of the island dead still—never saying a word.

CHAPTER XII.

It warn't good judgment to put EVERYTHING on the raft.

If the men went to the island I just expect they found the camp fire I built, and watched it all night for Jim to come. Anyways, they stayed away from us, and if my building the fire never fooled them it warn't no fault of mine. We had mountains on the Missouri shore and heavy timber on the Illinois side, and the channel was down the Missouri shore at that place, so we warn't afraid of anybody running across us. We laid there all day, and watched the rafts and steamboats spin down the Missouri shore, and up-bound steamboats fight the big river in the middle. I told Jim all about the time I had jabbering with that woman; and Jim said she was a smart one, and if she was to start after us herself she wouldn't set down and watch a camp fire—no, sir, she'd fetch a dog. Jim said he bet she did think of it by the time the men was ready to start, and he believed they must a gone up-town to get a dog and so they lost all that time, or else we wouldn't be here on a towhead sixteen or seventeen mile below the village—no, indeedy, we would be in that same old town again. We fixed up a short forked stick to hang the old lantern on, because we must always light the lantern whenever we see a steamboat coming down-stream, to keep from getting run over; but we wouldn't have to light it for up-stream boats unless we see

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we was in what they call a "crossing"; for the river was pretty high yet, very low banks being still a little under water; so up-bound boats didn't always run the channel, but hunted easy water.

It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking loud, and it warn't often that we laughed—only a little kind of a low chuckle. Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights; not a house could you see. There warn't a sound there; everybody was asleep.

Pap always said it warn't no harm to borrow things if you was meaning to pay them back some time; but the widow said it warn't anything but a soft name for stealing, and no decent body would do it. Jim said he reckoned the widow was partly right and pap was partly right; so the best way would be for us to pick out two or three things from the list and say we wouldn't borrow them any more—then he reckoned it wouldn't be no harm to borrow the others. We warn't feeling just right before that, but it was all comfortable now. Take it all round, we lived pretty high.

When the lightning glared out we could see a big straight river ahead, and high, rocky bluffs on both sides. By and by says I, "Hel-LO, Jim, looky yonder!" "Le's land on her, Jim."

But Jim was dead against it at first. We's doin' blame' well, en we better let blame' well alone, as de good book says. Jim couldn't say nothing to that, so he didn't try. Stick a candle in your pocket; I can't rest, Jim, till we give her a rummaging. Do you reckon Tom Sawyer would ever go by this thing? I wish Tom Sawyer WAS here."

Jim he grumbled a little, but give in. He said we mustn't talk any more than we could help, and then talk mighty low. The lightning showed us the wreck again just in time, and we fetched the stabboard derrick, and made fast there.

Jim whispered and said he was feeling powerful sick, and told me to come along. "It's a lie, Jim Turner. Then in there I see a man stretched on the floor and tied hand and foot, and two men standing over him, and one of them had a dim lantern in his hand, and the other one had a pistol. This one kept pointing the pistol at the man's head on the floor, and saying:

You never said no truer thing 'n that, you bet you." Jist because we stood on our RIGHTS—that's what for. But I lay you ain't a-goin' to threaten nobody any more, Jim Turner. I'll never forgit you long's I live!" says the man on the floor, sort of blubbering.

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Bill wanted to kill Turner. Well, then, that's all right. Shooting's good, but there's quieter ways if the thing's GOT to be done. Then we'll wait.

Ain't I right?"

"All right, then; come along."

"Quick, Jim, it ain't no time for fooling around and moaning; there's a gang of murderers in yonder, and if we don't hunt up their boat and set her drifting down the river so these fellows can't get away from the wreck there's one of 'em going to be in a bad fix. But if we find their boat we can put ALL of 'em in a bad fix—for the sheriff 'll get 'em. I'll hunt the labboard side, you hunt the stabboard. You start at the raft, and—"

CHAPTER XIII.

One of the men stuck his head out only about a couple of foot from me, and I thought I was gone; but he jerked it in again, and says:

"Heave that blame lantern out o' sight, Bill!"

Then Jim manned the oars, and we took out after our raft. Now was the first time that I begun to worry about the men—I reckon I hadn't had time to before. So says I to Jim:

The rain poured down, and never a light showed; everybody in bed, I reckon. We boomed along down the river, watching for lights and watching for our raft. We seen a light now away down to the right, on shore. We hustled it on to the raft in a pile, and I told Jim to float along down, and show a light when he judged he had gone about two mile, and keep it burning till I come; then I manned my oars and shoved for the light. I gave his shoulder two or three little shoves, and begun to cry.

Don't cry, bub.

What's the trouble?"

What's the matter with 'em?"

"Yes," he says, kind of pretty-well-satisfied like. I ain't as rich as old Jim Hornback, and I can't be so blame' generous and good to Tom, Dick, and Harry as what he is, and slam around money the way he does; but I've told him a many a time 't I wouldn't trade places with him; for, says I, a sailor's life's the life for me, and I'm derned if I'D live two mile out o'

town, where there ain't nothing ever goin' on, not for all his spondulicks and as much more on top of it. "Why, pap and mam and sis and Miss Hooker; and if you'd take your ferryboat and go up there—"

"Good land! Why, great goodness, there ain't no chance for 'em if they don't git off mighty quick! "Easy enough. So pap said somebody got to get ashore and get help somehow. Now if you'll go and—"

Do you reckon your pap—"

"Why THAT'S all right. "Great guns! I wished the widow knowed about it. I felt a little bit heavy-hearted about the gang, but not much, for I reckoned if they could stand it I could.

By the time I got there the sky was beginning to get a little gray in the east; so we struck for an island, and hid the raft, and sunk the skiff, and turned in and slept like dead people.

CHAPTER XIV.

We laid off all the afternoon in the woods talking, and me reading the books, and having a general good time. Well, he was right; he was most always right; he had an uncommon level head for a nigger.

I hain't hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" "AIN' dat gay? En what dey got to do, Huck?"

Why, how you talk! "Yes," says I, "and other times, when things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment; and if everybody don't go just so he whacks their heads off. "Roun' de which?"

"What's de harem?"

"The place where he keeps his wives. A harem's a bo'd'n-house, I reck'n. Mos' likely dey has rackety times in de nussery. En I reck'n de wives quarrels considable; en dat 'crease de racket. Yit dey say Sollermun de wises' man dat ever live'. I doan' take no stock in dat. Bekase why; would a wise man want to live in de mids' er sich a blim-blammin' all de time? A wise man 'ud take en buil' a biler-factory; en den he could shet DOWN de biler-factory when he want to res'."

"I doan k'yer what de widder say, he WARN'T no wise man nuther. Warn' dat de beatenes' notion in de worl'? Dah's de stump, dah—dat's one er de women; heah's you—dat's de yuther one; I's Solleremun; en dish yer dollar bill's de chile. Does I shin aroun' mongs' de neighbors en fine out which un you de bill DO b'long to, en han' it over to de right one, all safe en soun', de way dat anybody dat had any gumption would? No; I take en whack de bill in TWO, en give half un it to you, en de yuther half to de yuther woman. Dat's de way Solleremun was gwyne to do wid de chile. Doan' talk to me 'bout yo' pints. I reck'n I knows sense when I sees it; en dey ain' no sense in sich doin's as dat. De 'spute warn't 'bout a half a chile, de 'spute was 'bout a whole chile; en de man dat think he kin settle a 'spute 'bout a whole chile wid a half a chile doan' know enough to come in out'n de rain.

Doan' talk to me 'bout Solleremun, Huck, I knows him by de back."

"Blame de point! You take a man dat's got on'y one or two chillen; is dat man gwyne to be waseful o' chillen? Dey's plenty mo'. A chile er two, mo' er less, warn't no consekens to Solleremun, dad fatch him!"

I never see such a nigger. If he got a notion in his head once, there warn't no getting it out again. "Po' little chap."

"Dat's good! But he'll be pooty lonesome—dey ain' no kings here, is dey, Huck?"

"Why, Huck, doan' de French people talk de same way we does?"

"NO, Jim; you couldn't understand a word they said—not a single word."

"I wouldn't think nuff'n; I'd take en bust him over de head—dat is, if he warn't white. I wouldn't 'low no nigger to call me dat."

"Looky here, Jim; does a cat talk like we do?"

"Does a cat talk like a cow, or a cow talk like a cat?"

"It's natural and right for 'em to talk different from each other, ain't it?"

"Well, then, why ain't it natural and right for a FRENCHMAN to talk different from us? 'Is a cat a man, Huck?"

"Well, den, dey ain't no sense in a cat talkin' like a man. Is a cow a man?—er is a cow a cat?"

Is a Frenchman a man?"

Dad blame it, why doan' he TALK like a man? You answer me DAT!"

I see it warn't no use wasting words—you can't learn a nigger to argue.

CHAPTER XV.

Well, the second night a fog begun to come on, and we made for a towhead to tie to, for it wouldn't do to try to run in a fog; but when I paddled ahead in the canoe, with the line to make fast, there warn't anything but little saplings to tie to. As soon as I got started I took out after the raft, hot and heavy, right down the towhead. That was all right as far as it went, but the towhead warn't sixty yards long, and the minute I flew by the foot of it I shot out into the solid white fog, and hadn't no more idea which way I was going than a dead man.

I whooped and listened. The next time it come I see I warn't heading for it, but heading away to the right of it. I did wish the fool would think to beat a tin pan, and beat it all the time, but he never did, and it was the still places between the whoops that was making the trouble for me. I heard the whoop again; it was behind me yet, but in a different place; it kept coming, and kept changing its place, and I kept answering, till by and by it was in front of me again, and I knowed the current had swung the canoe's head down-stream, and I was all right if that was Jim and not some other raftsmen hollering. I knowed what the matter was. That cut bank was an island, and Jim had gone down t'other side of it. It warn't no towhead that you could float by in ten minutes. It had the big timber of a regular island; it might be five or six miles long and more than half a mile wide.

Well, I warn't long loosing the whoops down amongst the towheads; and I only tried to chase them a little while, anyway, because it was worse than chasing a Jack-o'-lantern. You never knowed a sound dodge around so, and swap places so quick and so much.

I reckoned Jim had fetched up on a snag, maybe, and it was all up with him. Then I see another speck, and chased that; then another, and this time I was right. It was the raft.

When I got to it Jim was setting there with his head down between his knees, asleep, with his right arm hanging over the steering-oar. So she'd had a rough time.

I made fast and laid down under Jim's nose on the raft, and began to gap, and stretch my fists out against Jim, and says:

"Hello, Jim, have I been asleep? "Goodness gracious, is dat you, Huck? En you ain' dead—you ain' drowned—you's back agin? No, you ain' dead! you's back agin, 'live en soun', jis de same ole Huck—de same ole Huck, thanks to goodness!"

"What's the matter with you, Jim? "How does I talk wild?"

"HOW? Why, hain't you been talking about my coming back, and all that stuff, as if I'd been gone away?"

