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<author></author><principal>Jacqueline Hettel</principal>

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Humanities Digital Information Service</name>

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<p>Originally, this project was prepared as part of course readings for Hilton

Obenzinger, Stanford, 1999. Most recent revisions involve converting the text into TEI P5-compliant XML.</p>

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<name>Peter W. Burchard</name>revised header, finished mark-up, parsed.

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<change when="1999-12">

<name>Glen Worthey</name>minor editing and bibliographic updates.

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<lb/><lb/>

by <name type="personal">Mark Twain</name></head>

<head>A WHISPER TO THE READER</head>

<epigraph>

<p>There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it

can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless.

Observe the ass, for instance: his character is about perfect,

he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals,

yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling

complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

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<body><div1 type="intro" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<p>A person who is ignorant of legal matters is always liable to

make mistakes when he tries to photograph a court scene with his pen;

and so I was not willing to let the law chapters in this book

go to press without first subjecting them to rigid and exhausting

revision and correction by a trained barrister--if that is what

they are called. These chapters are right, now, in every detail,

for they were rewritten under the immediate eye of William Hicks,

who studied law part of a while in southwest Missouri thirty-five

years ago and then came over here to Florence for his health and

is still helping for exercise and board in Macaroni Vermicelli's

horse-feed shed, which is up the back alley as you turn around the

corner out of the Piazza del Duomo just beyond the house where that

stone that Dante used to sit on six hundred years ago is let into

the wall when he let on to be watching them build Giotto's campanile

and yet always got tired looking as Beatrice passed along on her way

to get a chunk of chestnut cake to defend herself with in case of a

Ghibelline outbreak before she got to school, at the same old stand

where they sell the same old cake to this day and it is just as light

and good as it was then, too, and this is not flattery, far from it.

He was a little rusty on his law, but he rubbed up for this book,

and those two or three legal chapters are right and straight, now.

He told me so himself.</p>

<p>Given under my hand this second day of January, 1893, at the Villa Viviani,

village of Settignano, three miles back of Florence, on the hills--

the same certainly affording the most charming view to be found

on this planet, and with it the most dreamlike and enchanting sunsets

to be found in any planet or even in any solar system--and given, too,

in the swell room of the house, with the busts of Cerretani senators

and other grandees of this line looking approvingly down upon me,

as they used to look down upon Dante, and mutely asking me to adopt them

into my family, which I do with pleasure, for my remotest ancestors

are but spring chickens compared with these robed and stately antiques,

and it will be a great and satisfying lift for me, that six hundred years will.</p>

<signed><name type="personal">Mark Twain.</name></signed></div1>

<div1 n="1" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head> CHAPTER 1

<lb/><lb/>

Pudd'nhead Wins His Name </head>

<epigraph><p> Tell the truth or trump--but get the trick.</p>

<p rend="indent4"> --Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>The scene of this chronicle is the town of Dawson's Landing,

on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, half a day's journey,

per steamboat, below St. Louis.</p>

<p>In 1830 it was a snug collection of modest one- and two- story

frame dwellings, whose whitewashed exteriors were almost concealed

from sight by climbing tangles of rose vines, honeysuckles,

and morning glories. Each of these pretty homes had a garden in front

fenced with white palings and opulently stocked with hollyhocks, marigolds,

touch-me-nots, prince's-feathers, and other old-fashioned flowers;

while on the windowsills of the houses stood wooden boxes containing

moss rose plants and terra-cotta pots in which grew a breed of geranium

whose spread of intensely red blossoms accented the prevailing pink tint

of the rose-clad house-front like an explosion of flame. When there was room

on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there--

in sunny weather--stretched at full length, asleep and blissful,

with her furry belly to the sun and a paw curved over her nose.

Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made

manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible.

A home without a cat--and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat--

may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?</p>

<p>All along the streets, on both sides, at the outer edge

of the brick sidewalks, stood locust trees with trunks protected by

wooden boxing, and these furnished shade for summer and a sweet fragrancer

in spring, when the clusters of buds came forth. The main street,

one block back from the river, and running parallel with it, was the

sole business street. It was six blocks long, and in each block two

or three brick stores, three stories high, towered above interjected

bunches of little frame shops. Swinging signs creaked in the wind the

street's whole length. The candy-striped pole, which indicates nobility

proud and ancient along the palace-bordered canals of Venice, indicated

merely the humble barbershop along the main street of Dawson's Landing.

On a chief corner stood a lofty unpainted pole wreathed from top to

bottom with tin pots and pans and cups, the chief tinmonger's noisy

notice to the world (when the wind blew) that his shop was on hand

for business at that corner.</p>

<p>The hamlet's front was washed by the clear waters of the great river;

its body stretched itself rearward up a gentle incline;

its most rearward border fringed itself out and scattered its houses

about its base line of the hills; the hills rose high, enclosing the

town in a half-moon curve, clothed with forests from foot to summit.</p>

<p>Steamboats passed up and down every hour or so. Those belonging to

the little Cairo line and the little Memphis line always stopped;

the big Orleans liners stopped for hails only, or to land passengers

or freight; and this was the case also with the great flotilla of

"transients." These latter came out of a dozen rivers--

the Illinois, the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio,

the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Red River, the White River,

and so on--and were bound every whither and stocked with every imaginable

comfort or necessity, which the Mississippi's communities could want,

from the frosty Falls of St. Anthony down through nine climates

to torrid New Orleans.</p>

<p>Dawson's Landing was a slaveholding town, with a rich, slave-worked

grain and pork country back of it. The town was sleepy and comfortable

and contented. It was fifty years old, and was growing slowly--

very slowly, in fact, but still it was growing.</p>

<p>The chief citizen was York Leicester Driscoll, about forty years old,

judge of the county court. He was very proud of his old Virginian ancestry,

and in his hospitalities and his rather formal and stately manners,

he kept up its traditions. He was fine and just and generous.

To be a gentleman--a gentleman without stain or blemish--was his

only religion, and to it he was always faithful. He was respected,

esteemed, and beloved by all of the community. He was well off,

and was gradually adding to his store. He and his wife were very

nearly happy, but not quite, for they had no children. The longing for

the treasure of a child had grown stronger and stronger as the years

slipped away, but the blessing never came--and was never to come.</p>

<p>With this pair lived the judge's widowed sister, Mrs. Rachel Pratt,

and she also was childless--childless, and sorrowful for that reason,

and not to be comforted. The women were good and commonplace people,

and did their duty, and had their reward in clear consciences and the

community's approbation. They were Presbyterians, the judge was a freethinker.</p>

<p>Pembroke Howard, lawyer and bachelor, aged almost forty, was another

old Virginian grandee with proved descent from the First Families.

He was a fine, majestic creature, a gentleman according to the nicest

requirements of the Virginia rule, a devoted Presbyterian, an authority

on the "code", and a man always courteously ready to stand up before you in

the field if any act or word of his had seemed doubtful or suspicious to you,

and explain it with any weapon you might prefer from bradawls to artillery.

He was very popular with the people, and was the judge's dearest friend.</p>

<p>Then there was Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex, another F.F.V.

of formidable caliber--however, with him we have no concern.</p>

<p>Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother to the judge, and younger than

he by five years, was a married man, and had had children around

his hearthstone; but they were attacked in detail by measles, croup,

and scarlet fever, and this had given the doctor a chance with his

effective antediluvian methods; so the cradles were empty. He was a

prosperous man, with a good head for speculations, and his fortune

was growing. On the first of February, 1830, two boy babes were born

in his house; one to him, one to one of his slave girls, Roxana by name.

Roxana was twenty years old. She was up and around the same day,

with her hands full, for she was tending both babes.</p>

<p>Mrs. Percy Driscoll died within the week. Roxy remained in charge of

the children. She had her own way, for Mr. Driscoll soon absorbed himself

in his speculations and left her to her own devices.</p>

<p>In that same month of February, Dawson's Landing gained a new citizen.

This was Mr. David Wilson, a young fellow of Scotch parentage.

He had wandered to this remote region from his birthplace in the interior

of the State of New York, to seek his fortune. He was twenty-five years old,

college bred, and had finished a post-college course in an Eastern

law school a couple of years before.</p>

<p>He was a homely, freckled, sandy-haired young fellow, with an intelligent

blue eye that had frankness and comradeship in it and a covert twinkle

of a pleasant sort. But for an unfortunate remark of his, he would no

doubt have entered at once upon a successful career at Dawson's Landing.

But he made his fatal remark the first day he spent in the village,

and it "gaged" him. He had just made the acquaintance of a group of

citizens when an invisible dog began to yelp and snarl and howl and make

himself very comprehensively disagreeable, whereupon young Wilson said,

much as one who is thinking aloud:</p>

<p>"I wish I owned half of that dog."</p>

<p>"Why?" somebody asked.</p>

<p>"Because I would kill my half."</p>

<p>The group searched his face with curiosity, with anxiety even,

but found no light there, no expression that they could read.

They fell away from him as from something uncanny, and went into privacy

to discuss him. One said:</p>

<p>"'Pears to be a fool."</p>

<p>"'Pears?" said another. "<hi rend="italics">Is,</hi> I reckon you better say."</p>

<p>"Said he wished he owned <hi rend="italics">half</hi> of the dog, the idiot," said a third.

"What did he reckon would become of the other half if he killed his half?

Do you reckon he thought it would live?"</p>

<p>"Why, he must have thought it, unless he <hi rend="italics">is</hi> the downrightest fool

in the world; because if he hadn't thought it, he would have wanted to own

the whole dog, knowing that if he killed his half and the other half died,

he would be responsible for that half just the same as if he had killed

that half instead of his own. Don't it look that way to you, gents?"</p>

<p>"Yes, it does. If he owned one half of the general dog, it would be so;

if he owned one end of the dog and another person owned the other end,

it would be so, just the same; particularly in the first case,

because if you kill one half of a general dog, there ain't any man

that can tell whose half it was; but if he owned one end of the dog,

maybe he could kill his end of it and--"</p>

<p>"No, he couldn't either; he couldn't and not be responsible if the other

end died, which it would. In my opinion that man ain't in his right mind."</p>

<p>"In my opinion he hain't <hi rend="italics">got</hi> any mind."</p>

<p>No. 3 said: "Well, he's a lummox, anyway."</p>

<p>That's what he is;" said No. 4. "He's a labrick--just a Simon-pure labrick,

if there was one."</p>

<p>"Yes, sir, he's a dam fool. That's the way I put him up," said No. 5.

"Anybody can think different that wants to, but those are my sentiments."</p>

<p>"I'm with you, gentlemen," said No. 6. "Perfect jackass--yes,

and it ain't going too far to say he is a pudd'nhead.

If he ain't a pudd'nhead, I ain't no judge, that's all."</p>

<p>Mr. Wilson stood elected. The incident was told all over the town,

and gravely discussed by everybody. Within a week he had lost his

first name; Pudd'nhead took its place. In time he came to be liked,

and well liked too; but by that time the nickname had got well stuck on,

and it stayed. That first day's verdict made him a fool, and he was not

able to get it set aside, or even modified. The nickname soon ceased to

carry any harsh or unfriendly feeling with it, but it held its place,

and was to continue to hold its place for twenty long years.</p></div1>

<div1 n="2" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 2

<lb/><lb/>

Driscoll Spares His Slaves</head>

<epigraph><p>Adam was but human--this explains it all. He did not want the apple

for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden.

The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then he would have

eaten the serpent.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Pudd'nhead Wilson had a trifle of money when he arrived,

and he bought a small house on the extreme western verge of the town.

Between it and Judge Driscoll's house there was only a grassy yard,

with a paling fence dividing the properties in the middle.

He hired a small office down in the town and hung out a tin sign

with these words on it:</p>

<p> D A V I D W I L S O N

<lb/><lb/>

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

<lb/><lb/>

SURVEYING, CONVEYANCING, ETC.</p>

<p>But his deadly remark had ruined his chance--at least in the law.

No clients came. He took down his sign, after a while, and put it

up on his own house with the law features knocked out of it.

It offered his services now in the humble capacities of land surveyor

and expert accountant. Now and then he got a job of surveying to do,

and now and then a merchant got him to straighten out his books.

With Scotch patience and pluck he resolved to live down his reputation

and work his way into the legal field yet. Poor fellow, he could

foresee that it was going to take him such a weary long time to do it.</p>

<p>He had a rich abundance of idle time, but it never hung heavy on his hands,

for he interested himself in every new thing that was born into the

universe of ideas, and studied it, and experimented upon it at his house.

One of his pet fads was palmistry. To another one he gave no name,

neither would he explain to anybody what its purpose was, but merely

said it was an amusement. In fact, he had found that his fads added to his

reputation as a pudd'nhead; there, he was growing chary of being too

communicative about them. The fad without a name was one which dealt

with people's finger marks. He carried in his coat pocket a shallow box

with grooves in it, and in the grooves strips of glass five inches long

and three inches wide. Along the lower edge of each strip was pasted a

slip of white paper. He asked people to pass their hands through their

hair (thus collecting upon them a thin coating of the natural oil) and then

making a thumb-mark on a glass strip, following it with the mark of the ball

of each finger in succession. Under this row of faint grease prints he

would write a record on the strip of white paper--thus:

<lb/><lb/>

JOHN SMITH, right hand--

<lb/><lb/>

and add the day of the month and the year, then take Smith's left hand

on another glass strip, and add name and date and the words "left hand."

The strips were now returned to the grooved box, and took their place

among what Wilson called his "records."</p>

<p>He often studied his records, examining and poring over them with

absorbing interest until far into the night; but what he found there--

if he found anything--he revealed to no one. Sometimes he copied on

paper the involved and delicate pattern left by the ball of the finger,

and then vastly enlarged it with a pantograph so that he could examine

its web of curving lines with ease and convenience.</p>

<p>One sweltering afternoon--it was the first day of July, 1830--

he was at work over a set of tangled account books in his workroom,

which looked westward over a stretch of vacant lots, when a conversation

outside disturbed him. It was carried on it yells, which showed that

the people engaged in it were not close together.</p>

<p>"Say, Roxy, how does yo' baby come on?" This from the distant voice.</p>

<p>"Fust-rate. How does <hi rend="italics">you</hi> come on, Jasper?" This yell was from close by.</p>

<p>"Oh, I's middlin'; hain't got noth'n' to complain of, I's gwine to come

a-court'n you bimeby, Roxy."</p>

<p>"<hi rend="italics">You</hi> is, you black mud cat! Yah--yah--yah! I got somep'n' better to do

den 'sociat'n' wid niggers as black as you is. Is ole Miss Cooper's Nancy

done give you de mitten?" Roxy followed this sally with another discharge

of carefree laughter.</p>

<p>"You's jealous, Roxy, dat's what's de matter wid <hi rend="italics">you</hi>, you

hussy--yah--yah--yah! Dat's de time I got you!"</p>

<p>"Oh, yes, <hi rend="italics">you</hi> got me, hain't you. 'Clah to goodness if dat conceit

o' yo'n strikes in, Jasper, it gwine to kill you sho'. If you b'longed

to me, I'd sell you down de river 'fo' you git too fur gone.

Fust time I runs acrost yo' marster, I's gwine to tell him so."</p>

<p>This idle and aimless jabber went on and on, both parties enjoying the

friendly duel and each well satisfied with his own share of

the wit exchanged--for wit they considered it.</p>

<p>Wilson stepped to the window to observe the combatants; he could not

work while their chatter continued. Over in the vacant lots was Jasper,

young, coal black, and of magnificent build, sitting on a wheelbarrow

in the pelting sun--at work, supposably, whereas he was in fact only

preparing for it by taking an hour's rest before beginning. In front of

Wilson's porch stood Roxy, with a local handmade baby wagon,

in which sat her two charges--one at each end and facing each other.

From Roxy's manner of speech, a stranger would have expected her to

be black, but she was not. Only one sixteenth of her was black,

and that sixteenth did not show. She was of majestic form and stature,

her attitudes were imposing and statuesque, and her gestures and movements

distinguished by a noble and stately grace. Her complexion was very fair,

with the rosy glow of vigorous health in her cheeks, her face was full

of character and expression, her eyes were brown and liquid, and she

had a heavy suit of fine soft hair which was also brown, but the fact

was not apparent because her head was bound about with a checkered

handkerchief and the hair was concealed under it. Her face was shapely,

intelligent, and comely--even beautiful. She had an easy, independent

carriage--when she was among her own caste--and a high and "sassy" way,

withal; but of course she was meek and humble enough where white people were.</p>

<p>To all intents and purposes Roxy was as white as anybody, but the one

sixteenth of her which was black outvoted the other fifteen parts and

made her a Negro. She was a slave, and salable as such. Her child was

thirty-one parts white, and he, too, was a slave, and by a fiction of

law and custom a Negro. He had blue eyes and flaxen curls like his

white comrade, but even the father of the white child was able to tell

the children apart--little as he had commerce with them--by their clothes;

for the white babe wore ruffled soft muslin and a coral necklace,

while the other wore merely a coarse tow-linen shirt which barely reached

to its knees, and no jewelry.</p>

<p>The white child's name was Thomas ï¿½ Becket Driscoll, the other's name

was Valet de Chambre: no surname--slaves hadn't the privilege.

Roxana had heard that phrase somewhere, the fine sound of it had pleased her

ear, and as she had supposed it was a name, she loaded it on to her darling.

It soon got shorted to "Chambers," of course.</p>

<p>Wilson knew Roxy by sight, and when the duel of wits begun to play out,

he stepped outside to gather in a record or two. Jasper went to work

energetically, at once, perceiving that his leisure was observed.

Wilson inspected the children and asked:</p>

<p>"How old are they, Roxy?"</p>

<p>"Bofe de same age, sir--five months. Bawn de fust o' Feb'uary."</p>

<p>"They're handsome little chaps. One's just as handsome as the other, too."</p>

<p>A delighted smile exposed the girl's white teeth, and she said:</p>

<p>"Bless yo' soul, Misto Wilson, it's pow'ful nice o' you to say dat,

'ca'se one of 'em ain't on'y a nigger. Mighty prime little nigger,

<hi rend="italics">I</hi> al'ays says, but dat's 'ca'se it's mine, o' course."</p>

<p>"How do you tell them apart, Roxy, when they haven't any clothes on?"</p>

<p>Roxy laughed a laugh proportioned to her size, and said:</p>

<p>"Oh, <hi rend="italics">I</hi> kin tell 'em 'part, Misto Wilson, but I bet Marse Percy

couldn't, not to save his life."</p>

<p>Wilson chatted along for awhile, and presently got Roxy's fingerprints

for his collection--right hand and left--on a couple of his glass strips;

then labeled and dated them, and took the "records" of both children,

and labeled and dated them also.</p>

<p>Two months later, on the third of September, he took this trio of finger

marks again. He liked to have a "series," two or three "takings"

at intervals during the period of childhood, these to be followed at

intervals of several years.</p>

<p>The next day--that is to say, on the fourth of September--something

occurred which profoundly impressed Roxana. Mr. Driscoll missed another

small sum of money--which is a way of saying that this was not a new thing,

but had happened before. In truth, it had happened three times before.

Driscoll's patience was exhausted. He was a fairly humane man toward

slaves and other animals; he was an exceedingly humane man toward the

erring of his own race. Theft he could not abide, and plainly there was

a thief in his house. Necessarily the thief must be one of his Negros.

Sharp measures must be taken. He called his servants before him.

There were three of these, besides Roxy: a man, a woman, and a boy

twelve years old. They were not related. Mr. Driscoll said:</p>

<p>"You have all been warned before. It has done no good. This time I

will teach you a lesson. I will sell the thief. Which of you is

the guilty one?"</p>

<p>They all shuddered at the threat, for here they had a good home,

and a new one was likely to be a change for the worse. The denial

was general. None had stolen anything--not money, anyway--a little sugar,

or cake, or honey, or something like that, that "Marse Percy wouldn't

mind or miss" but not money--never a cent of money. They were eloquent

in their protestations, but Mr. Driscoll was not moved by them.

He answered each in turn with a stern "Name the thief!"</p>

<p>The truth was, all were guilty but Roxana; she suspected that the others

were guilty, but she did not know them to be so. She was horrified

to think how near she had come to being guilty herself; she had been

saved in the nick of time by a revival in the colored Methodist Church,

a fortnight before, at which time and place she "got religion."

The very next day after that gracious experience, while her change of

style was fresh upon her and she was vain of her purified condition,

her master left a couple dollars unprotected on his desk, and she happened

upon that temptation when she was polishing around with a dustrag.

She looked at the money awhile with a steady rising resentment,

then she burst out with:</p>

<p>"Dad blame dat revival, I wisht it had 'a' be'n put off till tomorrow!"</p>

<p>Then she covered the tempter with a book, and another member of the

kitchen cabinet got it. She made this sacrifice as a matter of

religious etiquette; as a thing necessary just now, but by no means to

be wrested into a precedent; no, a week or two would limber up her piety,

then she would be rational again, and the next two dollars that got left

out in the cold would find a comforter--and she could name the comforter.</p>

<p>Was she bad? Was she worse than the general run of her race? No.

They had an unfair show in the battle of life, and they held it no sin

to take military advantage of the enemy--in a small way; in a small way,

but not in a large one. They would smouch provisions from the pantry

whenever they got a chance; or a brass thimble, or a cake of wax,

or an emery bag, or a paper of needles, or a silver spoon, or a dollar bill,

or small articles of clothing, or any other property of light value;

and so far were they from considering such reprisals sinful, that they

would go to church and shout and pray the loudest and sincerest with their

plunder in their pockets. A farm smokehouse had to be kept heavily

padlocked, or even the colored deacon himself could not resist a ham

when Providence showed him in a dream, or otherwise, where such a thing

hung lonesome, and longed for someone to love. But with a hundred hanging

before him, the deacon would not take two--that is, on the same night.

On frosty nights the humane Negro prowler would warm the end of the plank

and put it up under the cold claws of chickens roosting in a tree;

a drowsy hen would step on to the comfortable board, softly clucking

her gratitude, and the prowler would dump her into his bag, and later

into his stomach, perfectly sure that in taking this trifle from the man

who daily robbed him of an inestimable treasure--his liberty--he was

not committing any sin that God would remember against him in the

Last Great Day.</p>

<p>"Name the thief!"</p>

<p>For the fourth time Mr. Driscoll had said it, and always in the same

hard tone. And now he added these words of awful import:</p>

<p>"I give you one minute." He took out his watch. "If at the end of

that time, you have not confessed, I will not only sell all four

of you, BUT--I will sell you DOWN THE RIVER!"</p>

<p>It was equivalent to condemning them to hell! No Missouri Negro

doubted this. Roxy reeled in her tracks, and the color vanished out

of her face; the others dropped to their knees as if they had been shot;

tears gushed from their eyes, their supplicating hands went up,

and three answers came in the one instant.</p>

<p>"I done it!"</p>

<p>"I done it!"</p>

<p>"I done it!--have mercy, marster--Lord have mercy on us po' niggers!"</p>

<p>"Very good," said the master, putting up his watch, "I will

sell you \_here\_ though you don't deserve it. You ought to be sold

down the river."</p>

<p>The culprits flung themselves prone, in an ecstasy of gratitude,

and kissed his feet, declaring that they would never forget his

goodness and never cease to pray for him as long as they lived.

They were sincere, for like a god he had stretched forth his mighty

hand and closed the gates of hell against them. He knew, himself,

that he had done a noble and gracious thing, and was privately well

pleased with his magnanimity; and that night he set the incident down

in his diary, so that his son might read it in after years, and be

thereby moved to deeds of gentleness and humanity himself.</p></div1>

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<head>CHAPTER 3

<lb/><lb/>

Roxy Plays a Shrewd Trick</head>

<epigraph><p>Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is,

knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam,

the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Percy Driscoll slept well the night he saved his house minions from

going down the river, but no wink of sleep visited Roxy's eyes.

A profound terror had taken possession of her. Her child could grow up

and be sold down the river! The thought crazed her with horror.

If she dozed and lost herself for a moment, the next moment she was

on her feet flying to her child's cradle to see if it was still there.

Then she would gather it to her heart and pour out her love upon it in

a frenzy of kisses, moaning, crying, and saying, "Dey sha'n't, oh,

dey <hi rend="italics">sha'nt'!'</hi>--yo' po' mammy will kill you fust!"</p>

<p>Once, when she was tucking him back in its cradle again, the other child

nestled in its sleep and attracted her attention. She went and stood over

it a long time communing with herself.</p>

<p>"What has my po' baby done, dat he couldn't have yo' luck?

He hain't done nuth'n. God was good to you; why warn't he good to him?

Dey can't sell <hi rend="italics">you</hi> down de river. I hates yo' pappy; he hain't got

no heart--for niggers, he hain't, anyways. I hates him, en I could

kill him!" She paused awhile, thinking; then she burst into wild

sobbings again, and turned away, saying, "Oh, I got to kill my chile,

dey ain't no yuther way--killin' <hi rend="italics">him</hi> wouldn't save de chile fum goin'

down de river. Oh, I got to do it, yo' po' mammy's got to kill you to

save you, honey." She gathered her baby to her bosom now, and began to

smother it with caresses. "Mammy's got to kill you--how <hi rend="italics">kin</hi> I do it!

But yo' mammy ain't gwine to desert you--no, no, <hi rend="italics">dah</hi>, don't cry--

she gwine <hi rend="italics">wid</hi> you, she gwine to kill herself too. Come along, honey,

come along wid mammy; we gwine to jump in de river, den troubles o' dis

worl' is all over--dey don't sell po' niggers down the river over <hi rend="italics">yonder</hi>."</p>

<p>She stared toward the door, crooning to the child and hushing it;

midway she stopped, suddenly. She had caught sight of her new Sunday gown--

a cheap curtain-calico thing, a conflagration of gaudy colors and

fantastic figures. She surveyed it wistfully, longingly.</p>

<p>"Hain't ever wore it yet," she said, "en it's just lovely."

Then she nodded her head in response to a pleasant idea, and added,

"No, I ain't gwine to be fished out, wid everybody lookin' at me,

in dis mis'able ole linsey-woolsey."</p>

<p>She put down the child and made the change. She looked in the glass and

was astonished at her beauty. She resolved to make her death toilet perfect.

