**CHAPTER 5**  
  
I HAD shut the door to. Then I turned around.  
and there he was. I used to be scared of him all  
the time, he tanned me so much. I reckoned I was  
scared now, too; but in a minute I see I was mistaken  
-- that is, after the first jolt, as you may say, when  
my breath sort of hitched, he being so unexpected;  
but right away after I see I warn't scared of him worth  
bothring about.

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was  
long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you  
could see his eyes shining through like he was behind  
vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long,  
mixed-up whiskers. 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. As for his clothes -- just rags, that  
was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee;  
the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes  
stuck through, and he worked them now and then.  
His hat was laying on the floor -- an old black slouch  
with the top caved in, like a lid.

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at  
me, with his chair tilted back a little. I set the candle  
down. I noticed the window was up; so he had clumb  
in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all over. By  
and by he says:

"Starchy clothes -- very. You think you're a good  
deal of a big-bug, DON'T you?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I ain't," I says.

"Don't you give me none o' your lip," says he.  
"You've put on considerable many frills since I been  
away. I'll take you down a peg before I get done  
with you. You're educated, too, they say -- can read  
and write. You think you're better'n your father,  
now, don't you, because he can't? I'LL take it out of  
you. Who told you you might meddle with such  
hifalut'n foolishness, hey? -- who told you you could?"

"The widow. She told me."

"The widow, hey? -- and who told the widow she  
could put in her shovel about a thing that ain't none of  
her business?"

"Nobody never told her."

"Well, I'll learn her how to meddle. And looky  
here -- you drop that school, you hear? I'll learn  
people to bring up a boy to put on airs over his own  
father and let on to be better'n what HE is. You lemme  
catch you fooling around that school again, you hear?  
Your mother couldn't read, and she couldn't write,  
nuther, before she died. None of the family couldn't  
before THEY died. I can't; and here you're a-swelling  
yourself up like this. I ain't the man to stand it --  
you hear? Say, lemme hear you read."

I took up a book and begun something about Gen-  
eral Washington and the wars. When I'd read about  
a half a minute, he fetched the book a whack with his  
hand and knocked it across the house. He says:

"It's so. You can do it. I had my doubts when  
you told me. Now looky here; you stop that putting  
on frills. I won't have it. I'll lay for you, my  
smarty; and if I catch you about that school I'll tan  
you good. First you know you'll get religion, too. I  
never see such a son.

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

"What's this?"

"It's something they give me for learning my  
lessons good."

He tore it up, and says:

"I'll give you something better -- I'll give you a  
cowhide.

He set there a-mumbling and a-growling a minute,  
and then he says:

"AIN'T you a sweet-scented dandy, though? A  
bed; and bedclothes; and a look'n'-glass; and a piece  
of carpet on the floor -- and your own father got to  
sleep with the hogs in the tanyard. I never see such a  
son. I bet I'll take some o' these frills out o' you  
before I'm done with you. Why, there ain't no end to  
your airs -- they say you're rich. Hey? -- how's that?"

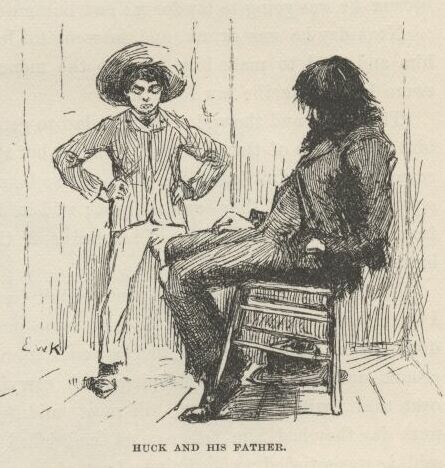
"They lie -- that's how."

"Looky here -- mind how you talk to me; I'm a-  
standing about all I can stand now -- so don't gimme  
no sass. I've been in town two days, and I hain't  
heard nothing but about you bein' rich. I heard  
about it away down the river, too. That's why I  
come. You git me that money to-morrow -- I want  
it."

"I hain't got no money."

"It's a lie. Judge Thatcher's got it. You git it.  
I want it."

"I hain't got no money, I tell you. You ask Judge  
Thatcher; he'll tell you the same."

"All right. I'll ask him; and I'll make him pungle,  
too, or I'll know the reason why. Say, how much  
you got in your pocket? I want it."

"I hain't got only a dollar, and I want that to --"

"It don't make no difference what you want it for  
-- you just shell it out."

He took it and bit it to see if it was good, and then  
he said he was going down town to get some whisky;  
said he hadn't had a drink all day. When he had got  
out on the shed he put his head in again, and cussed  
me for putting on frills and trying to be better than  
him; and when I reckoned he was gone he come back  
and put his head in again, and told me to mind about  
that school, because he was going to lay for me and  
lick me if I didn't drop that.

Next day he was drunk, and he went to Judge  
Thatcher's and bullyragged him, and tried to make  
him give up the money; but he couldn't, and then he  
swore he'd make the law force him.

The judge and the widow went to law to get the  
court to take me away from him and let one of them  
be my guardian; but it was a new judge that had just  
come, and he didn't know the old man; so he said  
courts mustn't interfere and separate families if they  
could help it; said he'd druther not take a child away  
from its father. So Judge Thatcher and the widow  
had to quit on the business.

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. I borrowed three  
dollars from Judge Thatcher, and pap took it and got  
drunk, and went a-blowing around and cussing and  
whooping and carrying on; and he kept it up all over  
town, with a tin pan, till most midnight; then they  
jailed him, and next day they had him before court,  
and jailed him again for a week. But he said HE was  
satisfied; said he was boss of his son, and he'd make  
it warm for HIM.