"Huck—Huck Finn, you look me in de eye; look me in de eye. HAIN'T you ben gone away?"

"Well, I think you're here, plain enough, but I think you're a tangle-headed old fool, Jim."

Well, you answer me dis: Didn't you tote out de line in de canoe fer to make fas' to de tow-head?"

What tow-head? I hain't see no tow-head."

Looky here, didn't de line pull loose en de raf' go a-hummin' down de river, en leave you en de canoe behine in de fog?"

"Why, de fog!—de fog dat's been aroun' all night. En didn't I bust up agin a lot er dem islands en have a turrible time en mos' git drowneded? You answer me dat."

"Well, this is too many for me, Jim. You couldn't a got drunk in that time, so of course you've been dreaming."

I know, because I've been here all the time."

"Oh, well, that's all right, because a dream does tire a body like everything sometimes. So Jim went to work and told me the whole thing right through, just as it happened, only he painted it up considerable. The lot of towheads was troubles we was going to get into with quarrelsome people and all kinds of mean folks, but if we minded our business and didn't talk back and aggravate them, we would pull through and get out of the fog and into the big clear river, which was the free States, and wouldn't have no more trouble.

When I got all wore out wid work, en wid de callin' for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos' broke bekase you wuz los', en I didn' k'yer no' mo' what become er me en de raf'. En when I wake up en fine you back agin, all safe en soun', de tears come, en I could a got down on my knees en kiss yo' foot, I's so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. Dat truck dah is TRASH; en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's en makes 'em ashamed."

PART 4 CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE slept most all day, and started out at night, a little ways behind a monstrous long raft that was as long going by as a procession. She had four long sweeps at each end, so we judged she carried as many as thirty men, likely. We went drifting down into a big bend, and the night clouded up and got hot. I said likely we wouldn't, because I had heard say there warn't but about a dozen houses there, and if they didn't happen to have them lit up, how was we going to know we was passing a town? Jim said if the two big rivers joined together there, that would show. That disturbed Jim—and me too. Jim thought it was a good idea, so we took a smoke on it and waited.

Every little while he jumps up and says:

It got to troubling me so I couldn't rest; I couldn't stay still in one place. I tried to make out to myself that I warn't to blame, because I didn't run Jim off from his rightful owner; but it warn't no use, conscience up and says, every time, "But you knowed he was running for his freedom, and you could a paddled ashore and told somebody." Conscience says to me, "What had poor Miss Watson done to you that you could see her nigger go off right under your eyes and never say one single word? What did that poor old woman do to you that you could treat her so mean? Every time he danced around and says, "Dah's Cairo!" it went through me like a shot, and I thought if it WAS Cairo I reckoned I would die of miserableness.

Jim talked out loud all the time while I was talking to myself. It was according to the old saying, "Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell." Here was this nigger, which I had as good as helped to run away, coming right out flat-footed and saying he would steal his children—children that belonged to a man I didn't even know; a man that hadn't ever done me no harm.

I felt easy and happy and light as a feather right off. Jim sings out:

"We's safe, Huck, we's safe! "I'll take the canoe and go and see, Jim. "Pooty soon I'll be a-shout'n' for joy, en I'll say, it's all on accounts o' Huck; I's a free man, en I couldn't ever ben free ef it hadn' ben for Huck; Huck done it. Jim won't ever forgit you, Huck; you's de bes' fren' Jim's ever had; en you's de ONLY fren' ole Jim's got now."

I went along slow then, and I warn't right down certain whether I was glad I started or whether I warn't. When I was fifty yards off, Jim says:

"Dah you goes, de ole true Huck; de on'y white genlman dat ever kep' his promise to ole Jim."

Right then along comes a skiff with two men in it with guns, and they stopped and I stopped. "What's that yonder?"

"A piece of a raft," I says.

"Any men on it?"

"Well, there's five niggers run off to-night up yonder, above the head of the bend. Is your man white or black?"

we're in a hurry, boy. Say, boy, what's the matter with your father?"

It warn't but a mighty little ways to the raft now. "Boy, that's a lie. "Poor devil, there's something in that. We are right down sorry for you, but we—well, hang it, we don't want the small-pox, you see. You float along down about twenty miles, and you'll come to a town on the left-hand side of the river. Say, I reckon your father's poor, and I'm bound to say he's in pretty hard luck. Good-bye, boy; you do as Mr. Parker told you, and you'll be all right."

If you see any runaway niggers you get help and nab them, and you can make some money by it."

"Good-bye, sir," says I; "I won't let no runaway niggers get by me if I can help it."

Then I thought a minute, and says to myself, hold on; s'pose you'd a done right and give Jim up, would you felt better than what you do now? I went into the wigwam; Jim warn't there. I looked all around; he warn't anywhere. "Jim!"

Is dey out o' sight yit?

Don't talk loud."

"I was a-listenin' to all de talk, en I slips into de river en was gwyne to shove for sho' if dey come aboard. Dat WUZ de smartes' dodge! I tell you, chile, I'spec it save' ole Jim—ole Jim ain't going to forgit you for dat, honey."

Then we talked about the money. It was a pretty good raise—twenty dollars apiece. Towards daybreak we tied up, and Jim was mighty particular about hiding the raft good. That night about ten we hove in sight of the lights of a town away down in a left-hand bend.

Pretty soon I found a man out in the river with a skiff, setting a trot-line. "Mister, is that town Cairo?"

"What town is it, mister?"

"If you want to know, go and find out. If you stay here botherin' around me for about a half a minute longer you'll get something you won't want."

I paddled to the raft. Jim was awful disappointed, but I said never mind, Cairo would be the next place, I reckoned.

No high ground about Cairo, Jim said. So did Jim. "Doan' le's talk about it, Huck. I awluz 'spected dat rattlesnake-skin warn't done wid its work."

"I wish I'd never seen that snake-skin, Jim—I do wish I'd never laid eyes on it."

We talked it all over. There warn't no way but to wait for dark, and start back in the canoe and take the chances. There warn't anything to say. We warn't going to borrow it when there warn't anybody around, the way pap would do, for that might set people after us.

So we shoved out after dark on the raft.

The place to buy canoes is off of rafts laying up at shore. We lit the lantern, and judged she would see it. Up-stream boats didn't generly come close to us; they go out and follow the bars and hunt for easy water under the reefs; but nights like this they bull right up the channel against the whole river.

I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckon I stayed under a minute and a half. I sung out for Jim about a dozen times, but I didn't get any answer; so I grabbed a plank that touched me while I was "treading water," and struck out for shore, shoving it ahead of me. I couldn't see but a little ways, but I went poking along over rough ground for a quarter of a mile or more, and then I run across a big old-fashioned double log-house before I noticed it.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Be done, boys! "George Jackson, sir."

"What are you prowling around here this time of night for—hey?"

"I warn't prowling around, sir, I fell overboard off of the steamboat."

Strike a light there, somebody. "George Jackson, sir. I'm only a boy."

"Look here, if you're telling the truth you needn't be afraid—nobody'll hurt you. But don't try to budge; stand right where you are. Rouse out Bob and Tom, some of you, and fetch the guns. "No, sir, nobody."

I heard the people stirring around in the house now, and see a light. The man sung out:

"Snatch that light away, Betsy, you old fool—ain't you got any sense? Bob, if you and Tom are ready, take your places."

"No, sir; I never heard of them."

If there's anybody with you, let him keep back—if he shows himself he'll be shot. I didn't hurry; I couldn't if I'd a wanted to. I took one slow step at a time and there warn't a sound, only I thought I could hear my heart. I put my hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more till somebody said, "There, that's enough—put your head in." The candle was on the floor, and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them, for about a quarter of a minute: Three big men with guns pointed at me, which made me wince, I tell you; the oldest, gray and about sixty, the other two thirty or more—all of them fine and handsome—and the sweetest old gray-headed lady, and back of her two young women which I couldn't see right well. The old gentleman says:

"There; I reckon it's all right. Then the old man said he hoped I wouldn't mind being searched for arms, because he didn't mean no harm by it—it was only to make sure. So he didn't pry into my pockets, but only felt outside with his hands, and said it was all right. Buck looked about as old as me—thirteen or fourteen or along there, though he was a little bigger than me. "Well," he says, "if they'd a ben some, I reckon I'd a got one."

"Never mind, Buck, my boy," says the old man, "you'll have show enough, all in good time, don't you fret about that. "WHICH candle?" "Well, if you knowed where he was, what did you ask me for?"

Say, how long are you going to stay here? We can just have booming times—they don't have no school now. All right. Come along, old hoss."

"All right," says I, "go ahead."

It ain't no slouch of a name to spell—right off without studying."

It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too. There warn't no bed in the parlor, nor a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them. One was a big family Bible full of pictures. Other

times it was hid with a little curtain. Every time a man died, or a woman died, or a child died, she would be on hand with her "tribute" before he was cold. Poor thing, many's the time I made myself go up to the little room that used to be hers and get out her poor old scrap-book and read in it when her pictures had been aggravating me and I had soured on her a little. I liked all that family, dead ones and all, and warn't going to let anything come between us. There was a little old piano, too, that had tin pans in it, I reckon, and nothing was ever so lovely as to hear the young ladies sing "The Last Link is Broken" and play "The Battle of Prague" on it. CHAPTER XVIII.

There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. Bob was the oldest and Tom next—tall, beautiful men with very broad shoulders and brown faces, and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them—Buck too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms and over a hundred niggers. The men brought their guns with them.

Jump for the woods!"

Pretty soon a splendid young man come galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. We started through the woods on a run. We never stopped running till we got home. The two young men looked dark, but never said nothing.

Miss Sophia she turned pale, but the color come back when she found the man warn't hurt.

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way: A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills HIM; then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the COUSINS chip in—and by and by everybody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud. "Well, I should RECKON! Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?—land?"

"I reckon maybe—I don't know."

It was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old people; but they don't know now what the row was about in the first place."

"Yes; right smart chance of funerals. "Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

'Bout three months ago my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was riding through the woods on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness, and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could out-run him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time; so at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. "I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck."

"I reckon he WARN'T a coward. Him and his horse both went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be FETCHED home—and one of 'em was dead, and another died the next day. No, sir; if a body's out hunting for cowards he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that KIND."

If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different.

I went off down to the river, studying over this thing, and pretty soon I noticed that my nigger was following along behind. "Mars Jawge, if you'll come down into de swamp I'll show you a whole stack o' water-moccasins."

"All right; trot ahead."

"You shove right in dah jist a few steps, Mars Jawge; dah's whah dey is. I poked into the place a-ways and come to a little open patch as big as a bedroom all hung around with vines, and found a man laying there asleep—and, by jings, it was my old Jim!

