

中文导读英文版

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

哈克贝利·费恩历险记

[美] 马克·吐温 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, 中文译名《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》是19世纪末20世纪初最伟大的文学著作之一,其作者是美国著名作家马克·吐温。这是一部现实主义描绘和浪漫主义抒情交相辉映的作品,描写了两个少年为了追求自由生活所经历的惊险离奇的故事。

故事发生在美国内战前的南方,聪明、善良、勇敢的白人少年哈克贝利为了追求自由的生活,逃亡到密西西比河上。在逃亡途中,他结识了从主人家出逃的勤劳朴实、热情诚实的黑奴吉姆。他们成了好朋友,一起漂泊在密西西比河上,沿途逃避追捕,经历了种种奇遇与坎坷,最后哈克贝利帮助吉姆获得了自由。

本书一经出版,很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的文学作品,至今已被译成世界上几十种文字,曾经先后十多次被改编成电影、话剧和舞台剧。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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马克·吐温 (Mark Twain, 1835—1910)，近代美国著名作家，被誉为“美国文学中的林肯”、“美国文学之父”。原名塞缪尔·朗荷恩·克列门斯，马克·吐温是他的笔名。马克·吐温 1835 年 11 月 30 日出生于美国密西西比河畔小城汉尼拔一个贫穷的律师家庭，从小出外拜师学徒，当过排字工人、密西西比河水手、士兵和记者，还经营过木材业、矿业和出版业，但他最出色的工作是从事文学创作。

马克·吐温一生著作颇丰，代表作有《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》、《竞选州长》、《百万英镑》等。他的创作大致可分为三个时期：早期作品表现了对美国民主所存的幻想，以短篇为主，幽默与讽刺结合，如短篇小说《竞选州长》、《哥尔斯密的朋友再度出洋》等；中期以长篇小说为主，讽刺性加强，如《镀金时代》、《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》及《傻瓜威尔逊》等；后期作品则由幽默讽刺转到愤怒的揭发、谴责，甚至有悲观的情绪，如《赤道环行记》、《败坏了哈德莱堡的人》、《神秘来客》等。他的作品对后来的美国文学产生了深远的影响，人们普遍认为马克·吐温是美国文学史上里程碑式的人物。他的主要作品大多已有中文译本。

在马克·吐温的众多杰作中，《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》是其中的典型代表，这些杰作多半取材童年生活，尤其是他在密西西比河上的生活。《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》以哈克贝利为故事中心，以成人为主要读者，思想内容更深刻，艺术风格更独特，是作者美佳之作，也在世界文学名著之列。海明威曾说：“所有美国现代文学皆起源于马克·吐温的一本书，名叫《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》……这是我们前所未有的最佳之作。”这部小说把现实主义的细致刻画和浪漫主义的抒情描写紧密结合，把人物心理的剖析和幽默风趣的想象紧密结合，自然而又生动地展现了美国南北战争前密西



西比河流域的风土人情和社会面貌，既歌颂了追求自由的决心和毅力，也赞美了良知战胜社会偏见，还揭露了宗教礼法和努力制度对人性的扭曲。浓重的乡土气息，丰富的南方方言，流浪汉小说的结构形式，天真儿童的视角，幽默的调侃，尖锐的讽刺，细致入微的心理描写，寓意深刻的象征手法，充分表现了马克·吐温无与伦比的艺术造诣。这部小说和《汤姆·索亚历险记》并列作为美国文学史上的一个辉煌的里程碑，对美国文学，乃至世界文学的发展都产生了深刻的影响。

在中国，《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前在中国出版的各类版本总计不下 50 种。作为世界文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，另一种中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。而从英语学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 摩西和“赶牛人”