She took off her handkerchief turban and dressed her glossy wealth of

hair "like white folks"; she added some odds and ends of rather lurid

ribbon and a spray of atrocious artificial flowers; finally she threw

over her shoulders a fluffy thing called a "cloud" in that day,

which was of a blazing red complexion. Then she was ready for the tomb.</p>

<p>She gathered up her baby once more; but when her eye fell upon its

miserably short little gray tow-linen shirt and noted the contrast

between its pauper shabbiness and her own volcanic eruption of infernal

splendors, her mother-heart was touched, and she was ashamed.</p>

<p>"No, dolling mammy ain't gwine to treat you so. De angels is gwine

to 'mire you jist as much as dey does 'yo mammy. Ain't gwine to have

'em putt'n dey han's up 'fo' dey eyes en sayin' to David and Goliah

en dem yuther prophets, 'Dat chile is dress' to indelicate fo' dis place.'"</p>

<p>By this time she had stripped off the shirt. Now she clothed the naked

little creature in one of Thomas ï¿½ Becket's snowy, long baby gowns,

with its bright blue bows and dainty flummery of ruffles.</p>

<p>"Dah--now you's fixed." She propped the child in a chair and stood

off to inspect it. Straightway her eyes begun to widen with astonishment

and admiration, and she clapped her hands and cried out,

"Why, it do beat all! I <hi rend="italics">never</hi> knowed you was so lovely.

Marse Tommy ain't a bit puttier--not a single bit."</p>

<p>She stepped over and glanced at the other infant;' she flung a glance

back at her own; then one more at the heir of the house. Now a strange

light dawned in her eyes, and in a moment she was lost in thought.

She seemed in a trance; when she came out of it, she muttered,

"When I 'uz a-washin' 'em in de tub, yistiddy, he own pappy asked me

which of 'em was his'n."</p>

<p>She began to move around like one in a dream. She undressed

Thomas ï¿½ Becket, stripping him of everything, and put the tow-linen

shirt on him. She put his coral necklace on her own child's neck.

Then she placed the children side by side, and after earnest

inspection she muttered:</p>

<p>"Now who would b'lieve clo'es could do de like o' dat? Dog my cats

if it ain't all <hi rend="italics">I</hi> kin do to tell t' other fum which, let alone his pappy."</p>

<p>She put her cub in Tommy's elegant cradle and said:</p>

<p>"You's young Marse <hi rend="italics">Tom</hi> fum dis out, en I got to practice and git used

to 'memberin' to call you dat, honey, or I's gwine to make a mistake

sometime en git us bofe into trouble. Dah--now you lay still en

don't fret no mo', Marse Tom. Oh, thank de lord in heaven, you's saved,

you's saved! Dey ain't no man kin ever sell mammy's po' little

honey down de river now!"</p>

<p>She put the heir of the house in her own child's unpainted pine cradle,

and said, contemplating its slumbering form uneasily:</p>

<p>"I's sorry for you, honey; I's sorry, God knows I is--but what <hi rend="italics">kin</hi> I do,

what <hi rend="italics">could</hi> I do? Yo' pappy would sell him to somebody, sometime,

en den he'd go down de river, sho', en I couldn't, couldn't,

<hi rend="italics">couldn't</hi>? stan' it."</p>

<p>She flung herself on her bed and began to think and toss, toss and think.

By and by she sat suddenly upright, for a comforting thought had flown

through her worried mind--</p>

<p>"'T ain't no sin--<hi rend="italics">white</hi> folks has done it! It ain't no sin,

glory to goodness it ain't no sin! <hi rend="italics">Dey's</hi> done it--yes, en dey was

de biggest quality in de whole bilin', too--<hi rend="italics">kings!"</hi></p>

<p>She began to muse; she was trying to gather out of her memory the

dim particulars of some tale she had heard some time or other.

At last she said--</p>

<p>"Now I's got it; now I 'member. It was dat ole nigger preacher dat

tole it, de time he come over here fum Illinois en preached in

de nigger church. He said dey ain't nobody kin save his own self--

can't do it by faith, can't do it by works, can't do it no way at all.

Free grace is de <hi rend="italics">on'y</hi> way, en dat don't come fum nobody but jis' de Lord;

en <hi rend="italics">he</hi> kin give it to anybody He please, saint or sinner--<hi rend="italics">he</hi> don't kyer.

He do jis' as He's a mineter. He s'lect out anybody dat suit Him,

en put another one in his place, and make de fust one happy forever

en leave t' other one to burn wid Satan. De preacher said it was jist

like dey done in Englan' one time, long time ago. De queen she lef'

her baby layin' aroun' one day, en went out callin'; an one 'o de

niggers roun'bout de place dat was 'mos' white, she come in en see de

chile layin' aroun', en tuck en put her own chile's clo's on

de queen's chile, en put de queen's chile's clo'es on her own chile,

en den lef' her own chile layin' aroun', en tuck en toted de queen's

chile home to de nigger quarter, en nobody ever foun' it out,

en her chile was de king bimeby, en sole de queen's chile down de

river one time when dey had to settle up de estate. Dah, now--de preacher

said it his own self, en it ain't no sin, 'ca'se white folks done it.

DEY done it--yes, DEY done it; en not on'y jis' common white folks nuther,

but de biggest quality dey is in de whole bilin'. <hi rend="italics">Oh</hi>, I's <hi rend="italics">so</hi> glad I

'member 'bout dat!"</p>

<p>She got lighthearted and happy, and went to the cradles, and spent what

was left of the night "practicing." She would give her own child a

light pat and say humbly, "Lay still, Marse Tom," then give the real

Tom a pat and say with severity, "Lay <hi rend="italics">still</hi>, Chambers! Does you want

me to take somep'n <hi rend="italics">to</hi> you?"</p>

<p>As she progressed with her practice, she was surprised to see how steadily

and surely the awe which had kept her tongue reverent and her manner

humble toward her young master was transferring itself to her speech

and manner toward the usurper, and how similarly handy she was becoming

in transferring her motherly curtness of speech and peremptoriness of

manner to the unlucky heir of the ancient house of Driscoll.</p>

<p>She took occasional rests from practicing, and absorbed herself in

calculating her chances.</p>

<p>"Dey'll sell dese niggers today fo' stealin' de money, den dey'll

buy some mo' dat don't now de chillen--so <hi rend="italics">dat's</hi> all right. When I takes

de chillen out to git de air, de minute I's roun' de corner I's gwine

to gaum dey mouths all roun' wid jam, den dey can't <hi rend="italics">nobody</hi> notice

dey's changed. Yes, I gwine ter do dat till I's safe, if it's a year.</p>

<p>"Dey ain't but one man dat I's afeard of, en dat's dat Pudd'nhead Wilson.

Dey calls him a pudd'nhead, en says he's a fool. My lan, dat man

ain't no mo' fool den I is! He's de smartes' man in dis town,

lessn' it's Jedge Driscoll or maybe Pem Howard. Blame dat man,

he worries me wid dem ornery glasses o' his'n; <hi rend="italics">I</hi> b'lieve he's a witch.

But nemmine, I's gwine to happen aroun' dah one o' dese days en let

on dat I reckon he wants to print a chillen's fingers ag'in; en if <hi rend="italics">he</hi>

don't notice dey's changed, I bound dey ain't nobody gwine to notice it,

en den I's safe, sho'. But I reckon I'll tote along a hoss-shoe to

keep off de witch work."</p>

<p>The new Negros gave Roxy no trouble, of course. The master gave her none,

for one of his speculations was in jeopardy, and his mind was so

occupied that he hardly saw the children when he looked at them,

and all Roxy had to do was to get them both into a gale of laughter

when he came about; then their faces were mainly cavities exposing gums,

and he was gone again before the spasm passed and the little creatures

resumed a human aspect.</p>

<p>Within a few days the fate of the speculation became so dubious that

Mr. Percy went away with his brother, the judge, to see what could be

done with it. It was a land speculation as usual, and it had gotten

complicated with a lawsuit. The men were gone seven weeks. Before they

got back, Roxy had paid her visit to Wilson, and was satisfied.

Wilson took the fingerprints, labeled them with the names and with the date--

October the first--put them carefully away, and continued his chat

with Roxy, who seemed very anxious that he should admire the great

advance in flesh and beauty which the babes had made since he took

their fingerprints a month before. He complimented their improvement

to her contentment; and as they were without any disguise of jam

or other stain, she trembled all the while and was miserably frightened

lest at any moment he--</p>

<p>But he didn't. He discovered nothing; and she went home jubilant,

and dropped all concern about the matter permanently out of her mind.</p></div1>

<div1 n="4" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 4

<lb/><lb/>

The Ways of the Changelings</head>

<epigraph><p>Adam and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was,

that they escaped teething.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>There is this trouble about special providences--namely, there is

so often a doubt as to which party was intended to be the beneficiary.

In the case of the children, the bears, and the prophet,

the bears got more real satisfaction out of the episode than

the prophet did, because they got the children.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>This history must henceforth accommodate itself to the change which

Roxana has consummated, and call the real heir "Chambers" and the

usurping little slave, "Thomas ï¿½ Becket"--shortening this latter

name to "Tom," for daily use, as the people about him did.</p>

<p>"Tom" was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation.

He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish

temper without notice, and let go scream after scream and squall

after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"--

that frightful specialty of the teething nursling, in the throes of

which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless

squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath,

while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid,

offering for inspection one wee tooth set in the lower rim of a hoop

of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one

is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying,

and dashes water in the child's face, and--presto! the lungs fill,

and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the

listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which

would not go well with a halo if he had one. The baby Tom would claw

anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could

reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it,

and then throw cup and all on the floor and scream for more.

He was indulged in all his caprices, howsoever troublesome and

exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted,

particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.</p><p>

</p><p>When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about and say broken

words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more

consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake.

He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying,

"Awnt it!" (want it), which was a command. When it was brought,

he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands,

"Don't awnt it! don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up

frantic yells of "Awnt it! awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to

her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time

to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.</p>

<p>What he preferred above all other things was the tongs.

This was because his "father" had forbidden him to have them lest

he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back

was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say,

"Like it!" and cock his eye to one side or see if Roxy was observed;

then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then, "Hab it!" with another

furtive glace; and finally, "Take it!"--and the prize was his.

The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next,

there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to

meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window

went to irremediable smash.</p>

<p>Tom got all the petting, Chambers got none. Tom got all the delicacies,

Chambers got mush and milk, and clabber without sugar. In consequence Tom

was a sickly child and Chambers wasn't. Tom was "fractious," as Roxy

called it, and overbearing; Chambers was meek and docile.</p>

<p>With all her splendid common sense and practical everyday ability,

Roxy was a doting fool of a mother. She was this toward her child--

and she was also more than this: by the fiction created by herself,

he was become her master; the necessity of recognizing this relation

outwardly and of perfecting herself in the forms required to express

the recognition, had moved her to such diligence and faithfulness in

practicing these forms that this exercise soon concreted itself into habit;

it became automatic and unconscious; then a natural result followed:

deceptions intended solely for others gradually grew practically

into self-deceptions as well; the mock reverence became real reverence,

the mock homage real homage; the little counterfeit rift of separation

between imitation-slave and imitation-master widened and widened,

and became an abyss, and a very real one-- and on one side of it

stood Roxy, the dupe of her own deceptions, and on the other stood

her child, no longer a usurper to her, but her accepted and

recognized master. He was her darling, her master, and her deity

all in one, and in her worship of him she forgot who she was and

what he had been.</p>

<p>In babyhood Tom cuffed and banged and scratched Chambers unrebuked,

and Chambers early learned that between meekly bearing it and

resenting it, the advantage all lay with the former policy.

The few times that his persecutions had moved him beyond control

and made him fight back had cost him very dear at headquarters;

not at the hands of Roxy, for if she ever went beyond scolding

him sharply for "forgett'n' who his young marster was," she at

least never extended her punishment beyond a box on the ear.

No, Percy Driscoll was the person. He told Chambers that under no

provocation whatever was he privileged to lift his hand against his

little master. Chambers overstepped the line three times, and got

three such convincing canings from the man who was his father and

didn't know it, that he took Tom's cruelties in all humility after that,

and made no more experiments.</p>

<p>Outside the house the two boys were together all through

their boyhood. Chambers was strong beyond his years, and a good fighter;

strong because he was coarsely fed and hard worked about the house,

and a good fighter because Tom furnished him plenty of practice--

on white boys whom he hated and was afraid of. Chambers was his

constant bodyguard, to and from school; he was present on the

playground at recess to protect his charge. He fought himself into

such a formidable reputation, by and by, that Tom could have changed

clothes with him, and "ridden in peace," like Sir Kay in Launcelot's armor.</p>

<p>He was good at games of skill, too. Tom staked him with marbles to

play "keeps" with, and then took all the winnings away from him.

In the winter season Chambers was on hand, in Tom's worn-out clothes,

with "holy" red mittens, and "holy" shoes, and pants "holy" at the

knees and seat, to drag a sled up the hill for Tom, warmly clad,

to ride down on; but he never got a ride himself. He built snowmen

and snow fortifications under Tom's directions. He was Tom's patient

target when Tom wanted to do some snowballing, but the target couldn't

fire back. Chambers carried Tom's skates to the river and strapped

them on him, the trotted around after him on the ice, so as to be on

hand when he wanted; but he wasn't ever asked to try the skates himself.</p>

<p>In summer the pet pastime of the boys of Dawson's Landing was to

steal apples, peaches, and melons from the farmer's fruit wagons--

mainly on account of the risk they ran of getting their heads laid

open with the butt of the farmer's whip. Tom was a distinguished adept

at these thefts--by proxy. Chambers did his stealing, and got the

peach stones, apple cores, and melon rinds for his share.</p>

<p>Tom always made Chambers go in swimming with him, and stay by him as

a protection. When Tom had had enough, he would slip out and tie knots

in Chamber's shirt, dip the knots in the water and make them hard to undo,

then dress himself and sit by and laugh while the naked shiverer tugged

at the stubborn knots with his teeth.</p>

<p>Tom did his humble comrade these various ill turns partly out of

native viciousness, and partly because he hated him for his

superiorities of physique and pluck, and for his manifold cleverness.

Tom couldn't dive, for it gave him splitting headaches.

Chambers could dive without inconvenience, and was fond of doing it.

He excited so much admiration, one day, among a crowd of white boys,

by throwing back somersaults from the stern of a canoe, that it wearies

Tom's spirit, and at last he shoved the canoe underneath Chambers while

he was in the air--so he came down on his head in the canoe bottom;

and while he lay unconscious, several of Tom's ancient adversaries saw

that their long-desired opportunity was come, and they gave the false heir

such a drubbing that with Chamber's best help he was hardly able to drag

himself home afterward.</p>

<p>When the boys was fifteen and upward, Tom was "showing off" in the river

one day, when he was taken with a cramp, and shouted for help.

It was a common trick with the boys--particularly if a stranger

was present--to pretend a cramp and howl for help; then when the

stranger came tearing hand over hand to the rescue, the howler would

go on struggling and howling till he was close at hand, then replace

the howl with a sarcastic smile and swim blandly away, while the

town boys assailed the dupe with a volley of jeers and laughter.

Tom had never tried this joke as yet, but was supposed to be trying

it now, so the boys held warily back; but Chambers believed his master

was in earnest; therefore, he swam out, and arrived in time,

unfortunately, and saved his life.</p>

<p>This was the last feather. Tom had managed to endure everything else,

but to have to remain publicly and permanently under such an obligation

as this to a nigger, and to this nigger of all niggers--this was too much.

He heaped insults upon Chambers for "pretending" to think he was in

earnest in calling for help, and said that anybody but a blockheaded

nigger would have known he was funning and left him alone.</p>

<p>Tom's enemies were in strong force here, so they came out with their

opinions quite freely. The laughed at him, and called him coward,

liar, sneak, and other sorts of pet names, and told him they meant

to call Chambers by a new name after this, and make it common

in the town--"Tom Driscoll's nigger pappy,"--to signify that he

had had a second birth into this life, and that Chambers was the author

of his new being. Tom grew frantic under these taunts, and shouted:</p>

<p>"Knock their heads off, Chambers! Knock their heads off!

What do you stand there with your hands in your pockets for?"</p>

<p>Chambers expostulated, and said, "But, Marse Tom, dey's too

many of 'em--dey's--"</p>

<p>"Do you hear me?"</p>

<p>"Please, Marse Tom, don't make me! Dey's so many of 'em dat--"</p>

<p>Tom sprang at him and drove his pocketknife into him two or three

times before the boys could snatch him away and give the wounded lad

a chance to escape. He was considerably hurt, but not seriously.

If the blade had been a little longer, his career would have ended there.</p>

<p>Tom had long ago taught Roxy "her place." It had been many a day now

since she had ventured a caress or a fondling epithet in his quarter.

Such things, from a "nigger," were repulsive to him, and she had been

warned to keep her distance and remember who she was. She saw her

darling gradually cease from being her son, she saw <hi rend="italics">that</hi> detail

perish utterly; all that was left was master--master, pure and simple,

and it was not a gentle mastership, either. She saw herself sink from the

sublime height of motherhood to the somber depths of unmodified slavery,

the abyss of separation between her and her boy was complete.

She was merely his chattel now, his convenience, his dog, his cringing

and helpless slave, the humble and unresisting victim of his capricious

temper and vicious nature.</p>

<p>Sometimes she could not go to sleep, even when worn out with fatigue,

because her rage boiled so high over the day's experiences with her boy.

She would mumble and mutter to herself:</p>

<p>"He struck me en I warn't no way to blame--struck me in de face,

right before folks. En he's al'ays callin' me nigger wench, en hussy,

en all dem mean names, when I's doin' de very bes' I kin.

Oh, Lord, I done so much for him--I lif' him away up to what he is--

en dis is what I git for it."</p>

<p>Sometimes when some outrage of peculiar offensiveness stung her to

the heart, she would plan schemes of vengeance and revel in the fancied

spectacle of his exposure to the world as an imposter and a slave;

but in the midst of these joys fear would strike her; she had made him

too strong; she could prove nothing, and--heavens, she might get sold

down the river for her pains! So her schemes always went for nothing,

and she laid them aside in impotent rage against the fates,

and against herself for playing the fool on that fatal September day

in not providing herself with a witness for use in the day when such a

thing might be needed for the appeasing of her vengeance-hungry heart.</p>

<p>And yet the moment Tom happened to be good to her, and kind--

and this occurred every now and then--all her sore places were healed,

and she was happy; happy and proud, for this was her son, her nigger son,

lording it among the whites and securely avenging their crimes

against her race.</p>

<p>There were two grand funerals in Dawson's Landing that fall--the fall

of 1845. One was that of Colonel Cecil Burleigh Essex,

the other that of Percy Driscoll.</p>

<p>On his deathbed Driscoll set Roxy free and delivered his idolized

ostensible son solemnly into the keeping of his brother, the judge,

and his wife. Those childless people were glad to get him.

Childless people are not difficult to please.</p>

<p>Judge Driscoll had gone privately to his brother, a month before,

and bought Chambers. He had heard that Tom had been trying to get

his father to sell the boy down the river, and he wanted to prevent

the scandal--for public sentiment did not approve of that way of treating

family servants for light cause or for no cause.</p>

<p>Percy Driscoll had worn himself out in trying to save his great

speculative landed estate, and had died without succeeding.

He was hardly in his grave before the boom collapsed and left his

envied young devil of an heir a pauper. But that was nothing; his uncle

told him he should be his heir and have all his fortune when he died;

so Tom was comforted.</p>

<p>Roxy had no home now; so she resolved to go around and say good-by to

her friends and then clear out and see the world--that is to say,

she would go chambermaiding on a steamboat, the darling ambition of her

race and sex.</p>

<p>Her last call was on the black giant, Jasper. She found him chopping

Pudd'nhead Wilson's winter provision of wood.</p>

<p>Wilson was chatting with him when Roxy arrived. He asked her how she

could bear to go off chambermaiding and leave her boys; and chaffingly

offered to copy off a series of their fingerprints, reaching up to their

twelfth year, for her to remember them by; but she sobered in a moment,

wondering if he suspected anything; then she said she believed she

didn't want them. Wilson said to himself, "The drop of black blood in

her is superstitious; she thinks there's some devilry, some witch business

about my glass mystery somewhere; she used to come here with an old

horseshoe in her hand; it could have been an accident, but I doubt it."</p></div1>

<div1 n="5" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 5

<lb/><lb/>

The Twins Thrill Dawson's Landing</head>

<epigraph><p>Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond;

cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.</p>

<p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>Remark of Dr. Baldwin's, concerning upstarts: We don't care

to eat toadstools that think they are truffles.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Mrs. York Driscoll enjoyed two years of bliss with that prize,

Tom--bliss that was troubled a little at times, it is true,

but bliss nevertheless; then she died, and her husband and his

childless sister, Mrs. Pratt, continued this bliss-business at the

old stand. Tom was petted and indulged and spoiled to his entire

content--or nearly that. This went on till he was nineteen,

then he was sent to Yale. He went handsomely equipped with "conditions,"

but otherwise he was not an object of distinction there.

He remained at Yale two years, and then threw up the struggle.

He came home with his manners a good deal improved; he had lost his

surliness and brusqueness, and was rather pleasantly soft and smooth, now;

he was furtively, and sometimes openly, ironical of speech, and given

to gently touching people on the raw, but he did it with a good-natured

semiconscious air that carried it off safely, and kept him from getting

into trouble. He was as indolent as ever and showed no very strenuous

desire to hunt up an occupation. People argued from this that he

preferred to be supported by his uncle until his uncle's shoes should

become vacant. He brought back one or two new habits with him,

one of which he rather openly practiced--tippling--but concealed another,

which was gambling. It would not do to gamble where his uncle could

hear of it; he knew that quite well.</p>

<p>Tom's Eastern polish was not popular among the young people.

They could have endured it, perhaps, if Tom had stopped there;

but he wore gloves, and that they couldn't stand, and wouldn't;

so he was mainly without society. He brought home with him a

suit of clothes of such exquisite style and cut in fashion--

Eastern fashion, city fashion--that it filled everybody with anguish

and was regarded as a peculiarly wanton affront. He enjoyed the

feeling which he was exciting, and paraded the town serene and

happy all day; but the young fellows set a tailor to work that night,

and when Tom started out on his parade next morning, he found the old

deformed Negro bell ringer straddling along in his wake tricked out

in a flamboyant curtain-calico exaggeration of his finery,

and imitating his fancy Eastern graces as well as he could.</p>

<p>Tom surrendered, and after that clothed himself in the local fashion.

But the dull country town was tiresome to him, since his

acquaintanceship with livelier regions, and it grew daily more

and more so. He began to make little trips to St. Louis for refreshment.

There he found companionship to suit him, and pleasures to his taste,

along with more freedom, in some particulars, than he could have at home.

So, during the next two years, his visits to the city grew in frequency

and his tarryings there grew steadily longer in duration.</p>

<p>He was getting into deep waters. He was taking chances, privately,

which might get him into trouble some day--in fact, <hi rend="italics">did</hi>.</p>

<p>Judge Driscoll had retired from the bench and from all business

activities in 1850, and had now been comfortably idle three years.

He was president of the Freethinkers' Society, and Pudd'nhead Wilson

was the other member. The society's weekly discussions were now the

old lawyer's main interest in life. Pudd'nhead was still toiling in

obscurity at the bottom of the ladder, under the blight of that unlucky

remark which he had let fall twenty-three years before about the dog.</p>

<p>Judge Driscoll was his friend, and claimed that he had a mind above

the average, but that was regarded as one of the judge's whims,

and it failed to modify the public opinion. Or rather, that was one

of the reason why it failed, but there was another and better one.

If the judge had stopped with bare assertion, it would have had a good

deal of effect; but he made the mistake of trying to prove his position.

For some years Wilson had been privately at work on a whimsical almanac,

for his amusement--a calendar, with a little dab of ostensible philosophy,

usually in ironical form, appended to each date; and the judge thought

that these quips and fancies of Wilson's were neatly turned and cute;

so he carried a handful of them around one day, and read them to some

of the chief citizens. But irony was not for those people;

their mental vision was not focused for it. They read those playful

trifles in the solidest terms, and decided without hesitancy that if

there had ever been any doubt that Dave Wilson was a pudd'nhead--

which there hadn't--this revelation removed that doubt for good and all.

That is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man,

but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and

make it perfect. After this the judge felt tenderer than ever toward

Wilson, and surer than ever that his calendar had merit.</p>

<p>Judge Driscoll could be a freethinker and still hold his place in

society because he was the person of most consequence to the community,

and therefore could venture to go his own way and follow out his

own notions. The other member of his pet organization was allowed the

like liberty because he was a cipher in the estimation of the public,

and nobody attached any importance to what he thought or did.

He was liked, he was welcome enough all around, but he simply

didn't count for anything.</p>

<p>The Widow Cooper--affectionately called "Aunt Patsy" by everybody--

lived in a snug and comely cottage with her daughter Rowena,

who was nineteen, romantic, amiable, and very pretty, but otherwise

of no consequence. Rowena had a couple of young brothers--

also of no consequence.</p>

<p>The widow had a large spare room, which she let to a lodger, with board,

when she could find one, but this room had been empty for a year now,

to her sorrow. Her income was only sufficient for the family support,

and she needed the lodging money for trifling luxuries. But now, at last,

on a flaming June day, she found herself happy; her tedious wait was ended;

her year-worn advertisement had been answered; and not by a village

applicant, no, no!--this letter was from away off yonder in the dim great

world to the North; it was from St. Louis. She sat on her porch gazing

out with unseeing eyes upon the shining reaches of the mighty Mississippi,

her thoughts steeped in her good fortune. Indeed it was specially

good fortune, for she was to have two lodgers instead of one.</p>

<p>She had read the letter to the family, and Rowena had danced away to see

to the cleaning and airing of the room by the slave woman, Nancy,

and the boys had rushed abroad in the town to spread the great news,

for it was a matter of public interest, and the public would wonder

and not be pleased if not informed. Presently Rowena returned,

all ablush with joyous excitement, and begged for a rereading of the letter.