I 'uz off too fur to hear what dey say to you—I wuz 'fraid o' de dogs; but when it 'uz all quiet agin I knowed you's in de house, so I struck out for de woods to wait for day. Early in de mawnin' some er de niggers come along, gwyne to de fields, en dey tuk me en showed me dis

place, whah de dogs can't track me on accounts o' de water, en dey brings me truck to eat every night, en tells me how you's a-gitt'n along."

"Why didn't you tell my Jack to fetch me here sooner, Jim?"

I ben a-buyin' pots en pans en vittles, as I got a chanst, en a-patchin' up de raf' nights when—"

"WHAT raft, Jim?"

"You mean to say our old raft warn't smashed all to flinders?"

"No, she warn't. Ef we hadn' dive' so deep en swum so fur under water, en de night hadn' ben so dark, en we warn't so sk'yerd, en ben sich punkin-heads, as de sayin' is, we'd a seed de raf'. "Why, how did you get hold of the raft again, Jim—did you catch her?"

"How I gwyne to ketch her en I out in de woods? No; some er de niggers foun' her ketched on a snag along heah in de ben', en dey hid her in a crick 'mongst de willows, en dey wuz so much jawin' 'bout which un 'um she b'long to de mos' dat I come to heah 'bout it pooty soon, so I ups en settles de trouble by tellin' 'um she don't b'long to none uv um, but to you en me; en I ast 'm if dey gwyne to grab a young white genlman's propaty, en git a hid'n for it? Den I gin 'm ten cents apiece, en dey 'uz mighty well satisfied, en wisht some mo' raf's 'ud come along en make 'm rich agin. Dat Jack's a good nigger, en pooty smart."

If anything happens HE ain't mixed up in it. I reckon I'll cut it pretty short. That warn't usual. "Well, den, Miss Sophia's run off! 'De fambly foun' it out 'bout half an hour ago—maybe a little mo'—en' I TELL you dey warn't no time los'. Sich another hurryin' up guns en hosses YOU never see! De women folks has gone for to stir up de relations, en ole Mars Saul en de boys tuck dey guns en rode up de river road for to try to ketch dat young man en kill him 'fo' he kin git acrost de river wid Miss Sophia. I reck'n dey's gwyne to be mighty rough times."

Dey warn't gwyne to mix you up in it. Mars Buck he loaded up his gun en 'lowed he's gwyne to fetch home a Shepherdson or bust.

By and by the men stopped cavorting around and yelling. Then the men see them, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about nineteen years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. bang! goes three or four guns—the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the

river—both of them hurt—and as they swum down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them, kill them!" Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods; and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns; so I reckoned the trouble was still a-going on. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me.

I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island, so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick, and crowded through the willows, red-hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country. The raft was gone! It was Jim's voice—nothing ever sounded so good before. I run along the bank a piece and got aboard, and Jim he grabbed me and hugged me, he was so glad to see me. "Laws bless you, chile, I 'uz right down sho' you's dead agin. Lawsy, I's mighty glad to git you back again, honey."

"All right—that's mighty good; they won't find me, and they'll think I've been killed, and floated down the river—there's something up there that 'll help them think so—so don't you lose no time, Jim, but just shove off for the big water as fast as ever you can."

I never felt easy till the raft was two mile below there and out in the middle of the Mississippi. I hadn't had a bite to eat since yesterday, so Jim he got out some corn-dodgers and buttermilk, and pork and cabbage and greens—there ain't nothing in the world so good when it's cooked right—and whilst I eat my supper we talked and had a good time. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all.

You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

CHAPTER XIX.

Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there—sometimes a mile and a half wide; we run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes; soon as night was most gone we stopped navigating and tied up—nearly always in the dead water under a towhead; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows, and hid the raft with them. Jim said he believed it was spirits; but I says:

Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. It's lovely to live on a raft. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

I thought I was a goner, for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was ME—or maybe Jim. "Well, I'd ben a-running' a little temperance revival thar 'bout a week, and was the pet of the women

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folks, big and little, for I was makin' it mighty warm for the rummies, I TELL you, and takin' as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents a head, children and niggers free—and business a-growin' all the time, when somehow or another a little report got around last night that I had a way of puttin' in my time with a private jug on the sly. A nigger roused me out this mornin', and told me the people was getherin' on the quiet with their dogs and horses, and they'd be along pretty soon and give me 'bout half an hour's start, and then run me down if they could; and if they got me they'd tar and feather me and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn't wait for no breakfast—I warn't hungry."

"Old man," said the young one, "I reckon we might double-team it together; what do you think?"

What's your line—mainly?"

"I've done considerble in the doctoring way in my time. Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says:

It's right I should suffer—perfectly right—I don't make any moan."

By rights I am a duke!"

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that; and I reckon mine did, too.

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. "Bilgewater, kin I trust you?" says the old man, still sort of sobbing.

You bet you, Jim and me stared this time. Then the duke says:

"Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude. It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king—so what's the use to worry? This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here—plenty grub and an easy life—come, give us your hand, duke, and le's all be friends."

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap, I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY asked us considerable many questions; wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for, and laid by in the daytime instead of

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running—was Jim a runaway nigger? would a runaway nigger run SOUTH?"

Pa, he 'lowed he'd break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a little one-horse place on the river, forty-four mile below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and had some debts; so when he'd squared up there warn't nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger, Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, deck passage nor no other way. Pa's luck didn't hold out; a steamboat run over the farrard corner of the raft one night, and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel; Jim and me come up all right, but pa was drunk, and lke was only four years old, so they never come up no more. We don't run daytimes no more now; nights they don't bother us."

The duke says:

"Leave me alone to cipher out a way so we can run in the daytime if we want to. Well, the duke allowed he would take my bed; but the king allowed he wouldn't. "I should a reckoned the difference in rank would a sejested to you that a corn-shuck bed warn't just fitten for me to sleep on. Jim and me was in a sweat again for a minute, being afraid there was going to be some more trouble amongst them; so we was pretty glad when the duke says:

The king told us to stand well out towards the middle of the river, and not show a light till we got a long ways below the town. We come in sight of the little bunch of lights by and by—that was the town, you know—and slid by, about a half a mile out, all right. It was my watch below till twelve, but I wouldn't a turned in anyway if I'd had a bed, because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. I had the middle watch, you know, but I was pretty sleepy by that time, so Jim he said he would stand the first half of it for me; he was always mighty good that way, Jim was. I crawled into the wigwam, but the king and the duke had their legs sprawled around so there warn't no show for me; so I laid outside—I didn't mind the rain, because it was warm, and the waves warn't running so high now. About two they come up again, though, and Jim was going to call me; but he changed his mind, because he reckoned they warn't high enough yet to do any harm; but he was mistaken about that, for pretty soon all of a sudden along comes a regular ripper and washed me overboard. It most killed Jim a-laughing. He was the easiest nigger to laugh that ever was, anyway.

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards after breakfast, and him and the duke played seven-up a while, five cents a game. The duke went down into his carpet-bag, and fetched up a lot of little printed

bills and read them out loud. The duke said that was HIM. "No," says the king.

"You shall, then, before you're three days older, Fallen Grandeur," says the duke. Do you reckon you can learn me?"

"Easy!"

"All right. Le's commence right away."

There was a little one-horse town about three mile down the bend, and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangersome for Jim; so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing. The king allowed he would go, too, and see if he couldn't strike something. When we got there there warn't nobody stirring; streets empty, and perfectly dead and still, like Sunday. We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard, and he said everybody that warn't too young or too sick or too old was gone to camp-meeting, about two mile back in the woods. The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now. So me and the king lit out for the camp-meeting.

Some of the old women was knitting, and some of the young folks was courting on the sly.

(A-A-MEN!) (A-A-MEN! The duke was thinking HE'D been doing pretty well till the king come to show up, but after that he didn't think so so much. He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers in that printing-office—horse bills—and took the money, four dollars. The reading was all about Jim, and just described him to a dot.

"Now," says the duke, "after to-night we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward.

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running daytimes. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of the reach of the powwow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing office was going to make in that little town; then we could boom right along if we wanted to.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning, he says:

"Huck, does you reck'n we gwyne to run acrost any mo' kings on dis trip?"

"No," I says, "I reckon not."

"Well," says he, "dat's all right, den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain' much better."

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)

Part 5.

CHAPTER XXI.

The king and the duke turned out by and by looking pretty rusty; but after they'd jumped overboard and took a swim it chippeded them up a good deal. After dinner the duke says:

We want a little something to answer encores with, anyway."

Always fetches the house.

I'll just walk up and down a minute, and see if I can call it back from recollection's vaults."

What a body was hearing amongst them all the time was:

You borry'd store tobacker and paid back nigger-head."

SO boy! People lived in them yet, but it was dangersome, because sometimes a strip of land as wide as a house caves in at a time. By and by somebody sings out:

"Here comes old Boggs!—in from the country for his little old monthly drunk; here he comes, boys!"

If he'd a-chawed up all the men he's ben a-gwyne to chaw up in the last twenty year he'd have considerable rputation now."

Another one says, "I wisht old Boggs 'd threaten me, 'cuz then I'd know I warn't gwyne to die for a thousan' year."

I was scared, but a man says:

Come out and meet the man you've swindled. By and by a proud-looking man about fifty-five—and he was a heap the best dressed man in that town, too—steps out of the store, and the crowd drops back on each side to let him come. Till one o'clock, mind—no longer. If you open your mouth against me only once after that time you can't travel so far but I will find you."

The crowd looked mighty sober; nobody stirred, and there warn't no more laughing. If anybody can persuade him, she can."

So somebody started on a run. Somebody sings out:

The same second I see a young girl coming on the run, and two men with her. Boggs and the men turned round to see who called him, and

when they see the pistol the men jumped to one side, and the pistol-barrel come down slow and steady to a level—both barrels cocked. Boggs throws up both of his hands and says, "O Lord, don't shoot!" Well, pretty soon the whole town was there, squirming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look, but people that had the places wouldn't give them up, and folks behind them was saying all the time, "Say, now, you've looked enough, you fellows; 'tain't right and 'tain't fair for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you."

One long, lanky man, with long hair and a big white fur stovepipe hat on the back of his head, and a crooked-handled cane, marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood and where Sherburn stood, and the people following him around from one place to t'other and watching everything he done, and bobbing their heads to show they understood, and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch him mark the places on the ground with his cane; and then he stood up straight and stiff where Sherburn had stood, frowning and having his hat-brim down over his eyes, and sung out, "Boggs!" and then fetched his cane down slow to a level, and says "Bang!" staggered backwards, says "Bang!" again, and fell down flat on his back.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a little twenty-foot yard. Some sung out "Tear down the fence! tear down the fence!" Sherburn never said a word—just stood there, looking down. Sherburn run his eye slow along the crowd; and wherever it struck the people tried a little to out-gaze him, but they couldn't; they dropped their eyes and looked sneaky. The idea of you thinking you had pluck enough to lynch a MAN! Why, a MAN'S safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind—as long as it's daytime and you're not behind him.

