

（英语原著版·第六辑）
中译经典文库·世界文学名著

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
白人男孩解放黑奴的经典故事



THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (UNABRIDGED)

哈克贝里·芬历险记

■ Mark Twain

《哈克贝里·芬历险记》是美国小说家马克·吐温的一部重要作品，故事的主人公是聪明、勇敢、善良的白人少年哈克贝里·芬，他一边过着自己的逃亡生活，一边帮助出逃的黑奴吉姆获得最终的自由。小说赞扬了男孩哈克贝里的机智和善良，谴责了宗教的虚伪和信徒的愚昧，同时，塑造了一位富有尊严的黑奴形象。它是马克·吐温作品精选中最杰出的一部。海明威曾评价说：“整个现代美国文学都源于马克·吐温的《哈克贝里·芬历险记》。”

中国出版集团
中译出版社

中译经典文库·世界文学名著(英语原著版)

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

哈克贝里·芬历险记

Mark Twain

中国出版集团
中译出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

哈克贝里·芬历险记: 英文/(美)马克·吐温(Twain, M.)著. —北京: 中译出版社, 2016. 1

(中译经典文库·世界文学名著: 英语原著版)

ISBN 978-7-5001-4419-9

I. ①哈… II. ①马… III. ①英语-语言读物②儿童文学-长篇小说-美国-近代 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2015)第282884号

出版发行 / 中译出版社

地 址 / 北京市西城区车公庄大街甲4号物华大厦六层

电 话 / (010) 68359376, 68359827 (发行部) 68359719 (编辑部)

传 真 / (010) 68357870

邮 编 / 100044

电子邮箱 / book@ctph.com.cn

网 址 / <http://www.ctph.com.cn>

出版策划 / 张高里

责任编辑 / 刘香玲

封面设计 / 奇文堂·潘峰

排 版 / 竹页图文

印 刷 / 保定市中华美凯印刷有限公司

经 销 / 新华书店北京发行所

规 格 / 787mm×1092mm 1/32

印 张 / 8

版 次 / 2016年1月第一版

印 次 / 2016年1月第一次

ISBN 978-7-5001-4419-9 定价: 18.00元

版权所有 侵权必究

中 译 出 版 社

出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中译出版社以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会作诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习也是如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可以了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。《中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）》便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

The history of literature is the phylogeny of human beings, growing from childhood to adulthood; a spiritual history of the masters of literature, portraying human spirit with great touch; as well as a history of thought, reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with the thoughts and feelings of great writers. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers generation after generation.

China Translation & Publishing House (CTPH) has a publishing mission oriented toward reading and learning Chinese and foreign languages, as well as cultural exchange, and has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish the heart and soul. Along with the development of internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain popular with most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, even if they cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

马克·吐温（1835—1910）是美国著名的作家和演说家，也是美国批判现实主义文学的鼻祖。他的真实姓名是萨缪尔·兰亨·克莱门。“马克·吐温”是他的笔名，原是密西西比河水手使用的表示在航道上所测水的深度的术语。他出生于美国密苏里州佛罗里达的一个乡村律师家庭，因为家境贫寒，从小就不得不去打工以维持家庭生计，做过印刷厂学徒、报童、排字工人、水手、淘金工人、记者等。1839年秋，马克·吐温一家迁往密苏里州汉尼拔的一个密西西比河的港市，而这就成为了他后来的著作《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝里·芬历险记》中圣彼得堡的城市的灵感。那时，密苏里州是联邦的奴隶州，而年轻的吐温开始了解奴隶制，这成为了往后他的历险小说中的主题。1851年，马克·吐温成为一名排字工人，也有投稿，并开始给他哥哥奥利安创办的《汉尼拔杂志》写稿。1852年5月1日他在波士顿的幽默周刊《手提包》上发表了处女作《拓殖者大吃一惊的花花公子》。1863年他开始使用“马克·吐温”的笔名。1864年，他在旧金山结识幽默作家阿·沃德和小说家布·哈特，得到他们的鼓励和帮助，提高了写作能力。1865年他在纽约一家杂志发表幽默故事《卡拉韦拉斯县驰名的跳蛙》，从而闻名全国，此后他经常为报刊撰写幽默文章。1867年，一家当地的报纸为他提供了一次前往地中海地区的轮船旅游机会。旅程期间，他写了1869年收集成的著名旅行信件系列《傻子旅行》。1872年他出版《艰苦岁月》一书，反映了在西部新开发地区的生