It was framed thus:</p>

<q>HONORED MADAM: My brother and I have seen your advertisement, by chance,

and beg leave to take the room you offer. We are twenty-four years

of age and twins. We are Italians by birth, but have lived long in

the various countries of Europe, and several years in the United States.

Our names are Luigi and Angelo Capello. You desire but one guest;

but, dear madam, if you will allow us to pay for two, we will not

incommode you. We shall be down Thursday.</q>

<p>"Italians! How romantic! Just think, Ma--there's never been one

in this town, and everybody will be dying to see them, and they're

all <hi rend="italics">ours!</hi> Think of that!"</p>

<p>"Yes, I reckon they'll make a grand stir."</p>

<p>"Oh, indeed they will. The whole town will be on its head!

Think--they've been in Europe and everywhere! There's never been a

traveler in this town before, Ma, I shouldn't wonder if they've seen kings!"</p>

<p>"Well, a body can't tell, but they'll make stir enough, without that."</p>

<p>"Yes, that's of course. Luigi--Angelo. They're lovely names;

and so grand and foreign--not like Jones and Robinson and such.

Thursday they are coming, and this is only Tuesday; it's a cruel

long time to wait. Here comes Judge Driscoll in at the gate.

He's heard about it. I'll go and open the door."</p>

<p>The judge was full of congratulations and curiosity. The letter was

read and discussed. Soon Justice Robinson arrived with more

congratulations, and there was a new reading and a new discussion.

This was the beginning. Neighbor after neighbor, of both sexes,

followed, and the procession drifted in and out all day and evening

and all Wednesday and Thursday. The letter was read and reread until

it was nearly worn out; everybody admired its courtly and gracious tone,

and smooth and practiced style, everybody was sympathetic and excited,

and the Coopers were steeped in happiness all the while.</p>

<p>The boats were very uncertain in low water in these primitive times.

This time the Thursday boat had not arrived at ten at night--

so the people had waited at the landing all day for nothing;

they were driven to their homes by a heavy storm without having had

a view of the illustrious foreigners.</p>

<p>Eleven o'clock came; and the Cooper house was the only one in the town

that still had lights burning. The rain and thunder were booming yet,

and the anxious family were still waiting, still hoping.

At last there was a knock at the door, and the family jumped to open it.

Two Negro men entered, each carrying a trunk, and proceeded upstairs

toward the guest room. Then entered the twins--the handsomest,

the best dressed, the most distinguished-looking pair of young fellows

the West had ever seen. One was a little fairer than the other,

but otherwise they were exact duplicates.</p></div1>

<div1 n="6" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 6

<lb/><lb/>

Swimming in Glory</head>

<epigraph><p>

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the

undertaker will be sorry.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>Habit is habit, and not to be flung out of the window by any man,

but coaxed downstairs at step at a time.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>At breakfast in the morning, the twins' charm of manner and easy and

polished bearing made speedy conquest of the family's good graces.

All constraint and formality quickly disappeared, and the friendliest

feeling succeeded. Aunt Patsy called them by their Christian names

almost from the beginning. She was full of the keenest curiosity

about them, and showed it; they responded by talking about themselves,

which pleased her greatly. It presently appeared that in their early

youth they had known poverty and hardship. As the talk wandered along,

the old lady watched for the right place to drop in a question or two

concerning that matter, and when she found it, she said to the blond twin,

who was now doing the biographies in his turn while the brunette one rested:</p>

<p>"If it ain't asking what I ought not to ask, Mr. Angelo, how did you

come to be so friendless and in such trouble when you were little?

Do you mind telling? But don't, if you do."</p>

<p>"Oh, we don't mind it at all, madam; in our case it was merely misfortune,

and nobody's fault. Our parents were well to do, there in Italy,

and we were their only child. We were of the old Florentine nobility"--

Rowena's heart gave a great bound, her nostrils expanded,

and a fine light played in her eyes--"and when the war broke out,

my father was on the losing side and had to fly for his life.

His estates were confiscated, his personal property seized, and there

we were, in Germany, strangers, friendless, and in fact paupers.

My brother and I were ten years old, and well educated for that age,

very studious, very fond of our books, and well grounded in the German,

French, Spanish, and English languages. Also, we were marvelous musical

prodigies--if you will allow me to say it, it being only the truth.</p>

<p>"Our father survived his misfortunes only a month, our mother soon

followed him, and we were alone in the world. Our parents could have

made themselves comfortable by exhibiting us as a show, and they had

many and large offers; but the thought revolted their pride,

and they said they would starve and die first. But what they

wouldn't consent to do, we had to do without the formality of consent.

We were seized for the debts occasioned by their illness and their funerals,

and placed among the attractions of a cheap museum in Berlin to earn the

liquidation money. It took us two years to get out of that slavery.

We traveled all about Germany, receiving no wages, and not even our keep.

We had to be exhibited for nothing, and beg our bread.</p>

<p>"Well, madam, the rest is not of much consequence. When we escaped from

that slavery at twelve years of age, we were in some respects men.

Experience had taught us some valuable things; among others,

how to take care of ourselves, how to avoid and defeat sharks

and sharpers, and how to conduct our own business for our own profit and

without other people's help. We traveled everywhere--years and years--

picking up smatterings of strange tongues, familiarizing ourselves

with strange sights and strange customs, accumulating an education

of a wide and varied and curious sort. It was a pleasant life.

We went to Venice--to London, Paris, Russia, India, China, Japan--"</p>

<p>At this point Nancy, the slave woman, thrust her head in at

the door and exclaimed:</p>

<p>"Ole Missus, de house of plum' jam full o' people, en dey's

jes a-spi'lin' to see de gen'lemen!" She indicated the twins

with a nod of her head, and tucked it back out of sight again.</p>

<p>It was a proud occasion for the widow, and she promised

herself high satisfaction in showing off her fine foreign birds

before her neighbors and friends--simple folk who had hardly ever

seen a foreigner of any kind, and never one of any distinction or style.

Yet her feeling was moderate indeed when contrasted with Rowena's.

Rowena was in the clouds, she walked on air; this was to be the

greatest day, the most romantic episode in the colorless history of

that dull country town. She was to be familiarly near the source of

its glory and feel the full flood of it pour over her and about her;

the other girls could only gaze and envy, not partake.</p>

<p>The widow was ready, Rowena was ready, so also were the foreigners.</p>

<p>The party moved along the hall, the twins in advance, and entered

the open parlor door, whence issued a low hum of conversation.

The twins took a position near the door, the widow stood at Luigi's side,

Rowena stood beside Angelo, and the march-past and the introductions began.

The widow was all smiles and contentment. She received the procession

and passed it on to Rowena.</p>

<p>"Good mornin', Sister Cooper"--handshake.</p>

<p>"Good morning, Brother Higgins--Count Luigi Capello, Mr. Higgins"--

handshake, followed by a devouring stare and "I'm glad to see ye,"

on the part of Higgins, and a courteous inclination of the head

and a pleasant "Most happy!" on the part of Count Luigi.</p>

<p>"Good mornin', Roweny"--handshake.</p>

<p>"Good morning, Mr. Higgins--present you to Count Angelo Capello."

Handshake, admiring stare, "Glad to see ye"--courteous nod,

smily "Most happy!" and Higgins passes on.</p>

<p>None of these visitors was at ease, but, being honest people,

they didn't pretend to be. None of them had ever seen a person

bearing a title of nobility before, and none had been expecting to

see one now, consequently the title came upon them as a kind of

pile-driving surprise and caught them unprepared. A few tried to rise

to the emergency, and got out an awkward "My lord," or "Your lordship,"

or something of that sort, but the great majority were overwhelmed by

the unaccustomed word and its dim and awful associations with gilded

courts and stately ceremony and anointed kingship, so they only

fumbled through the handshake and passed on, speechless. Now and then,

as happens at all receptions everywhere, a more than ordinary friendly soul

blocked the procession and kept it waiting while he inquired how the

brothers liked the village, and how long they were going to stay,

and if their family was well, and dragged in the weather, and hoped

it would get cooler soon, and all that sort of thing, so as to be

able to say, when he got home, "I had quite a long talk with them";

but nobody did or said anything of a regrettable kind, and so the great

affair went through to the end in a creditable and satisfactory fashion.</p>

<p>General conversation followed, and the twins drifted about

from group to group, talking easily and fluently and winning

approval, compelling admiration and achieving favor from all.

The widow followed their conquering march with a proud eye,

and every now and then Rowena said to herself with deep satisfaction,

"And to think they are ours--all ours!"</p>

<p>There were no idle moments for mother or daughter. Eager inquiries

concerning the twins were pouring into their enchanted ears all

the time; each was the constant center of a group of breathless listeners;

each recognized that she knew now for the first time the real meaning

of that great word Glory, and perceived the stupendous value of it,

and understand why men in all ages had been willing to throw away

meaner happiness, treasure, life itself, to get a taste of its sublime

and supreme joy. Napoleon and all his kind stood accounted for--

and justified.</p>

<p>When Rowena had at last done all her duty by the people in the parlor,

she went upstairs to satisfy the longings of an overflow meeting there,

for the parlor was not big enough to hold all the comers.

Again she was besieged by eager questioners, and again she swam in

sunset seas of glory. When the forenoon was nearly gone, she recognized

with a pang that this most splendid episode of her life was almost over,

that nothing could prolong it, that nothing quite its equal could ever

fall to her fortune again. But never mind, it was sufficient unto itself,

the grand occasion had moved on an ascending scale from the start,

and was a noble and memorable success. If the twins could but do some

crowning act now to climax it, something usual, something startling,

something to concentrate upon themselves the company's loftiest admiration,

something in the nature of an electric surprise--</p>

<p>Here a prodigious slam-banging broke out below, and everybody rushed

down to see. It was the twins, knocking out a classic four-handed

piece on the piano in great style. Rowena was satisfied--satisfied

down to the bottom of her heart.</p>

<p>The young strangers were kept long at the piano. The villagers were

astonished and enchanted with the magnificence of their performance,

and could not bear to have them stop. All the music that they had ever

heard before seemed spiritless prentice-work and barren of grace and

charm when compared with these intoxicating floods of melodious sound.

They realized that for once in their lives they were hearing masters.</p></div1>

<div1 n="7" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 7

<lb/><lb/>

The Unknown Nymph</head>

<epigraph><p>One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie

is that a cat has only nine lives.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>The company broke up reluctantly, and drifted toward their several homes,

chatting with vivacity and all agreeing that it would be many a long

day before Dawson's Landing would see the equal of this one again.

The twins had accepted several invitations while the reception

was in progress, and had also volunteered to play some duets at

an amateur entertainment for the benefit of a local charity.

Society was eager to receive them to its bosom. Judge Driscoll had

the good fortune to secure them for an immediate drive, and to be

the first to display them in public. They entered his buggy with him

and were paraded down the main street, everybody flocking to the windows

and sidewalks to see.</p>

<p>The judge showed the strangers the new graveyard, and the jail,

and where the richest man lived, and the Freemasons' hall,

and the Methodist church, and the Presbyterian church, and where the

Baptist church was going to be when they got some money to build it with,

and showed them the town hall and the slaughterhouse, and got out

of the independent fire company in uniform and had them put out

an imaginary fire; then he let them inspect the muskets of the

militia company, and poured out an exhaustless stream of enthusiasm

over all these splendors, and seemed very well satisfied with the

responses he got, for the twins admired his admiration, and paid him

back the best they could, though they could have done better if

some fifteen or sixteen hundred thousand previous experiences of this

sort in various countries had not already rubbed off a considerable part

of the novelty in it.</p>

<p>The judge laid himself out hospitality to make them have a good time,

and if there was a defect anywhere, it was not his fault.

He told them a good many humorous anecdotes, and always forgot the nub,

but they were always able to furnish it, for these yarns were of a

pretty early vintage, and they had had many a rejuvenating pull

at them before. And he told them all about his several dignities,

and how he had held this and that and the other place of honor or profit,

and had once been to the legislature, and was now president of the

Society of Freethinkers. He said the society had been in existence

four years, and already had two members, and was firmly established.

He would call for the brothers in the evening, if they would like

to attend a meeting of it.</p>

<p>Accordingly he called for them, and on the way he told them all about

Pudd'nhead Wilson, in order that they might get a favorable impression

of him in advance and be prepared to like him. This scheme succeeded--

the favorable impression was achieved. Later it was confirmed and

solidified when Wilson proposed that out of courtesy to the strangers

the usual topics be put aside and the hour be devoted to conversation upon

ordinary subjects and the cultivation of friendly relations and

good-fellowship--a proposition which was put to vote and carried.</p>

<p>The hour passed quickly away in lively talk, and when it was ended,

the lonesome and neglected Wilson was richer by two friends than he

had been when it began. He invited the twins to look in at his

lodgings presently, after disposing of an intervening engagement,

and they accepted with pleasure.</p>

<p>Toward the middle of the evening, they found themselves on the road

to his house. Pudd'nhead was at home waiting for them and putting

in his time puzzling over a thing which had come under his notice

that morning. The matter was this: He happened to be up very early--

at dawn, in fact; and he crossed the hall, which divided his cottage

through the center, and entered a room to get something there.

The window of the room had no curtains, for that side of the house

had long been unoccupied, and through this window he caught sight of

something which surprised and interested him. It was a young woman--

a young woman where properly no young woman belonged; for she was in

Judge Driscoll's house, and in the bedroom over the judge's private

study or sitting room. This was young Tom Driscoll's bedroom.

He and the judge, the judge's widowed sister Mrs. Pratt, and three Negro

servants were the only people who belonged in the house. Who, then,

might this young lady be? The two houses were separated by an

ordinary yard, with a low fence running back through its middle

from the street in front to the lane in the rear. The distance was

not great, and Wilson was able to see the girl very well,

the window shades of the room she was in being up, and the window also.

The girl had on a neat and trim summer dress, patterned in broad stripes

of pink and white, and her bonnet was equipped with a pink veil.

She was practicing steps, gaits and attitudes, apparently; she was

doing the thing gracefully, and was very much absorbed in her work.

Who could she be, and how came she to be in young Tom Driscoll's room?</p>

<p>Wilson had quickly chosen a position from which he could watch the girl

without running much risk of being seen by her, and he remained there

hoping she would raise her veil and betray her face. But she

disappointed him. After a matter of twenty minutes she disappeared

and although he stayed at his post half an hour longer, she came no more.</p>

<p>Toward noon he dropped in at the judge's and talked with Mrs. Pratt

about the great event of the day, the levee of the distinguished

foreigners at Aunt Patsy Cooper's. He asked after her nephew Tom,

and she said he was on his way home and that she was expecting him

to arrive a little before night, and added that she and the judge

were gratified to gather from his letters that he was conducting himself

very nicely and creditably--at which Wilson winked to himself privately.

Wilson did not ask if there was a newcomer in the house, but he asked

questions that would have brought light-throwing answers as to that

matter if Mrs. Pratt had had any light to throw; so he went away

satisfied that he knew of things that were going on in her house

of which she herself was not aware.</p>

<p>He was now awaiting for the twins, and still puzzling over the problem

of who that girl might be, and how she happened to be in that

young fellow's room at daybreak in the morning.</p></div1>

<div1 n="8" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 8

<lb/><lb/>

Marse Tom Tramples His Chance</head>

<epigraph><p>The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal

and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime,

if not asked to lend money.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>Consider well the proportions of things. It is better to be

a young June bug than an old bird of paradise.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>It is necessary now to hunt up Roxy.</p>

<p>At the time she was set free and went away chambermaiding,

she was thirty-five. She got a berth as second chambermaid on a

Cincinnati boat in the New Orleans trade, the <hi rend="italics">Grand Mogul</hi>.

A couple of trips made her wonted and easygoing at the work,

and infatuated her with the stir and adventure and independence of

steamboat life. Then she was promoted and become head chambermaid.

She was a favorite with the officers, and exceedingly proud of their

joking and friendly way with her.</p>

<p>During eight years she served three parts of the year on that boat,

and the winters on a Vicksburg packet. But now for two months,

she had had rheumatism in her arms, and was obliged to let

the washtub alone. So she resigned. But she was well fixed--

rich, as she would have described it; for she had lived a steady life,

and had banked four dollars every month in New Orleans as a provision

for her old age. She said in the start that she had "put shoes on

one bar'footed nigger to tromple on her with," and that one mistake

like that was enough; she would be independent of the human race

thenceforth forevermore if hard work and economy could accomplish it.

When the boat touched the levee at New Orleans she bade good-by to her

comrades on the <hi rend="italics">Grand Mogul</hi> and moved her kit ashore.</p>

<p>But she was back in a hour. The bank had gone to smash and carried

her four hundred dollars with it. She was a pauper and homeless.

Also disabled bodily, at least for the present. The officers were

full of sympathy for her in her trouble, and made up a little purse

for her. She resolved to go to her birthplace; she had friends there

among the Negros, and the unfortunate always help the unfortunate,

she was well aware of that; those lowly comrades of her youth would

not let her starve.</p>

<p>She took the little local packet at Cairo, and now she was on

the homestretch. Time had worn away her bitterness against her son,

and she was able to think of him with serenity. She put the vile side

of him out of her mind, and dwelt only on recollections of his occasional

acts of kindness to her. She gilded and otherwise decorated these,

and made them very pleasant to contemplate. She began to long to see him.

She would go and fawn upon him slavelike--for this would have to be her

attitude, of course--and maybe she would find that time had modified him,

and that he would be glad to see his long-forgotten old nurse and treat

her gently. That would be lovely; that would make her forget her woes

and her poverty.</p>

<p>Her poverty! That thought inspired her to add another castle to her dream:

maybe he would give her a trifle now and then--maybe a dollar,

once a month, say; any little thing like that would help, oh,

ever so much.</p>

<p>By the time she reached Dawson's Landing, she was her old self again;

her blues were gone, she was in high feather. She would get along,

surely; there were many kitchens where the servants would share their

meals with her, and also steal sugar and apples and other dainties

for her to carry home--or give her a chance to pilfer them herself,

which would answer just as well. And there was the church.

She was a more rabid and devoted Methodist than ever, and her piety

was no sham, but was strong and sincere. Yes, with plenty of creature

comforts and her old place in the amen corner in her possession again,

she would be perfectly happy and at peace thenceforward to the end.</p>

<p>She went to Judge Driscoll's kitchen first of all. She was received

there in great form and with vast enthusiasm. Her wonderful travels,

and the strange countries she had seen, and the adventures she had had,

made her a marvel and a heroine of romance. The Negros hung enchanted

upon a great story of her experiences, interrupting her all along with

eager questions, with laughter, exclamations of delight, and expressions

of applause; and she was obliged to confess to herself that if there

was anything better in this world than steamboating, it was the

glory to be got by telling about it. The audience loaded her stomach

with their dinners, and then stole the pantry bare to load up her basket.</p>

<p>Tom was in St. Louis. The servants said he had spent the best part

of his time there during the previous two years. Roxy came every day,

and had many talks about the family and its affairs. Once she asked

why Tom was away so much. The ostensible "Chambers" said:</p>

<p>"De fac' is, ole marster kin git along better when young marster's

away den he kin when he's in de town; yes, en he love him better, too;

so he gives him fifty dollahs a month--"</p>

<p>"No, is dat so? Chambers, you's a-jokin', ain't you?"</p>

<p>"'Clah to goodness I ain't, Mammy; Marse Tom tole me so his own self.

But nemmine, 'tain't enough."</p>

<p>"My lan', what de reason 'tain't enough?"</p>

<p>"Well, I's gwine to tell you, if you gimme a chanst, Mammy.

De reason it ain't enough is 'ca'se Marse Tom gambles."</p>

<p>Roxy threw up her hands in astonishment, and Chambers went on:</p>

<p>"Ole marster found it out, 'ca'se he had to pay two hundred

dollahs for Marse Tom's gamblin' debts, en dat's true, Mammy,

jes as dead certain as you's bawn."</p>

<p>"Two--hund'd dollahs! Why, what is you talkin' 'bout?

Two --hund'd--dollahs. Sakes alive, it's 'mos' enough to buy a

tol'able good secondhand nigger wid. En you ain't lyin', honey?

You wouldn't lie to you' old Mammy?"</p>

<p>"It's God's own truth, jes as I tell you--two hund'd dollahs--

I wisht I may never stir outen my tracks if it ain't so.

En, oh, my lan', ole Marse was jes a-hoppin'! He was b'ilin' mad,

I tell you! He tuck 'n' dissenhurrit him."</p>

<p>"Disen<hi rend="italics">whiched</hi> him?"</p>

<p>"Dissenhurrit him."</p>

<p>"What's dat? What do you mean?"</p>

<p>"Means he bu'sted de will."</p>

<p>"Bu's--ted de will! He wouldn't <hi rend="italics">ever</hi> treat him so! Take it back,

you mis'able imitation nigger dat I bore in sorrow en tribbilation."</p>

<p>Roxy's pet castle--an occasional dollar from Tom's pocket--

was tumbling to ruin before her eyes. She could not abide such a

disaster as that; she couldn't endure the thought of it.

Her remark amused Chambers.</p>

<p>"Yah-yah-yah! Jes listen to dat! If I's imitation, what is you?

Bofe of us is imitation <hi rend="italics">white</hi>--dat's what we is--en pow'ful

good imitation, too. Yah-yah-yah! We don't 'mount to noth'n as

imitation <hi rend="italics">niggers</hi>; en as for--"</p>

<p>"Shet up yo' foolin', 'fo' I knock you side de head, en tell me 'bout

de will. Tell me 'tain't bu'sted--do, honey, en I'll never forgit you."</p>

<p>"Well, <hi rend="italics">'tain't</hi>--'ca'se dey's a new one made, en Marse Tom's

all right ag'in. But what is you in sich a sweat 'bout it for,

Mammy? 'Tain't none o' your business I don't reckon."</p>

<p>"'Tain't none o' my business? Whose business is it den, I'd like

to know? Wuz I his mother tell he was fifteen years old, or wusn't I?--

you answer me dat. En you speck I could see him turned out po' and

ornery on de worl' en never care noth'n' 'bout it? I reckon if you'd

ever be'n a mother yo'self, Valet de Chambers, you wouldn't talk

sich foolishness as dat."</p>

<p>"Well, den, ole Marse forgive him en fixed up de will ag'in --do dat

satisfy you?"</p>

<p>Yes, she was satisfied now, and quite happy and sentimental over it.

She kept coming daily, and at last she was told that Tom had come home.

She began to tremble with emotion, and straightway sent to beg him

to let his "po' ole nigger Mammy have jes one sight of him en die for joy."</p>

<p>Tom was stretched at his lazy ease on a sofa when Chambers brought

the petition. Time had not modified his ancient detestation of the

humble drudge and protector of his boyhood; it was still bitter

and uncompromising. He sat up and bent a severe gaze upon the face

of the young fellow whose name he was unconsciously using and whose

family rights he was enjoying. He maintained the gaze until the victim

of it had become satisfactorily pallid with terror, then he said:</p>

<p>"What does the old rip want with me?"</p>

<p>The petition was meekly repeated.</p>

<p>"Who gave you permission to come and disturb me with the social

attentions of niggers?"</p>

<p>Tom had risen. The other young man was trembling now, visibly.

He saw what was coming, and bent his head sideways, and put up his

left arm to shield it. Tom rained cuffs upon the head and its shield,

saying no word: the victim received each blow with a beseeching,

"Please, Marse Tom!--oh, please, Marse Tom!" Seven blows--then Tom said,

"Face the door--march!" He followed behind with one, two,

three solid kicks. The last one helped the pure-white slave over

the door-sill, and he limped away mopping his eyes with his old,

ragged sleeve. Tom shouted after him, "Send her in!"</p>

<p>Then he flung himself panting on the sofa again, and rasped out

the remark, "He arrived just at the right moment; I was full to the

brim with bitter thinkings, and nobody to take it out of. How refreshing it

was! I feel better."</p>

<p>Tom's mother entered now, closing the door behind her, and approached

her son with all the wheedling and supplication servilities that fear

and interest can impart to the words and attitudes of the born slave.

She stopped a yard from her boy and made two or three admiring

exclamations over his manly stature and general handsomeness,

and Tom put an arm under his head and hoisted a leg over the

sofa back in order to look properly indifferent.</p>

<p>"My lan', how you is growed, honey! 'Clah to goodness, I wouldn't

a-knowed you, Marse Tom! 'Deed I wouldn't! Look at me good;

does you 'member old Roxy? Does you know yo' old nigger mammy, honey?

Well now, I kin lay down en die in peace, 'ca'se I'se seed--"</p>

<p>"Cut it short, Goddamn it, cut it short! What is it you want?"</p>

<p>"You heah dat? Jes the same old Marse Tom, al'ays so gay and funnin'

wid de ole mammy. I'uz jes as shore--"</p>

<p>"Cut it short, I tell you, and get along! What do you want?"</p>

<p>This was a bitter disappointment. Roxy had for so many days nourished

and fondled and petted her notion that Tom would be glad to see his

old nurse, and would make her proud and happy to the marrow with a

cordial word or two, that it took two rebuffs to convince her that

he was not funning, and that her beautiful dream was a fond and

foolish variety, a shabby and pitiful mistake. She was hurt to the heart,

and so ashamed that for a moment she did not quite know what to do or

how to act. Then her breast began to heave, the tears came,

and in her forlornness she was moved to try that other dream of hers--

an appeal to her boy's charity; and so, upon the impulse,

and without reflection, she offered her supplication:</p>

<p>"Oh, Marse Tom, de po' ole mammy is in sich hard luck dese days;

en she's kinder crippled in de arms and can't work, en if you could

gimme a dollah--on'y jes one little dol--"</p>

<p>Tom was on his feet so suddenly that the supplicant was startled

into a jump herself.</p>

<p>"A dollar!--give you a dollar! I've a notion to strangle you!