The average man's a coward. In the South one man all by himself, has stopped a stage full of men in the daytime, and robbed the lot. You brought PART of a man—Buck Harkness, there—and if you hadn't had him to start you, you'd a taken it out in blowing.

The average man don't like trouble and danger. If any real lynching's going to be done it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they'll bring their masks, and fetch a MAN along. I could a stayed if I wanted to, but I didn't want to.

It was a powerful fine sight; I never see anything so lovely.

So everybody laughed and said all right, and the man got on. The minute he was on, the horse begun to rip and tear and jump and cavort around, with two circus men hanging on to his bridle trying to hold him, and the drunk man hanging on to his neck, and his heels flying in the air every jump, and the whole crowd of people standing up shouting and laughing till tears rolled down.

Why, it was one of his own men! He had got up that joke all out of his own head, and never let on to nobody.

Well, that night we had OUR show; but there warn't only about twelve people there—just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway, before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Well, it would make a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Twenty people sings out:

The duke says yes. Then there was a fine time. Just a word, gentlemen." They stopped to listen. "We are sold—mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. ("You bet it is!—the jedge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then—not a word about any sell. House was jammed again that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft we all had a supper; and by and by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river, and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town.

The third night the house was crammed again—and they warn't new-comers this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging, or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn't no perfumery, neither, not by a long sight. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience, but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, duke?" We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below the village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.

By and by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:

"Don't it s'prise you de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

I reckon they're all alike."

"But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reglar rapsCALLIONS; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rapsCALLIONS."

Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' Next morning, 'Chop off her head.' You don't know kings, Jim, but I know them; and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I've struck in history. All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. "Well, they all do, Jim. "Now de duke, he's a tolerble likely man in some ways."

"Yes, a duke's different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? I went to sleep, and Jim didn't call me when it was my turn. po' little Johnny! "What makes me feel so bad dis time 'uz bekase I hear sumpn over yonder on de bank like a whack, er a slam, while ago, en it mine me er de time I treat my little 'Lizabeth so ornery. She warn't on'y 'bout fo' year ole, en she tuck de sk'yarlet fever, en had a powful rough spell; but she got well, en one day she was a-stannin' aroun', en I says to her, I says:

Shet de do'!

"En wid dat I fetch' her a slap side de head dat sont her a-sprawlin'. Den I went into de yuther room, en 'uz gone 'bout ten minutes; en when I come back dah was dat do' a-stannin' open YIT, en dat chile stannin' mos' right in it, a-lookin' down and mournin', en de tears runnin' down. I was a-gwyne for de chile, but jis' den—it was a do' dat open innerds—jis' den, 'long come de wind en slam it to, behine de chile, ker-BLAM!—en my lan', de chile never move!' I crope out, all a-tremblin', en crope aroun' en open de do' easy en slow, en poke my head in behine de chile, sof' en still, en all uv a sudden I says POW! Oh, Huck, I bust out a-cryin' en grab her up in my arms, en say, 'Oh, de po' little thing! De Lord God Amighty fogive po' ole Jim, kaze he never gwyne to fogive hisself as long's he live!'

Oh, she was plumb deaf en dumb, Huck, plumb deaf en dumb—en I'd ben a-treat'n her so!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEXT day, towards night, we laid up under a little willow towhead out in the middle, where there was a village on each side of the river, and the duke and the king begun to lay out a plan for working them towns. Blamed if he warn't the horriblest looking outrage I ever see. Jim was satisfied. The duke told him to make himself free and easy, and if anybody ever come meddling around, he must hop out of the wigwam, and carry on a little, and fetch a howl or two like a wild beast, and he reckoned they would light out and leave him alone. I never knowed how clothes could change a body before. Jim cleaned up the canoe, and I got my paddle ready. Says the king:

"Seein' how I'm dressed, I reckon maybe I better arrive down from St. Louis or Cincinnati, or some other big place. I fetched the shore a half a mile above the village, and then went scooting along the bluff bank in the easy water. "Wher' you bound for, young man?"

"Git aboard," says the king. "Did anybody send 'em word?"

"Oh, yes; a month or two ago, when Peter was first took; because Peter said then that he sorter felt like he warn't going to get well this time. You see, he was pretty old, and George's g'irls was too young to be much company for him, except Mary Jane, the red-headed one; and so he was kinder lonesome after George and his wife died, and didn't seem to care much to live. "Why do you reckon Harvey don't come? "It's a pretty long journey. Is Mary Jane the oldest? How old is the others?"

"Poor things!

Well, the old man went on asking questions till he just fairly emptied that young fellow.

"Was Peter Wilks well off?"

"Oh, yes, pretty well off. He had houses and land, and it's reckoned he left three or four thousand in cash hid up som'ers."

The king never said nothing about going aboard, so I lost my ride, after all. When the boat was gone the king made me paddle up another mile to a lonesome place, and then he got ashore and says:

"Now hustle back, right off, and fetch the duke up here, and the new carpet-bags. And if he's gone over to t'other side, go over there and git him. "If gentlemen kin afford to pay a dollar a mile apiece to be

took on and put off in a yawl, a steamboat kin afford to carry 'em, can't it?"

About two dozen men flocked down when they see the yawl a-coming, and when the king says:

Well, if ever I struck anything like it, I'm a nigger. CHAPTER XXV.

Mary Jane WAS red-headed, but that don't make no difference, she was most awful beautiful, and her face and her eyes was all lit up like glory, she was so glad her uncles was come. The king he spread his arms, and Mary Jane she jumped for them, and the hare-lip jumped for the duke, and there they HAD it! Everybody most, leastways women, cried for joy to see them meet again at last and have such good times.

Then the king he hunched the duke private—I see him do it—and then he looked around and see the coffin, over in the corner on two chairs; so then him and the duke, with a hand across each other's shoulder, and t'other hand to their eyes, walked slow and solemn over there, everybody dropping back to give them room, and all the talk and noise stopping, people saying "Sh!" and all the men taking their hats off and drooping their heads, so you could a heard a pin fall.

I never see anything so disgusting.

Rev. Hobson and Dr. Robinson was down to the end of the town a-hunting together—that is, I mean the doctor was shipping a sick man to t'other world, and the preacher was pinting him right. Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. My, the way the king's eyes did shine! Oh, no, I reckon not! The duke allowed it did. It's the best way, in the long run. Says the king:

Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely he made a mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. "Hold on," says the duke.

"It's a most amaz'n' good idea, duke—you HAVE got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a heppin' us out agin," and HE begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most dazzling idea 'at ever a man struck. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now if they want to—this 'll lay 'em out."

When we got up-stairs everybody gethered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—

twenty elegant little piles. Yes, and we that knowed him knows that he would a done MORE generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' his dear William and me. Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that 'd stand in his way at sech a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that 'd rob—yes, ROB—sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so at sech a time? If I know William—and I THINK I do—he—well, I'll jest ask him." Then the king says, "I knowed it; I reckon THAT 'll convince anybody the way HE feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money—take it ALL. Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked himself in there from outside, and stood a-listening and looking, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. "Poor William, afflicted as he is, his HEART'S aluz right. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why, DOCTOR!" and Abner Shackelford says:

"Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor. YOU Peter Wilks's brother!

The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor ups and turns on THEM.

Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, whilst the king held up his head and smiled proud. "All right; I wash MY hands of the matter.

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)**Part 6.**

CHAPTER XXVI.

The duke's room was pretty small, but plenty good enough, and so was my cubby.

That night they had a big supper, and all them men and women was there, and I stood behind the king and the duke's chairs and waited on them, and the niggers waited on the rest. "Did you ever see the king?"

"Who? I knowed he was dead years ago, but I never let on. "I thought he lived in London?"

"I never said nothing of the kind."

"Well, then, how's he going to take the sea baths if it ain't on the sea?"

"Gets it the way people down here gets Congress-water—in barrels. You might a said that in the first place and saved time."

"Why, OURN—your Uncle Harvey's."

"What!—to preach before a king? I never did see such a girl as you. My land! Why, I wouldn't set out such a string as that, not if I NEVER got to glory. Why, Hare-I—why, Joanna, they never see a holiday from year's end to year's end; never go to the circus, nor theater, nor nigger shows, nor nowheres."

I forgot I was the old man's servant. "Lay your hand on this book and say it."

I see it warn't nothing but a dictionary, so I laid my hand on it and said it. So then she looked a little better satisfied, and says:

"Well, then, I'll believe some of it; but I hope to gracious if I'll believe the rest."

"It ain't right nor kind for you to talk so to him, and him a stranger and so far from his people. I reckon he can stand a little thing like that, can't he?"

"All right, then," says the other girls; "you just ask his pardon."

So then I lit out—for bed, I said, meaning some time or another. That doctor lays on my mind. "What is it, duke?"

That made me feel pretty bad. "Why, how you talk!" says the king. Well, the king he talked him blind; so at last he give in, and said all right, but said he believed it was blamed foolishness to stay, and that doctor hanging over them. But the king says:

"Cuss the doctor! Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

The duke says:

"I don't think we put that money in a good place."

I'd begun to think I warn't going to get a hint of no kind to help me. The king says:

"Why?"

"Your head's level agin, duke," says the king; and he comes a-fumbling under the curtain two or three foot from where I was. I stuck tight to the wall and kept mighty still, though quivery; and I wondered what them fellows would say to me if they caught me; and I tried to think what I'd better do if they did catch me. I judged I better hide it outside of the house somewheres, because if they missed it they would give the house a good ransacking: I knowed that very well.

CHAPTER XXVII.

There warn't a sound anywheres. I peeped through a crack of the dining-room door, and see the men that was watching the corpse all sound asleep on their chairs. Then the king 'll get it again, and it 'll be a long day before he gives anybody another chance to smouch it from him. There warn't nobody around but the family and the widow Bartley and our tribe. I watched their faces to see if anything had been happening, but I couldn't tell.

Then the people begun to flock in, and the beats and the girls took seats in the front row at the head of the coffin, and for a half an hour the people filed around slow, in single rank, and looked down at the dead man's face a minute, and some dropped in a tear, and it was all very still and solemn, only the girls and the beats holding handkerchiefs to their eyes and keeping their heads bent, and sobbing a little. There warn't no other sound but the scraping of the feet on the floor and blowing noses—because people always blows them more at a funeral than they do at other places except church.

It was right down awkward, and nobody didn't seem to know what to do. A little thing like that don't cost nothing, and it's just the little things

that makes a man to be looked up to and liked. There warn't no more popular man in town than what that undertaker was.

I was in a sweat then, and watched him pretty keen. Well, blamed if the king didn't bill the house and the niggers and all the property for auction straight off—sale two days after the funeral; but anybody could buy private beforehand if they wanted to.

A couple of nigger traders come along, and the king sold them the niggers reasonable, for three-day drafts as they called it, and away they went, the two sons up the river to Memphis, and their mother down the river to Orleans. I can't ever get it out of my memory, the sight of them poor miserable girls and niggers hanging around each other's necks and crying; and I reckon I couldn't a stood it all, but would a had to bust out and tell on our gang if I hadn't knowed the sale warn't no account and the niggers would be back home in a week or two.