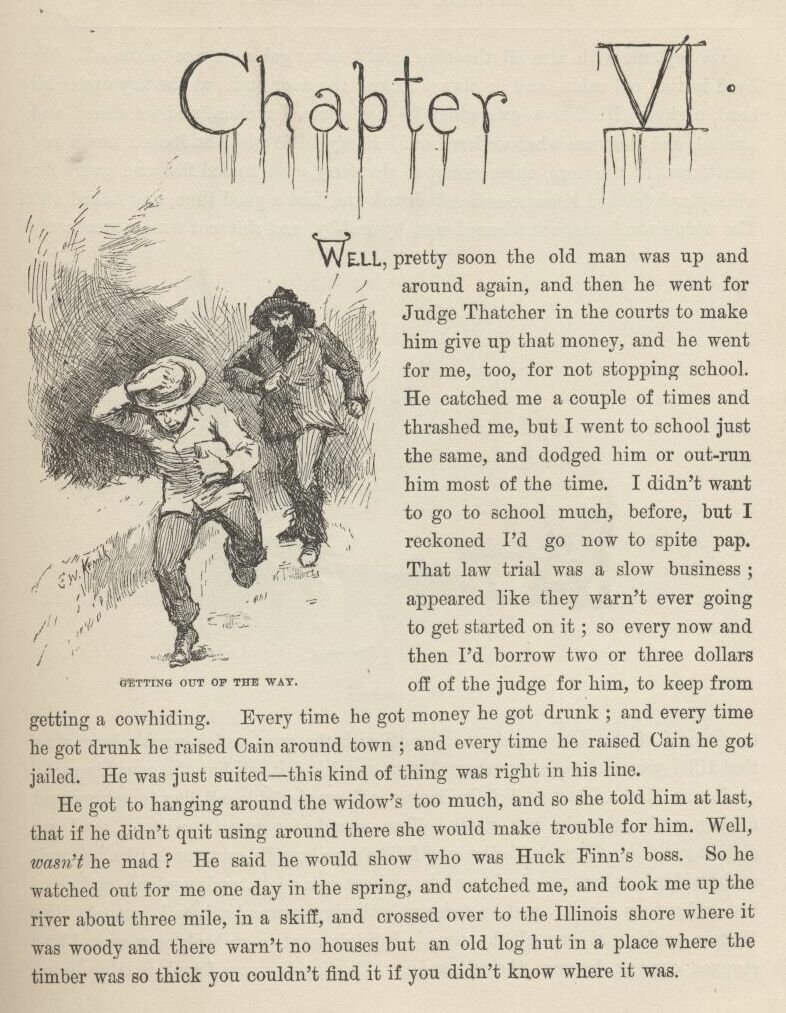
When he got out the new judge said he was a-going  
to make a man of him. So he took him to his  
own house, and dressed him up clean and nice, and  
had him to breakfast and dinner and supper with the  
family, and was just old pie to him, so to speak. And  
after supper he talked to him about temperance and  
such things till the old man cried, and said he'd been a  
fool, and fooled away his life; but now he was a-going  
to turn over a new leaf and be a man nobody wouldn't  
be ashamed of, and he hoped the judge would help  
him and not look down on him. The judge said he  
could hug him for them words; so he cried, and his  
wife she cried again; pap said he'd been a man that had  
always been misunderstood before, and the judge said  
he believed it. 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:

"Look at it, gentlemen and ladies all; take a-hold  
of it; shake it. 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. You mark them words -- don't forget I said  
them. It's a clean hand now; shake it -- don't be  
afeard."

So they shook it, one after the other, all around, and  
cried. 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 beauti-  
ful 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. And when they come to look at that  
spare room they had to take soundings before they  
could navigate it.

The judge he felt kind of sore. He said he reckoned  
a body could reform the old man with a shotgun,  
maybe, but he didn't know no other way.

Based on this comment, what did the Judge think of Pap’s chances of changing into a better person?

**CHAPTER 6**  
  
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 catched  
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. I didn't want to go to school much  
before, but I reckoned I'd go now to spite pap. That  
law trial was a slow business -- appeared like they  
warn't ever going to get started on it; so every now  
and then I'd borrow two or three dollars off of the  
judge for him, to keep from getting a cowhiding.  
Every time he got money he got drunk; and every  
time he got drunk he raised Cain around town; and  
every time he raised Cain he got jailed. He was just  
suited -- this kind of thing was right in his line.

He got to hanging around the widow's too much  
and so she told him at last that if he didn't quit using  
around there she would make trouble for him. Well,  
WASN'T he mad? He said he would show who was  
Huck Finn's boss. So he watched out for me one day  
in the spring, and catched me, and took me up the  
river about three mile in a skiff, and crossed over to  
the Illinois shore where it was woody and there warn't  
no houses but an old log hut in a place where the  
timber was so thick you couldn't find it if you didn't  
know where it was.

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got a  
chance to run off. We lived in that old cabin, and he  
always locked the door and put the key under his head  
nights. He had a gun which he had stole, I reckon,  
and we fished and hunted, and that was what we lived  
on. 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. The  
widow she found out where I was by and by, and she  
sent a man over to try to get hold of me; but pap  
drove him off with the gun, and it warn't long after  
that till I was used to being where I was, and liked  
it -- all but the cowhide part.

It was kind of lazy and jolly, laying off comfortable  
all day, smoking and fishing, and no books nor study.  
Two months or more run along, and my clothes got to  
be all rags and dirt, and I didn't see how I'd ever got  
to like it so well at the widow's, where you had to  
wash, and eat on a plate, and comb up, and go to bed  
and get up regular, and be forever bothering over a  
book, and have old Miss Watson pecking at you all the  
time. I didn't want to go back no more. I had  
stopped cussing, because the widow didn't like it; but  
now I took to it again because pap hadn't no objec-  
tions. It was pretty good times up in the woods  
there, take it all around.

But by and by pap got too handy with his hick'ry,  
and I couldn't stand it. I was all over welts. He got  
to going away so much, too, and locking me in. Once  
he locked me in and was gone three days. It was  
dreadful lonesome. I judged he had got drowned,  
and I wasn't ever going to get out any more. I was  
scared. I made up my mind I would fix up some way  
to leave there. I had tried to get out of that cabin  
many a time, but I couldn't find no way. There  
warn't a window to it big enough for a dog to get  
through. I couldn't get up the chimbly; it was too  
narrow. 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. But this time I found  
something at last; I found an old rusty wood-saw  
without any handle; it was laid in between a rafter  
and the clapboards of the roof. I greased it up and  
went to work. There was an old horse-blanket nailed  
against the logs at the far end of the cabin behind the  
table, to keep the wind from blowing through the  
chinks and putting the candle out. I got under the  
table and raised the blanket, and went to work to saw  
a section of the big bottom log out -- big enough to  
let me through. Well, it was a good long job, but I  
was getting towards the end of it when I heard pap's  
gun in the woods. 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. He said he was down town, and everything was  
going wrong. His lawyer said he reckoned he would  
win his lawsuit and get the money if they ever got  
started on the trial; but then there was ways to put it  
off a long time, and Judge Thatcher knowed how to do  
it And he said people allowed there'd be another  
trial to get me away from him and give me to the  
widow for my guardian, and they guessed it would win  
this time. This shook me up considerable, because I  
didn't want to go back to the widow's any more and  
be so cramped up and sivilized, as they called it.  
Then the old man got to cussing, and cussed every-  
thing and everybody he could think of, and then cussed  
them all over again to make sure he hadn't skipped  
any, and after that he polished off with a kind of a  
general cuss all round, including a considerable parcel  
of people which he didn't know the names of, and so  
called them what's-his-name when he got to them, and  
went right along with his cussing.