Is <hi rend="italics">that</hi> your errand here? Clear out! And be quick about it!"</p>

<p>Roxy backed slowly toward the door. When she was halfway she stopped,

and said mournfully:</p>

<p>"Marse Tom, I nussed you when you was a little baby, en I raised you

all by myself tell you was 'most a young man; en now you is young

en rich, en I is po' en gitt'n ole, en I come heah b'leavin' dat you

would he'p de ole mammy 'long down de little road dat's lef' 'twix'

her en de grave, en--"</p>

<p>Tom relished this tune less than any that he preceded it,

for it began to wake up a sort of echo in his conscience;

so he interrupted and said with decision, though without asperity,

that he was not in a situation to help her, and wasn't going to do it.</p>

<p>"Ain't you ever gwine to he'p me, Marse Tom?"</p>

<p>"No! Now go away and don't bother me any more."</p>

<p>Roxy's head was down, in an attitude of humility. But now the fires

of her old wrongs flamed up in her breast and began to burn fiercely.

She raised her head slowly, till it was well up, and at the same time

her great frame unconsciously assumed an erect and masterful attitude,

with all the majesty and grace of her vanished youth in it.

She raised her finger and punctuated with it.</p>

<p>"You has said de word. You has had yo' chance, en you has trompled

it under yo' foot. When you git another one, you'll git down on yo'

knees en <hi rend="italics">beg</hi> for it!"</p>

<p>A cold chill went to Tom's heart, he didn't know why; for he did not

reflect that such words, from such an incongruous source,

and so solemnly delivered, could not easily fail of that effect.

However, he did the natural thing: he replied with bluster and mockery.</p>

<p>"<hi rend="italics">You'll</hi> give me a chance--<hi rend="italics">you</hi>! Perhaps I'd better get down

on my knees now! But in case I don't--just for argument's sake--

what's going to happen, pray?"</p>

<p>"Dis is what is gwine to happen, I's gwine as straight to yo'

uncle as I kin walk, en tell him every las' thing I knows 'bout you."</p>

<p>Tom's cheek blenched, and she saw it. Disturbing thoughts

began to chase each other through his head. "How can she know?

And yet she must have found out--she looks it. I've had the will

back only three months, and am already deep in debt again, and moving

heaven and earth to save myself from exposure and destruction,

with a reasonably fair show of getting the thing covered up if I'm

let alone, and now this fiend has gone and found me out somehow or other.

I wonder how much she knows? Oh, oh, oh, it's enough to break

a body's heart! But I've got to humor her--there's no other way."</p>

<p>Then he worked up a rather sickly sample of a gay laugh and a hollow

chipperness of manner, and said:</p>

<p>"Well, well, Roxy dear, old friends like you and me mustn't quarrel.

Here's your dollar--now tell me what you know."</p>

<p>He held out the wildcat bill; she stood as she was, and made

no movement. It was her turn to scorn persuasive foolery now,

and she did not waste it. She said, with a grim implacability in

voice and manner which made Tom almost realize that even a former

slave can remember for ten minutes insults and injuries returned

for compliments and flatteries received, and can also enjoy

taking revenge for them when the opportunity offers:</p>

<p>"What does I know? I'll tell you what I knows, I knows enough to

bu'st dat will to flinders--en more, mind you, <hi rend="italics">more!</hi>"</p>

<p>Tom was aghast.</p>

<p>"More?" he said, "What do you call more? Where's there any room for more?"</p>

<p>Roxy laughed a mocking laugh, and said scoffingly, with a toss

of her head, and her hands on her hips:</p>

<p>"Yes!--oh, I reckon! <hi rend="italics">co'se</hi> you'd like to know--wid yo' po' little

ole rag dollah. What you reckon I's gwine to tell <hi rend="italics">you</hi> for?--

you ain't got no money. I's gwine to tell yo' uncle--en I'll do it

dis minute, too--he'll gimme <hi rend="italics">five</hi> dollahs for de news, en mighty glad, too."</p>

<p>She swung herself around disdainfully, and started away.

Tom was in a panic. He seized her skirts, and implored her to wait.

She turned and said, loftily:</p>

<p>"Look-a-heah, what 'uz it I tole you?"</p>

<p>"You--you--I don't remember anything. What was it you told me?"</p>

<p>"I tole you dat de next time I give you a chance you'd git

down on yo' knees en beg for it."</p>

<p>Tom was stupefied for a moment. He was panting with excitement.

Then he said:</p>

<p>"Oh, Roxy, you wouldn't require your young master to do such a

horrible thing. You can't mean it."</p>

<p>"I'll let you know mighty quick whether I means it or not!

You call me names, en as good as spit on me when I comes here,

po' en ornery en 'umble, to praise you for bein' growed up so

fine and handsome, en tell you how I used to nuss you en tend you en

watch you when you 'uz sick en hadn't no mother but me in de whole worl',

en beg you to give de po' ole nigger a dollah for to get her som'n'

to eat, en you call me names--<hi rend="italics">names</hi>, dad blame you! Yassir,

I gives you jes one chance mo', and dat's <hi rend="italics">now</hi>, en it las' on'y

half a second--you hear?"</p>

<p>Tom slumped to his knees and began to beg, saying:</p>

<p>"You see I'm begging, and it's honest begging, too! Now tell me,

Roxy, tell me."</p>

<p>The heir of two centuries of unatoned insult and outrage looked down

on him and seemed to drink in deep draughts of satisfaction.

Then she said:</p>

<p>"Fine nice young white gen'l'man kneelin' down to a nigger wench!

I's wanted to see dat jes once befo' I's called. Now, Gabr'el,

blow de hawn, I's ready . . . Git up!"</p>

<p>Tom did it. He said, humbly:</p>

<p>"Now, Roxy, don't punish me any more. I deserved what I've got,

but be good and let me off with that. Don't go to uncle. Tell me--

I'll give you the five dollars."</p>

<p>"Yes, I bet you will; en you won't stop dah, nuther. But I ain't

gwine to tell you heah--"</p>

<p>"Good gracious, no!"</p>

<p>"Is you 'feared o' de ha'nted house?"</p>

<p>"N-no."</p>

<p>"Well, den, you come to de ha'nted house 'bout ten or 'leven tonight,

en climb up de ladder, 'ca'se de sta'rsteps is broke down,

en you'll find me. I's a-roostin' in de ha'nted house 'ca'se I can't

'ford to roos' nowher's else." She started toward the door,

but stopped and said, "Gimme de dollah bill!" He gave it to her.

She examined it and said, "H'm--like enough de bank's bu'sted."

She started again, but halted again. "Has you got any whisky?"</p>

<p>"Yes, a little."</p>

<p>"Fetch it!"</p>

<p>He ran to his room overhead and brought down a bottle which

was two-thirds full. She tilted it up and took a drink.

Her eyes sparkled with satisfaction, and she tucked the bottle under

her shawl, saying, "It's prime. I'll take it along."</p>

<p>Tom humbly held the door for her, and she marched out as grim and

erect as a grenadier.</p></div1>

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<head>CHAPTER 9

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Tom Practices Sycophancy</head>

<epigraph><p>Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral?

It is because we are not the person involved.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>It is easy to find fault, if one has that disposition. There was once

a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal,

complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Tom flung himself on the sofa, and put his throbbing head in his hands,

and rested his elbows on his knees. He rocked himself back and

forth and moaned.</p>

<p>"I've knelt to a nigger wench!" he muttered. "I thought I had

struck the deepest depths of degradation before, but oh, dear,

it was nothing to this. . . . Well, there is one consolation,

such as it is--I've struck bottom this time; there's nothing lower."</p>

<p>But that was a hasty conclusion.</p>

<p>At ten that night he climbed the ladder in the haunted house, pale,

weak, and wretched. Roxy was standing in the door of one of the rooms,

waiting, for she had heard him.</p>

<p>This was a two-story log house which had acquired the reputation a few

years ago of being haunted, and that was the end of its usefulness.

Nobody would live in it afterward, or go near it by night,

and most people even gave it a wide berth in the daytime.

As it had no competition, it was called <hi rend="italics">the</hi> haunted house.

It was getting crazy and ruinous now, from long neglect.

It stood three hundred yards beyond Pudd'nhead Wilson's house,

with nothing between but vacancy. It was the last house in the

town at that end.</p>

<p>Tom followed Roxy into the room. She had a pile of clean straw in

the corner for a bed, some cheap but well-kept clothing was hanging

on the wall, there was a tin lantern freckling the floor with little

spots of light, and there were various soap and candle boxes

scattered about, which served for chairs. The two sat down. Roxy said:</p>

<p>"Now den, I'll tell you straight off, en I'll begin to k'leck de

money later on; I ain't in no hurry. What does you reckon

I's gwine to tell you?"</p>

<p>"Well, you--you--oh, Roxy, don't make it too hard for me!

Come right out and tell me you've found out somehow what a shape

I'm in on account of dissipation and foolishness."</p>

<p>"Disposition en foolishness! <hi rend="italics">No</hi> sir, dat ain't it. Dat jist ain't

nothin' at all, 'longside o' what <hi rend="italics">I</hi> knows."</p>

<p>Tom stared at her, and said:</p>

<p>"Why, Roxy, what do you mean?"</p>

<p>She rose, and gloomed above him like a Fate.</p>

<p>"I means dis--en it's de Lord's truth. You ain't no more kin to

ole Marse Driscoll den I is! <hi rend="italics">dat's</hi> what I means!" and her eyes

flamed with triumph.</p>

<p>"What?"</p>

<p>"Yassir, en \_<hi rend="italics">dat</hi> ain't all! You's a <hi rend="italics">nigger!</hi>--<hi rend="italics">bawn\_</hi> a nigger and

a <hi rend="italics">slave!</hi>--en you's a nigger en a slave dis minute; en if I opens my

mouf ole Marse Driscoll'll sell you down de river befo' you is two days

older den what you is now!"</p>

<p>"It's a thundering lie, you miserable old blatherskite!"</p>

<p>"It ain't no lie, nuther. It's just de truth, en nothin' <hi rend="italics">but</hi> de truth,

so he'p me. Yassir--you's my <hi rend="italics">son</hi>--"</p>

<p>"You devil!"</p>

<p>"En dat po' boy dat you's be'n a-kickin' en a-cuffin' today

is Percy Driscoll's son en yo' <hi rend="italics">marster</hi>--"</p>

<p>"You beast!"</p>

<p>"En <hi rend="italics">his</hi> name is Tom Driscoll, en <hi rend="italics">yo's</hi> name's Valet de Chambers,

en you ain't <hi rend="italics">got</hi> no fambly name, beca'se niggers don't <hi rend="italics">have</hi> em!"</p>

<p>Tom sprang up and seized a billet of wood and raised it, but his mother

only laughed at him, and said:</p>

<p>"Set down, you pup! Does you think you kin skyer me? It ain't in you,

nor de likes of you. I reckon you'd shoot me in de back, maybe,

if you got a chance, for dat's jist yo' style--<hi rend="italics">I</hi> knows you,

throo en throo--but I don't mind gitt'n killed, beca'se all dis is

down in writin' and it's in safe hands, too, en de man dat's got it

knows whah to look for de right man when I gits killed.

Oh, bless yo' soul, if you puts yo' mother up for as big a fool as

<hi rend="italics">you</hi> is, you's pow'ful mistaken, I kin tell you!

Now den, you set still en behave yo'self; en don't you git up

ag'in till I tell you!"</p>

<p>Tom fretted and chafed awhile in a whirlwind of disorganizing

sensations and emotions, and finally said, with something like

settled conviction:</p>

<p>"The whole thing is moonshine; now then, go ahead and do

your worst; I'm done with you."</p>

<p>Roxy made no answer. She took the lantern and started for the door.

Tom was in a cold panic in a moment.</p>

<p>"Come back, come back!" he wailed. "I didn't mean it, Roxy;

I take it all back, and I'll never say it again! Please come back, Roxy!"</p>

<p>The woman stood a moment, then she said gravely:</p>

<p>"Dat's one thing you's got to stop, Valet de Chambers. You can't

call me <hi rend="italics">Roxy</hi>, same as if you was my equal. Chillen don't speak to

dey mammies like dat. You'll call me ma or mammy, dat's what you'll

call me--leastways when de ain't nobody aroun'. <hi rend="italics">Say</hi> it!"</p>

<p>It cost Tom a struggle, but he got it out.</p>

<p>"Dat's all right. don't you ever forgit it ag'in, if you knows

what's good for you. Now den, you had said you wouldn't ever call

it lies en moonshine ag'in. I'll tell you dis, for a warnin':

if you ever does say it ag'in, it's de <hi rend="italics">las'</hi> time you'll ever say

it to me; I'll tramp as straight to de judge as I kin walk,

en tell him who you is, en <hi rend="italics">prove</hi> it. Does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"</p>

<p>"Oh," groaned Tom, "I more than believe it; I <hi rend="italics">know</hi> it."</p>

<p>Roxy knew her conquest was complete. She could have proved nothing

to anybody, and her threat of writings was a lie; but she knew the

person she was dealing with, and had made both statements without any

doubt as to the effect they would produce.</p>

<p>She went and sat down on her candle box, and the pride and pomp of

her victorious attitude made it a throne. She said:</p>

<p>"Now den, Chambers, we's gwine to talk business, en dey ain't gwine

to be no mo' foolishness. In de fust place, you gits fifty dollahs

a month; you's gwine to han' over half of it to yo' ma. Plank it out!"</p>

<p>But Tom had only six dollars in the world. He gave her that,

and promised to start fair on next month's pension.</p>

<p>"Chambers, how much is you in debt?"</p>

<p>Tom shuddered, and said:</p>

<p>"Nearly three hundred dollars."</p>

<p>"How is you gwine to pay it?"</p>

<p>Tom groaned out: "Oh, I don't know; don't ask me such awful questions."</p>

<p>But she stuck to her point until she wearied a confession out of him:

he had been prowling about in disguise, stealing small valuables from

private houses; in fact, he made a good deal of a raid on his fellow

villagers a fortnight before, when he was supposed to be in St. Louis;

but he doubted if he had sent away enough stuff to realize the

required amount, and was afraid to make a further venture in the

present excited state of the town. His mother approved of his conduct,

and offered to help, but this frightened him. He tremblingly ventured

to say that if she would retire from the town he should feel better

and safer, and could hold his head higher--and was going on to make

an argument, but she interrupted and surprised him pleasantly by saying

she was ready; it didn't make any difference to her where she stayed,

so that she got her share of the pension regularly. She said she would

not go far, and would call at the haunted house once a month for her money.

Then she said:</p>

<p>"I don't hate you so much now, but I've hated you a many a year--

and anybody would. Didn't I change you off, en give you a good fambly

en a good name, en made you a white gen'l'man en rich, wid store

clothes on--en what did I git for it? You despised me all de time,

en was al'ays sayin' mean hard things to me befo' folks, en wouldn't

ever let me forgit I's a nigger--en--en--"</p>

<p>She fell to sobbing, and broke down. Tom said: "But you know I

didn't know you were my mother; and besides--"</p>

<p>"Well, nemmine 'bout dat, now; let it go. I's gwine to fo'git it."

Then she added fiercely, "En don't ever make me remember it ag'in,

or you'll be sorry, <hi rend="italics">I</hi> tell you."</p>

<p>When they were parting, Tom said, in the most persuasive way

he could command:</p>

<p>"Ma, would you mind telling me who was my father?"</p>

<p>He had supposed he was asking an embarrassing question. He was mistaken.

Roxy drew herself up with a proud toss of her head, and said:</p>

<p>"Does I mine tellin' you? No, dat I don't! You ain't got no 'casion

to be shame' o' yo' father, <hi rend="italics">I</hi> kin tell you. He wuz de highest quality

in dis whole town--ole Virginny stock. Fust famblies, he wuz.

Jes as good stock as de Driscolls en de Howards, de bes' day dey

ever seed." She put on a little prouder air, if possible,

and added impressively: "Does you 'member Cunnel Cecil Burleigh Essex,

dat died de same year yo' young Marse Tom Driscoll's pappy died,

en all de Masons en Odd Fellers en Churches turned out en give him de

bigges' funeral dis town ever seed? Dat's de man."</p>

<p>Under the inspiration of her soaring complacency the departed graces of

her earlier days returned to her, and her bearing took to itself a

dignity and state that might have passed for queenly if her

surroundings had been a little more in keeping with it.</p>

<p>"Dey ain't another nigger in dis town dat's as highbawn as you is.

Now den, go 'long! En jes you hold yo' head up as high as you want to--

you has de right, en dat I kin swah."</p></div1>

<div1 n="10" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 10

<lb/><lb/>

The Nymph Revealed</head>

<epigraph><p>All say, "How hard it is that we have to die"--a strange complaint

to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>When angry, count four; when very angry, swear.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Every now and then, after Tom went to bed, he had sudden wakings

out of his sleep, and his first thought was, "Oh, joy, it was

all a dream!" Then he laid himself heavily down again, with a groan

and the muttered words, "A nigger! I am a nigger! Oh, I wish I was dead!"</p>

<p>He woke at dawn with one more repetition of this horror, and then he

resolved to meddle no more with that treacherous sleep.

He began to think. Sufficiently bitter thinkings they were.

They wandered along something after this fashion:</p>

<p>Why were niggers <hi rend="italics">and</hi> whites made? What crime did the uncreated

first nigger commit that the curse of birth was decreed for him?

And why is this awful difference made between white and black? . . .

How hard the nigger's fate seems, this morning!--yet until last night

such a thought never entered my head."</p>

<p>He sighed and groaned an hour or more away. Then "Chambers" came humbly

in to say that breakfast was nearly ready. "Tom" blushed scarlet to

see this aristocratic white youth cringe to him, a nigger,

and call him "Young Marster." He said roughly:</p>

<p>"Get out of my sight!" and when the youth was gone, he muttered,

"He has done me no harm, poor wretch, but he is an eyesore to me now,

for he is Driscoll, the young gentleman, and I am a--oh, I wish I was dead!"</p>

<p>A gigantic eruption, like that of Krakatoa a few years ago,

with the accompanying earthquakes, tidal waves, and clouds of

volcanic dust, changes the face of the surrounding landscape

beyond recognition, bringing down the high lands, elevating the low,

making fair lakes where deserts had been, and deserts where green

prairies had smiled before. The tremendous catastrophe which had

befallen Tom had changed his moral landscape in much the same way.

Some of his low places he found lifted to ideals, some of his ideas

had sunk to the valleys, and lay there with the sackcloth and ashes

of pumice stone and sulphur on their ruined heads.</p>

<p>For days he wandered in lonely places, thinking, thinking, thinking--

trying to get his bearings. It was new work. If he met a friend,

he found that the habit of a lifetime had in some mysterious way vanished--

his arm hung limp, instead of involuntarily extending the hand for a shake.

It was the "nigger" in him asserting its humility, and he blushed

and was abashed. And the "nigger" in him was surprised when the white

friend put out his hand for a shake with him. He found the "nigger"

in him involuntarily giving the road, on the sidewalk,

to a white rowdy and loafer. When Rowena, the dearest thing his heart knew,

the idol of his secret worship, invited him in, the "nigger" in him made

an embarrassed excuse and was afraid to enter and sit with the dread

white folks on equal terms. The "nigger" in him went shrinking

and skulking here and there and yonder, and fancying it saw suspicion and

maybe detection in all faces, tones, and gestures. So strange and

uncharacteristic was Tom's conduct that people noticed it,

and turned to look after him when he passed on; and when he

glanced back--as he could not help doing, in spite of his best

resistance--and caught that puzzled expression in a person's face,

it gave him a sick feeling, and he took himself out of view as quickly

as he could. He presently came to have a hunted sense and a hunted look,

and then he fled away to the hilltops and the solitudes.

He said to himself that the curse of Ham was upon him.</p>

<p>He dreaded his meals; the "nigger" in him was ashamed to sit at the

white folk's table, and feared discovery all the time; and once when Judge

Driscoll said, "What's the matter with you? You look as meek as

a nigger," he felt as secret murderers are said to feel when

the accuser says, "Thou art the man!" Tom said he was not well,

and left the table.</p>

<p>His ostensible "aunt's" solicitudes and endearments were become

a terror to him, and he avoided them.</p>

<p>And all the time, hatred of his ostensible "uncle" was steadily growing

in his heart; for he said to himself, "He is white; and I am

his chattel, his property, his goods, and he can sell me, just as

he could his dog."</p>

<p>For as much as a week after this, Tom imagined that his character had

undergone a pretty radical change. But that was because he did

not know himself.</p>

<p>In several ways his opinions were totally changed, and would never go

back to what they were before, but the main structure of his character

was not changed, and could not be changed. One or two very important

features of it were altered, and in time effects would result from this,

if opportunity offered--effects of a quite serious nature, too.

Under the influence of a great mental and moral upheaval, his character

and his habits had taken on the appearance of complete change,

but after a while with the subsidence of the storm, both began to

settle toward their former places. He dropped gradually back into his

old frivolous and easygoing ways and conditions of feeling and manner

of speech, and no familiar of his could have detected anything in him that

differentiated him from the weak and careless Tom of other days.</p>

<p>The theft raid which he had made upon the village turned out better than

he had ventured to hope. It produced the sum necessary to pay

his gaming debts, and saved him from exposure to his uncle and

another smashing of the will. He and his mother learned to like

each other fairly well. She couldn't love him, as yet,

because there "warn't nothing <hi rend="italics">to</hi> him," as she expressed it,

but her nature needed something or somebody to rule over,

and he was better than nothing. Her strong character and aggressive

and commanding ways compelled Tom's admiration in spite of the fact

that he got more illustrations of them than he needed for his comfort.

However, as a rule her conversation was made up of racy tale about the

privacies of the chief families of the town (for she went harvesting

among their kitchens every time she came to the village),

and Tom enjoyed this. It was just in his line. She always collected

her half of his pension punctually, and he was always at the haunted

house to have a chat with her on these occasions. Every now and then,

she paid him a visit there on between-days also.</p>

<p>Occasions he would run up to St. Louis for a few weeks, and at last

temptation caught him again. He won a lot of money, but lost it,

and with it a deal more besides, which he promised to raise as

soon as possible.</p>

<p>For this purpose he projected a new raid on his town. He never meddled

with any other town, for he was afraid to venture into houses whose

ins and outs he did not know and the habits of whose households he

was not acquainted with. He arrived at the haunted house in disguise

on the Wednesday before the advent of the twins--after writing his

Aunt Pratt that he would not arrive until two days after--and laying

in hiding there with his mother until toward daylight Friday morning,

when he went to his uncle's house and entered by the back way with his

own key, and slipped up to his room where he could have the use of the

mirror and toilet articles. He had a suit of girl's clothes with him in a

bundle as a disguise for his raid, and was wearing a suit of his

mother's clothing, with black gloves and veil. By dawn he was tricked out

for his raid, but he caught a glimpse of Pudd'nhead Wilson through the

window over the way, and knew that Pudd'nhead had caught a glimpse of him.

So he entertained Wilson with some airs and graces and attitudes

for a while, then stepped out of sight and resumed the other disguise,

and by and by went down and out the back way and started downtown

to reconnoiter the scene of his intended labors.</p>

<p>But he was ill at ease. He had changed back to Roxy's dress,

with the stoop of age added to he disguise, so that Wilson

would not bother himself about a humble old women leaving a

neighbor's house by the back way in the early morning, in case he

was still spying. But supposing Wilson had seen him leave,

and had thought it suspicious, and had also followed him?

The thought made Tom cold. He gave up the raid for the day,

and hurried back to the haunted house by the obscurest route he knew.

His mother was gone; but she came back, by and by, with the news

of the grand reception at Patsy Cooper's, and soon persuaded him

that the opportunity was like a special Providence, it was so

inviting and perfect. So he went raiding, after all, and made a

nice success of it while everybody was gone to Patsy Cooper's.

Success gave him nerve and even actual intrepidity; insomuch,

indeed, that after he had conveyed his harvest to his mother in a

back alley, he went to the reception himself, and added several

of the valuables of that house to his takings.</p>

<p>After this long digression we have now arrived once more at the point

where Pudd'nhead Wilson, while waiting for the arrival of the twins

on that same Friday evening, sat puzzling over the strange apparition

of that morning--a girl in young Tom Driscoll's bedroom; fretting,

and guessing, and puzzling over it, and wondering who the shameless

creature might be.</p></div1>

<div1 n="11" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 11

<lb/><lb/>

Pudd'nhead's Thrilling Discovery</head>

<epigraph><p>There are three infallible ways of pleasing an author, and the three

form a rising scale of compliment: 1--to tell him you have read one

of his books; 2--to tell him you have read all of his books;

3--to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book.

No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration;

No. 3 carries you clear into his heart.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>As to the Adjective: when in doubt, strike it out.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>The twins arrived presently, and talk began. It flowed along

chattily and sociably, and under its influence the new friendship

gathered ease and strength. Wilson got out his Calendar, by request,

and read a passage or two from it, which the twins praised quite cordially.

This pleased the author so much that he complied gladly when they asked

him to lend them a batch of the work to read at home. In the course of

their wide travels, they had found out that there are three sure ways of

pleasing an author; they were now working the best of the three.</p>

<p>There was an interruption now. Young Driscoll appeared, and joined

the party. He pretended to be seeing the distinguished strangers for

the first time when they rose to shake hands; but this was only a blind,

as he had already had a glimpse of them, at the reception, while robbing

the house. The twins made mental note that he was smooth-faced and

rather handsome, and smooth and undulatory in his movements--graceful,

in fact. Angelo thought he had a good eye; Luigi thought there was

something veiled and sly about it. Angelo thought he had a pleasant

free-and-easy way of talking; Luigi thought it was more so than was agreeable.

Angelo thought he was a sufficiently nice young man; Luigi reserved

his decision. Tom's first contribution to the conversation was a

question which he had put to Wilson a hundred times before.

It was always cheerily and good-natured put, and always inflicted a

little pang, for it touched a secret sore; but this time the pang

was sharp, since strangers were present.</p>

<p>"Well, how does the law come on? Had a case yet?"</p>

<p>Wilson bit his lip, but answered, "No--not yet," with as much

indifference as he could assume. Judge Driscoll had generously left

the law feature out of Wilson's biography which he had furnished

to the twins. Young Tom laughed pleasantly, and said:</p>

<p>"Wilson's a lawyer, gentlemen, but he doesn't practice now."</p>

<p>The sarcasm bit, but Wilson kept himself under control,

and said without passion:</p>

<p>"I don't practice, it is true. It is true that I have never had a case,

and have had to earn a poor living for twenty years as an expert

accountant in a town where I can't get a hold of a set of books to

untangle as often as I should like. But it is also true that I did

myself well for the practice of the law. By the time I was your age,

Tom, I had chosen a profession, and was soon competent to enter upon it."