It injured the frauds some; but the old fool he bulled right along, spite of all the duke could say or do, and I tell you the duke was powerful uneasy.

The king says:

"Was you in my room night before last?"

"No, your majesty"—which was the way I always called him when nobody but our gang warn't around.

"Was you in there yisterday er last night?"

The duke says:

"Stop and think."

"Well, I see the niggers go in there several times."

Then the duke says:

In the morning. It warn't early, because I overslept. "Great guns, THIS is a go!" says the king; and both of them looked pretty sick and tolerable silly. They stood there a-thinking and scratching their heads a minute, and the duke he bust into a kind of a little raspy chuckle, and says:

"It does beat all how neat the niggers played their hand. "Well, THAT'S all right then, thank goodness."

The king whirls on me and rips out:

"None o' your business! You keep your head shet, and mind y'r own affairs—if you got any. Long as you're in this town don't you forgit

THAT—you hear?" If the profits has turned out to be none, lackin' considable, and none to carry, is it my fault any more'n it's yourn?"

"Well, THEY'D be in this house yet and we WOULDN'T if I could a got my advice listened to."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BY and by it was getting-up time. "Miss Mary Jane, you can't a-bear to see people in trouble, and I can't—most always. I never see nothing like it. "Miss Mary Jane, is there any place out of town a little ways where you could go and stay three or four days?"

"Never mind why yet. "All right," I says, "I don't want nothing more out of YOU than just your word—I druther have it than another man's kiss-the-Bible." She smiled and reddened up very sweet, and I says, "If you don't mind it, I'll shut the door—and bolt it."

Just set still and take it like a man. "Oh," she says, "what am I THINKING about!" she says, and set right down again. Saying them words put a good idea in my head. "A little short of four miles—right out in the country, back here."

If you get here before eleven put a candle in this window, and if I don't turn up wait TILL eleven, and THEN if I don't turn up it means I'm gone, and out of the way, and safe. "If I get away I sha'n't be here," I says, "to prove these rapscaillions ain't your uncles, and I couldn't do it if I WAS here. I judged we had got everything fixed about right now. "Just let the auction go right along, and don't worry. It's just like the way it was with the niggers—it warn't no sale, and the niggers will be back before long. "Well, I never thought—and come to think, I don't know. Do you reckon you can go and face your uncles when they come to kiss you good-morning, and never—"

"Yes; never mind about them. I don't want you to see them, nor your sisters, nor nobody in this town; if a neighbor was to ask how is your uncles this morning your face would tell something. No, you go right along, Miss Mary Jane, and I'll fix it with all of them. It was only a little thing to do, and no trouble; and it's the little things that smooths people's roads the most, down here below; it would make Mary Jane comfortable, and it wouldn't cost nothing. "I wish I knowed, but I don't. I come nigh getting caught, and I had to shove it into the first place I come to, and run—and it warn't a good place."

"I'd ruther not TELL you where I put it, Miss Mary Jane, if you don't mind letting me off; but I'll write it for you on a piece of paper, and you can read it along the road to Mr. Lothrop's, if you want to. Do you reckon that 'll do?"

I was behind the door, and I was mighty sorry for you, Miss Mary Jane."

I reckoned if she knowed me she'd take a job that was more nearer her size. I hain't ever seen her since that time that I see her go out of that door; no, I hain't ever seen her since, but I reckon I've thought of her a many and a many a million times, and of her saying she would pray for me; and if ever I'd a thought it would do any good for me to pray for HER, blamed if I wouldn't a done it or bust.

Well, Mary Jane she lit out the back way, I reckon; because nobody see her go. "What's the name of them people over on t'other side of the river that you all goes to see sometimes?"

It's a new kind, Miss Mary Jane said."

"My land! Why, how you talk. If you don't hitch on to one tooth, you're bound to on another, ain't you? "Shucks, and stay fooling around here when we could all be having good times in England whilst we was waiting to find out whether Mary Jane's got it or not? Why, you talk like a muggins."

"Well, maybe you're right—yes, I judge you ARE right."

"Of course; bother them kind of names, a body can't ever seem to remember them, half the time, somehow. Everything was all right now. I felt very good; I judged I had done it pretty neat—I reckoned Tom Sawyer couldn't a done it no neater himself.

here's your two sets o' heirs to old Peter Wilks—and you pays your money and you takes your choice!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THEY was fetching a very nice-looking old gentleman along, and a nice-looking younger one, with his right arm in a sling. I reckoned they'd turn pale. Lots of the principal people gethered around the king, to let him see they was on his side. That old gentleman that had just come looked all puzzled to death. Pretty soon he begun to speak, and I see straight off he pronounced LIKE an Englishman—not the king's way, though the king's WAS pretty good for an imitation. "Say, looky here; if you are Harvey Wilks, when'd you come to this town?"

"The day before the funeral, friend," says the king.

"But what time o' day?"

"I warn't up at the Pint in the mornin'."

Several of them jumped for him and begged him not to talk that way to an old man and a preacher.

"Would you know the boy again if you was to see him, Hines?"

The doctor he led me along by the hand, and was plenty kind enough, but he never let go my hand.

We all got in a big room in the hotel, and lit up some candles, and fetched in the new couple. Everybody agreed to that. So I judged they had our gang in a pretty tight place right at the outstart. One man asked me if I see the niggers steal it. The king he give me a left-handed look out of the corner of his eye, and so I knowed enough to talk on the right side. "Set down, my boy; I wouldn't strain myself if I was you. You do it pretty awkward."

"If you'd been in town at first, Levi Bell—" The king broke in and reached out his hand, and says:

"Why, is this my poor dead brother's old friend that he's wrote so often about?"

The lawyer and him shook hands, and the lawyer smiled and looked pleased, and they talked right along awhile, and then got to one side and talked low; and at last the lawyer speaks up and says:

"That 'll fix it. So then the lawyer turns to the new old gentleman and says:

The old gentleman wrote, but nobody couldn't read it. "Well, it beats ME"—and snaked a lot of old letters out of his pocket, and examined them, and then examined the old man's writing, and then THEM again; and then says: "These old letters is from Harvey Wilks; and here's THESE two handwritings, and anybody can see they didn't write them" (the king and the duke looked sold and foolish, I tell you, to see how the lawyer had took them in), "and here's THIS old gentleman's hand writing, and anybody can tell, easy enough, HE didn't write them—fact is, the scratches he makes ain't properly WRITING at all. The new old gentleman says:

"If you please, let me explain. Nobody can read my hand but my brother there—so he copies for me. It's HIS hand you've got there, not mine."

I've got some of William's letters, too; so if you'll get him to write a line or so we can com—"

"He CAN'T write with his left hand," says the old gentleman. "If he could use his right hand, you would see that he wrote his own letters and mine too. Look at both, please—they're by the same hand."

"I believe it's so—and if it ain't so, there's a heap stronger resemblance than I'd noticed before, anyway. Well, well, well! I thought we was right on the track of a solution, but it's gone to grass, partly. But anyway, one thing is proved—THESE two ain't either of 'em Wilkses"—and he wagged his head towards the king and the duke.

That muleheaded old fool wouldn't give in THEN! Said it warn't no fair test. "I've thought of something. Then the old man turns towards the king, and says:

I reckon he thought he'd keep the thing up till he tired them people out, so they'd thin out, and him and the duke could break loose and get away. Anyway, he set there, and pretty soon he begun to smile, and says:

Well, I never see anything like that old blister for clean out-and-out cheek.

The new old gentleman turns brisk towards Ab Turner and his pard, and his eye lights up like he judged he'd got the king THIS time, and says:

"Good!" says the old gentleman. We never seen any marks at all."

Well, everybody WAS in a state of mind now, and they sings out:

Le's duck 'em! le's drown 'em! "Gentlemen—gentleMEN! Hear me just a word—just a SINGLE word—if you PLEASE! Collar all these four men and the boy, and fetch THEM along, too!"

"We'll do it!" they all shouted; "and if we don't find them marks we'll lynch the whole gang!"

As we went by our house I wished I hadn't sent Mary Jane out of town; because now if I could tip her the wink she'd light out and save me, and blow on our dead-beats.

It got darker and darker, and it was a beautiful time to give the crowd the slip; but that big husky had me by the wrist—Hines—and a body might as well try to give Goliath the slip. He dragged me right along, he was so excited, and I had to run to keep up.

When I struck the town I see there warn't nobody out in the storm, so I never hunted for no back streets, but humped it straight through the main one; and when I begun to get towards our house I aimed my eye and set it. It was a canoe, and warn't fastened with nothing but a

rope. "Out with you, Jim, and set her loose! It was the king and the duke.

"No, your majesty, we warn't—PLEASE don't, your majesty!"

Jim said it was so; and the king told him to shut up, and said, "Oh, yes, it's MIGHTY likely!" and shook me up again, and said he reckoned he'd drown me. But the duke says:

"Leggo the boy, you old idiot! "Yes," says the duke, kinder slow and deliberate and sarcastic, "WE did."

The duke says, the same way:

The king kind of ruffles up, and says:

The duke says, pretty brisk:

Don't you reckon I know who hid that money in that coffin?"

The king sings out:

The duke says:

"Wait jest a minute, duke—answer me this one question, honest and fair; if you didn't put the money there, say it, and I'll b'lieve you, and take back everything I said."

"You old scoundrel, I didn't, and you know I didn't. The duke never said nothing for a little bit; then he says:

"Well, I don't care if I DID, I didn't DO it, anyway. "I wisht I never die if I done it, duke, and that's honest. "If you ever deny it again I'll drown you. I never see such an old ostrich for wanting to gobble everything—and I a-trusting you all the time, like you was my own father. The king says, timid, and still a-snuffling:

"Why, duke, it was you that said make up the deffisit; it warn't me."

Of course when they got to snoring we had a long gabble, and I told Jim everything.

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)**Part 7.**

WE dasn't stop again at any town for days and days; kept right along down the river. We was down south in the warm weather now, and a mighty long ways from home. So now the frauds reckoned they was out of danger, and they begun to work the villages again.

So at last they got just about dead broke, and laid around the raft as she floated along, thinking and thinking, and never saying nothing, by the half a day at a time, and dreadful blue and desperate.

And at last they took a change and begun to lay their heads together in the wigwam and talk low and confidential two or three hours at a time. Jim and me got uneasy. Well, early one morning we hid the raft in a good, safe place about two mile below a little bit of a shabby village named Pikesville, and the king he went ashore and told us all to stay hid whilst he went up to town and smelt around to see if anybody had got any wind of the Royal Nonesuch there yet. The duke he begun to abuse him for an old fool, and the king begun to sass back, and the minute they was fairly at it I lit out and shook the reefs out of my hind legs, and spun down the river road like a deer, for I see our chance; and I made up my mind that it would be a long day before they ever see me and Jim again. we're all right now!"