He said he would like to see the widow get me.  
He said he would watch out, and if they tried to come  
any such game on him he knowed of a place six or  
seven mile off to stow me in, where they might hunt  
till they dropped and they couldn't find me. 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. There was a fifty-pound sack of  
corn meal, and a side of bacon, ammunition, and a  
four-gallon jug of whisky, and an old book and two  
newspapers for wadding, besides some tow. I toted  
up a load, and went back and set down on the bow of  
the skiff to rest. 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  
drownded.

I got the things all up to the cabin, and then it was  
about dark. While I was cooking supper the old man  
took a swig or two and got sort of warmed up, and  
went to ripping again. He had been drunk over in  
town, and laid in the gutter all night, and he was a  
sight to look at. A body would a thought he was  
Adam -- he was just all mud. Whenever his liquor  
begun to work he most always went for the govment.  
his time he says:

"Call this a govment! why, just look at it and see  
what it's like. Here's the law a-standing ready to take  
a man's son away from him -- a man's own son, which  
he has had all the trouble and all the anxiety and all  
the expense of raising. Yes, just as that man has got  
that son raised at last, and ready to go to work and  
begin to do suthin' for HIM and give him a rest, the law  
up and goes for him. And they call THAT govment!  
That ain't all, nuther. The law backs that old Judge  
Thatcher up and helps him to keep me out o' my  
property. Here's what the law does: The law takes a  
man worth six thousand dollars and up'ards, and jams  
him into an old trap of a cabin like this, and lets him  
go round in clothes that ain't fitten for a hog. They  
call that govment! A man can't get his rights in a  
govment like this. Sometimes I've a mighty notion to  
just leave the country for good and all. Yes, and I  
TOLD 'em so; I told old Thatcher so to his face. Lots  
of 'em heard me, and can tell what I said. Says I,  
for two cents I'd leave the blamed country and never  
come a-near it agin. Them's the very words. I says  
look at my hat -- if you call it a hat -- but the lid  
raises up and the rest of it goes down till it's below  
my chin, and then it ain't rightly a hat at all, but more  
like my head was shoved up through a jint o' stove-  
pipe. 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.

"Oh, yes, this is a wonderful govment, wonderful.  
Why, looky here. There was a free negro 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 awful-  
est old gray-headed nabob in the State. And what do  
you think? They said he was a p'fessor in a college,  
and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed  
everything. And that ain't the wust. They said he  
could VOTE when he was at home. Well, that let me  
out. Thinks I, what is the country a-coming to? It  
was 'lection day, and I was just about to go and vote  
myself if I warn't too drunk to get there; but when  
they told me there was a State in this country where  
they'd let that negro vote, I drawed out. I says I'll  
never vote agin. Them's the very words I said; they  
all heard me; and the country may rot for all me --  
I'll never vote agin as long as I live. And to see the  
cool way of that negro -- why, he wouldn't a give me  
the road if I hadn't shoved him out o' the way. I  
says to the people, why ain't this negro put up at  
auction and sold? -- that's what I want to know. And  
what do you reckon they said? Why, they said he  
couldn't be sold till he'd been in the State six months,  
and he hadn't been there that long yet. There, now --  
that's a specimen. They call that a govment that can't  
sell a free negro till he's been in the State six months.  
Here's a govment that calls itself a govment, and lets  
on to be a govment, and thinks it is a govment, and  
yet's got to set stock-still for six whole months before  
it can take a hold of a prowling, thieving, infernal,  
white-shirted free negro, and --"

Pap was agoing on so he never noticed where his  
old limber legs was taking him to, so he went head over  
heels over the tub of salt pork and barked both shins,  
and the rest of his speech was all the hottest kind of  
language -- mostly hove at the negro and the gov-  
ment, though he give the tub some, too, all along,  
here and there. He hopped around the cabin con-  
siderable, first on one leg and then on the other, hold-  
ing first one shin and then the other one, and at last he  
let out with his left foot all of a sudden and fetched  
the tub a rattling kick. But it warn't good judgment,  
because that was the boot that had a couple of his toes  
leaking out of the front end of it; so now he raised a  
howl that fairly made a body's hair raise, and down he  
went in the dirt, and rolled there, and held his toes;  
and the cussing he done then laid over anything he  
had ever done previous. He said so his own self after-  
wards. He had heard old Sowberry Hagan in his  
best days, and he said it laid over him, too; but I  
reckon that was sort of piling it on, maybe.

After supper pap took the jug, and said he had  
enough whisky there for two drunks and one delirium  
tremens. That was always his word. I judged he  
would be blind drunk in about an hour, and then I  
would steal the key, or saw myself out, one or t'other.  
He drank and drank, and tumbled down on his  
blankets by and by; but luck didn't run my way. He  
didn't go sound asleep, but was uneasy. He groaned  
and moaned and thrashed around this way and that for  
a long time. At last I got so sleepy I couldn't keep  
my eyes open all I could do, and so before I knowed  
what I was about I was sound asleep, and the candle  
burning.

I don't know how long I was asleep, but all of a  
sudden there was an awful scream and I was up.  
There was pap looking wild, and skipping around every  
which way and yelling about snakes. He said they  
was crawling up his legs; and then he would give a  
jump and scream, and say one had bit him on the  
cheek -- but I couldn't see no snakes. He started  
and run round and round the cabin, hollering "Take  
him off! take him off! he's biting me on the neck!"  
I never see a man look so wild in the eyes. Pretty  
soon he was all fagged out, and fell down panting;  
then he rolled over and over wonderful fast, kicking  
things every which way, and striking and grabbing at  
the air with his hands, and screaming and saying there  
was devils a-hold of him. He wore out by and by,  
and laid still a while, moaning. Then he laid stiller,  
and didn't make a sound. I could hear the owls and  
the wolves away off in the woods, and it seemed terri-  
ble still. He was laying over by the corner. By and  
by he raised up part way and listened, with his head  
to one side. He says, very low:

"Tramp -- tramp -- tramp; that's the dead; tramp  
-- tramp -- tramp; they're coming after me; but I  
won't go. Oh, they're here! don't touch me -- don't!  
hands off -- they're cold; let go. Oh, let a poor devil  
alone!"