Tom winced. "I never got a chance to try my hand at it, and I may

never get a chance; and yet if I ever do get it, I shall be found ready,

for I have kept up my law studies all these years."</p>

<p>"That's it; that's good grit! I like to see it. I've a notion to throw

all my business your way. My business and your law practice ought to

make a pretty gay team, Dave," and the young fellow laughed again.</p>

<p>"If you will throw--" Wilson had thought of the girl in Tom's bedroom,

and was going to say, "If you will throw the surreptitious and

disreputable part of your business my way, it may amount to something,"

but thought better of it and said, </p>

<p>"However, this matter doesn't fit well in a general conversation."</p>

<p>"All right, we'll change the subject; I guess you were about

to give me another dig, anyway, so I'm willing to change.

How's the Awful Mystery flourishing these days? Wilson's got a scheme

for driving plain window glass panes out of the market by decorating it

with greasy finger marks, and getting rich by selling it at famine

prices to the crowned heads over in Europe to outfit their palaces with.

Fetch it out, Dave."</p>

<p>Wilson brought three of his glass strips, and said:</p>

<p>"I get the subject to pass the fingers of his right through his hair,

so as to get a little coating of the natural oil on them,

and then press the balls of them on the glass. A fine an delicate

print of the lines in the skin results, and is permanent,

if it doesn't come in contact with something able to rub it off.

You begin, Tom."</p>

<p>"Why, I think you took my finger marks once or twice before."</p>

<p>"Yes, but you were a little boy the last time, only about

twelve years old."</p>

<p>"That's so. Of course, I've changed entirely since then,

and variety is what the crowned heads want, I guess."</p>

<p>He passed his fingers through his crop of short hair, and pressed

them one at a time on the glass. Angelo made a print of his fingers

on another glass, and Luigi followed with a third. Wilson marked the

glasses with names and dates, and put them away. Tom gave one of

his little laughs, and said:</p>

<p>"I thought I wouldn't say anything, but if variety is what you are after,

you have wasted a piece of glass. The hand print of one twin is the

same as the hand print of the fellow twin."</p>

<p>"Well, it's done now, and I like to have them both, anyway,"

said Wilson, returned to his place.</p>

<p>"But look here, Dave," said Tom, you used to tell people's fortunes,

too, when you took their finger marks. Dave's just an all-round genius--

a genius of the first water, gentlemen; a great scientist running to

seed here in this village, a prophet with the kind of honor that

prophets generally get at home--for here they don't give shucks for

his scientifics, and they call his skull a notion factory--hey, Dave,

ain't it so? But never mind, he'll make his mark someday--finger mark,

you know, he-he! But really, you want to let him take a shy at

your palms once; it's worth twice the price of admission or your

money's returned at the door. Why, he'll read your wrinkles as easy

as a book, and not only tell you fifty or sixty things that's going to

happen to you, but fifty or sixty thousand that ain't. Come, Dave,

show the gentlemen what an inspired jack-at-all-science we've got in

this town, and don't know it."</p>

<p>Wilson winced under this nagging and not very courteous chaff,

and the twins suffered with him and for him. They rightly judged,

now, that the best way was to relieve him would be to take the thing

in earnest and treat it with respect, ignoring Tom's rather

overdone raillery; so Luigi said:</p>

<p>"We have seen something of palmistry in our wanderings, and know very

well what astonishing things it can do. If it isn't a science,

and one of the greatest of them too, I don't know what its other

name ought to be. In the Orient--"</p>

<p>Tom looked surprised and incredulous. He said:</p>

<p>"That juggling a science? But really, you ain't serious, are you?"</p>

<p>"Yes, entirely so. Four years ago we had our hands read out to us as

if our plans had been covered with print."</p>

<p>"Well, do you mean to say there was actually anything in it?" asked Tom,

his incredulity beginning to weaken a little.</p>

<p>"There was this much in it," said Angelo: "what was told us

of our characters was minutely exact--we could have not have

bettered it ourselves. Next, two or three memorable things that

have happened to us were laid bare--things which no one present

but ourselves could have known about."</p>

<p>"Why, it's rank sorcery!" exclaimed Tom, who was now becoming very

much interested. "And how did they make out with what was going to

happen to you in the future?"</p>

<p>"On the whole, quite fairly," said Luigi. "Two or three of the most

striking things foretold have happened since; much the most striking

one of all happened within that same year. Some of the minor prophesies

have come true; some of the minor and some of the major ones have not

been fulfilled yet, and of course may never be: still, I should be

more surprised if they failed to arrive than if they didn't."</p>

<p>Tom was entirely sobered, and profoundly impressed. He said, apologetically:</p>

<p>"Dave, I wasn't meaning to belittle that science; I was only chaffing--

chattering, I reckon I'd better say. I wish you would look at their palms.

Come, won't you?"</p>

<p>"Why certainly, if you want me to; but you know I've had no chance to

become an expert, and don't claim to be one. When a past event is

somewhat prominently recorded in the palm, I can generally detect that,

but minor ones often escape me--not always, of course, but often--

but I haven't much confidence in myself when it comes to

reading the future. I am talking as if palmistry was a daily

study with me, but that is not so. I haven't examined half a

dozen hands in the last half dozen years; you see, the people got to

joking about it, and I stopped to let the talk die down. I'll tell you

what we'll do, Count Luigi: I'll make a try at your past,

and if I have any success there--no, on the whole, I'll let

the future alone; that's really the affair of an expert."

He took Luigi's hand. Tom said:</p>

<p>"Wait--don't look yet, Dave! Count Luigi, here's paper and pencil.

Set down that thing that you said was the most striking one that was

foretold to you, and happened less than a year afterward, and give it

to me so I can see if Dave finds it in your hand."</p>

<p>Luigi wrote a line privately, and folded up the piece of paper,

and handed it to Tom, saying:</p>

<p>"I'll tell you when to look at it, if he finds it."</p>

<p>Wilson began to study Luigi's palm, tracing life lines, heart lines,

head lines, and so on, and noting carefully their relations with the

cobweb of finer and more delicate marks and lines that enmeshed them

on all sides; he felt of the fleshy cushion at the base of the thumb

and noted its shape; he felt of the fleshy side of the hand between

the wrist and the base of the little finger and noted its shape also;

he painstakingly examined the fingers, observing their form, proportions,

and natural manner of disposing themselves when in repose.

All this process was watched by the three spectators with

absorbing interest, their heads bent together over Luigi's palm, and nobody

disturbing the stillness with a word. Wilson now entered upon a close

survey of the palm again, and his revelations began.</p>

<p>He mapped out Luigi's character and disposition, his tastes, aversions,

proclivities, ambitions, and eccentricities in a way which sometimes

made Luigi wince and the others laugh, but both twins declared that

the chart was artistically drawn and was correct.</p>

<p>Next, Wilson took up Luigi's history. He proceeded cautiously and

with hesitation now, moving his finger slowly along the great lines

of the palm, and now and then halting it at a "star" or some

such landmark, and examining that neighborhood minutely.

He proclaimed one or two past events, Luigi confirmed his correctness,

and the search went on. Presently Wilson glanced up suddenly with

a surprised expression.</p>

<p>"Here is a record of an incident which you would perhaps not wish me to--"</p>

<p>"Bring it out," said Luigi, good-naturedly. "I promise you

sha'n't embarrass me."</p>

<p>But Wilson still hesitated, and did not seem quite to know what to do.

Then he said:</p>

<p>"I think it is too delicate a matter to--to--I believe I would rather

write it or whisper it to you, and let you decide for yourself whether

you want it talked out or not."</p>

<p>"That will answer," said Luigi. "Write it."</p>

<p>Wilson wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Luigi,

who read it to himself and said to Tom:</p>

<p>"Unfold your slip and read it, Mr. Driscoll."</p>

<p>Tom said:</p>

<p>"'<hi rend="italics">It was prophesied that I would kill a man. It came true before the year was out.</hi>'"</p>

<p>Tom added, "Great Scott!"</p>

<p>Luigi handed Wilson's paper to Tom, and said:</p>

<p>"Now read this one."</p>

<p>Tom read:</p>

<p>"'<hi rend="italics">You have cilled someone, but whether man, woman, or child I do not make out.</hi>'"</p>

<p>"Caesar's ghost!" commented Tom, with astonishment.

"It beats anything that was ever heard of! Why, a man's own hand is

his deadliest enemy! Just think of that--a man's own hand keeps

a record of the deepest and fatalest secrets of his life, and is

treacherously ready to expose himself to any black-magic stranger

that comes along. But what do you let a person look at your hand for,

with that awful thing printed on it?"</p>

<p>"Oh," said Luigi, reposefully, "I don't mind it. I killed the man

for good reasons, and I don't regret it."</p>

<p>"What were the reasons?"</p>

<p>"Well, he needed killing."</p>

<p>"I'll tell you why he did it, since he won't say himself," said Angelo,

warmly. "He did it to save my life, that's what he did it for.

So it was a noble act, and not a thing to be hid in the dark."</p>

<p>"So it was, so it was," said Wilson. "To do such a thing to save a

brother's life is a great and fine action."</p>

<p>"Now come," said Luigi, "it is very pleasant to hear you say

these things, but for unselfishness, or heroism, or magnanimity,

the circumstances won't stand scrutiny. You overlook one detail;

suppose I hadn't saved Angelo's life, what would have become of mine?

If I had let the man kill him, wouldn't he have killed me, too?

I saved my own life, you see."</p>

<p>"Yes, that is your way of talking," said Angelo, "but I know you--

I don't believe you thought of yourself at all. I keep that weapon

yet that Luigi killed the man with, and I'll show it to you sometime.

That incident makes it interesting, and it had a history before it

came into Luigi's hands which adds to its interest. It was given to

Luigi by a great Indian prince, the Gaikowar of Baroda, and it had been

in his family two or three centuries. It killed a good many disagreeable

people who troubled the hearthstone at one time or another. It isn't much

too look at, except it isn't shaped like other knives, or dirks,

or whatever it may be called--here, I'll draw it for you." He took a

sheet of paper and made a rapid sketch. "There it is--a broad and

murderous blade, with edges like a razor for sharpness.

The devices engraved on it are the ciphers or names of its long

line of possessors--I had Luigi's name added in Roman letters

myself with our coat of arms, as you see. You notice what a

curious handle the thing has. It is solid ivory, polished like a mirror,

and is four or five inches long--round, and as thick as a

large man's wrist, with the end squared off flat, for your thumb

to rest on; for you grasp it, with your thumb resting on the blunt end--

so--and lift it along and strike downward. The Gaikowar showed us how

the thing was done when he gave it to Luigi, and before that

night was ended, Luigi had used the knife, and the Gaikowar was a man

short by reason of it. The sheath is magnificently ornamented with

gems of great value. You will find a sheath more worth looking at

than the knife itself, of course."</p>

<p>Tom said to himself:</p>

<p>"It's lucky I came here. I would have sold that knife for a song;

I supposed the jewels were glass."</p>

<p>"But go on; don't stop," said Wilson. "Our curiosity is up now,

to hear about the homicide. Tell us about that."</p>

<p>"Well, briefly, the knife was to blame for that, all around.

A native servant slipped into our room in the palace in the night,

to kill us and steal the knife on account of the fortune encrusted

on its sheath, without a doubt. Luigi had it under his pillow;

we were in bed together. There was a dim night-light burning.

I was asleep, but Luigi was awake, and he thought he detected a

vague form nearing the bed. He slipped the knife out of the sheath

and was ready and unembarrassed by hampering bedclothes,

for the weather was hot and we hadn't any. Suddenly that native rose

at the bedside, and bent over me with his right hand lifted and a

dirk in it aimed at my throat; but Luigi grabbed his wrist,

pulled him downward, and drove his own knife into the man's neck.

That is the whole story."</p>

<p>Wilson and Tom drew deep breaths, and after some general chat

about the tragedy, Pudd'nhead said, taking Tom's hand:</p>

<p>"Now, Tom, I've never had a look at your palms, as it happens;

perhaps you've got some little questionable privacies that need--hel-lo!"</p>

<p>Tom had snatched away his hand, and was looking a good deal confused.</p>

<p>"Why, he's blushing!" said Luigi.</p>

<p>Tom darted an ugly look at him, and said sharply:</p>

<p>"Well, if I am, it ain't because I'm a murderer!" Luigi's dark

face flushed, but before he could speak or move, Tom added with

anxious haste: "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. I didn't mean that;

it was out before I thought, and I'm very, very sorry--you must forgive me!"</p>

<p>Wilson came to the rescue, and smoothed things down as well as he could;

and in fact was entirely successful as far as the twins were concerned,

for they felt sorrier for the affront put upon him by his guest's

outburst of ill manners than for the insult offered to Luigi.

But the success was not so pronounced with the offender. Tom tried to

seem at his ease, and he went through the motions fairly well,

but at bottom he felt resentful toward all the three witnesses of

his exhibition; in fact, he felt so annoyed at them for having

witnessed it and noticed it that he almost forgot to feel annoyed

at himself for placing it before them. However, something presently

happened which made him almost comfortable, and brought him nearly back

to a state of charity and friendliness. This was a little spat between

the twins; not much of a spat, but still a spat; and before they got

far with it, they were in a decided condition of irritation while

pretending to be actuated by more respectable motives. By his help

the fire got warmed up to the blazing point, and he might have had the

happiness of seeing the flames show up in another moment, but for the

interruption of a knock on the door--an interruption which fretted him

as much as it gratified Wilson. Wilson opened the door.</p>

<p>The visitor was a good-natured, ignorant, energetic middle-aged

Irishman named John Buckstone, who was a great politician in a

small way, and always took a large share in public matters of

every sort. One of the town's chief excitements, just now, was over

the matter of rum. There was a strong rum party and a strong

anti-rum party. Buckstone was training with the rum party, and he

had been sent to hunt up the twins and invite them to attend a

mass meeting of that faction. He delivered his errand, and said

the clans were already gathering in the big hall over the market house.

Luigi accepted the invitation cordially. Angelo less cordially,

since he disliked crowds, and did not drink the powerful intoxicants

of America. In fact, he was even a teetotaler sometimes--

when it was judicious to be one.</p>

<p>The twins left with Buckstone, and Tom Driscoll joined the

company with them uninvited.</p>

<p>In the distance, one could see a long wavering line of

torches drifting down the main street, and could hear the

throbbing of the bass drum, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking

of a fife or two, and the faint roar of remote hurrahs. The tail

end of this procession was climbing the market house stairs when

the twins arrived in its neighborhood; when they reached the hall,

it was full of people, torches, smoke, noise, and enthusiasm.

They were conducted to the platform by Buckstone--Tom Driscoll

still following--and were delivered to the chairman in the midst

of a prodigious explosion of welcome. When the noise had moderated

a little, the chair proposed that "our illustrious guests be at

once elected, by complimentary acclamation, to membership in our

ever-glorious organization, the paradise of the free and the perdition

of the slave."</p>

<p>This eloquent discharge opened the floodgates of enthusiasm again,

and the election was carried with thundering unanimity. Then arose

a storm of cries:</p>

<p>"Wet them down! Wet them down! Give them a drink!"</p>

<p>Glasses of whisky were handed to the twins. Luigi waves his aloft,

then brought it to his lips; but Angelo set his down.

There was another storm of cries.</p>

<p>"What's the matter with the other one?" "What is the blond one

going back on us for?" "Explain! Explain!"</p>

<p>The chairman inquired, and then reported:</p>

<p>"We have made an unfortunate mistake, gentlemen. I find that the

Count Angelo Capello is opposed to our creed--is a teetotaler, in fact,

and was not intending to apply for membership with us. He desires

that we reconsider the vote by which he was elected. What is the

pleasure of the house?"</p>

<p>There was a general burst of laughter, plentifully accented with

whistlings and catcalls, but the energetic use of the gavel

presently restored something like order. Then a man spoke from

the crowd, and said that while he was very sorry that the mistake

had been made, it would not be possible to rectify it at the

present meeting. According to the bylaws, it must go over to the

next regular meeting for action. He would not offer a motion, as

none was required. He desired to apologize to the gentlemen in

the name of the house, and begged to assure him that as far as it

might lie in the power of the Sons of Liberty, his temporary

membership in the order would be made pleasant to him.</p>

<p>This speech was received with great applause, mixed with cries of:</p>

<p>"That's the talk! "He's a good fellow, anyway, if he <hi rend="italics">is</hi> a teetotaler!"

"Drink his health!" "Give him a rouser, and no heeltaps!"</p>

<p>Glasses were handed around, and everybody on the platform

drank Angelo's health, while the house bellowed forth in song:</p>

<lg type="song" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<l rend="indent1" part="N">For he's a jolly good fel-low,</l>

<l rend="indent1" part="N">For he's a jolly good fel-low,</l>

<l rend="indent1" part="N">For he's a jolly good fe-el-low,</l>

<l rend="indent2" part="N">Which nobody can deny.</l></lg>

<p>Tom Driscoll drank. It was his second glass, for he had drunk

Angelo's the moment that Angelo had set it down. The two drinks

made him very merry--almost idiotically so, and he began to take a

most lively and prominent part in the proceedings, particularly in

the music and catcalls and side remarks.</p>

<p>The chairman was still standing at the front, the twins at his side.

The extraordinarily close resemblance of the brothers to each other

suggested a witticism to Tom Driscoll, and just as the chairman began

a speech he skipped forward and said, with an air of tipsy confidence,

to the audience:</p>

<p>"Boys, I move that he keeps still and lets this human philopena snip

you out a speech."</p>

<p>The descriptive aptness of the phrase caught the house, and a mighty

burst of laughter followed.</p>

<p>Luigi's southern blood leaped to the boiling point in a moment under

the sharp humiliation of this insult delivered in the presence of

four hundred strangers. It was not in the young man's nature to

let the matter pass, or to delay the squaring of the account.

He took a couple of strides and halted behind the unsuspecting joker.

Then he drew back and delivered a kick of such titanic vigor that it

lifted Tom clear over the footlights and landed him on the heads of

the front row of the Sons of Liberty.</p>

<p>Even a sober person does not like to have a human being emptied on him

when he is not doing any harm; a person who is not sober cannot endure

such an attention at all. The nest of Sons of Liberty that Driscoll

landed in had not a sober bird in it; in fact there was probably not

an entirely sober one in the auditorium. Driscoll was promptly and

indignantly flung on the heads of Sons in the next row, and these Sons

passed him on toward the rear, and then immediately began to pummel the

front row Sons who had passed him to them. This course was strictly

followed by bench after bench as Driscoll traveled in his tumultuous

and airy flight toward the door; so he left behind him an ever-lengthening

wake of raging and plunging and fighting and swearing humanity.

Down went group after group of torches, and presently above the

deafening clatter of the gavel, roar of angry voices, and crash of

succumbing benches, rose the paralyzing cry of "<hi rend="italics">fire!</hi>"</p>

<p>The fighting ceased instantly; the cursing ceased; for one distinctly

defined moment, there was a dead hush, a motionless calm, where the

tempest had been; then with one impulse the multitude awoke to life

and energy again, and went surging and struggling and swaying,

this way and that, its outer edges melting away through windows and

doors and gradually lessening the pressure and relieving the mass.</p>

<p>The fireboys were never on hand so suddenly before; for there was

no distance to go this time, their quarters being in the rear end

of the market house, There was an engine company and a

hook-and-ladder company. Half of each was composed of rummies and

the other half of anti-rummies, after the moral and political

share-and-share-alike fashion of the frontier town of the period.

Enough anti-rummies were loafing in quarters to man the engine

and the ladders. In two minutes they had their red shirts and helmets on--

they never stirred officially in unofficial costume--and as the

mass meeting overhead smashed through the long row of windows and

poured out upon the roof of the arcade, the deliverers were ready

for them with a powerful stream of water, which washed some of them

off the roof and nearly drowned the rest. But water was preferable

to fire, and still the stampede from the windows continued, and still the

pitiless drenching assailed it until the building was empty;

then the fireboys mounted to the hall and flooded it with water enough

to annihilate forty times as much fire as there was there;

for a village fire company does not often get a chance to show off,

and so when it does get a chance, it makes the most of it.

Such citizens of that village as were of a thoughtful and judicious

temperament did not insure against fire; they insured against the

fire company.</p></div1>

<div1 n="12" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 12

<lb/><lb/>

The Shame of Judge Driscoll</head>

<epigraph><p>Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear--not absence of fear.

Except a creature be part coward, it is not a compliment to say

it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word.

Consider the flea!--incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God,

if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake he

will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength

you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child;

he lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap

of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more

afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was

threatened by an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak

of Clive, Nelson, and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was,"

we ought always to add the flea--and put him at the head of the procession.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Judge Driscoll was in bed and asleep by ten o'clock on Friday night,

and he was up and gone a-fishing before daylight in the morning with

his friend Pembroke Howard. These two had been boys together in

Virginia when that state still ranked as the chief and most imposing

member of the Union, and they still coupled the proud and affectionate

adjective "old" with her name when they spoke of her.

In Missouri a recognized superiority attached to any person who

hailed from Old Virginia; and this superiority was exalted to

supremacy when a person of such nativity could also prove descent

from the First Families of that great commonwealth. The Howards and

Driscolls were of this aristocracy. In their eyes, it was a nobility.

It had its unwritten laws, and they were as clearly defined and as

strict as any that could be found among the printed statues of the land.

The F.F.V. was born a gentleman; his highest duty in life was to

watch over that great inheritance and keep it unsmirched.

He must keep his honor spotless. Those laws were his chart;

his course was marked out on it; if he swerved from it by so much as

half a point of the compass, it meant shipwreck to his honor;

that is to say, degradation from his rank as a gentleman.

These laws required certain things of him which his religion might forbid:

then his religion must yield--the laws could not be relaxed to

accommodate religions or anything else. Honor stood first;

and the laws defined what it was and wherein it differed in certain

details from honor as defined by church creeds and by the social laws

and customs of some of the minor divisions of the globe that had got

crowded out when the sacred boundaries of Virginia were staked out.</p>

<p>If Judge Driscoll was the recognized first citizen of Dawson's Landing,

Pembroke Howard was easily its recognized second citizen.

He was called "the great lawyer"--an earned title. He and Driscoll

were of the same age--a year or two past sixty.</p>

<p>Although Driscoll was a freethinker and Howard a strong and

determined Presbyterian, their warm intimacy suffered no

impairment in consequence. They were men whose opinions were

their own property and not subject to revision and amendment,

suggestion or criticism, by anybody, even their friends.</p>

<p>The day's fishing finished, they came floating downstream in their skiff,

talking national politics and other high matters, and presently met

a skiff coming up from town, with a man in it who said:</p>

<p>"I reckon you know one of the new twins gave your nephew a

kicking last night, Judge?"</p>

<p>"Did <hi rend="italics">what?</hi>"</p>

<p>"Gave him a kicking."</p>

<p>The old judge's lips paled, and his eyes began to flame. He choked with

anger for a moment, then he got out what he was trying to say:</p>

<p>"Well--well--go on! Give me the details!"</p>

<p>The man did it. At the finish the judge was silent a minute,

turning over in his mind the shameful picture of Tom's flight over

the footlights; then he said, as if musing aloud, "H'm--I don't understand it. I was asleep at home. He didn't wake me.

Thought he was competent to manage his affair without my help, I reckon."

His face lit up with pride and pleasure at that thought, and he said

with a cheery complacency, "I like that--it's the true old blood--

hey, Pembroke?"</p>

<p>Howard smiled an iron smile, and nodded his head approvingly.

Then the news-bringer spoke again.</p>

<p>"But Tom beat the twin on the trial."</p>

<p>The judge looked at the man wonderingly, and said:</p>

<p>"The trial? What trial?"</p>

<p>"Why, Tom had him up before Judge Robinson for assault and battery."</p>

<p>The old man shrank suddenly together like one who has received a

death stroke. Howard sprang for him as he sank forward in a swoon,

and took him in his arms, and bedded him on his back in the boat.

He sprinkled water in his face, and said to the startled visitor:</p>

<p>"Go, now--don't let him come to and find you here. You see what an

effect your heedless speech has had; you ought to have been more

considerate than to blurt out such a cruel piece of slander as that."</p>

<p>"I'm right down sorry I did it now, Mr. Howard, and I wouldn't

have done it if I had thought; but it ain't slander;

it's perfectly true, just as I told him."</p>

<p>He rowed away. Presently the old judge came out of his faint and

looked up piteously into the sympathetic face that was bent over him.</p>

<p>"Say it ain't true, Pembroke; tell me it ain't true!" he said in a weak voice.</p>

<p>There was nothing weak in the deep organ tones that responded:</p>

<p>"You know it's a lie as well as I do, old friend. He is of

the best blood of the Old Dominion."</p>

<p>"God bless you for saying it!" said the old gentleman, fervently.

"Ah, Pembroke, it was such a blow!"</p>

<p>Howard stayed by his friend, and saw him home, and entered the house

with him. It was dark, and past supper-time, but the judge was

not thinking of supper; he was eager to hear the slander refuted

from headquarters, and as eager to have Howard hear it, too.

Tom was sent for, and he came immediately. He was bruised and lame,

and was not a happy-looking object. His uncle made him sit down, and said:</p>

<p>"We have been hearing about your adventure, Tom, with a handsome lie

added for embellishment. Now pulverize that lie to dust!

What measures have you taken? How does the thing stand?"</p>

<p>Tom answered guilelessly: "It don't stand at all; it's all over.

I had him up in court and beat him. Pudd'nhead Wilson defended him--

first case he ever had, and lost it. The judge fined the miserable

hound five dollars for the assault."</p>

<p>Howard and the judge sprang to their feet with the opening sentence--

why, neither knew; then they stood gazing vacantly at each other.

Howard stood a moment, then sat mournfully down without saying anything.