But there warn't no answer, and nobody come out of the wigwam. Jim was gone! I set up a shout—and then another—and then another one; and run this way and that in the woods, whooping and screeching; but it warn't no use—old Jim was gone. Pretty soon I went out on the road, trying to think what I better do, and I run across a boy walking, and asked him if he'd seen a strange nigger dressed so and so, and he says:

"Down to Silas Phelps' place, two mile below here. He's a runaway nigger, and they've got him. "Well, I RECKON! There's two hunderd dollars reward on him. It's like picking up money out'n the road."

"Yes, it is—and I could a had it if I'd been big enough; I see him FIRST. "It was an old fellow—a stranger—and he sold out his chance in him for forty dollars, becuz he's got to go up the river and can't wait. You bet I'D wait, if it was seven year."

I thought fill I wore my head sore, but I couldn't see no way out of the trouble. It would get all around that Huck Finn helped a nigger to get his freedom; and if I was ever to see anybody from that town again I'd be ready to get down and lick his boots for shame. Thinks as long as he can hide, it ain't no disgrace. It warn't no use to try and hide it from

Him. I knowed very well why they wouldn't come. It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double. Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather right straight off, and my troubles all gone. Miss Watson, your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville, and Mr. Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send.

HUCK FINN.

It was a close place. "All right, then, I'll GO to hell"—and tore it up.

Well, the very first man I see when I got there was the duke. He was sticking up a bill for the Royal Nonesuch—three-night performance—like that other time. I was right on him before I could shirk. We never got him till dark; then we fetched him over, and I started down for the raft. I slept in the woods all night. But what DID become of the raft, then?—and Jim—poor Jim!"

"Blamed if I know—that is, what's become of the raft. That old fool had made a trade and got forty dollars, and when we found him in the doggerly the loafers had matched half-dollars with him and got every cent but what he'd spent for whisky; and when I got him home late last night and found the raft gone, we said, 'That little rascal has stole our raft and shook us, and run off down the river.'"

"I wouldn't shake my NIGGER, would I?—the only nigger I had in the world, and the only property."

"We never thought of that. "Do you reckon that nigger would blow on us? We'd skin him if he done that!"

That old fool sold him, and never divided with me, and the money's gone."

"SOLD him?" I says, and begun to cry; "why, he was MY nigger, and that was my money. Blamed if I think I'd trust you. Why, if you WAS to blow on us—"

He stopped, but I never see the duke look so ugly out of his eyes before. I got to turn out and find my nigger."

If you'll promise you won't blow, and won't let the nigger blow, I'll tell you where to find him."

So pretty soon he says:

"All right," I says, "I can walk it in three days. Just keep a tight tongue in your head and move right along, and then you won't get into trouble with US, d'ye hear?"

Maybe you can get him to believe that Jim IS your nigger—some idiots don't require documents—leastways I've heard there's such down South here. I reckoned I better start in on my plan straight off without fooling around, because I wanted to stop Jim's mouth till these fellows could get away. I didn't want no trouble with their kind. I went right along, not fixing up any particular plan, but just trusting to Providence to put the right words in my mouth when the time come; for I'd noticed that Providence always did put the right words in my mouth if I left it alone.

A nigger woman come tearing out of the kitchen with a rolling-pin in her hand, singing out, "Begone YOU Tige! Children, it's your cousin Tom!—tell him howdy."

"Lize, hurry up and get him a hot breakfast right away—or did you get your breakfast on the boat?"

"Don't say yes'm—say Aunt Sally. "It warn't the grounding—that didn't keep us back but a little. We blowed out a cylinder-head."

anybody hurt?"

Killed a nigger."

Two years ago last Christmas your uncle Silas was coming up from Newreans on the old Lally Rook, and she blowed out a cylinder-head and crippled a man. Your uncle Silas knowed a family in Baton Rouge that knowed his people very well. Your uncle's been up to the town every day to fetch you. "No, I didn't see nobody, Aunt Sally. "Nobody."

"Why, child, it 'll be stole!"

"Not where I hid it I reckon it won't," I says.

I had my mind on the children all the time; I wanted to get them out to one side and pump them a little, and find out who I was. I see it warn't a bit of use to try to go ahead—I'd got to throw up my hand. I had just one little glimpse of the old gentleman when he come in; then the bed hid him. I'm at my wit's end, and I don't mind acknowledging 't I'm right down scared. The old gentleman stared, and says:

"Who do you reckon 't is?"

"I hain't no idea. "It's TOM SAWYER!"

If I'd a called it a bolthead it would a done just as well.

Now I was feeling pretty comfortable all down one side, and pretty uncomfortable all up the other. Being Tom Sawyer was easy and comfortable, and it stayed easy and comfortable till by and by I hear a steamboat coughing along down the river. Then I says to myself, s'pose Tom Sawyer comes down on that boat? Looky here, warn't you ever murdered AT ALL?"

I warn't ever murdered at all—I played it on them. You come in here and feel of me if you don't believe me."

"It's all right; I've got it. "All right; but wait a minute. Why, Jim is—"

You'll say it's dirty, low-down business; but what if it is? "I'll HELP you steal him!"

Tom Sawyer a NIGGER-STEALER!

The old gentleman was at the door, and he says:

I wish we'd a timed her. "Why, there's somebody come! Tom had his store clothes on, and an audience—and that was always nuts for Tom Sawyer. "No, my boy," says the old gentleman, "I'm sorry to say 't your driver has deceived you; Nichols's place is down a matter of three mile more. Come right in."

You must stay. It's a long, dusty three mile, and we can't let you walk. Come right in and make yourself at home."

"Why, you born fool!" I never heard the beat of it. "Why, everybody. "I'm sorry, and I warn't expecting it. Well, I sh'd RECKON you won't!"

"Tom, didn't YOU think Aunt Sally 'd open out her arms and say, 'Sid Sawyer—"

"Why, dear me, I never see such a surprise. We warn't looking for YOU at all, but only Tom. Sis never wrote to me about anybody coming but him."

Uncle Silas he asked a pretty long blessing over it, but it was worth it; and it didn't cool it a bit, neither, the way I've seen them kind of interruptions do lots of times. There was a considerable good deal of talk all the afternoon, and me and Tom was on the lookout all the time; but it warn't no use, they didn't happen to say nothing about any runaway nigger, and we was afraid to try to work up to it. But at supper, at night, one of the little boys says:

"Pa, mayn't Tom and Sid and me go to the show?"

"No," says the old man, "I reckon there ain't going to be any; and you couldn't go if there was; because the runaway nigger told Burton and

me all about that scandalous show, and Burton said he would tell the people; so I reckon they've drove the owdacious loafers out of town before this time."

Tom and me was to sleep in the same room and bed; so, being tired, we bid good-night and went up to bed right after supper, and clumb out of the window and down the lightning-rod, and shoved for the town; for I didn't believe anybody was going to give the king and the duke a hint, and so if I didn't hurry up and give them one they'd get into trouble sure.

Tom Sawyer he says the same.

WE stopped talking, and got to thinking. By and by Tom says:

I bet I know where Jim is."

"No! Where?"

When we was at dinner, didn't you see a nigger man go in there with some vittles?"

"For a dog."

Well, it does beat all that I never thought about a dog not eating watermelon. It shows how a body can see and don't see at the same time."

Watermelon shows man, lock shows prisoner; and it ain't likely there's two prisoners on such a little plantation, and where the people's all so kind and good. Jim's the prisoner. What a head for just a boy to have! If I had Tom Sawyer's head I wouldn't trade it off to be a duke, nor mate of a steamboat, nor clown in a circus, nor nothing I can think of. I went to thinking out a plan, but only just to be doing something; I knowed very well where the right plan was going to come from. Pretty soon Tom says:

"Ready?"

"All right—bring it out."

"We can easy find out if it's Jim in there. Then get up my canoe tomorrow night, and fetch my raft over from the island. Then the first dark night that comes steal the key out of the old man's britches after he goes to bed, and shove off down the river on the raft with Jim, hiding

daytimes and running nights, the way me and Jim used to do before. Wouldn't that plan work?"

"WORK? I never said nothing, because I warn't expecting nothing different; but I knowed mighty well that whenever he got HIS plan ready it wouldn't have none of them objections to it.

Well, one thing was dead sure, and that was that Tom Sawyer was in earnest, and was actuly going to help steal that nigger out of slavery. "Didn't I SAY I was going to help steal the nigger?"

This hole's big enough for Jim to get through if we wrench off the board."

Tom says:

Tom was joyful. "Now we're all right. In the morning we was up at break of day, and down to the nigger cabins to pet the dogs and make friends with the nigger that fed Jim—if it WAS Jim that was being fed. This nigger had a good-natured, chuckle-headed face, and his wool was all tied up in little bunches with thread. So Tom says:

"Yes, Mars Sid, A dog. Cur'us dog, too. I hunched Tom, and whispers:

"You going, right here in the daybreak? THAT warn't the plan."

"No, it warn't; but it's the plan NOW."

"Why, HUCK! En good LAN! ain' dat Misto Tom?"

I didn't know nothing to do; and if I had I couldn't a done it, because that nigger busted in and says:

"Why, de gracious sakes! We could see pretty well now. Tom he looked at the nigger, steady and kind of wondering, and says:

"Why, dis-yer runaway nigger."

"I don't reckon he does; but what put that into your head?"

"Well, that's mighty curious. "No, sah," says Jim; "I hain't said nothing, sah."

"Not a word?"

"No, sah, I hain't said a word."

So Tom turns to the nigger, which was looking wild and distressed, and says, kind of severe:

"What do you reckon the matter with you, anyway? Dey's awluz at it, sah, en dey do mos' kill me, dey sk'yers me so. I jis' bet he couldn' fine no way to git aroun' it DIS time. "I wonder if Uncle Silas is going to hang

this nigger. If I was to catch a nigger that was ungrateful enough to run away, I wouldn't give him up, I'd hang him." And whilst the nigger stepped to the door to look at the dime and bite it to see if it was good, he whispers to Jim and says:

Jim only had time to grab us by the hand and squeeze it; then the nigger come back, and we said we'd come again some time if the nigger wanted us to; and he said he would, more particular if it was dark, because the witches went for him mostly in the dark, and it was good to have folks around then.

We fetched an armful and hid it in the weeds, and set down to rest, and Tom says, kind of dissatisfied:

Why, we could work with a torchlight procession if we wanted to, I believe. Hain't we got to saw the leg of Jim's bed off, so as to get the chain loose?"

"Well, if that ain't just like you, Huck Finn. It's gaudy, Huck. If we get time, the night of the escape, we'll dig one."

Pretty soon he sighs and shakes his head; then sighs again, and says:

"Why, to saw Jim's leg off," he says.

"Good land!" "Why, Tom Sawyer, how you talk," I says; "Jim ain't got no use for a rope ladder."