Then he went down on all fours and crawled off,  
begging them to let him alone, and he rolled himself  
up in his blanket and wallowed in under the old pine  
table, still a-begging; and then he went to crying. I  
could hear him through the blanket.

By and by he rolled out and jumped up on his feet  
looking wild, and he see me and went for me. He  
chased me round and round the place with a clasp-  
knife, calling me the Angel of Death, and saying he  
would kill me, and then I couldn't come for him no  
more. I begged, and told him I was only Huck; but  
he laughed SUCH a screechy laugh, and roared and  
cussed, and kept on chasing me up. Once when I  
turned short and dodged under his arm he made a  
grab and got me by the jacket between my shoulders,  
and I thought I was gone; but I slid out of the jacket  
quick as lightning, and saved myself. Pretty soon he  
was all tired out, and dropped down with his back  
against the door, and said he would rest a minute and  
then kill me. He put his knife under him, and said  
he would sleep and get strong, and then he would see  
who was who.

So he dozed off pretty soon. By and by I got the  
old split-bottom chair and clumb up as easy as I could,  
not to make any noise, and got down the gun. I  
slipped the ramrod down it to make sure it was loaded,  
then I laid it across the turnip barrel, pointing  
towards pap, and set down behind it to wait for him to  
stir. And how slow and still the time did drag along.

**CHAPTER 7**  
  
“Git up! What you 'bout?"

I opened my eyes and looked around, trying  
to make out where I was. It was after sun-up, and I  
had been sound asleep. Pap was standing over me  
looking sourQand sick, too. He says:

"What you doin' with this gun?"

I judged he didn't know nothing about what he had  
been doing, so I says:

"Somebody tried to get in, so I was laying for  
him."

"Why didn't you roust me out?"

"Well, I tried to, but I couldn't; I couldn't budge  
you."

"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'll be along in a minute."

He unlocked the door, and I cleared out up the  
river-bank. 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.  
The June rise used to be always luck for me; because  
as soon as that rise begins here comes cordwood float-  
ing down, and pieces of log rafts -- sometimes a dozen  
logs together; so all you have to do is to catch them  
and sell them to the wood-yards and the sawmill.

I went along up the bank with one eye out for pap  
and t'other one out for what the rise might fetch  
along. Well, all at once here comes a canoe; just a  
beauty, too, about thirteen or fourteen foot long,  
riding high like a duck. I shot head-first off of the  
bank like a frog, clothes and all on, and struck out for  
the canoe. I just expected there'd be somebody lay-  
ing down in it, because people often done that to fool  
folks, and when a chap had pulled a skiff out most to  
it they'd raise up and laugh at him. But it warn't so  
this time. It was a drift-canoe sure enough, and I  
clumb in and paddled her ashore. 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. So  
he hadn't seen anything.

When he got along I was hard at it taking up a  
"trot" line. He abused me a little for being so slow;  
but I told him I fell in the river, and that was what  
made me so long. I knowed he would see I was wet,  
and then he would be asking questions. We got five  
catfish off the lines and went home.

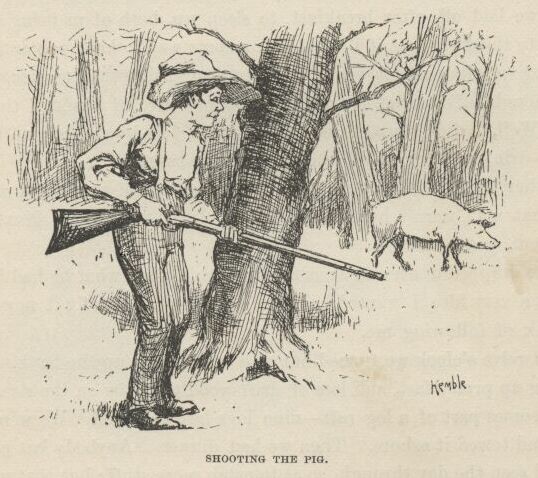
While we laid off after breakfast to sleep up, both of  
us being about wore out, I got to thinking that if I could  
fix up some way to keep pap and the widow from trying  
to follow me, it would be a certainer thing than trust-  
ing to luck to get far enough off before they missed  
me; you see, all kinds of things might happen. Well,  
I didn't see no way for a while, but by and by pap  
raised up a minute to drink another barrel of water,  
and he says:

"Another time a man comes a-prowling round here  
you roust me out, you hear? That man warn't here  
for no good. I'd a shot him. Next time you roust  
me out, you hear?"

Then he dropped down and went to sleep again; but  
what he had been saying give me the very idea I  
wanted. I says to myself, I can fix it now so nobody  
won't think of following me.

About twelve o'clock we turned out and went along  
up the bank. 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. We went out with the skiff and towed it  
ashore. Then we had dinner. 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. So he locked me in and took  
the skiff, and started off towing the raft about half-  
past three. I judged he wouldn't come back that  
night. I waited till I reckoned he had got a good  
start; then I out with my saw, and went to work on  
that log again. Before he was t'other side of the river  
I was out of the hole; him and his raft was just a  
speck on the water away off yonder.

I took the sack of corn meal and took it to where  
the canoe was hid, and shoved the vines and branches  
apart and put it in; then I done the same with the  
side of bacon; then the whisky-jug. I took all the  
coffee and sugar there was, and all the ammunition; I  
took the wadding; I took the bucket and gourd; I  
took a dipper and a tin cup, and my old saw and two  
blankets, and the skillet and the coffee-pot. I took  
fish-lines and matches and other things -- everything  
that was worth a cent. I cleaned out the place. I  
wanted an axe, but there wasn't any, only the one out  
at the woodpile, and I knowed why I was going to leave  
that. I fetched out the gun, and now I was done.

I had wore the ground a good deal crawling out of  
the hole and dragging out so many things. So I  
fixed that as good as I could from the outside by  
scattering dust on the place, which covered up the  
smoothness and the sawdust. Then I fixed the piece  
of log back into its place, and put two rocks under it  
and one against it to hold it there, for it was bent up  
at that place and didn't quite touch ground. 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.

It was all grass clear to the canoe, so I hadn't left a  
track. I followed around to see. I stood on the  
bank and looked out over the river. All safe. So I  
took the gun and went up a piece into the woods, and  
was hunting around for some birds when I see a wild  
pig; hogs soon went wild in them bottoms after they  
had got away from the prairie farms. I shot this fel-  
low and took him into camp.