The judge's wrath began to kindle, and he burst out:</p>

<p>"You cur! You scum! You vermin! Do you mean to tell me that blood

of my race has suffered a blow and crawled to a court of law about it?

Answer me!"</p>

<p>Tom's head drooped, and he answered with an eloquent silence.

His uncle stared at him with a mixed expression of amazement and

shame and incredulity that was sorrowful to see. At last he said:</p><p>

</p><p>"Which of the twins was it?"</p>

<p>"Count Luigi."</p>

<p>"You have challenged him?"</p>

<p>"N--no," hesitated Tom, turning pale.</p>

<p>"You will challenge him tonight. Howard will carry it."</p>

<p>Tom began to turn sick, and to show it. He turned his hat round and

round in his hand, his uncle glowering blacker and blacker upon him

as the heavy seconds drifted by; then at last he began to stammer,

and said piteously:</p>

<p>"Oh, please, don't ask me to do it, uncle! He is a murderous devil--

I never could--I--I'm afraid of him!"</p>

<p>Old Driscoll's mouth opened and closed three times before he

could get it to perform its office; then he stormed out:</p>

<p>"A coward in my family! A Driscoll a coward! Oh, what have I done

to deserve this infamy!" He tottered to his secretary in the corner,

repeated that lament again and again in heartbreaking tones,

and got out of a drawer a paper, which he slowly tore to bits,

scattering the bits absently in his track as he walked up

and down the room, still grieving and lamenting. At last he said:</p>

<p>"There it is, shreds and fragments once more--my will. Once more you

have forced me to disinherit you, you base son of a most noble father!

Leave my sight! Go--before I spit on you!"</p>

<p>The young man did not tarry. Then the judge turned to Howard:</p>

<p>"You will be my second, old friend?"</p>

<p>"Of course."</p>

<p>"There is pen and paper. Draft the cartel, and lose no time."</p>

<p>"The Count shall have it in his hands in fifteen minutes," said Howard.</p>

<p>Tom was very heavyhearted. His appetite was gone with his property

and his self-respect. He went out the back way and wandered down the

obscure lane grieving, and wondering if any course of future conduct,

however discreet and carefully perfected and watched over,

could win back his uncle's favor and persuade him to reconstruct once

more that generous will which had just gone to ruin before his eyes.

He finally concluded that it could. He said to himself that he had

accomplished this sort of triumph once already, and that what had been

done once could be done again. He would set about it. He would bend

every energy to the task, and he would score that triumph once more,

cost what it might to his convenience, limit as it might his

frivolous and liberty-loving life.</p>

<p>"To begin," he says to himself, "I'll square up with the proceeds of

my raid, and then gambling has got to be stopped--and stopped short off.

It's the worst vice I've got--from my standpoint, anyway,

because it's the one he can most easily find out, through the impatience

of my creditors. He thought it expensive to have to pay two hundred

dollars to them for me once. Expensive--<hi rend="italics">that!</hi> Why, it cost me

the whole of his fortune--but, of course, he never thought of that;

some people can't think of any but their own side of a case.

If he had known how deep I am in now, the will would have gone to pot

without waiting for a duel to help. Three hundred dollars!

It's a pile! But he'll never hear of it, I'm thankful to say.

The minute I've cleared it off, I'm safe; and I'll never touch

a card again. Anyway, I won't while he lives, I make oath to that.

I'm entering on my last reform--I know it--yes, and I'll win;

but after that, if I ever slip again I'm gone."</p></div1>

<div1 n="13" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 13

<lb/><lb/>

Tom Stares at Ruin</head>

<epigraph><p>When I reflect upon the number of disagreeable people who I know

have gone to a better world, I am moved to lead a different life.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate

in stocks in. The others are July, January, September, April,

November, May, March, June, December, August, and February.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Thus mournfully communing with himself, Tom moped along the lane past

Pudd'nhead Wilson's house, and still on and on between fences enclosing

vacant country on each hand till he neared the haunted house,

then he came moping back again, with many sighs and heavy with trouble.

He sorely wanted cheerful company. Rowena! His heart gave a bound

at the thought, but the next thought quieted it--the detested twins

would be there.</p>

<p>He was on the inhabited side of Wilson's house, and now as

he approached it, he noticed that the sitting room was lighted.

This would do; others made him feel unwelcome sometimes, but Wilson

never failed in courtesy toward him, and a kindly courtesy does at least

save one's feelings, even if it is not professing to stand for a welcome.

Wilson heard footsteps at his threshold, then the clearing of a throat.</p>

<p>"It's that fickle-tempered, dissipated young goose--poor devil,

he find friends pretty scarce today, likely, after the disgrace of

carrying a personal assault case into a law-court."</p>

<p>A dejected knock. "Come in!"</p>

<p>Tom entered, and dropped into a chair, without saying anything.

Wilson said kindly:</p>

<p>"Why, my boy, you look desolate. Don't take it so hard.

Try and forget you have been kicked."</p>

<p>"Oh, dear," said Tom, wretchedly, "it's not that, Pudd'nhead--

it's not that.. It's a thousand times worse than that--oh, yes,

a million times worse."</p>

<p>"Why, Tom, what do you mean? Has Rowena--"</p>

<p>"Flung me? <hi rend="italics">No</hi>, but the old man has."</p>

<p>Wilson said to himself, "Aha!" and thought of the mysterious girl

in the bedroom. "The Driscolls have been making discoveries!"

Then he said aloud, gravely:</p>

<p>"Tom, there are some kinds of dissipation which--"</p>

<p>"Oh, shucks, this hasn't got anything to do with dissipation.

He wanted me to challenge that derned Italian savage,

and I wouldn't do it."</p>

<p>"Yes, of course he would do that," said Wilson in a meditative

matter-of-course way, "but the thing that puzzled me was,

why he didn't look to that last night, for one thing,

and why he let you carry such a matter into a court of law at all,

either before the duel or after it. It's no place for it.

It was not like him. I couldn't understand it. How did it happen?"</p>

<p>"It happened because he didn't know anything about it. He

was asleep when I got home last night."</p>

<p>"And you didn't wake him? Tom, is that possible?"</p>

<p>Tom was not getting much comfort here. He fidgeted a moment, then said:</p>

<p>"I didn't choose to tell him--that's all. He was going a-fishing

before dawn, with Pembroke Howard, and if I got the twins into

the common calaboose--and I thought sure I could--I never dreamed

of their slipping out on a paltry fine for such an outrageous offense--

well, once in the calaboose they would be disgraced, and uncle wouldn't

want any duels with that sort of characters, and wouldn't allow any.</p>

<p>"Tom, I am ashamed of you! I don't see how you could treat

your good old uncle so. I am a better friend of his than you are;

for if I had known the circumstances I would have kept that case out

of court until I got word to him and let him have the gentleman's chance."</p>

<p>"You would?" exclaimed Tom, with lively surprise. "And it your

first case! And you know perfectly well there never would have <hi rend="italics">been</hi>

any case if he had got that chance, don't you? And you'd have finished

your days a pauper nobody, instead of being an actually launched and

recognized lawyer today. And you would really have done that, would you?"</p>

<p>"Certainly."</p>

<p>Tom looked at him a moment or two, then shook his head sorrowfully and said:</p>

<p>"I believe you--upon my word I do. I don't know why I do, but I do.

Pudd'nhead Wilson, I think you're the biggest fool I ever saw."</p>

<p>"Thank you."</p>

<p>"Don't mention it."</p>

<p>"Well, he has been requiring you to fight the Italian,

and you have refused. You degenerate remnant of an honorable line!

I'm thoroughly ashamed of you, Tom!"</p>

<p>"Oh, that's nothing! I don't care for anything, now that the will's

torn up again."</p>

<p>"Tom, tell me squarely--didn't he find any fault with you for anything

but those two things--carrying the case into court and refusing to fight?"</p>

<p>He watched the young fellow's face narrowly, but it was

entirely reposeful, and so also was the voice that answered:</p>

<p>"No, he didn't find any other fault with me. If he had had any to find,

he would have begun yesterday, for he was just in the humor for it.

He drove that jack-pair around town and showed them the sights,

and when he came home he couldn't find his father's old silver watch

that don't keep time and he thinks so much of, and couldn't remember

what he did with it three or four days ago when he saw it last,

and when I suggested that it probably wasn't lost but stolen,

it put him in a regular passion, and he said I was a fool--

which convinced me, without any trouble, that that was just what he

was afraid <hi rend="italics">had</hi> happened, himself, but did not want to believe it,

because lost things stand a better chance of being found again

than stolen ones."</p>

<p>"Whe-ew!" whistled Wilson. "Score another one the list."</p>

<p>"Another what?"</p>

<p>"Another theft!"</p>

<p>"Theft?"</p>

<p>"Yes, theft. That watch isn't lost, it's stolen. There's been another

raid on the town--and just the same old mysterious sort of thing

that has happened once before, as you remember."</p>

<p>"You don't mean it!"</p>

<p>"It's as sure as you are born! Have you missed anything yourself?"</p>

<p>"No. That is, I did miss a silver pencil case that Aunt Mary Pratt

gave me last birthday--"</p>

<p>"You'll find it stolen--that's what you'll find."</p>

<p>"No, I sha'n't; for when I suggested theft about the watch and got

such a rap, I went and examined my room, and the pencil case was missing,

but it was only mislaid, and I found it again."</p>

<p>"You are sure you missed nothing else?"</p>

<p>"Well, nothing of consequence. I missed a small plain gold ring worth

two or three dollars, but that will turn up. I'll look again."</p><p>

</p><p>"In my opinion you'll not find it. There's been a raid, I tell you.

Come <hi rend="italics">in!</hi>"</p>

<p>Mr. Justice Robinson entered, followed by Buckstone and

the town constable, Jim Blake. They sat down, and after some

wandering and aimless weather-conversation Wilson said:</p>

<p>"By the way, We've just added another to the list of thefts, maybe two.

Judge Driscoll's old silver watch is gone, and Tom here

has missed a gold ring."</p>

<p>"Well, it is a bad business," said the justice, "and gets worse

the further it goes. The Hankses, the Dobsons, the Pilligrews,

the Ortons, the Grangers, the Hales, the Fullers, the Holcombs,

in fact everybody that lives around about Patsy Cooper's had been

robbed of little things like trinkets and teaspoons and suchlike

small valuables that are easily carried off. It's perfectly plain

that the thief took advantage of the reception at Patsy Cooper's when

all the neighbors were in her house and all their niggers hanging around

her fence for a look at the show, to raid the vacant houses undisturbed.

Patsy is miserable about it; miserable on account of the neighbors,

and particularly miserable on account of her foreigners, of course;

so miserable on their account that she hasn't any room to worry

about her own little losses."</p>

<p>"It's the same old raider," said Wilson. "I suppose there isn't

any doubt about that."</p>

<p>"Constable Blake doesn't think so."</p>

<p>"No, you're wrong there," said Blake. "The other times it was a man;

there was plenty of signs of that, as we know, in the profession,

thought we never got hands on him; but this time it's a woman."</p>

<p>Wilson thought of the mysterious girl straight off. She was always

in his mind now. But she failed him again. Blake continued:</p>

<p>"She's a stoop-shouldered old woman with a covered basket on her arm,

in a black veil, dressed in mourning. I saw her going aboard

the ferryboat yesterday. Lives in Illinois, I reckon; but I don't care

where she lives, I'm going to get her--she can make herself sure of that."</p>

<p>"What makes you think she's the thief?"</p>

<p>"Well, there ain't any other, for one thing; and for another,

some nigger draymen that happened to be driving along saw her coming

out of or going into houses, and told me so--and it just happens that

they was <hi rend="italics">robbed</hi>, every time."</p>

<p>It was granted that this was plenty good enough circumstantial evidence.

A pensive silence followed, which lasted some moments, then Wilson said:</p>

<p>"There's one good thing, anyway. She can't either pawn or sell

Count Luigi's costly Indian dagger."</p>

<p>"My!" said Tom. "Is <hi rend="italics">that</hi> gone?"</p>

<p>"Yes."</p>

<p>"Well, that was a haul! But why can't she pawn it or sell it?"</p>

<p>"Because when the twins went home from the Sons of Liberty meeting

last night, news of the raid was sifting in from everywhere,

and Aunt Patsy was in distress to know if they had lost anything.

They found that the dagger was gone, and they notified the police

and pawnbrokers everywhere. It was a great haul, yes, but

the old woman won't get anything out of it, because she'll get caught."</p>

<p>"Did they offer a reward?" asked Buckstone.</p>

<p>"Yes, five hundred dollars for the knife, and five hundred more

for the thief."</p>

<p>"What a leather-headed idea!" exclaimed the constable.

"The thief das'n't go near them, nor send anybody.

Whoever goes is going to get himself nabbed,

for their ain't any pawnbroker that's going to lose the chance to--"</p>

<p>If anybody had noticed Tom's face at that time, the gray-green color

of it might have provoked curiosity; but nobody did.

He said to himself: "I'm gone! I never can square up; the rest of

the plunder won't pawn or sell for half of the bill. Oh, I know it--

I'm gone, I'm gone--and this time it's for good. Oh, this is awful--

I don't know what to do, nor which way to turn!"</p>

<p>"Softly, softly," said Wilson to Blake. "I planned their scheme

for them at midnight last night, and it was all finished up shipshape

by two this morning. They'll get their dagger back,

and then I'll explain to you how the thing was done."</p>

<p>There were strong signs of a general curiosity, and Buckstone said:</p>

<p>"Well, you have whetted us up pretty sharp. Wilson, and I'm free

to say that if you don't mind telling us in confidence--"</p>

<p>"Oh, I'd as soon tell as not, Buckstone, but as long as the

twins and I agreed to say nothing about it, we must let it stand so.

But you can take my word for it, you won't be kept waiting three days.

Somebody will apply for that reward pretty promptly,

and I'll show you the thief and the dagger both very soon afterward."</p>

<p>The constable was disappointed, and also perplexed. He said:</p>

<p>"It may all be--yes, and I hope it will, but I'm blamed if I

can see my way through it. It's too many for yours truly."</p>

<p>The subject seemed about talked out. Nobody seemed to have

anything further to offer. After a silence the justice of the

peace informed Wilson that he and Buckstone and the constable had

come as a committee, on the part of the Democratic party, to ask him

to run for mayor--for the little town was about to become a city and

the first charter election was approaching. It was the first attention

which Wilson had ever received at the hands of any party;

it was a sufficiently humble one, but it was a recognition of his debut

into the town's life and activities at last; it was a step upward,

and he was deeply gratified. He accepted, and the committee departed,

followed by young Tom.</p></div1>

<div1 n="14" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 14

<lb/><lb/>

Roxana Insists Upon Reform</head>

<epigraph><p>The true Southern watermelon is a boon apart, and not to be mentioned

with commoner things. It is chief of this world's luxuries,

king by the grace of God over all the fruits of the earth.

When one has tasted it, he knows what the angels eat. It was not a

Southern watermelon that Eve took: we know it because she repented.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>About the time that Wilson was bowing the committee out,

Pembroke Howard was entering the next house to report.

He found the old judge sitting grim and straight in his chair, waiting.</p>

<p>"Well, Howard--the news?"</p>

<p>"The best in the world."</p>

<p>"Accepts, does he?" and the light of battle gleamed joyously

in the Judge's eye.</p>

<p>"Accepts? Why he jumped at it."</p>

<p>"Did, did he? Now that's fine--that's very fine. I like that.

When is it to be?"</p>

<p>"Now! Straight off! Tonight! An admirable fellow--admirable!"</p>

<p>"Admirable? He's a darling! Why, it's an honor as well as

a pleasure to stand up before such a man. Come--off with you!

Go and arrange everything--and give him my heartiest compliments.

A rare fellow, indeed; an admirable fellow, as you have said!"</p>

<p>"I'll have him in the vacant stretch between Wilson's and

the haunted house within the hour, and I'll bring my own pistols."</p>

<p>Judge Driscoll began to walk the floor in a state of pleased excitement;

but presently he stopped, and began to think--began to think of Tom.

Twice he moved toward the secretary, and twice he turned away again;

but finally he said:</p>

<p>"This may be my last night in the world--I must not take the chance.

He is worthless and unworthy, but it is largely my fault.

He was entrusted to me by my brother on his dying bed,

and I have indulged him to his hurt, instead of training him up severely,

and making a man of him, I have violated my trust, and I must not add

the sin of desertion to that. I have forgiven him once already,

and would subject him to a long and hard trial before forgiving

him again, if I could live; but I must not run that risk.

No, I must restore the will. But if I survive the duel,

I will hide it away, and he will not know, and I will not tell him

until he reforms, and I see that his reformation is going to be permanent."</p>

<p>He redrew the will, and his ostensible nephew was heir to a

fortune again. As he was finishing his task, Tom, wearied with

another brooding tramp, entered the house and went tiptoeing past

the sitting room door. He glanced in, and hurried on, for the sight

of his uncle was nothing but terrors for him tonight. But his uncle

was writing! That was unusual at this late hour. What could he

be writing? A chill of anxiety settled down upon Tom's heart.

Did that writing concern him? He was afraid so. He reflected that

when ill luck begins, it does not come in sprinkles, but in showers.

He said he would get a glimpse of that document or know the reason why.

He heard someone coming, and stepped out of sight and hearing.

It was Pembroke Howard. What could be hatching?</p>

<p>Howard said, with great satisfaction:</p>

<p>"Everything's right and ready. He's gone to the battleground with

his second and the surgeon--also with his brother. I've arranged it

all with Wilson--Wilson's his second. We are to have three shots apiece."</p>

<p>"Good! How is the moon?"</p>

<p>"Bright as day, nearly. Perfect, for the distance--fifteen yards.

No wind--not a breath; hot and still."</p>

<p>"All good; all first-rate. Here, Pembroke, read this, and witness it."</p>

<p>Pembroke read and witnessed the will, then gave the old man's hand

a hearty shake and said:</p>

<p>"Now that's right, York--but I knew you would do it. You couldn't

leave that poor chap to fight along without means or profession,

with certain defeat before him, and I knew you wouldn't, for his

father's sake if not for his own."</p>

<p>"For his dead father's sake, I couldn't, I know; for poor Percy--

but you know what Percy was to me. But mind--Tom is not to know

of this unless I fall tonight."</p>

<p>"I understand. I'll keep the secret."</p>

<p>The judge put the will away, and the two started for the battleground.

In another minute the will was in Tom's hands.

His misery vanished, his feelings underwent a tremendous revulsion.

He put the will carefully back in its place, and spread his mouth

and swung his hat once, twice, three times around his head,

in imitation of three rousing huzzahs, no sound issuing from his lips.

He fell to communing with himself excitedly and joyously,

but every now and then he let off another volley of dumb hurrahs.</p>

<p>He said to himself: "I've got the fortune again, but I'll not let on

that I know about it. And this time I'm gong to hang on to it.

I take no more risks. I'll gamble no more, I'll drink no more,

because--well, because I'll not go where there is any of that sort of

thing going on, again. It's the sure way, and the only sure way;

I might have thought of that sooner--well, yes, if I had wanted to.

But now--dear me, I've had a scare this time, and I'll take

no more chances. Not a single chance more. Land! I persuaded myself

this evening that I could fetch him around without any great amount

of effort, but I've been getting more and more heavyhearted and

doubtful straight along, ever since. If he tells me about this thing,

all right; but if he doesn't, I sha'n't let on. I--well, I'd like to tell

Pudd'nhead Wilson, but--no, I'll think about that; perhaps I won't."

He whirled off another dead huzzah, and said, "I'm reformed,

and this time I'll stay so, sure!"</p>

<p>He was about to close with a final grand silent demonstration,

when he suddenly recollected that Wilson had put it out of his power

to pawn or sell the Indian knife, and that he was once more in

awful peril of exposure by his creditors for that reason.

His joy collapsed utterly, and he turned away and moped toward

the door moaning and lamenting over the bitterness of his luck.

He dragged himself upstairs, and brooded in his room a long time,

disconsolate and forlorn, with Luigi's Indian knife for a text.

At last he sighed and said:</p>

<p>"When I supposed these stones were glass and this ivory bone,

the thing hadn't any interest for me because it hadn't any value,

and couldn't help me out of my trouble. But now--why, now it is

full of interest; yes, and of a sort to break a body's heart.

It's a bag of gold that has turned to dirt and ashes in my hands.

It could save me, and save me so easily, and yet I've got to go to ruin.

It's like drowning with a life preserver in my reach. All the hard luck

comes to me, and all the good luck goes to other people--

Pudd'nhead Wilson, for instance; even his career has got a sort of

a little start at last, and what has he done to deserve it,

I should like to know? Yes, he has opened his own road,

but he isn't content with that, but must block mine.

It's a sordid, selfish world, and I wish I was out of it."

He allowed the light of the candle to play upon the jewels of the sheath,

but the flashings and sparklings had no charm for his eye;

they were only just so many pangs to his heart. "I must not say

anything to Roxy about this thing," he said. "She is too daring.

She would be for digging these stones out and selling them, and then--

why, she would be arrested and the stones traced, and then--"

The thought made him quake, and he hid the knife away, trembling

all over and glancing furtively about, like a criminal who fancies that

the accuser is already at hand.</p>

<p>Should he try to sleep? Oh, no, sleep was not for him; his trouble

was too haunting, too afflicting for that. He must have somebody

to mourn with. He would carry his despair to Roxy.</p>

<p>He had heard several distant gunshots, but that sort of thing

was not uncommon, and they had made no impression upon him.

He went out at the back door, and turned westward. He passed

Wilson's house and proceeded along the lane, and presently saw

several figures approaching Wilson's place through the vacant lots.

These were the duelists returning from the fight; he thought

he recognized them, but as he had no desire for white people's company,

he stooped down behind the fence until they were out of his way.</p>

<p>Roxy was feeling fine. She said:</p>

<p>"Whah was you, child? Warn't you in it?"</p>

<p>"In what?"</p>

<p>"In de duel."</p>

<p>"Duel? Has there been a duel?"</p>

<p>"Co'se dey has. De ole Jedge has be'n havin' a duel wid one o' dem twins."</p>

<p>"Great Scott!" Then he added to himself: "That's what made him remake

the will; he thought he might get killed, and it softened him toward me.

And that's what he and Howard were so busy about. . . .

Oh dear, if the twin had only killed him, I should be out of my--"</p>

<p>"What is you mumblin' 'bout, Chambers? Whah was you?

Didn't you know dey was gwine to be a duel?"</p>

<p>"No, I didn't. The old man tried to get me to fight one with Count Luigi,

but he didn't succeed, so I reckon he concluded to patch up

the family honor himself."</p>

<p>He laughed at the idea, and went rambling on with a detailed account

of his talk with the judge, and how shocked and ashamed the judge was

to find that he had a coward in his family. He glanced up at last,

and got a shock himself. Roxana's bosom was heaving with

suppressed passion, and she was glowering down upon

him with measureless contempt written in her face.</p>

<p>"En you refuse' to fight a man dat kicked you, 'stid o' jumpin'

at de chance! En you ain't got no mo' feelin' den to come

en tell me, dat fetched sich a po' lowdown ornery rabbit into

de worl'! Pah! it make me sick! It's de nigger in you,

dat's what it is. Thirty-one parts o' you is white, en on'y one

part nigger, en dat po' little one part is yo' <hi rend="italics">soul</hi>.

'Tain't wuth savin'; tain't wuth totin' out on a shovel en throwin'

en de gutter. You has disgraced yo' birth. What would yo' pa

think o' you? It's enough to make him turn in his grave.</p>

<p>The last three sentences stung Tom into a fury, and he said to

himself that if his father were only alive and in reach of assassination

his mother would soon find that he had a very clear notion of the

size of his indebtedness to that man, and was willing to pay it

up in full, and would do it too, even at risk of his life;

but he kept this thought to himself; that was safest in his

mother's present state.</p>

<p>"Whatever has come o' yo' Essex blood? Dat's what I can't understan'.

En it ain't on'y jist Essex blood dat's in you, not by a long sight--

'deed it ain't! My great-great-great-gran'father en yo'

great-great-great-great-gran'father was Ole Cap'n John Smith,

de highest blood dat Ole Virginny ever turned out, en <hi rend="italics">his</hi>

great-great-gran'mother, or somers along back dah, was Pocahontas

de Injun queen, en her husbun' was a nigger king outen Africa--

en yit here you is, a slinkin' outen a duel en disgracin' our

whole line like a ornery lowdown hound! Yes, it's de nigger in you!"</p>

<p>She sat down on her candle box and fell into a reverie.

Tom did not disturb her; he sometimes lacked prudence, but it was not

in circumstances of this kind, Roxana's storm went gradually down,

but it died hard, and even when it seemed to be quite gone,

it would now and then break out in a distant rumble, so to speak,

in the form of muttered ejaculations. One of these was, "Ain't nigger

enough in him to show in his fingernails, en dat takes mighty little--

yit dey's enough to pain his soul."</p>

<p>Presently she muttered. "Yassir, enough to paint a whole thimbleful

of 'em." At last her ramblings ceased altogether, and her countenance

began to clear--a welcome sight to Tom, who had learned her moods,

and knew she was on the threshold of good humor now.