I never heard of such a thing."

"Well," I says, "if it's in the regulations, and he's got to have it, all right, let him have it; because I don't wish to go back on no regulations; but there's one thing, Tom Sawyer—if we go to tearing up our sheets to make Jim a rope ladder, we're going to get into trouble with Aunt Sally, just as sure as you're born. "Oh, shucks, Huck Finn, if I was as ignorant as you I'd keep still—that's what I'D do. "Well, all right, Tom, fix it your own way; but if you'll take my advice, you'll let me borrow a sheet off of the clothesline."

"What do we want of a shirt, Tom?"

"Want it for Jim to keep a journal on."

"Journal your granny—JIM can't write."

"S'pose he CAN'T write—he can make marks on the shirt, can't he, if we make him a pen out of an old pewter spoon or a piece of an old iron barrel-hoop?"

"Jim ain't got no tin plates. "Can't nobody READ his plates."

Why, half the time you can't read anything a prisoner writes on a tin plate, or anywhere else."

I called it borrowing, because that was what pap always called it; but Tom said it warn't borrowing, it was stealing. It ain't no crime in a prisoner to steal the thing he needs to get away with, Tom said; it's his right; and so, as long as we was representing a prisoner, we had a perfect right to steal anything on this place we had the least use for to get ourselves out of prison with. He said if we warn't prisoners it would be a very different thing, and nobody but a mean, ornery person would steal when he warn't a prisoner. "Everything's all right now except tools; and that's easy fixed."

"Ain't them old crippled picks and things in there good enough to dig a nigger out with?" Picks and shovels—why, they wouldn't furnish 'em to a king."

"Well, then," I says, "if we don't want the picks and shovels, what do we want?"

"A couple of case-knives."

"Confound it, it's foolish, Tom."

"JIM don't know nobody in China."

"All right—I don't care where he comes out, so he COMES out; and Jim don't, either, I reckon. But there's one thing, anyway—Jim's too old to be dug out with a case-knife. "How long will it take, Tom?"

By rights I reckon we ought to be a couple of years; but we can't. Then we can snatch him out and rush him away the first time there's an alarm. Yes, I reckon that 'll be the best way."

"Tom, if it ain't unregular and irreligious to sejest it," I says, "there's an old rusty saw-blade around yonder sticking under the weather-boarding behind the smoke-house."

(Tom Sawyer's Comrade)**Part 8.**

AS soon as we reckoned everybody was asleep that night we went down the lightning-rod, and shut ourselves up in the lean-to, and got out our pile of fox-fire, and went to work. Tom said we was right behind Jim's bed now, and we'd dig in under it, and when we got through there couldn't nobody in the cabin ever know there was any hole there, because Jim's counter-pin hung down most to the ground, and you'd have to raise it up and look under to see the hole. If we was to put in another night this way we'd have to knock off for a week to let our hands get well—couldn't touch a case-knife with them sooner."

"Well, then, what we going to do, Tom?"

"NOW you're TALKING!" I says; "your head gets leveler and leveler all the time, Tom Sawyer," I says. "Well," he says, "there's excuse for picks and letting-on in a case like this; if it warn't so, I wouldn't approve of it, nor I wouldn't stand by and see the rules broke—because right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a body ain't got no business doing wrong when he ain't ignorant and knows better. I scratched around amongst the old tools, and got a pickaxe and give it to him, and he took it and went to work, and never said a word.

What you reckon I better do? "Yes," I says, "but I reckon it ain't regular. Next day Tom stole a pewter spoon and a brass candlestick in the house, for to make some pens for Jim out of, and six tallow candles; and I hung around the nigger cabins and laid for a chance, and stole three tin plates. So Tom was satisfied. Said we'd got to post Jim first.

That night we went down the lightning-rod a little after ten, and took one of the candles along, and listened under the window-hole, and heard Jim snoring; so we pitched it in, and it didn't wake him. We crept in under Jim's bed and into the cabin, and pawed around and found the candle and lit it, and stood over Jim awhile, and found him looking hearty and healthy, and then we woke him up gentle and gradual. He was so glad to see us he most cried; and called us honey, and all the pet names he could think of; and was for having us hunt up a cold-chisel to cut the chain off of his leg with right away, and clearing out without losing any time. So Jim he said it was all right, and we set there and talked over old times awhile, and then Tom asked a lot of questions, and when Jim told him Uncle Silas come in every day or two to pray with him, and Aunt Sally come in to see if he was comfortable and had plenty to eat, and both of them was kind as they could be, Tom says:

I said, "Don't do nothing of the kind; it's one of the most jackass ideas I ever struck;" but he never paid no attention to me; went right on. Jim had plenty corn-cob pipes and tobacco; so we had a right down good sociable time; then we crawled out through the hole, and so home to bed, with hands that looked like they'd been chawed. Tom was in high spirits. Then we went to the nigger cabins, and while I got Nat's notice off, Tom shoved a piece of candlestick into the middle of a corn- pone that was in Jim's pan, and we went along with Nat to see how it would work, and it just worked noble; when Jim bit into it it most mashed all his teeth out; and there warn't ever anything could a worked better. Tom said so himself. Tom jerked the door open and flung out a slab of Jim's meat, and the dogs went for it, and in two seconds he was out himself and back again and shut the door, and I knowed he'd fixed the other door too. Then he went to work on the nigger, coaxing him and petting him, and asking him if he'd been imagining he saw something again. "Mars Sid, you'll say I's a fool, but if I didn't b'lieve I see most a million dogs, er devils, er some'n, I wisht I may die right heah in dese tracks. Tom says:

What makes them come here just at this runaway nigger's breakfast-time? "All right, I'll do it, seeing it's you, and you've been good to us and showed us the runaway nigger. Uncle Silas he says:

Just LISTEN at the man! A body 'd think you WOULD learn to take some sort of care of 'em at your time of life."

"Well, it ain't YOUR fault if you haven't, Silas; you'd a done it if you could, I reckon. The calf got the shirt, I reckon, but the calf never took the spoon, THAT'S certain."

The rats could a got the candles, and I reckon they did; I wonder they don't walk off with the whole place, the way you're always going to stop their holes and don't do it; and if they warn't fools they'd sleep in your hair, Silas—YOU'D never find it out; but you can't lay the SPOON on the rats, and that I know."

"I reckon the world IS coming to an end. Give a body a rest! I'D a heard her if she'd a said it to herself, let alone speaking it out; and I'd a got up and obeyed her if I'd a been dead. Then we heard steps on the stairs, and blowed out our light and hid; and here comes the old man, with a candle in one hand and a bundle of stuff in t'other, looking as absent-minded as year before last. I could show her now that I warn't to blame on account of the rats. But never mind—let it go. I reckon it wouldn't do no good."

We was very well satisfied with this business, and Tom allowed it was worth twice the trouble it took, because he said NOW she couldn't ever count them spoons twice dlike again to save her life; and wouldn't

believe she'd counted them right if she DID; and said that after she'd about counted her head off for the next three days he judged she'd give it up and offer to kill anybody that wanted her to ever count them any more.

So then we laid in with Jim the second night, and tore up the sheet all in little strings and twisted them together, and long before daylight we had a lovely rope that you could a hung a person with. Jim's GOT to do his inscription and coat of arms. Jim says:

"Why, Mars Tom, I hain't got no coat o' arm; I hain't got nuffn but dish yer ole shirt, en you knows I got to keep de journal on dat."

"Oh, you don't understand, Jim; a coat of arms is very different."

"Well," I says, "Jim's right, anyway, when he says he ain't got no coat of arms, because he hain't."

So whilst me and Jim filed away at the pens on a brickbat apiece, Jim a- making his'n out of the brass and I making mine out of the spoon, Tom set to work to think out the coat of arms. If it didn't suit him to explain a thing to you, he wouldn't do it. Tom's voice trembled whilst he was reading them, and he most broke down. Then pretty soon he says:

We'll fetch a rock."

It warn't no slouch of an idea; and it warn't no slouch of a grindstone nuther; but we allowed we'd tackle it. It warn't quite midnight yet, so we cleared out for the mill, leaving Jim at work. We see it warn't no use; we got to go and fetch Jim So he raised up his bed and slid the chain off of the bed-leg, and wrapt it round and round his neck, and we crawled out through our hole and down there, and Jim and me laid into that grindstone and walked her along like nothing; and Tom superintended. Our hole was pretty big, but it warn't big enough to get the grindstone through; but Jim he took the pick and soon made it big enough. Then we helped him fix his chain back on the bed-leg, and was ready for bed ourselves. But Tom thought of something, and says:

"You got any spiders in here, Jim?"

"No, sah, thanks to goodness I hain't, Mars Tom."

"All right, we'll get you some."

Tom thought a minute or two, and says:

"Keep what, Mars Tom?"

"De goodness gracious alive, Mars Tom! Why, if dey was a rattlesnake to come in heah I'd take en bust right out thoo dat log wall, I would, wid my head."

Why, Jim, you wouldn't be afraid of it after a little. "PLEASE, Mars Tom—DOAN' talk so! En mo' en dat, I doan' WANT him to sleep wid me."

"Jim, don't act so foolish. "Why, Mars Tom, I doan' WANT no sich glory. Snake take 'n bite Jim's chin off, den WHAH is de glory? I only WANT you to try—you needn't keep it up if it don't work."

"But de trouble all DONE ef de snake bite me while I's a tryin' him. Mars Tom, I's willin' to tackle mos' anything 'at ain't onreasonable, but ef you en Huck fetches a rattlesnake in heah for me to tame, I's gwyne to LEAVE, dat's SHORE."

"Well, then, let it go, let it go, if you're so bull-headed about it. I never knowed b'fo' 't was so much bother and trouble to be a prisoner."

"Well, it ALWAYS is when it's done right. "Why, Mars Tom, I doan' WANT no rats. Yes, you're all right; you're fixed very well. "Yes, DEY will, I reck'n, Mars Tom, but what kine er time is JIM havin'? Blest if I kin see de pint. I reck'n I better keep de animals satisfied, en not have no trouble in de house."

Tom waited to think it over, and see if there wasn't nothing else; and pretty soon he says:

Could you raise a flower here, do you reckon?"

"I doan know but maybe I could, Mars Tom; but it's tolable dark in heah, en I ain' got no use fr no flower, nohow, en she'd be a pow'ful sight o' trouble."

"One er dem big cat-tail-lookin' mullen-stalks would grow in heah, Mars Tom, I reck'n, but she wouldn't be wuth half de trouble she'd coss."

"Why, I got plenty spring water, Mars Tom."

"You don't WANT spring water; you want to water it with your tears. "Why, Mars Tom, I lay I kin raise one er dem mullen-stalks twyste wid spring water whiles another man's a START'N one wid tears."

So Tom was stumped.

So Jim he was sorry, and said he wouldn't behave so no more, and then me and Tom shoved for bed.