Chapter 1 Discover Moses and the Bulrushers



你看过《汤姆·索亚历险记》吗？书的结尾是汤姆和我把强盗窃藏在山洞里的六千块金洋找到了，法官撒切尔替我们放利每人每天得一块金洋，达格丝寡妇收我做她的干儿子，我受不了她的正经规矩就溜走了。汤姆·索亚打算组织一伙强盗，要我回到寡妇身边，先做体面人才能加入。

寡妇管我叫迷途羔羊，带我做饭前祷告，跟我讲摩西和“赶牛人”的故事，我对死去的人不感兴趣，我想抽烟，寡妇不让，可她自己闻鼻烟。

她妹妹瓦岑小姐是个很瘦的老姑娘，戴着一副眼镜，逼着我学拼音，并跟我讲好多规矩，我说我想去地狱，不想跟她上天堂。我问她汤姆·索亚能不能上天堂，她说不能。这样我又能和他在一起了。晚上祷告后，我上楼本打算想点高兴的事，但是远处猫头鹰的笑声和夜鹰的嚎声以及野鬼的叫声，弄得我非常沮丧。

远处，镇上的钟声响了十二下，我掏出烟斗抽上一袋烟，隐隐约约听见那边发出的猫叫声，汤姆·索亚在等着我呢！

*Y*OU don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*; but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he



stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly—Tom's Aunt Polly, she is—and Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

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. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. 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. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on, had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry"; and "Don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set up straight"; and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave?" Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever. So I didn't think much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off

to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night grieving. I got so downhearted and scared I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I flipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shriveled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shook the clothes off of me. 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. But I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horseshoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a spider.

I set down again, a-shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a smoke; for the house was all as still as death now, and so the widow wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in the town go boom—boom—boom—twelve licks; and all still again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap down in the dark amongst the trees—something was a-stirring. I set still and listened. Directly I could just barely hear a “*me-yow! me-yow!*” down there. That was good! Says I, “*me-yow! me-yow!*” as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in among the trees, and, sure enough, there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.

第二章 秘密的誓词

Chapter 2 Our Gang's Dark Oath



我们蹑着脚走到厨房附近时，我让树根绊了一跤，被坐在门口的瓦岑小姐的大个黑奴吉姆听到，他问：“谁在那里呀？”

他走过来，正好站在我们两个中间，我觉得浑身痒得难受，吉姆干脆坐在我和汤姆当中的地上，非要弄个明白，大概有六七分钟的样子，我们听到吉姆的呼噜声，就爬开了。

我们偷偷溜到厨房拿了三支蜡烛，并在桌上放了五分钱，汤姆爬回吉姆那里，把他的帽子挂在头顶的一根树枝上，我们绕过花园墙，来到对面很陡的小山顶上。

从此以后，吉姆就对人说，他被妖怪迷惑住了，妖怪骑着他周游了全世界，他把那五分钱用绳子拴着，套在脖子上可以随时给人治病，只要在那钱上念几句咒，就能把妖怪叫来。许多黑人从四面八方来，把随身的东西都送给吉姆，只为看一眼那个钱，吉姆非常神气，对谁都不放在眼里。

我和汤姆走下山去，见到周·哈波和卞·罗介还有别的两三个孩子，我们乘一只小木船，在山根下一块大石壁旁上了岸。

汤姆指着丛林最密处的山洞，让我们起誓保守秘密，然后我们点起蜡烛来到一处又湿又冷、墙上挂满水珠的小屋似的地方，汤姆说：“我们成立汤姆·索亚团，谁要加入当众宣誓，用血写下名字。”汤姆宣布了誓约，其内容是每人都应效忠本团，不能泄密，若有人冒犯本团成员，命令谁去



杀掉那人全家，谁都得执行命令，在没把本团的暗号十字砍在死尸胸脯之前，不许吃饭、睡觉，非本团成员不准使用暗号，若谁泄密，就割断喉咙，烧毁尸体，撒掉骨灰，用血涂去名字把他忘掉。

有人提议把泄密者的全家都杀掉，可我没家人，就把瓦岑小姐提出来，大家说行。于是我们用针把手指扎破，挤出血来签名。大伙儿决定专门抢掠、谋杀。在大道上把公私马东一律拦住，把人杀死，抢劫他们的财宝，或者不把人杀死，把他们囚禁起来，等着被赎。

随后大家选汤姆·索亚为正团长，周·哈波为副团长。然后就回家了。

WE went tiptoeing along a path amongst the trees back toward the end of the widow's garden, stooping down so as the branches wouldn't scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. 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. He got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he says:

"Who dah?"