He noticed that from time to time she unconsciously carried her finger

to the end of her nose. He looked closer and said:</p>

<p>"Why, Mammy, the end of your nose is skinned. How did that come?"</p>

<p>She sent out the sort of wholehearted peal of laughter which God had

vouchsafed in its perfection to none but the happy angels in heaven

and the bruised and broken black slave on the earth, and said:</p>

<p>"Dad fetch dat duel, I be'n in it myself."</p>

<p>"Gracious! did a bullet to that?"</p>

<p>"Yassir, you bet it did!"</p>

<p>"Well, I declare! Why, how did that happen?"</p>

<p>"Happened dis-away. I 'uz a-sett'n' here kinder dozin' in de dark,

en <hi rend="italics">che-bang!</hi> goes a gun, right out dah. I skips along out towards

t'other end o' de house to see what's gwine on, en stops by de ole winder

on de side towards Pudd'nhead Wilson's house dat ain't got no sash in it--

but dey ain't none of 'em got any sashes, for as dat's concerned--

en I stood dah in de dark en look out, en dar in the moonlight,

right down under me 'uz one o' de twins a-cussin'--not much,

but jist a-cussin' soft--it 'uz de brown one dat 'uz cussin,'

'ca'se he 'uz hit in de shoulder. En Doctor Claypool he 'uz

a-workin' at him, en Pudd'nhead Wilson he 'uz a-he'pin', en ole

Jedge Driscoll en Pem Howard 'uz a-standin' out yonder a little piece

waitin' for 'em to get ready agin. En treckly dey squared off en give

de word, en <hi rend="italics">bang-bang</hi> went de pistols, en de twin he say,

'Ouch!'--hit him on de han' dis time --en I hear dat same bullet

go <hi rend="italics">spat!</hi> ag'in de logs under de winder; en de nex' time dey shoot,

de twin say, 'Ouch!' ag'in, en I done it too, 'ca'se de bullet glance'

on his cheekbone en skip up here en glance' on de side o' de winder

en whiz right acrost my face en tuck de hide off'n my nose--

why, if I'd 'a'; be'n jist a inch or a inch en a half furder 't

would 'a' tuck de whole nose en disfiggered me. Here's de bullet;

I hunted her up."</p>

<p>"Did you stand there all the time?"</p>

<p>"Dat's a question to ask, ain't it! What else would I do?

Does I git a chance to see a duel every day?"</p>

<p>"Why, you were right in range! Weren't you afraid?"</p>

<p>The woman gave a sniff of scorn.</p>

<p>"'Fraid! De Smith-Pocahontases ain't 'fraid o' nothin', let alone bullets."</p>

<p>"They've got pluck enough, I suppose; what they lack is judgment.

<hi rend="italics">I</hi> wouldn't have stood there."</p>

<p>"Nobody's accusin' you!"</p>

<p>"Did anybody else get hurt?"</p>

<p>"Yes, we all got hit 'cep' de blon' twin en de doctor en de seconds.

De Jedge didn't git hurt, but I hear Pudd'nhead say de bullet snip

some o' his ha'r off."</p>

<p>"'George!" said Tom to himself, "to come so near being out

of my trouble, and miss it by an inch. Oh dear, dear, he will

live to find me out and sell me to some nigger trader yet--yes,

and he would do it in a minute." Then he said aloud, in a grave tone:</p>

<p>"Mother, we are in an awful fix."</p>

<p>Roxana caught her breath with a spasm, and said:</p>

<p>"Chile! What you hit a body so sudden for, like dat?

What's be'n en gone en happen'?"</p>

<p>"Well, there's one thing I didn't tell you. When I wouldn't fight,

he tore up the will again, and--"</p>

<p>Roxana's face turned a dead white, and she said:</p>

<p>"Now you's <hi rend="italics">done!</hi>--done forever! Dat's de end. Bofe un us is gwine

to starve to--"</p>

<p>"Wait and hear me through, can't you! I reckon that when he

resolved to fight, himself, he thought he might get killed and

not have a chance to forgive me any more in this life, so he made

the will again, and I've seen it, and it's all right. But--"</p>

<p>"Oh, thank goodness, den we's safe ag'in!--safe! en so what

did you want to come here en talk sich dreadful--"</p>

<p>"Hold <hi rend="italics">on,</hi> I tell you, and let me finish. The swag I gathered

won't half square me up, and the first thing we know, my creditors--

well, you know what'll happen."</p>

<p>Roxana dropped her chin, and told her son to leave her alone--

she must think this matter out. Presently she said impressively:</p>

<p>"You got to go mighty keerful now, I tell you! En here's what you

got to do. He didn't git killed, en if you gives him de least reason,

he'll bust de will ag'in, en dat's de <hi rend="italics">las'</hi> time, now you hear me!

So--you's got to show him what you kin do in de nex' few days.

You got to be pison good, en let him see it; you got to do everything

dat'll make him b'lieve in you, en you got to sweeten aroun' ole Aunt Pratt,

too--she's pow'ful strong with de Jedge, en de bes' frien' you got.

Nex', you'll go 'long away to Sent Louis, en dat'll <hi rend="italics">keep</hi> him in yo' favor.

Den you go en make a bargain wid dem people. You tell 'em he ain't gwine

to live long--en dat's de fac', too--en tell 'em you'll pay 'em intrust,

en big intrust, too--ten per--what you call it?"</p>

<p>"Ten percent a month?"</p>

<p>"Dat's it. Den you take and sell yo' truck aroun', a little at a time,

en pay de intrust. How long will it las'?"</p>

<p>"I think there's enough to pay the interest five or six months."</p>

<p>"Den you's all right. If he don't die in six months, dat don't make

no diff'rence--Providence'll provide. You's gwine to be safe--

if you behaves." She bent an austere eye on him and added,

"En you <hi rend="italics">is</hi> gwine to behave--does you know dat?"</p>

<p>He laughed and said he was going to try, anyway. She did not unbend.

She said gravely:</p>

<p>"Tryin' ain't de thing. You's gwine to <hi rend="italics">do</hi> it. You ain't gwine

to steal a pin--'ca'se it ain't safe no mo'; en you ain't gwine into

no bad comp'ny--not even once, you understand; en you ain't gwine

to drink a drop--nary a single drop; en you ain't gwine to gamble

one single gamble--not one! Dis ain't what you's gwine to try to do,

it's what you's gwine to <hi rend="italics">do.</hi> En I'll tell you how I knows it.

Dis is how. I's gwine to foller along to Sent Louis my own self;

en you's gwine to come to me every day o' your life, en I'll look

you over; en if you fails in one single one o' dem things--jist <hi rend="italics">one</hi>--

I take my oath I'll come straight down to dis town en tell de Jedge

you's a nigger en a slave--en <hi rend="italics">prove</hi> it!" She paused to let her words

sink home. Then she added, "Chambers, does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"</p>

<p>Tom was sober enough now. There was no levity in his voice

when he answered:</p>

<p>"Yes, Mother, I know, now, that I am reformed--and permanently.

Permanently--and beyond the reach of any human temptation."</p>

<p>"Den g'long home en begin!"</p></div1>

<div1 n="15" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 15

<lb/><lb/>

The Robber Robbed</head>

<epigraph><p>Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>Behold, the fool saith, "Put not all thine eggs in the one basket"--

which is but a manner of saying, "Scatter your money and

your attention"; but the wise man saith, "Put all your eggs in

the one basket and--<hi rend="italics">watch that basket!</hi>"

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>What a time of it Dawson's Landing was having! All its life

it had been asleep, but now it hardly got a chance for a nod,

so swiftly did big events and crashing surprises come along in one

another's wake: Friday morning, first glimpse of Real Nobility,

also grand reception at Aunt Patsy Cooper's, also great robber raid;

Friday evening, dramatic kicking of the heir of the chief citizen in

presence of four hundred people; Saturday morning, emergence as

practicing lawyer of the long-submerged Pudd'nhead Wilson;

Saturday night, duel between chief citizen and titled stranger.</p>

<p>The people took more pride in the duel than in all the other

events put together, perhaps. It was a glory to their town to have

such a thing happen there. In their eyes the principals had reached

the summit of human honor. Everybody paid homage to their names;

their praises were in all mouths. Even the duelists' subordinates

came in for a handsome share of the public approbation:

wherefore Pudd'nhead Wilson was suddenly become a man of consequence.

When asked to run for the mayoralty Saturday night, he was risking defeat,

but Sunday morning found him a made man and his success assured.</p>

<p>The twins were prodigiously great now; the town took them to its bosom

with enthusiasm. Day after day, and night after night,

they went dining and visiting from house to house, making friends,

enlarging and solidifying their popularity, and charming and surprising

all with their musical prodigies, and now and then heightening the

effects with samples of what they could do in other directions,

out of their stock of rare and curious accomplishments. They were

so pleased that they gave the regulation thirty days' notice,

the required preparation for citizenship, and resolved to finish

their days in this pleasant place. That was the climax.

The delighted community rose as one man and applauded; and when

the twins were asked to stand for seats in the forthcoming

aldermanic board, and consented, the public contentment was

rounded and complete.</p>

<p>Tom Driscoll was not happy over these things; they sunk deep,

and hurt all the way down. He hated the one twin for kicking him,

and the other one for being the kicker's brother.</p>

<p>Now and then the people wondered why nothing was heard of the raider,

or of the stolen knife or the other plunder, but nobody was able

to throw any light on that matter. Nearly a week had drifted by,

and still the thing remained a vexed mystery.</p>

<p>On Sunday Constable Blake and Pudd'nhead Wilson met on the street,

and Tom Driscoll joined them in time to open their conversation for them.

He said to Blake: "You are not looking well, Blake; you seem to be

annoyed about something. Has anything gone wrong in the

detective business? I believe you fairly and justifiably claim

to have a pretty good reputation in that line, isn't it so?"--

which made Blake feel good, and look it; but Tom added,

"for a country detective"--which made Blake feel the other way,

and not only look it, but betray it in his voice.</p>

<p>"Yes, sir, I <hi rend="italics">have</hi> got a reputation; and it's as good as

anybody's in the profession, too, country or no country."</p>

<p>"Oh, I beg pardon; I didn't mean any offense. What I started out

to ask was only about the old woman that raided the town--

the stoop-shouldered old woman, you know, that you said you were going

to catch; and I knew you would, too, because you have the reputation

of never boasting, and--well, you--you've caught the old woman?"</p>

<p>"Damn the old woman!"</p><p>

</p><p>"Why, sho! you don't mean to say you haven't caught her?"</p>

<p>"No, I haven't caught her. If anybody could have caught her,

I could; but nobody couldn't, I don't care who he is."</p>

<p>I am sorry, real sorry--for your sake; because, when it gets around

that a detective has expressed himself confidently, and then--"</p>

<p>"Don't you worry, that's all--don't you worry; and as for the town,

the town needn't worry either. She's my meat--make yourself easy

about that. I'm on her track; I've got clues that--"</p>

<p>"That's good! Now if you could get an old veteran detective down from

St. Louis to help you find out what the clues mean, and where

they lead to, and then--"</p>

<p>"I'm plenty veteran enough myself, and I don't need anybody's help.

I'll have her inside of a we--inside of a month. That I'll swear to!"</p>

<p>Tom said carelessly:</p>

<p>"I suppose that will answer--yes, that will answer. But I reckon

she is pretty old, and old people don't often outlive the

cautious pace of the professional detective when he has got his

clues together and is out on his still-hunt."</p>

<p>Blake's dull face flushed under this gibe, but before he could set

his retort in order Tom had turned to Wilson, and was saying,

with placid indifference of manner and voice:</p>

<p>"Who got the reward, Pudd'nhead?"</p>

<p>Wilson winced slightly, and saw that his own turn was come.</p>

<p>"What reward?"</p>

<p>"Why, the reward for the thief, and the other one for the knife."</p>

<p>Wilson answered--and rather uncomfortably, to judge by his

hesitating fashion of delivering himself:</p>

<p>"Well, the--well, in face, nobody has claimed it yet."</p>

<p>Tom seemed surprised.</p>

<p>"Why, is that so?"</p>

<p>Wilson showed a trifle of irritation when he replied:</p>

<p>"Yes, it's so. And what of it?"</p>

<p>"Oh, nothing. Only I thought you had struck out a new idea,

and invented a scheme that was going to revolutionize the timeworn

and ineffectual methods of the--" He stopped, and turned to Blake,

who was happy now that another had taken his place on the gridiron.

"Blake, didn't you understand him to intimate that it wouldn't be

necessary for you to hunt the old woman down?"</p>

<p>"B'George, he said he'd have thief and swag both inside of three days--

he did, by hokey! and that's just about a week ago.

Why, I said at the time that no thief and no thief's pal was

going to try to pawn or sell a thing where he knowed the pawnbroker

could get both rewards by taking <hi rend="italics">him</hi> into camp <hi rend="italics">with</hi> the swag.

It was the blessedest idea that ever I struck!"</p>

<p>"You'd change your mind," said Wilson, with irritated bluntness,

"if you knew the entire scheme instead of only part of it."</p>

<p>"Well," said the constable, pensively, "I had the idea that

it wouldn't work, and up to now I'm right anyway."</p>

<p>"Very well, then, let it stand at that, and give it a further show.

It has worked at least as well as your own methods, you perceive."</p>

<p>The constable hadn't anything handy to hit back with,

so he discharged a discontented sniff, and said nothing.</p>

<p>After the night that Wilson had partly revealed his scheme

at his house, Tom had tried for several days to guess out the

secret of the rest of it, but had failed. Then it occurred to

him to give Roxana's smarter head a chance at it. He made up a

supposititious case, and laid it before her. She thought it over,

and delivered her verdict upon it. Tom said to himself,

"She's hit it, sure!" He thought he would test that verdict now,

and watch Wilson's face; so he said reflectively:</p>

<p>"Wilson, you're not a fool--a fact of recent discovery.

Whatever your scheme was, it had sense in it, Blake's opinion to

the contrary notwithstanding. I don't ask you to reveal it,

but I will suppose a case--a case which you will answer as a starting

point for the real thing I am going to come at, and that's all I want.

You offered five hundred dollars for the knife, and five hundred

for the thief. We will suppose, for argument's sake,

that the first reward is <hi rend="italics">advertised</hi> and the second offered by

<hi rend="italics">private letter</hi> to pawnbrokers and--"</p>

<p>Blake slapped his thigh, and cried out:</p>

<p>"By Jackson, he's got you, Pudd'nhead! Now why couldn't I

or <hi rend="italics">any</hi> fool have thought of that?"</p>

<p>Wilson said to himself, "Anybody with a reasonably good head would

have thought of it. I am not surprised that Blake didn't detect it;

I am only surprised that Tom did. There is more to him

than I supposed." He said nothing aloud, and Tom went on:</p>

<p>"Very well. The thief would not suspect that there was a trap,

and he would bring or send the knife, and say he bought it for a song,

or found it in the road, or something like that, and try

to collect the reward, and be arrested--wouldn't he?"</p>

<p>"Yes," said Wilson.</p>

<p>"I think so," said Tom. "There can't be any doubt of it.

Have you ever seen that knife?"</p>

<p>"No."</p>

<p>"Has any friend of yours?"</p>

<p>"Not that I know of."</p>

<p>"Well, I begin to think I understand why your scheme failed."</p>

<p>"What do you mean, Tom? What are you driving at?" asked Wilson,

with a dawning sense of discomfort.</p>

<p>"Why, that there <hi rend="italics">isn't</hi> any such knife."</p>

<p>"Look here, Wilson," said Blake, "Tom Driscoll's right,

for a thousand dollars--if I had it."</p>

<p>Wilson's blood warmed a little, and he wondered if he had been played

upon by those strangers; it certainly had something of that look.

But what could they gain by it? He threw out that suggestion.

Tom replied:</p>

<p>"Gain? Oh, nothing that you would value, maybe. But they are strangers

making their way in a new community. Is it nothing to them to appear

as pets of an Oriental prince--at no expense? It is nothing

to them to be able to dazzle this poor town with thousand-dollar

rewards--at no expense? Wilson, there isn't any such knife,

or your scheme would have fetched it to light. Or if there is

any such knife, they've got it yet. I believe, myself,

that they've seen such a knife, for Angelo pictured it out with

his pencil too swiftly and handily for him to have been inventing it,

and of course I can't swear that they've never had it; but this I'll

go bail for--if they had it when they came to this town,

they've got it yet."</p>

<p>Blake said:</p>

<p>"It looks mighty reasonable, the way Tom puts it; it most certainly does."</p>

<p>Tom responded, turning to leave:</p>

<p>"You find the old woman, Blake, and if she can't furnish the knife,

go and search the twins!"</p>

<p>Tom sauntered away. Wilson felt a good deal depressed. He hardly

knew what to think. He was loath to withdraw his faith from the twins,

and was resolved not to do it on the present indecisive evidence;

but--well, he would think, and then decide how to act.</p>

<p>"Blake, what do you think of this matter?"</p>

<p>"Well, Pudd'nhead, I'm bound to say I put it up the way Tom does.

They hadn't the knife; or if they had it, they've got it yet."</p>

<p>The men parted. Wilson said to himself:</p>

<p>"I believe they had it; if it had been stolen, the scheme would have

restored it, that is certain. And so I believe they've got it."</p>

<p>Tom had no purpose in his mind when he encountered those two men.

When he began his talk he hoped to be able to gall them a

little and get a trifle of malicious entertainment out of it.

But when he left, he left in great spirits, for he perceived that

just by pure luck and no troublesome labor he had accomplished

several delightful things: he had touched both men on a raw spot

and seen them squirm; he had modified Wilson's sweetness for the

twins with one small bitter taste that he wouldn't be able to get

out of his mouth right away; and, best of all, he had taken the

hated twins down a peg with the community; for Blake would gossip

around freely, after the manner of detectives, and within a week

the town would be laughing at them in its sleeve for offering a

gaudy reward for a bauble which they either never possessed or

hadn't lost. Tom was very well satisfied with himself.</p>

<p>Tom's behavior at home had been perfect during the entire week.

His uncle and aunt had seen nothing like it before. They could find

no fault with him anywhere.</p>

<p>Saturday evening he said to the Judge:</p>

<p>"I've had something preying on my mind, uncle, and as I am going away,

and might never see you again, I can't bear it any longer.

I made you believe I was afraid to fight that Italian adventurer.

I had to get out of it on some pretext or other, and maybe I

chose badly, being taken unawares, but no honorable person could

consent to meet him in the field, knowing what I knew about him."</p>

<p>"Indeed? What was that?"</p>

<p>"Count Luigi is a confessed assassin."</p>

<p>"Incredible."</p>

<p>"It's perfectly true. Wilson detected it in his hand, by palmistry,

and charged him with it, and cornered him up so close that he had

to confess; but both twins begged us on their knees to keep the secret,

and swore they would lead straight lives here; and it was all

so pitiful that we gave our word of honor never to expose them

while they kept the promise. You would have done it yourself, uncle."</p>

<p>"You are right, my boy; I would. A man's secret is still his

own property, and sacred, when it has been surprised out of him

like that. You did well, and I am proud of you."

Then he added mournfully, "But I wish I could have been saved the

shame of meeting an assassin on the field on honor."</p>

<p>"It couldn't be helped, uncle. If I had known you were going

to challenge him, I should have felt obliged to sacrifice

my pledged word in order to stop it, but Wilson couldn't be

expected to do otherwise than keep silent."</p>

<p>"Oh, no, Wilson did right, and is in no way to blame. Tom, Tom,

you have lifted a heavy load from my heart; I was stung to the very

soul when I seemed to have discovered that I had a coward in my family."</p>

<p>"You may imagine what it cost <hi rend="italics">me</hi> to assume such a part, uncle."</p>

<p>"Oh, I know it, poor boy, I know it. And I can understand how much

it has cost you to remain under that unjust stigma to this time.

But it is all right now, and no harm is done. You have restored

my comfort of mind, and with it your own; and both of us

had suffered enough."</p>

<p>The old man sat awhile plunged in thought; then he looked up

with a satisfied light in his eye, and said: "That this assassin

should have put the affront upon me of letting me meet him on the

field of honor as if he were a gentleman is a matter which I will

presently settle--but not now. I will not shoot him until after election.

I see a way to ruin them both before; I will attend to that first.

Neither of them shall be elected, that I promise.

You are sure that the fact that he is an assassin has not got abroad?"</p>

<p>"Perfectly certain of it, sir."</p>

<p>"It will be a good card. I will fling a hint at it from the stump

on the polling day. It will sweep the ground from under both of them."</p>

<p>"There's not a doubt of it. It will finish them."</p>

<p>"That and outside work among the voters will, to a certainty.

I want you to come down here by and by and work privately among

the rag-tag and bobtail. You shall spend money among them;

I will furnish it."</p>

<p>Another point scored against the detested twins! Really it was

a great day for Tom. He was encouraged to chance a parting shot, now,

at the same target, and did it.</p>

<p>"You know that wonderful Indian knife that the twins have been making

such a to-do about? Well, there's no track or trace of it yet;

so the town is beginning to sneer and gossip and laugh.

Half the people believe they never had any such knife,

the other half believe they had it and have got it still.

I've heard twenty people talking like that today."</p>

<p>Yes, Tom's blemishless week had restored him to the favor of

his aunt and uncle.</p>

<p>His mother was satisfied with him, too. Privately, she believed she

was coming to love him, but she did not say so. She told him to

go along to St. Louis now, and she would get ready and follow.

Then she smashed her whisky bottle and said:</p>

<p>"Dah now! I's a-gwine to make you walk as straight as a string,

Chambers, en so I's bown, you ain't gwine to git no bad example

out o' yo' mammy. I tole you you couldn't go into no bad comp'ny.

Well, you's gwine into my comp'ny, en I's gwine to fill de bill.

Now, den, trot along, trot along!"</p>

<p>Tom went aboard one of the big transient boats that night with

his heavy satchel of miscellaneous plunder, and slept the sleep

of the unjust, which is serener and sounder than the other kind,

as we know by the hanging-eve history of a million rascals.

But when he got up in the morning, luck was against him again:

a brother thief had robbed him while he slept, and gone ashore at

some intermediate landing.</p></div1>

<div1 n="16" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 16

<lb/><lb/>

Sold Down the River</head>

<epigraph><p>If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous,

he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a

dog and a man.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>We all know about the habits of the ant, we know all about

the habits of the bee, but we know nothing at all about the

habits of the oyster. It seems almost certain that we have been

choosing the wrong time for studying the oyster.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>When Roxana arrived, she found her son in such despair and

misery that her heart was touched and her motherhood rose up

strong in her. He was ruined past hope now; his destruction

would be immediate and sure, and he would be an outcast and friendless.

That was reason enough for a mother to love a child;

so she loved him, and told him so. It made him wince, secretly--

for she was a "nigger." That he was one himself was far from

reconciling him to that despised race.

</p>

<p>Roxana poured out endearments upon him, to which he

responded uncomfortably, but as well as he could.

And she tried to comfort him, but that was not possible.

These intimacies quickly became horrible to him, and within the hour

began to try to get up courage enough to tell her so, and require

that they be discontinued or very considerably modified.

But he was afraid of her; and besides, there came a lull now,

for she had begun to think. She was trying to invent a saving plan.

Finally she started up, and said she had found a way out. Tom was almost

suffocated by the joy of this sudden good news. Roxana said:

</p>

<p>"Here is de plan, en she'll win, sure. I's a nigger,

en nobody ain't gwine to doubt it dat hears me talk.

I's wuth six hund'd dollahs. Take en sell me,

en pay off dese gamblers."

</p>

<p>Tom was dazed. He was not sure he had heard aright.

He was dumb for a moment; then he said:

</p>

<p>"Do you mean that you would be sold into slavery to save me?"

</p>

<p>"Ain't you my chile? En does you know anything dat a mother

won't do for her chile? Day ain't nothin' a white mother won't

do for her chile. Who made 'em so? De Lord done it.

En who made de niggers? De Lord made 'em. In de inside, mothers is all

de same. De good lord he made 'em so. I's gwine to be sole into

slavery, en in a year you's gwine to buy yo' ole mammy free ag'in.

I'll show you how. Dat's de plan."

</p>

<p>Tom's hopes began to rise, and his spirits along with them. He said:

</p>

<p>"It's lovely of you, Mammy--it's just--"

</p>

<p>"Say it ag'in! En keep on sayin' it! It's all de pay a

body kin want in dis worl', en it's mo' den enough.

Laws bless you, honey, when I's slav' aroun', en dey 'buses me,

if I knows you's a-sayin' dat, 'way off yonder somers,

it'll heal up all de sore places, en I kin stan' 'em."

</p>

<p>"I <hi rend="italics">do</hi> say it again, Mammy, and I'll keep on saying it, too.

But how am I going to sell you? You're free, you know."

</p>

<p>"Much diff'rence dat make! White folks ain't partic'lar.

De law kin sell me now if dey tell me to leave de state in six

months en I don't go. You draw up a paper--bill o' sale--

en put it 'way off yonder, down in de middle o' Kaintuck somers,

en sign some names to it, en say you'll sell me cheap 'ca'se you's

hard up; you'll find you ain't gwine to have no trouble.

You take me up de country a piece, en sell me on a farm;

dem people ain't gwine to ask no questions if I's a bargain."

</p>

<p>Tom forged a bill of sale and sold him mother to an Arkansas

cotton planter for a trifle over six hundred dollars.

He did not want to commit this treachery, but luck threw the man in his way,

and this saved him the necessity of going up-country to hunt up a purchaser,

with the added risk of having to answer a lot of questions,

whereas this planter was so pleased with Roxy that he

asked next to none at all. Besides, the planter insisted that

Roxy wouldn't know where she was, at first, and that by the time

she found out she would already have been contented.

</p>

<p>So Tom argued with himself that it was an immense advantage

for Roxy to have a master who was pleased with her, as this

planter manifestly was. In almost no time his flowing reasonings

carried him to the point of even half believing he was doing Roxy

a splendid surreptitious service in selling her "down the river."

And then he kept diligently saying to himself all the time:

"It's for only a year. In a year I buy her free again;

she'll keep that in mind, and it'll reconcile her." Yes; the little

deception could do no harm, and everything would come out right

and pleasant in the end, anyway. By agreement, the conversation

in Roxy's presence was all about the man's "up-country" farm,

and how pleasant a place it was, and how happy the slaves were there;

so poor Roxy was entirely deceived; and easily, for she was not

dreaming that her own son could be guilty of treason to a mother who,

in voluntarily going into slavery--slavery of any kind,

mild or severe, or of any duration, brief or long--was making a

sacrifice for him compared with which death would have been a

poor and commonplace one. She lavished tears and loving caresses

upon him privately, and then went away with her owner--

went away brokenhearted, and yet proud to do it.

</p>

<p>Tom scored his accounts, and resolved to keep to the very

letter of his reform, and never to put that will in jeopardy

again. He had three hundred dollars left. According to his

mother's plan, he was to put that safely away, and add her half

of his pension to it monthly. In one year this fund would buy

her free again.