活经历。1873年吐温同查·沃纳合写的《镀金时代》是他的第一部长篇小说。1875年马克·吐温应威廉·迪安·豪威尔斯之约，为《大西洋月刊》撰文。他以早年在密西西比河上做舵手的生活为题材，写了7篇文章，后汇集成书，名为《密西西比河的往事》。8年后，他回到家乡，把这本书扩充成为《密西西比河上》(1883)。1876年，长篇小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》出版。它虽然是以密西西比河上某小镇为背景的少年读物，但为任何年龄的读者所喜爱。同年吐温开始执笔另一部重要小说《哈克贝里·芬历险记》并于1884年出版。这部小说得到批评家的高度评价，深受国内外读者的欢迎，同时也不断遭到查禁。他还写了以英国为背景讽刺封建制度和宗教的长篇小说《王子与贫儿》(1881)和《亚瑟王朝廷上的康涅狄格州美国人》(1889)，1894年出版《傻瓜威尔逊》，1896年出版《贞德传》，1897年写成《赤道旅行记》。晚年时期的马克·吐温因妻子逝世，在作品中逐渐反映出对人类的悲观态度，如中篇小说《败坏了哈德莱堡的人》(1900)、散文《人是怎么回事?》(1906)、故事《神秘的来客》(1916)等。他晚年最重要的著作是经他口授、由他的秘书笔录的《自传》。1910年4月21日马克·吐温因狭心症不治逝世。

《哈克贝里·芬历险记》中的主人公哈克贝里·芬是一个离家出走、过着逃亡生活的白人少年，在逃亡途中，他遇到了黑奴吉姆。吉姆是一个勤劳朴实、热情诚实、忠心耿耿的黑奴，他为了逃脱被主人再次卖掉的命运，从主人家中出逃。哈克贝里决定要帮助吉姆获得真正的自由，而两人在逃亡旅途中则历经了种种奇遇。这部小说从思想到技巧都有许多创新，首先是将现实主义的真实性和浪漫主义的抒情性有机结合在一起，其次小说采取了独特的第三人称叙事角度，亲切生动，引人入胜。此外这部作品还体现了美国西部边疆文学的语言传统，口语化的文字写作风格成了英语文学的范本，并超越了此类幽默文学的狭隘限制，将其进一步发扬光大。

CONTENTS

++ ++

Chapter 1	1	Chapter 23	128
Chapter 2	4	Chapter 24	133
Chapter 3	9	Chapter 25	138
Chapter 4	12	Chapter 26	144
Chapter 5	16	Chapter 27	151
Chapter 6	19	Chapter 28	157
Chapter 7	25	Chapter 29	165
Chapter 8	31	Chapter 30	174
Chapter 9	40	Chapter 31	177
Chapter 10	44	Chapter 32	185
Chapter 11	47	Chapter 33	190
Chapter 12	53	Chapter 34	196
Chapter 13	59	Chapter 35	202
Chapter 14	64	Chapter 36	208
Chapter 15	68	Chapter 37	213
Chapter 16	73	Chapter 38	218
Chapter 17	81	Chapter 39	224
Chapter 18	89	Chapter 40	229
Chapter 19	99	Chapter 41	234
Chapter 20	106	Chapter 42	240
Chapter 21	114	Chapter the Last	247
Chapter 22	123		

CHAPTER I



You 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 a piece, 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 civilise 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 for ever 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 was 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 horse-shoe 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.

CHAPTER 2



We went tiptoeing along a path amongst the trees back towards 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 came 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 of 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 don'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 sat 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. Afterwards Jim said the witches betwitched 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 around 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 so 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 blood.'

Everybody was willing. So Tom got out a sheet of paper that he had wrote the oath on, and read it. It swore every boy to stick to the band, and never tell any of the secrets; and if anybody done anything to any boy in the band, whichever boy was ordered to kill that person and his family must do it, and he mustn't eat and he mustn't sleep till he had killed them and hacked a cross in their breasts, which was the sign of the band. And nobody that didn't belong to the band could use that mark, and if he did he must be sued; and if he done it again he must be killed. And if anybody that belonged to the band told the secrets, he must have his throat cut, and then have his carcass burnt up and the ashes scattered all around, and his name blotted off of the list with blood and never mentioned again by the gang, but have a curse put on it and be forgot, for ever.

Everybody said it was a real beautiful oath, and asked Tom if he got it out of his own head. He said, some of it, but the rest was out of pirate books, and robber books, and every gang that was high-toned had it.