He listened some more; then he come tiptoeing down and stood right between us; we could 'a' touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was minutes and minutes that there warn't a sound, and we all there so close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching, but I dasn't scratch it; and then my ear begun to itch; and next my back, right between my shoulders. Seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch. Well, I've noticed that thing plenty times since. If you are with the quality, or at a funeral, or trying to go to sleep when you ain't sleepy—if you are anywheres where it won't do for you to scratch, why you will itch all over in upward of a thousand places. Pretty soon Jim says:

"Say, who is you? Whar is you? Dog my cats ef I didn' hear sumf'n. Well, I know what I's gwyne to do: I's gwyne to set down here and listen tell I hears it ag'in."

So he set down on the ground betwixt me and Tom. He leaned his back up



against a tree, and stretched his legs out till one of them most touched one of mine. My nose begun to itch. It itched till the tears come into my eyes. But I dasn't scratch. Then it begun to itch on the inside. Next I got to itching underneath. I didn't know how I was going to set still. This miserableness went on as much as six or seven minutes; but it seemed a sight longer than that. I was itching in eleven different places now. I reckoned I couldn't stand it more'n a minute longer, but I set my teeth hard and got ready to try. Just then Jim begun to breathe heavy; next he begun to snore—and then I was pretty soon comfortable again.

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. But I said no; he might wake and make a disturbance, and then they'd find out I warn't in. Then Tom said he hadn't got candles enough, and he would slip in the kitchen and get some more. I didn't want him to try. 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. Then we got out, and I was in a sweat to get away; but nothing would do Tom but he must crawl to where Jim was, on his hands and knees, and play something on him. I waited, and it seemed a good while, everything was so still and lonesome.

As soon as Tom was back we cut along the path, around the garden fence, and by and by fetched up on the steep top of the hill the other side of the house. 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. Afterward Jim said the witches bewitched him and put him in a trance, and rode him all over the state, and then set him under the trees again, and hung his hat on a limb to show who done it. And next time Jim told it he said they rode him down to New Orleans; and, after that, every time he told it he spread it more and more, till by and by he said they rode him all over the world, and tired him most to death, and his back was all over saddle-boils. Jim was monstrous proud about it, and he got so he wouldn't hardly notice the other niggers. 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! What you know 'bout witches?" and that nigger was corked up and had to take a back seat. Jim always kept that five-center piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the devil give to him with his own hands, and told him he could cure anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted to just by saying something to it; but he never told what it was he said to it. Niggers would come from all around there and give Jim anything they had, just for a sight of that five-center piece; but they wouldn't touch it, because the devil had had his hands on it. Jim was most ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having seen the devil and been rode by witches.

Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hilltop we looked away down into the village and could see three or four lights twinkling, where there was sick folks, maybe; and the stars over us was sparkling ever so fine; and down by the village was the river, a whole mile broad, and awful still and grand. We went down the hill and found Joe Harper and Ben Rogers, and two or three more of the boys, hid in the old tanyard. So we unhitched a skiff and pulled down the river two mile and a half, to the big scar on the hillside, and went ashore.

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. We went about two hundred yards, and then the cave opened up. Tom poked about amongst the passages, and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't 'a' noticed that there was a hole. We went along a narrow place and got into a kind of room, all damp and sweaty and cold, and there we stopped. Tom says:

"Now, we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's Gang. Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath, and write his name in