I took the axe and smashed in the door. I beat it  
and hacked it considerable a-doing it. I fetched the  
pig in, and took him back nearly to the table and  
hacked into his throat with the axe, and laid him down  
on the ground to bleed; I say ground because it was  
ground -- hard packed, and no boards. Well, next I  
took an old sack and put a lot of big rocks in it -- all I  
could drag -- and I started it from the pig, and dragged  
it to the door and through the woods down to the river  
and dumped it in, and down it sunk, out of sight.  
You could easy see that something had been dragged  
over the ground. I did wish Tom Sawyer was there;  
I knowed he would take an interest in this kind of  
business, and throw in the fancy touches. Nobody  
could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing  
as that.

Well, last I pulled out some of my hair, and blooded  
the axe good, and stuck it on the back side, and slung  
the axe in the corner. Then I took up the pig and held  
him to my breast with my jacket (so he couldn't drip)  
till I got a good piece below the house and then  
dumped him into the river. Now I thought of some-  
thing else. So I went and got the bag of meal  
and my old saw out of the canoe, and fetched  
them to the house. I took the bag to where it  
used to stand, and ripped a hole in the bottom of it  
with the saw, for there warn't no knives and forks on  
the place -- pap done everything with his clasp-knife  
about the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a  
hundred yards across the grass and through the willows  
east of the house, to a shallow lake that was five mile  
wide and full of rushes -- and ducks too, you might  
say, in the season. There was a slough or a creek  
leading out of it on the other side that went miles away,  
I don't know where, but it didn't go to the river. The  
meal sifted out and made a little track all the way to  
the lake. I dropped pap's whetstone there too, so as  
to look like it had been done by accident. Then I tied  
up the rip in the meal sack with a string, so it wouldn't  
leak no more, and took it and my saw to the canoe  
again.

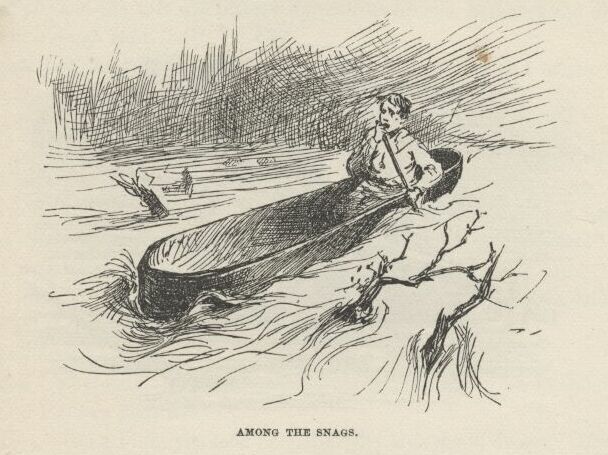
Summarize Huck’s list of things he did to fake his death so it was believable:

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. I made fast to  
a willow; then I took a bite to eat, and by and by laid  
down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan.  
I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sack-  
ful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for  
me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake  
and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to  
find the robbers that killed me and took the things.  
They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my  
dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and  
won't bother no more about me. 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. And then I can paddle  
over to town nights, and slink around and pick up  
things I want. Jackson's Island's the place.

What exactly does it mean to “drag the river”?

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed I  
was asleep. When I woke up I didn't know where I  
was for a minute. I set up and looked around, a little  
scared. Then I remembered. The river looked miles  
and miles across. The moon was so bright I could a  
counted the drift logs that went a-slipping along, black  
and still, hundreds of yards out from shore. Every-  
thing was dead quiet, and it looked late, and SMELT  
late. You know what I mean -- I don't know the  
words to put it in.

I took a good gap and a stretch, and was just going  
to unhitch and start when I heard a sound away over  
the water. I listened. Pretty soon I made it out. It  
was that dull kind of a regular sound that comes from  
oars working in rowlocks when it's a still night. I  
peeped out through the willow branches, and there it  
was -- a skiff, away across the water. I couldn't tell  
how many was in it. 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. He dropped below me with the current, and  
by and by he came a-swinging up shore in the easy  
water, and he went by so close I could a reached out  
the gun and touched him. Well, it WAS pap, sure  
enough -- and sober, too, by the way he laid his oars.

I didn't lose no time. The next minute I was a-  
spinning down stream soft but quick in the shade of  
the bank. I made two mile and a half, and then  
struck out a quarter of a mile or more towards the  
middle of the river, because pretty soon I would be  
passing the ferry landing, and people might see me  
and hail me. I got out amongst the driftwood, and  
then laid down in the bottom of the canoe and let her  
float. I laid there, and had a good rest and a smoke  
out of my pipe, looking away into the sky; not a  
cloud in it. The sky looks ever so deep when you lay  
down on your back in the moonshine; I never knowed  
it before. And how far a body can hear on the water  
such nights! I heard people talking at the ferry land-  
ing. I heard what they said, too -- every word of it.  
One man said it was getting towards the long days and  
the short nights now. T'other one said THIS warn't  
one of the short ones, he reckoned -- and then they  
laughed, and he said it over again, and they laughed  
again; then they waked up another fellow and told  
him, and laughed, but he didn't laugh; he ripped out  
something brisk, and said let him alone. 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. After that the talk got further and  
further away, and I couldn't make out the words any  
more; but I could hear the mumble, and now and then  
a laugh, too, but it seemed a long ways off.

I was away below the ferry now. I rose up, and  
there was Jackson's Island, about two mile and a half  
down stream, heavy timbered and standing up out of  
the middle of the river, big and dark and solid, like a  
steamboat without any lights. There warn't any signs  
of the bar at the head -- it was all under water now.