Some thought it would be good to kill the *families* of boys that told the secrets. Tom said it was a good idea, so he took a pencil and wrote it in. Then Ben Rogers says:

‘Here’s Huck Finn, he hain’t got no family—what you going to do ‘bout him?’

‘Well, hain’t he got a father?’ says Tom Sawyer.

‘Yes, he’s got a father, but you can’t never find him, these days. He used to lay drunk with the hogs in the tanyard, but he hain’t been seen in these parts for a year or more.’

They talked it over, and they was going to rule me out, because they said every boy must have a family or somebody to kill, or else it wouldn’t be fair and square for the others. Well, nobody could think of anything to do—everybody was stumped, and set still. I was most ready to cry; but all at once I thought of a way, and so I offered them Miss Watson—they could kill her. Everybody said:

‘Oh, she’ll do, she’ll do. That’s all right. Huck can come in.’

Then they all stuck a pin in their fingers to get blood to sign with, and I made my mark on the paper.

‘Now,’ says Ben Rogers, ‘what’s the line of business of this Gang?’

‘Nothing only robbery and murder,’ Tom said.

‘But who are we going to rob? houses—or cattle—or—’

‘Stuff! stealing cattle and such things ain’t robbery, it’s burglary,’ says Tom Sawyer. ‘We ain’t burglars. That ain’t no sort of style. We are highwaymen. 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?’

‘Oh, certainly. It’s best. Some authorities think different, but mostly it’s considered best to kill them. Except some that you bring to the cave here and keep them till they’re ransomed.’

‘Ransomed? What’s that?’

‘I don’t know. But that’s what they do. I’ve seen it in books; and so of course that’s what we’ve got to do.’

‘But how can we do it if we don’t know what it is?’

‘Why blame it all, we’ve got to do it. Don’t I tell you it’s in the books? Do you want to go to doing different from what’s in the books, and get things all muddled up?’

‘Oh, that’s all very fine to say, Tom Sawyer, but how in the nation are

these fellows going to be ransomed if we don't know how to do it to them? that's the thing *I* want to get at. Now what do you *reckon* it is?'

'Well, I don't know. But per'aps if we keep them till they're ransomed, it means that we keep them till they're dead.'

'Now, that's something *like*. That'll answer. Why couldn't you said that before? We'll keep them till they're ransomed to death—and a bothersome lot they'll be, too, eating up everything and always trying to get loose.'

'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?'

'A guard. Well, that *is* good. So somebody's got to set up all night and never get any sleep, just so as to watch them. I think that's foolishness. Why can't a body take a club and ransom them as soon as they get here?'

'Because it ain't in the books so—that's why. Now, Ben Rogers, do you want to do things regular, or don't you?—that's the idea. 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? Not by a good deal. No, sir, we'll just go on and ransom them in the regular way.'

'All right. I don't mind; but I say it's a fool way, anyhow. Say, do we kill the women, too?'

'Well, Ben Rogers, if I was as ignorant as you I wouldn't let on. Kill the women? No; nobody ever saw anything in the books like that. You fetch them to the cave, and you're always as polite as pie to them; and by and by they fall in love with you and never want to go home any more.'

'Well, if that's the way, I'm agreed, but I don't take no stock in it. Mighty soon we'll have the cave so cluttered up with women, and fellows waiting to be ransomed, that there won't be no place for the robbers. But go ahead, I ain't got nothing to say.'

Little Tommy Barnes was asleep, now, and when they waked him up he was scared, and cried, and said he wanted to go home to his ma, and didn't want to be a robber any more.

So they all made fun of him, and called him crybaby, and that made him mad, and he said he would go straight and tell all the secrets. But Tom give him five cents to keep quiet, and said we would all go home and meet next week and rob somebody and kill some people.

Ben Rogers said he couldn't get out much, only Sundays, and so he wanted to begin next Sunday; but all the boys said it would be wicked to do it on Sunday, and that settled the thing. They agreed to get together and fix

a day as soon as they could, and then we elected Tom Sawyer first captain and Joe Harper second captain of the Gang, and so started home.

I clumb up the shed and crept into my window just before day was breaking. My new clothes was all greased up and clayey, and I was dog-tired.

CHAPTER 3



Well, I got a good going-over in the morning, from old Miss Watson, on account of my clothes; but the widow she didn't scold, but only cleaned off the grease and clay, and looked so sorry that I thought I would behave awhile if I could. Then Miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it. She told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. 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. By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

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 lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was 'spiritual gifts.' This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant—I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it—except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go. Sometimes the widow would take me one side and talk about Providence in a way to make a body's mouth water; but maybe next