The family was at home. Then we got allycumpain and rubbed on the places, and was pretty near all right again, but couldn't set down convenient. And so we went for the snakes, and grabbed a couple of dozen garters and house-snakes, and put them in a bag, and put it in our room, and by that time it was supper-time, and a rattling good honest day's work: and hungry?—oh, no, I reckon not! No, there warn't no real scarcity of snakes about the house for a considerable spell. I never see such a woman. We got a licking every time one of our snakes come in her way, and she allowed these lickings warn't nothing to what she would do if we ever loaded up the place again with them. Jim didn't like the spiders, and the spiders didn't like Jim; and so they'd lay for him, and make it mighty warm for him. We reckoned we was all going to die, but didn't. The old man had wrote a couple of times to the plantation below Orleans to come and get their runaway nigger, but hadn't got no answer, because there warn't no such plantation; so he allowed he would advertize Jim in the St. Louis and New Orleans papers; and when he mentioned the St. Louis ones it give me the cold shivers, and I see we hadn't no time to lose. So Tom said, now for the nonnamous letters.

"What's them?" You slide in, in the middle of the night, and hook that yaller girl's frock."

"Why, Tom, that 'll make trouble next morning; because, of course, she prob'bly hain't got any but that one."

"All right, I ain't saying nothing; I'm the servant-girl. Who's Jim's mother?"

"Well, then, you'll have to stay in the cabin when me and Jim leaves."

I'll stuff Jim's clothes full of straw and lay it on his bed to represent his mother in disguise, and Jim 'll take the nigger woman's gown off of me and wear it, and we'll all evade together. It's always called so when a king escapes, frinstance. So Tom he wrote the nonnamous letter, and I smouched the yaller wench's frock that night, and put it on, and shoved it under the front door, the way Tom told me to. Trouble is brewing.

UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Next night we stuck a picture, which Tom drawed in blood, of a skull and crossbones on the front door; and next night another one of a coffin on the back door. I never see a family in such a sweat. If a door banged, Aunt Sally she jumped and said "ouch!" if anything fell, she

jumped and said "ouch!" if you happened to touch her, when she warn't noticing, she done the same; she couldn't face noway and be satisfied, because she allowed there was something behind her every time—so she was always a-whirling around sudden, and saying "ouch," and before she'd got two-thirds around she'd whirl back again, and say it again; and she was afraid to go to bed, but she dasn't set up. So the thing was working very well, Tom said; he said he never see a thing work more satisfactory. He said it showed it was done right.

UNKNOWN FRIEND.

"Well, then, what possessed you to go down there this time of night?"

"I hain't been doing a single thing, Aunt Sally, I hope to gracious if I have."

I warn't easy myself, but I didn't take my hat off, all the same.

Why, Huck, if it was to do over again, I bet I could fetch two hundred! If we could put it off till—"

"Hurry! HURRY!" "Where's Jim?"

"Right at your elbow; if you reach out your arm you can touch him. Here, I'll lock some of you into the cabin, and you lay for 'em in the dark and kill 'em when they come; and the rest scatter around a piece, and listen if you can hear 'em coming."

Answer, or I'll shoot!"

They've broke for the river! After 'em, boys, and turn loose the dogs!"

"NOW, old Jim, you're a free man again, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more."

"En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz done beautiful; en dey ain't NOBODY kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz."

Man the sweeps—man the sweeps!"

But me and Jim was consulting—and thinking. "Say it, Jim."

Ef it wuz HIM dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to git shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doctor fr' to save

dis one?' Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer? WELL, den, is JIM gywne to say it?

No, sah—I doan' budge a step out'n dis place 'dout a DOCTOR, not if it's forty year!"

I knowed he was white inside, and I reckoned he'd say what he did say—so it was all right now, and I told Tom I was a-going for a doctor. THE doctor was an old man; a very nice, kind-looking old man when I got him up. I struck an idea pretty soon. So then I crept into a lumber-pile to get some sleep; and next time I waked up the sun was away up over my head! I shot out and went for the doctor's house, but they told me he'd gone away in the night some time or other, and warn't back yet. Well, thinks I, that looks powerful bad for Tom, and I'll dig out for the island right off. So away I shoved, and turned the corner, and nearly rammed my head into Uncle Silas's stomach! "Why, TOM! Where you been all this time, you rascal?"

"Your aunt's been mighty uneasy."

"She needn't," I says, "because we was all right. So then we went to the post-office to get "Sid"; but just as I suspicioned, he warn't there; so the old man he got a letter out of the office, and we waited awhile longer, but Sid didn't come; so the old man said, come along, let Sid foot it home, or canoe it, when he got done fooling around—but we would ride. I couldn't get him to let me stay and wait for Sid; and he said there warn't no use in it, and I must come along, and let Aunt Sally see we was all right.

Old Mrs. Hotchkiss was the worst; her tongue was a-going all the time. "Well, Sister Phelps, I've ransacked that-air cabin over, an' I b'lieve the nigger was crazy. Without HELP, mind you—'thout HELP! Don't tell ME, s'l; there WUZ help, s'l; 'n' ther' wuz a PLENTY help, too, s'l; ther's ben a DOZEN a-helpin' that nigger, 'n' I lay I'd skin every last nigger on this place but I'D find out who done it, s'l; 'n' moreover, s'l—"

Look at them case-knife saws and things, how tedious they've been made; look at that bed-leg sawed off with 'm, a week's work for six men; look at that nigger made out'n straw on the bed; and look at—"

"Why, dog my cats, they must a ben a house-full o' niggers in there every night for four weeks to a done all that work, Sister Phelps. Must a ben a raft uv 'm at it right along, all the time, amost. "People to HELP him, Brother Marples! Well, I reckon you'd THINK so if you'd a been in this house for a while back. Why, they've stole everything they could lay their hands on—and we a-watching all the time, mind you. They stole that shirt right off o' the line! You explain THAT to me if you can!—ANY of you!"

"Laws alive, I never—"

"HOUSE-thieves as well as—"

I hope to gracious if I warn't afraid they'd steal some o' the family! Says I to myself, I can explain better how we come to not be in that room this morning if I go out to one side and study over it a little. "I'll run right up to town and get him," I says.

"You'll stay right wher' you are; ONE'S enough to be lost at a time. Well, he warn't there to supper; so right after supper uncle went.

He come back about ten a little bit uneasy; hadn't run across Tom's track. Aunt Sally was a good DEAL uneasy; but Uncle Silas he said there warn't no occasion to be—boys will be boys, he said, and you'll see this one turn up in the morning all sound and right. "The door ain't going to be locked, Tom, and there's the window and the rod; but you'll be good, WON'T you? THE old man was uptown again before breakfast, but couldn't get no track of Tom; and both of them set at the table thinking, and not saying nothing, and looking mournful, and their coffee getting cold, and not eating anything. And by and by the old man says:

It was Tom Sawyer on a mattress; and that old doctor; and Jim, in HER calico dress, with his hands tied behind him; and a lot of people. "Oh, he's dead, he's dead, I know he's dead!"

And Tom he turned his head a little, and muttered something or other, which showed he warn't in his right mind; then she flung up her hands, and says:

I followed the men to see what they was going to do with Jim; and the old doctor and Uncle Silas followed after Tom into the house. The men was very huffy, and some of them wanted to hang Jim for an example to all the other niggers around there, so they wouldn't be trying to run away like Jim done, and making such a raft of trouble, and keeping a whole family scared most to death for days and nights. I liked the nigger for that; I tell you, gentlemen, a nigger like that is worth a thousand dollars—and kind treatment, too. Somebody says:

Then the others softened up a little, too, and I was mighty thankful to that old doctor for doing Jim that good turn; and I was glad it was according to my judgment of him, too; because I thought he had a good heart in him and was a good man the first time I see him. Aunt Sally she stuck to the sick-room all day and all night, and every time I see Uncle Silas mooning around I dodged him.

Where's the raff?"

"It's all right," I says.

"And JIM?"

NOW we're all right and safe! There ain't but one; how we set the runaway nigger free—me and Tom."

"Good land! Set the run—What IS the child talking about! Dear, dear, out of his head again!"

We DID set him free—me and Tom. To think, here I've been, night after night, a—YOU just get well once, you young scamp, and I lay I'll tan the Old Harry out o' both o' ye!"

Tom says, dropping his smile and looking surprised.

Why, the runaway nigger, of course. Who'd you reckon?"

Tom looks at me very grave, and says:

"Tom, didn't you just tell me he was all right? "HIM?" says Aunt Sally; "the runaway nigger? Tom rose square up in bed, with his eye hot, and his nostrils opening and shutting like gills, and sings out to me:

"They hain't no RIGHT to shut him up! "I mean every word I SAY, Aunt Sally, and if somebody don't go, I'LL go. I've knowed him all his life, and so has Tom, there. "Yes, you BETTER turn y'r head away—I would if I was you, Tom."

Why, that ain't TOM, it's Sid; Tom's—Tom's—why, where is Tom? I reckon I hain't raised such a scamp as my Tom all these years not to know him when I SEE him. That WOULD be a pretty howdy-do. Come out from under that bed, Huck Finn."

Well, Aunt Polly she said that when Aunt Sally wrote to her that Tom and SID had come all right and safe, she says to herself:

"Why, I never heard nothing from you," says Aunt Sally.

"Well, I never got 'em, Sis."

Aunt Polly she turns around slow and severe, and says:

"You, Tom!"

I be bound, if I have to take a-holt of you I'll—"

I hain't looked into them, I hain't touched them. But I knowed they'd make trouble, and I thought if you warn't in no hurry, I'd—"

"No, it come yesterday; I hain't read it yet, but IT'S all right, I've got that one."

THE first time I caught Tom private I asked him what was his idea, time of the evasion?—what it was he'd planned to do if the evasion worked all right and he managed to set a nigger free that was already free before? We had Jim out of the chains in no time, and when Aunt Polly and Uncle Silas and Aunt Sally found out how good he helped the doctor nurse Tom, they made a heap of fuss over him, and fixed him up prime, and give him all he wanted to eat, and a good time, and nothing to do. And we had him up to the sick-room, and had a high talk; and Tom give Jim forty dollars for being prisoner for us so patient, and doing it up so good, and Jim was pleased most to death, and busted out, and says:

I TOLE you I got a hairy breas', en what's de sign un it; en I TOLE you I ben rich wunst, en gwineter to be rich AGIN; en it's come true; en heah she is! doan' talk to ME—signs is SIGNS, mine I tell you; en I knowed jis' 's well 'at I 'uz gwineter be rich agin as I's a-stannin' heah dis minute!"

"No, he hain't," Tom says; "it's all there yet—six thousand dollars and more; and your pap hain't ever been back since. Jim says, kind of solemn:

"Why, Jim?"

"Doan' you 'member de house dat was float'n down de river, en dey wuz a man in dah, kivered up, en I went in en unkivered him and didn' let you come in?"