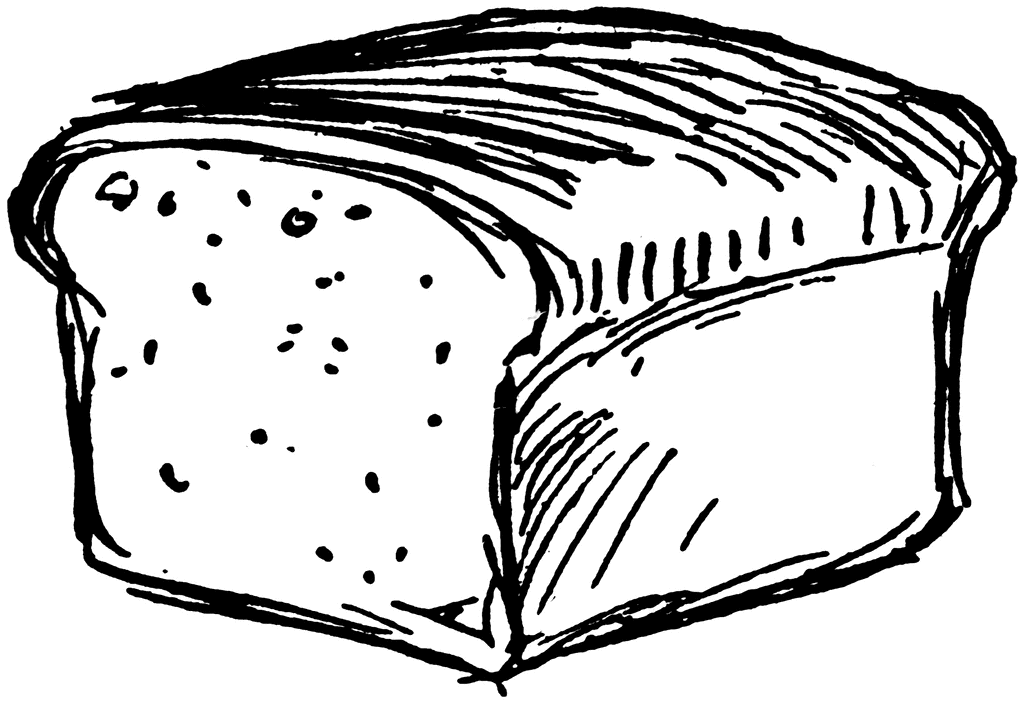
In Huck’s day, what exactly was a river ferry?

It didn't take me long to get there. 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 run the canoe into a deep  
dent in the bank that I knowed about; I had to part  
the willow branches to get in; and when I made fast  
nobody could a seen the canoe from the outside.

I went up and set down on a log at the head of the  
island, and looked out on the big river and the black  
driftwood and away over to the town, three mile  
away, where there was three or four lights twinkling.  
A monstrous big lumber-raft was about a mile up  
stream, coming along down, with a lantern in the  
middle of it. I watched it come creeping down, and  
when it was most abreast of where I stood I heard a  
man say, "Stern oars, there! heave her head to stab-  
board!" I heard that just as plain as if the man was  
by my side.

There was a little gray in the sky now; so I stepped  
into the woods, and laid down for a nap before break-  
fast.

**CHAPTER 8**  
  
THE sun was up so high when I waked that I judged  
it was after eight o'clock. I laid there in the  
grass and the cool shade thinking about things, and  
feeling rested and ruther comfortable and satisfied. I  
could see the sun out at one or two holes, but mostly  
it was big trees all about, and gloomy in there amongst  
them. 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. A couple of squirrels set  
on a limb and jabbered at me very friendly.

I was powerful lazy and comfortable -- didn't want  
to get up and cook breakfast. Well, I was dozing off  
again when I thinks I hears a deep sound of "boom!"  
away up the river. I rouses up, and rests on my elbow  
and listens; pretty soon I hears it again. I hopped  
up, and went and looked out at a hole in the leaves,  
and I see a bunch of smoke laying on the water a long  
ways up -- about abreast the ferry. And there was  
the ferryboat full of people floating along down. I  
knowed what was the matter now. "Boom!" I see  
the white smoke squirt out of the ferryboat's side.  
You see, they was firing cannon over the water, trying  
to make my carcass come to the top.

I was pretty hungry, but it warn't going to do for  
me to start a fire, because they might see the smoke.  
So I set there and watched the cannon-smoke and  
listened to the 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. Well, then  
I happened to think how they always put quicksilver  
in loaves of bread and float them off, because they  
always go right to the drownded carcass and stop  
there. So, says I, I'll keep a lookout, and if any of  
them's floating around after me I'll give them a show.  
I changed to the Illinois edge of the island to see what  
luck I could have, and I warn't disappointed. A big  
double loaf come along, and I most got it with a long  
stick, but my foot slipped and she floated out further.  
Of course I was where the current set in the closest to  
the shore -- I knowed enough for that. But by and  
by along comes another one, and this time I won. I  
took out the plug and shook out the little dab of quick-  
silver, and set my teeth in. It was "baker's bread"  
-- what the quality eat; none of your low-down  
corn-pone.

What is quicksilver?

Look up and then explain: What exactly was the logic behind floating loaves of bread and shooting cannonballs?

I got a good place amongst the leaves, and set there  
on a log, munching the bread and watching the ferry-  
boat, and very well satisfied. And then something  
struck me. I says, now I reckon the widow or the  
parson or somebody prayed that this bread would find  
me, and here it has gone and done it. So there ain't  
no doubt but there is something in that thing -- that is,  
there's something in it when a body like the widow or  
the parson prays, but it don't work for me, and I  
reckon it don't work for only just the right kind.

I lit a pipe and had a good long smoke, and went  
on watching. The ferryboat was floating with the  
current, and I allowed I'd have a chance to see who  
was aboard when she come along, because she would  
come in close, where the bread did. When she'd got  
pretty well along down towards me, I put out my pipe  
and went to where I fished out the bread, and laid  
down behind a log on the bank in a little open place.  
Where the log forked I could peep through.

By and by she come along, and she drifted in so  
close that they could a run out a plank and walked  
ashore. 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:

"Look sharp, now; the current sets in the closest  
here, and maybe he's washed ashore and got tangled  
amongst the brush at the water's edge. I hope so,  
anyway."

"I didn't hope so. They all crowded up and leaned  
over the rails, nearly in my face, and kept still, watch-  
ing with all their might. I could see them first-rate,  
but they couldn't see me. Then the captain sung out:

"Stand away!" and the cannon let off such a blast  
right before me that it made me deef with the noise and  
pretty near blind with the smoke, and I judged I was  
gone. 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 boat floated on  
and went out of sight around the shoulder of the island.  
I could hear the booming now and then, further and  
further off, and by and by, after an hour, I didn't hear  
it no more. The island was three mile long. I judged  
they had got to the foot, and was giving it up. But  
they didn't yet a while. They turned around the foot  
of the island and started up the channel on the Mis-  
souri side, under steam, and booming once in a while  
as they went. 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. Nobody else would  
come a-hunting after me. I got my traps out of the  
canoe and made me a nice camp in the thick woods. I  
made a kind of a tent out of my blankets to put my  
things under so the rain couldn't get at them. I  
catched a catfish and haggled him open with my saw,  
and towards sundown I started my camp fire and had  
supper. Then I set out a line to catch some fish for  
breakfast.

When it was dark I set by my camp fire smoking,  
and feeling pretty well satisfied; but by and by it got  
sort of lonesome, and so I went and set on the bank  
and listened to the current swashing along, and counted  
the stars and drift logs and rafts that come down, and  
then went to bed; there ain't no better way to put in  
time when you are lonesome; you can't stay so, you  
soon get over it.

And so for three days and nights. No difference --  
just the same thing. But the next day I went explor-  
ing around down through the island. I was boss of it;  
it all belonged to me, so to say, and I wanted to know  
all about it; but mainly I wanted to put in the time.  
I found plenty strawberries, ripe and prime; and green  
summer grapes, and green razberries; and the green  
blackberries was just beginning to show. They would  
all come handy by and by, I judged.

Well, I went fooling along in the deep woods till I  
judged I warn't far from the foot of the island. I had  
my gun along, but I hadn't shot nothing; it was for  
protection; thought I would kill some game nigh  
home. About this time I mighty near stepped on a  
good-sized snake, and it went sliding off through the  
grass and flowers, and I after it, trying to get a shot at  
it. I clipped along, and all of a sudden I bounded  
right on to the ashes of a camp fire that was still  
smoking.

My heart jumped up amongst my lungs. I never  
waited for to look further, but uncocked my gun and  
went sneaking back on my tiptoes as fast as ever I  
could. Every now and then I stopped a second amongst  
the thick leaves and listened, but my breath come so  
hard I couldn't hear nothing else. I slunk along an-  
other piece further, then listened again; and so on,  
and so on. 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.

When I got to camp I warn't feeling very brash,  
there warn't much sand in my craw; but I says, this  
ain't no time to be fooling around. So I got all my  
traps into my canoe again so as to have them out of  
sight, and I put out the fire and scattered the ashes  
around to look like an old last year's camp, and then  
clumb a tree.

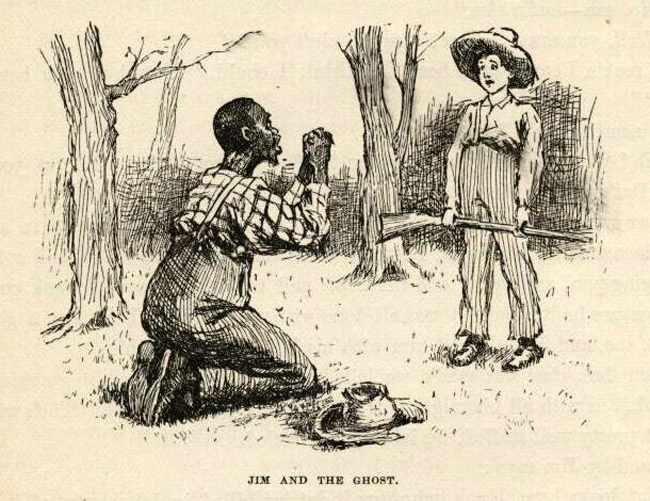
I reckon I was up in the tree two hours; but I  
didn't see nothing, I didn't hear nothing -- I only  
THOUGHT I heard and seen as much as a thousand  
things. Well, I couldn't stay up there forever; so at  
last I got down, but I kept in the thick woods and on  
the lookout all the time. All I could get to eat was  
berries and what was left over from breakfast.

By the time it was night I was pretty hungry. So  
when it was good and dark I slid out from shore before  
moonrise and paddled over to the Illinois bank -- about  
a quarter of a mile. I went out in the woods and  
cooked a supper, and I had about made up my mind  
I would stay there all night when I hear a PLUNKETY-  
PLUNK, PLUNKETY-PLUNK, and says to myself, horses  
coming; and next I hear people's voices. I got  
everything into the canoe as quick as I could, and then  
went creeping through the woods to see what I could  
find out. 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. Let's look around."

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 didn't sleep much. I couldn't, somehow, for  
thinking. And every time I waked up I thought  
somebody had me by the neck. So the sleep didn't  
do me no good. By and by I says to myself, I can't  
live this way; I'm a-going to find out who it is that's  
here on the island with me; I'll find it out or bust.  
Well, I felt better right off.

So I took my paddle and slid out from shore just a  
step or two, and then let the canoe drop along down  
amongst the shadows. The moon was shining, and out-  
side of the shadows it made it most as light as day. I  
poked along well on to an hour, everything still as  
rocks and sound asleep. 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. I give her a turn  
with the paddle and brung her nose to shore; then I  
got my gun and slipped out and into the edge of the  
woods. I sat down there on a log, and looked out  
through the leaves. I see the moon go off watch, and  
the darkness begin to blanket the river. But in a little  
while I see a pale streak over the treetops, and knowed  
the day was coming. So I took my gun and slipped  
off towards where I had run across that camp fire,  
stopping every minute or two to listen. But I hadn't  
no luck somehow; I couldn't seem to find the place.  
But by and by, sure enough, I catched a glimpse of  
fire away through the trees. I went for it, cautious  
and slow. By and by I was close enough to have a  
look, and there laid a man on the ground. It most  
give me the fantods. He had a blanket around his  
head, and his head was nearly in the fire. I set there  
behind a clump of bushes in about six foot of him,  
and kept my eyes on him steady. It was getting gray  
daylight now. Pretty soon he gapped and stretched  
himself and hove off the blanket, and it was Miss  
Watson's Jim! I bet I was glad to see him. I says:

"Hello, Jim!" and skipped out.

He bounced up and stared at me wild. Then he  
drops down on his knees, and puts his hands together  
and says:

"Doan' hurt me -- don't! I hain't ever done no  
harm to a ghos'. 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'."

What does Jim think he sees when he encounters Huck?

Well, I warn't long making him understand I warn't  
dead. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I warn't lone-  
some now. I told him I warn't afraid of HIM telling  
the people where I was. I talked along, but he only  
set there and looked at me; never said nothing. Then  
I says:

"It's good daylight. Le's get breakfast. Make up  
your camp fire good."

"What's de use er makin' up de camp fire to cook  
strawbries en sich truck? But you got a gun, hain't  
you? Den we kin git sumfn better den strawbries."

"Strawberries and such truck," I says. "Is that  
what you live on?"

"I couldn' git nuffn else," he says.

"Why, how long you been on the island, Jim?"

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

"What, all that time?"

"Yes -- indeedy."

"And ain't you had nothing but that kind of rub-  
bage to eat?"

"No, sah -- nuffn else."

"Well, you must be most starved, ain't you?"

"I reck'n I could eat a hoss. I think I could.  
How long you ben on de islan'?"

"Since the night I got killed."

"No! W'y, what has you lived on? But you got  
a gun. Oh, yes, you got a gun. Dat's good. Now  
you kill sumfn en I'll make up de fire."

So we went over to where the canoe was, and while  
he built a fire in a grassy open place amongst the trees,  
I fetched meal and bacon and coffee, and coffee-pot  
and frying-pan, and sugar and tin cups, and the negro  
was set back considerable, because he reckoned it was  
all done with witchcraft. I catched a good big catfish,  
too, and Jim cleaned him with his knife, and fried  
him.

When breakfast was ready we lolled on the grass and  
eat it smoking hot. Jim laid it in with all his might,  
for he was most about starved. Then when we had  
got pretty well stuffed, we laid off and lazied.  
By and by Jim says:

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

Then I told him the whole thing, and he said it was  
smart. He said Tom Sawyer couldn't get up no better  
plan than what I had. Then I says:

"How do you come to be here, Jim, and how'd you  
get here?"

He looked pretty uneasy, and didn't say nothing for  
a minute. Then he says:

"Maybe I better not tell."

"Why, Jim?"

"Well, dey's reasons. But you wouldn' tell on me  
ef I uz to tell you, would you, Huck?"

"Blamed if I would, Jim."

"Well, I b'lieve you, Huck. I -- I RUN OFF."

"Jim!"

"But mind, you said you wouldn' tell -- you know  
you said you wouldn' tell, Huck."

"Well, I did. I said I wouldn't, and I'll stick to it.  
Honest INJUN, I will. People would call me a low-  
down Abolitionist and despise me for keeping mum --  
but that don't make no difference. I ain't a-going to  
tell, and I ain't a-going back there, anyways. So,  
now, le's know all about it."

"Well, you see, it 'uz dis way. 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 negro  
trader roun' de place considable 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  
skift '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 genlmen 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 powerful sorry  
you's killed, Huck, but I ain't no mo' now.

"I laid dah under de shavin's all day. 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'. De  
yuther servants wouldn' miss me, kase dey'd shin out  
en take holiday soon as de ole folks 'uz out'n de way.

"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'd made up my mine 'bout what  
I's agwyne to do. You see, ef I kep' on tryin' to git  
away afoot, de dogs 'ud track me; ef I stole a skift to  
cross over, dey'd miss dat skift, you see, en dey'd  
know 'bout whah I'd lan' on de yuther side, en whah  
to pick up my track. So I says, a raff is what I's  
arter; it doan' MAKE no track.

"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. Den I swum  
to de stern uv it en tuck a-holt. It clouded up en 'uz  
pooty dark for a little while. So I clumb up en laid  
down on de planks. 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.

"But I didn' have no luck. 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'. Well, I had  
a notion I could lan' mos' anywhers, but I couldn't --  
bank too bluff. 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? Why didn't you get mud-turkles?"

"How you gwyne to git 'm? 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 mysef on de bank in de  
daytime."

"Well, that's so. You've had to keep in the woods  
all the time, of course. Did you hear 'em shooting  
the cannon?"

"Oh, yes. I knowed dey was arter you. I see um  
go by heah -- watched um thoo de bushes."

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. He said it was a sign when young  
chickens flew that way, and so he reckoned it was the  
same way when young birds done it. I was going to  
catch some of them, but Jim wouldn't let me. He  
said it was death. He said his father laid mighty sick  
once, and some of them catched a bird, and his old  
granny said his father would die, and he did.

And Jim said you mustn't count the things you are  
going to cook for dinner, because that would bring  
bad luck. 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 said bees  
wouldn't sting idiots; but I didn't believe that, be-  
cause I had tried them lots of times myself, and they  
wouldn't sting me.

What are 2 more examples of luck and superstition seen in the story? What are 2 superstitions you have heard as a kid that are not in the book?

I had heard about some of these things before, but  
not all of them. Jim knowed all kinds of signs. He  
said he knowed most everything. 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. He  
says:

"Mighty few -- an' DEY ain't no use to a body.  
What you want to know when good luck's a-comin'  
for? Want to keep it off?" And he said: "Ef you's  
got hairy arms en a hairy breas', it's a sign dat you's  
agwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign  
like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. You see, maybe  
you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you might  
git discourage' en kill yo'sef 'f you didn' know by de  
sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymeby."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast,  
Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? Don't you  
see I has?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No, but I ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich  
agin. Wunst I had foteen dollars, but I tuck to  
specalat'n', en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock -- cattle, you know. I put ten  
dollars in a cow. But I ain' gwyne to resk no mo'  
money in stock. De cow up 'n' died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

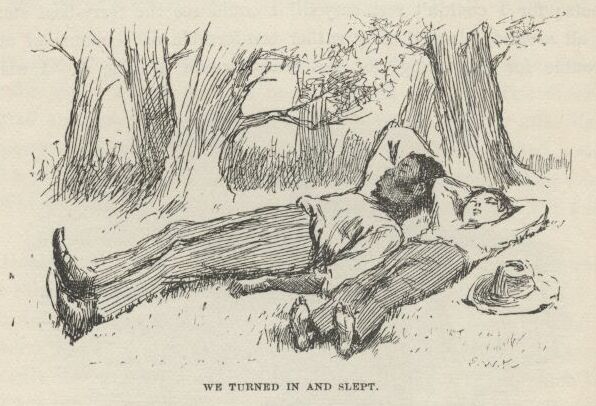
"No, I didn't lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of  
it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left. Did you  
speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know that one-laigged negro 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, all de negros  
went in, but dey didn't have much. I wuz de on'y  
one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo'  
dollars, en I said 'f I didn' git it I'd start a bank my-  
sef. Well, o' course dat negro 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.

"So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de  
thirty-five dollars right off en keep things a-movin'.  
Dey wuz a negro 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 negro say de  
bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no  
money."

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

"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a dream,  
en de dream tole me to give it to a negro name'  
Balum -- Balum's Ass dey call him for short; he's  
one er dem chuckleheads, you know. But he's lucky,  
dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. 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. So Balum he tuck en give de ten cents  
to de po', en laid low to see what wuz gwyne to come  
of it."

"Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffn never come of it. I couldn' manage to  
k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I  
ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de  
security. 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."

"Yes; en I's rich now, come to look at it. I owns  
mysef, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. I wisht I  
had de money, I wouldn' want no mo'."

Why might Huck and Jim make good travel partners for this journey?

Why do you think Huck decides to help Jim run away?