</p>

<p>For a whole week he was not able to sleep well, so much the

villainy which he had played upon his trusting mother preyed upon

his rag of conscience; but after that he began to get comfortable again,

and was presently able to sleep like any other miscreant.

</p>

<p>The boat bore Roxy away from St. Louis at four in the afternoon,

and she stood on the lower guard abaft the paddle box

and watched Tom through a blur of tears until he melted into the

throng of people and disappeared; then she looked no more,

but sat there on a coil of cable crying till far into the night.

When she went to her foul steerage bunk at last, between the

clashing engines, it was not to sleep, but only to wait for the

morning, and, waiting, grieve.

</p>

<p>It had been imagined that she "would not know," and would

think she was traveling upstream. She! Why, she had been

steamboating for years. At dawn she got up and went listlessly

and sat down on the cable coil again. She passed many a snag

whose "break" could have told her a thing to break her heart,

for it showed a current moving in the same direction that the boat

was going; but her thoughts were elsewhere, and she did not notice.

But at last the roar of a bigger and nearer break than

usual brought her out of her torpor, and she looked up,

and her practiced eye fell upon that telltale rush of water.

For one moment her petrified gaze fixed itself there.

Then her head dropped upon her breast, and she said:

</p>

<p>"Oh, de good Lord God have mercy on po' sinful me--

<hi rend="italics">I's sole down de river!</hi>"</p></div1>

<div1 n="17" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 17

<lb/><lb/>

The Judge Utters Dire Prophesy

</head>

<epigraph><p>Even popularity can be overdone. In Rome, along at first,

you are full of regrets that Michelangelo died; but by and by,

you only regret that you didn't see him do it.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p><hi rend="italics">July 4.</hi> Statistics show that we lose more fools on this day

than in all the other days of the year put together.

This proves, by the number left in stock, that one Fourth of

July per year is now inadequate, the country has grown so.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<p>The summer weeks dragged by, and then the political campaign opened--

opened in pretty warm fashion, and waxed hotter and hotter daily.

The twins threw themselves into it with their whole heart,

for their self-love was engaged. Their popularity,

so general at first, had suffered afterward; mainly because they

had been <hi rend="italics">too</hi> popular, and so a natural reaction had followed.

Besides, it had been diligently whispered around that it was

curious--indeed, <hi rend="italics">very</hi> curious--that that wonderful knife of

theirs did not turn up--<hi rend="italics">if</hi> it was so valuable, or <hi rend="italics">if</hi> it had ever existed.

And with the whisperings went chucklings and nudgings and winks,

and such things have an effect. The twins considered

that success in the election would reinstate them, and that

defeat would work them irreparable damage. Therefore they worked hard,

but not harder than Judge Driscoll and Tom worked against

them in the closing days of the canvass. Tom's conduct had

remained so letter-perfect during two whole months now, that his

uncle not only trusted him with money with which to persuade voters,

but trusted him to go and get it himself out of the safe

in the private sitting room.

</p>

<p>The closing speech of the campaign was made by Judge Driscoll,

and he made it against both of the foreigners. It was

disastrously effective. He poured out rivers of ridicule upon them,

and forced the big mass meeting to laugh and applaud.

He scoffed at them as adventures, mountebanks, sideshow riffraff,

dime museum freaks; he assailed their showy titles with

measureless derision; he said they were back-alley barbers

disguised as nobilities, peanut peddlers masquerading as

gentlemen, organ-grinders bereft of their brother monkey.

At last he stopped and stood still. He waited until the place had

become absolutely silent and expectant, then he delivered his

deadliest shot; delivered it with ice-cold seriousness and

deliberation, with a significant emphasis upon the closing words:

he said he believed that the reward offered for the lost knife

was humbug and bunkum, and that its owner would know where to

find it whenever he should have occasion <hi rend="italics">to assassinate somebody.

</hi></p>

<p>Then he stepped from the stand, leaving a startled and

impressive hush behind him instead of the customary explosion of

cheers and party cries.

</p>

<p>The strange remark flew far and wide over the town and made

an extraordinary sensation. Everybody was asking, "What could he

mean by that?" And everybody went on asking that question,

but in vain; for the judge only said he knew what he was talking about,

and stopped there; Tom said he hadn't any idea what his uncle meant,

and Wilson, whenever he was asked what he thought it meant,

parried the question by asking the questioner what <hi rend="italics">he</hi> thought it meant.

</p>

<p>Wilson was elected, the twins were defeated--crushed,

in fact, and left forlorn and substantially friendless.

Tom went back to St. Louis happy.

</p>

<p>Dawson's Landing had a week of repose now, and it needed it.

But it was in an expectant state, for the air was full of rumors

of a new duel. Judge Driscoll's election labors had prostrated him,

but it was said that as soon as he was well enough to

entertain a challenge he would get one from Count Luigi.

</p>

<p>The brothers withdrew entirely from society, and nursed

their humiliation in privacy. They avoided the people, and wait

out for exercise only late at night, when the streets were deserted.

</p></div1>

<div1 n="18" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 18

<lb/><lb/>

Roxana Commands

</head>

<epigraph><p>Gratitude and treachery are merely the two extremities of

the same procession. You have seen all of it that is worth

staying for when the band and the gaudy officials have gone by.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p><hi rend="italics">Thanksgiving Day.</hi> Let us all give humble, hearty, and

sincere thanks now, but the turkeys. In the island of Fiji they

do not use turkeys; they use plumbers. It does not become you

and me to sneer at Fiji.

</p><p rend="indent4">>--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<p>The Friday after the election was a rainy one in St. Louis.

It rained all day long, and rained hard, apparently trying its

best to wash that soot-blackened town white, but of course not

succeeding. Toward midnight Tom Driscoll arrived at his lodgings

from the theater in the heavy downpour, and closed his umbrella

and let himself in; but when he would have shut the door,

he found that there was another person entering--doubtless another lodger;

this person closed the door and tramped upstairs behind Tom.

Tom found his door in the dark, and entered it, and turned

up the gas. When he faced about, lightly whistling, he saw the

back of a man. The man was closing and locking his door from him.

His whistle faded out and he felt uneasy. The man turned around,

a wreck of shabby old clothes, sodden with rain and all a-drip,

and showed a black face under an old slouch hat. Tom was frightened.

He tried to order the man out, but the words refused to come,

and the other man got the start. He said, in a low voice:

</p>

<p>"Keep still--I's yo' mother!"

</p>

<p>Tom sunk in a heap on a chair, and gasped out:

</p>

<p>"It was mean of me, and base--I know it; but I meant it for

the best, I did indeed--I can swear it."

</p>

<p>Roxana stood awhile looking mutely down on him while he

writhed in shame and went on incoherently babbling self-accusations

mixed with pitiful attempts at explanation and

palliation of his crime; then she seated herself and took off her hat,

and her unkept masses of long brown hair tumbled down about her shoulders.

</p>

<p>"It warn't no fault o' yo'n dat dat ain't gray," she said sadly,

noticing the hair.

</p>

<p>"I know it, I know it! I'm a scoundrel. But I swear I

meant it for the best. It was a mistake, of course,

but I thought it was for the best, I truly did."

</p>

<p>Roxana began to cry softly, and presently words began to

find their way out between her sobs. They were uttered

lamentingly, rather than angrily.

</p>

<p>"Sell a pusson down de river--<hi rend="italics">down de river!</hi>--for de bes'!

I wouldn't treat a dog so! I is all broke down and en wore out

now, en so I reckon it ain't in me to storm aroun' no mo',

like I used to when I 'uz trompled on en 'bused. I don't know--

but maybe it's so. Leastways, I's suffered so much dat mournin' seem

to come mo' handy to me now den stormin'."

</p>

<p>These words should have touched Tom Driscoll, but if they did,

that effect was obliterated by a stronger one--one which

removed the heavy weight of fear which lay upon him, and gave his

crushed spirit a most grateful rebound, and filled all his small

soul with a deep sense of relief. But he kept prudently still,

and ventured no comment. There was a voiceless interval of some

duration now, in which no sounds were heard but the beating of

the rain upon the panes, the sighing and complaining of the

winds, and now and then a muffled sob from Roxana.

The sobs became more and more infrequent, and at least ceased.

Then the refugee began to talk again.

</p>

<p>"Shet down dat light a little. More. More yit. A pusson

dat is hunted don't like de light. Dah--dat'll do. I kin see

whah you is, en dat's enough. I's gwine to tell you de tale,

en cut it jes as short as I kin, en den I'll tell you what you's got to do.

Dat man dat bought me ain't a bad man; he's good enough,

as planters goes; en if he could 'a' had his way I'd 'a' be'n a

house servant in his fambly en be'n comfortable: but his wife

she was a Yank, en not right down good lookin', en she riz up

agin me straight off; so den dey sent me out to de quarter

'mongst de common fiel' han's. Dat woman warn't satisfied even

wid dat, but she worked up de overseer ag'in' me, she 'uz dat

jealous en hateful; so de overseer he had me out befo' day in de

mawnin's en worked me de whole long day as long as dey'uz any

light to see by; en many's de lashin's I got 'ca'se I couldn't

come up to de work o' de stronges'. Dat overseer wuz a Yank too,

outen New Englan', en anybody down South kin tell you what dat mean.

<hi rend="italics">Dey</hi> knows how to work a nigger to death, en dey knows how

to whale 'em too--whale 'em till dey backs is welted like a washboard.

'Long at fust my marster say de good word for me to

de overseer, but dat 'uz bad for me; for de mistis she fine it

out, en arter dat I jist ketched it at every turn--dey warn't no

mercy for me no mo'."

</p>

<p>Tom's heart was fired--with fury against the planter's wife;

and he said to himself, "But for that meddlesome fool,

everything would have gone all right." He added a deep and bitter

curse against her.

</p>

<p>The expression of this sentiment was fiercely written in his face,

and stood thus revealed to Roxana by a white glare of

lightning which turned the somber dusk of the room into dazzling

day at that moment. She was pleased--pleased and grateful;

for did not that expression show that her child was capable of

grieving for his mother's wrongs and a feeling resentment toward

her persecutors?--a thing which she had been doubting.

But her flash of happiness was only a flash, and went out again and

left her spirit dark; for she said to herself, "He sole me down de river--

he can't feel for a body long; dis'll pass en go."

Then she took up her tale again.

</p>

<p>"'Bout ten days ago I 'uz sayin' to myself dat I couldn't

las' many mo' weeks I 'uz so wore out wid de awful work en de

lashin's, en so downhearted en misable. En I didn't care no mo',

nuther--life warn't wuth noth'n' to me, if I got to go on like

dat. Well, when a body is in a frame o' mine like dat, what do a

body care what a body do? Dey was a little sickly nigger wench

'bout ten year ole dat 'uz good to me, en hadn't no mammy,

po' thing, en I loved her en she loved me; en she come out whah I uz'

workin' en she had a roasted tater, en tried to slip it to me--

robbin' herself, you see, 'ca'se she knowed de overseer didn't

give me enough to eat--en he ketched her at it, en giver her a

lick acrost de back wid his stick, which 'uz as thick as a broom handle,

en she drop' screamin' on de groun', en squirmin' en

wallerin' aroun' in de dust like a spider dat's got crippled.

I couldn't stan' it. All de hellfire dat 'uz ever in my heart

flame' up, en I snatch de stick outen his han' en laid him flat.

He laid dah moanin' en cussin', en all out of his head, you know,

en de niggers 'uz plumb sk'yred to death. Dey gathered roun' him

to he'p him, en I jumped on his hoss en took out for de river as

tight as I could go. I knowed what dey would do wid me. Soon as

he got well he would start in en work me to death if marster let him;

en if dey didn't do dat, they'd sell me furder down de river,

en dat's de same thing. so I 'lowed to drown myself en

git out o' my troubles. It 'uz gitt'n' towards dark. I 'uz at

de river in two minutes. Den I see a canoe, en I says dey ain't

no use to drown myself tell I got to; so I ties de hoss in de

edge o' de timber en shove out down de river, keepin' in under de

shelter o' de bluff bank en prayin' for de dark to shet down quick.

I had a pow'ful good start, 'ca'se de big house 'uz three

mile back f'om de river en on'y de work mules to ride dah on, en

on'y niggers ride 'em, en <hi rend="italics">dey</hi> warn't gwine to hurry--dey'd gimme

all de chance dey could. Befo' a body could go to de house en

back it would be long pas' dark, en dey couldn't track de hoss en

fine out which way I went tell mawnin', en de niggers would tell

'em all de lies dey could 'bout it.

"Well, de dark come, en I went on a-spinnin' down de river.

I paddled mo'n two hours, den I warn't worried no mo', so I quit

paddlin' en floated down de current, considerin' what I 'uz gwine

to do if I didn't have to drown myself. I made up some plans,

en floated along, turnin' 'em over in my mine. Well, when it 'uz a

little pas' midnight, as I reckoned, en I had come fifteen or

twenty mile, I see de lights o' a steamboat layin' at de bank,

whah dey warn't no town en no woodyard, en putty soon I ketched

de shape o' de chimbly tops ag'in' de stars, en den good gracious me,

I 'most jumped out o' my skin for joy! It 'uz de <hi rend="italics">Gran' Mogul--</hi>

I 'uz chambermaid on her for eight seasons in de Cincinnati en

Orleans trade. I slid 'long pas'--don't see nobody stirrin' nowhah--

hear 'em a-hammerin' away in de engine room, den I knowed

what de matter was--some o' de machinery's broke. I got asho'

below de boat and turn' de canoe loose, den I goes 'long up, en

dey 'uz jes one plank out, en I step' 'board de boat. It 'uz

pow'ful hot, deckhan's en roustabouts 'uz sprawled aroun' asleep

on de fo'cas'l', de second mate, Jim Bangs, he sot dah on de

bitts wid his head down, asleep--'ca'se dat's de way de second

mate stan' de cap'n's watch!--en de ole watchman, Billy Hatch,

he 'uz a-noddin' on de companionway;--en I knowed 'em all; en, lan',

but dey did look good! I says to myself, I wished old marster'd

come along <hi rend="italics">now</hi> en try to take me--bless yo' heart, I's 'mong

frien's, I is. So I tromped right along 'mongst 'em, en went up

on de b'iler deck en 'way back aft to de ladies' cabin guard,

en sot down dah in de same cheer dat I'd sot in 'mos' a hund'd

million times, I reckon; en it 'uz jist home ag'in, I tell you!

</p>

<p>"In 'bout an hour I heard de ready bell jingle, en den de

racket begin. Putty soon I hear de gong strike. 'Set her back

on de outside,' I says to myself. 'I reckon I knows dat music!'

I hear de gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de inside,' I says.

Gong ag'in. 'Stop de outside.' gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de outside--

now we's pinted for Sent Louis, en I's outer de woods en

ain't got to drown myself at all.' I knowed de <hi rend="italics">Mogul</hi> 'uz in de

Sent Louis trade now, you see. It 'uz jes fair daylight when we

passed our plantation, en I seed a gang o' niggers en white folks

huntin' up en down de sho', en troublin' deyselves a good deal 'bout me;

but I warn't troublin' myself none 'bout dem.

</p>

<p>"'Bout dat time Sally Jackson, dat used to be my second

chambermaid en 'uz head chambermaid now, she come out on de guard,

en 'uz pow'ful glad to see me, en so 'uz all de officers;

en I tole 'em I'd got kidnapped en sole down de river,

en dey made me up twenty dollahs en give it to me, en Sally she rigged

me out wid good clo'es, en when I got here I went straight to

whah you used to wuz, en den I come to dis house, en dey say

you's away but 'spected back every day; so I didn't dast to go

down de river to Dawson's, 'ca'se I might miss you.

</p>

<p>"Well, las' Monday I 'uz pass'n by one o' dem places in

fourth street whah deh sticks up runaway nigger bills, en he'ps

to ketch 'em, en I seed my marster! I 'mos' flopped down on de

groun', I felt so gone. He had his back to me, en 'uz talkin' to

de man en givin' him some bills--nigger bills, I reckon, en I's

de nigger. He's offerin' a reward--dat's it. Ain't I right,

don't you reckon?"

</p>

<p>Tom had been gradually sinking into a state of ghastly terror,

and he said to himself, now: "I'm lost, no matter what

turn things take! This man has said to me that he thinks there

was something suspicious about that sale. he said he had a

letter from a passenger on the <hi rend="italics">Grand Mogul</hi> saying that Roxy came

here on that boat and that everybody on board knew all about the case;

so he says that her coming here instead of flying to a free

state looks bad for me, and that if I don't find her for him,

and that pretty soon, he will make trouble for me. I never believed

that story; I couldn't believe she would be so dead to all

motherly instincts as to come here, knowing the risk she would

run of getting me into irremediable trouble. And after all,

here she is! And I stupidly swore I would help find her,

thinking it was a perfectly safe thing to promise. If I venture to

deliver her up, she--she--but how can I help myself? I've got to do

that or pay the money, and where's the money to come from? I--I--well,

I should think that if he would swear to treat her kindly hereafter--

and she says, herself, that he is a good man--and if he would

swear to never allow her to be overworked, or ill fed, or--"

</p>

<p>A flash of lightning exposed Tom's pallid face, drawn and

rigid with these worrying thoughts. Roxana spoke up sharply now,

and there was apprehension in her voice.

</p>

<p>"Turn up dat light! I want to see yo' face better. Dah now

--lemme look at you. Chambers, you's as white as yo' shirt!

Has you see dat man? Has he be'n to see you?"

</p>

<p>"Ye-s."

</p>

<p>"When?"

</p>

<p>"Monday noon."

</p>

<p>"Monday noon! Was he on my track?"

</p>

<p>"He--well, he thought he was. That is, he hoped he was.

This is the bill you saw." He took it out of his pocket.

</p>

<p>"Read it to me!"

</p>

<p>She was panting with excitement, and there was a dusky glow

in her eyes that Tom could not translate with certainty,

but there seemed to be something threatening about it.

The handbill had the usual rude woodcut of a turbaned Negro woman running,

with the customary bundle on a stick over her shoulder, and the

heading in bold type, "$100 REWARD." Tom read the bill aloud--

at least the part that described Roxana and named the master and his

St. Louis address and the address of the Fourth street agency;

but he left out the item that applicants for the reward might

also apply to Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

</p>

<p>"Gimme de bill!"

</p>

<p>Tom had folded it and was putting it in his pocket.

He felt a chilly streak creeping down his back,

but said as carelessly as he could:

</p>

<p>"The bill? Why, it isn't any use to you, you can't read it.

What do you want with it?"

</p>

<p>"Gimme de bill!" Tom gave it to her, but with a reluctance

which he could not entirely disguise. "Did you read it <hi rend="italics">all</hi> to me?"

</p>

<p>"Certainly I did."

</p>

<p>"Hole up yo' han' en swah to it."

</p>

<p>Tom did it. Roxana put the bill carefully away in her pocket,

with her eyes fixed upon Tom's face all the while; then she said:

</p>

<p>"Yo's lyin'!"

</p>

<p>"What would I want to lie about it for?"

</p>

<p>"I don't know--but you is. Dat's my opinion, anyways.

But nemmine 'bout dat. When I seed dat man I 'uz dat sk'yerd dat I

could sca'cely wobble home. Den I give a nigger man a dollar for

dese clo'es, en I ain't be'in in a house sence, night ner day, till now.

I blacked my face en laid hid in de cellar of a ole

house dat's burnt down, daytimes, en robbed de sugar hogsheads en

grain sacks on de wharf, nights, to git somethin' to eat,

en never dast to try to buy noth'n', en I's 'mos' starved.

En I never dast to come near dis place till dis rainy night,

when dey ain't no people roun' sca'cely. But tonight I be'n a-stanin'

in de dark alley ever sence night come, waitin' for you to go by.

En here I is."

</p>

<p>She fell to thinking. Presently she said:

</p>

<p>"You seed dat man at noon, las' Monday?"

</p>

<p>"Yes."

</p>

<p>"I seed him de middle o' dat arternoon. He hunted you up, didn't he?"

</p>

<p>"Yes."

</p>

<p>"Did he give you de bill dat time?"

</p>

<p>"No, he hadn't got it printed yet."

</p>

<p>Roxana darted a suspicious glance at him.

</p>

<p>"Did you he'p him fix up de bill?"

</p>

<p>Tom cursed himself for making that stupid blunder, and tried

to rectify it by saying he remember now that it <hi rend="italics">was</hi> at noon

Monday that the man gave him the bill. Roxana said:

</p>

<p>"You's lyin' ag'in, sho." Then she straightened up and raised her finger:

</p>

<p>"Now den! I's gwine to ask you a question, en I wants to

know how you's gwine to git aroun' it. You knowed he 'uz arter me;

en if you run off, 'stid o' stayin' here to he'p him,

he'd know dey 'uz somethin' wrong 'bout dis business, en den he would

inquire 'bout you, en dat would take him to yo' uncle, en yo'

uncle would read de bill en see dat you be'n sellin' a free

nigger down de river, en you know <hi rend="italics">him</hi>, I reckon! He'd t'ar up de

will en kick you outen de house. Now, den, you answer me dis

question: hain't you tole dat man dat I would be sho' to come here,

en den you would fix it so he could set a trap en ketch me?"</p>

<p>Tom recognized that neither lies nor arguments could help

him any longer--he was in a vise, with the screw turned on,

and out of it there was no budging. His face began to take on an

ugly look, and presently he said, with a snarl:

</p>

<p>"Well, what could I do? You see, yourself, that I was in

his grip and couldn't get out."

</p>

<p>Roxy scorched him with a scornful gaze awhile, then she said:

</p>

<p>"What could you do? You could be Judas to yo' own mother to

save yo' wuthless hide! Would anybody b'lieve it?

No--a dog couldn't! You is de lowdownest orneriest hound dat was ever

pup'd into dis worl'--en I's 'sponsible for it!"--and she spat on him.

</p>

<p>He made no effort to resent this. Roxy reflected a moment,

then she said:

</p>

<p>"Now I'll tell you what you's gwine to do. You's gwine to

give dat man de money dat you's got laid up, en make him wait

till you kin go to de judge en git de res' en buy me free agin."

</p>

<p>"Thunder! What are you thinking of? Go and ask him for

three hundred dollars and odd? What would I tell him I want it

for, pray?"

</p>

<p>Roxy's answer was delivered in a serene and level voice.

</p>

<p>"You'll tell him you's sole me to pay yo' gamblin' debts en

dat you lied to me en was a villain, en dat I 'quires you to git

dat money en buy me back ag'in."

</p>

<p>"Why, you've gone stark mad! He would tear the will to

shreads in a minute--don't you know that?"

</p>

<p>"Yes, I does."

</p>

<p>"Then you don't believe I'm idiot enough to go to him, do you?"

</p>

<p>"I don't b'lieve nothin' 'bout it--I <hi rend="italics">knows</hi> you's a-goin'.

I knows it 'ca'se you knows dat if you don't raise dat money I'll

go to him myself, en den he'll sell <hi rend="italics">you</hi> down de river, en you kin

see how you like it!"

</p>

<p>Tom rose, trembling and excited, and there was an evil light in his eye.

He strode to the door and said he must get out of

this suffocating place for a moment and clear his brain in the

fresh air so that he could determine what to do.

The door wouldn't open. Roxy smiled grimly, and said:

</p>

<p>"I's got the key, honey--set down. You needn't cle'r up yo'

brain none to fine out what you gwine to do--<hi rend="italics">I</hi> knows what you's

gwine to do." Tom sat down and began to pass his hands through

his hair with a helpless and desperate air.

Roxy said, "Is dat man in dis house?"

</p>

<p>Tom glanced up with a surprised expression, and asked:

</p>

<p>"What gave you such an idea?"

</p>

<p>"You done it. Gwine out to cle'r yo' brain! In de fust

place you ain't got none to cle'r, en in de second place yo'

ornery eye tole on you. You's de lowdownest hound dat ever--

but I done told you dat befo'. Now den, dis is Friday.

You kin fix it up wid dat man, en tell him you's gwine away to

git de res' o' de money, en dat you'll be back wid it nex' Tuesday,

or maybe Wednesday. You understan'?"

</p>

<p>Tom answered sullenly: "Yes."

</p>

<p>"En when you gits de new bill o' sale dat sells me to my own self,

take en send it in de mail to Mr. Pudd'nhead Wilson,

en write on de back dat he's to keep it tell I come. You understan'?"

</p>

<p>"Yes."

</p>

<p>"Dat's all den. Take yo' umbreller, en put on yo' hat."

</p>

<p>"Why?"

</p>

<p>"Beca'se you's gwine to see me home to de wharf. You see dis knife?

I's toted it aroun' sence de day I seed dat man en bought dese clo'es en it.

If he ketch me, I's gwine to kill myself wid it. Now start along,

en go sof', en lead de way; en if you gives a sign in dis house,

or if anybody comes up to you in de street, I's gwine to jam it

right into you. Chambers, does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"

</p>

<p>"It's no use to bother me with that question. I know your word's good."

</p>

<p>"Yes, it's diff'rent from yo'n! Shet de light out en move along--

here's de key."

</p>

<p>They were not followed. Tom trembled every time a late

straggler brushed by them on the street, and half expected to

feel the cold steel in his back. Roxy was right at his heels and

always in reach. After tramping a mile they reached a wide

vacancy on the deserted wharves, and in this dark and rainy

desert they parted.

</p>

<p>As Tom trudged home his mind was full of dreary thoughts and

wild plans; but at last he said to himself, wearily:

</p>

<p>"There is but the one way out. I must follow her plan.

But with a variation--I will not ask for the money and ruin myself;

I will <hi rend="italics">rob</hi> the old skinflint."

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<head>CHAPTER 19

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The Prophesy Realized

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<epigraph><p>Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a

good example.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p>It were not best that we should all think alike; it is

difference of opinion that makes horse races.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar

</p></epigraph>

<p>Dawson's Landing was comfortably finishing its season of

dull repose and waiting patiently for the duel.

Count Luigi was waiting, too; but not patiently, rumor said.

Sunday came, and Luigi insisted on having his challenge conveyed.

Wilson carried it. Judge Driscoll declined to fight with an assassin--

"that is," he added significantly, "in the field of honor."

</p>

<p>Elsewhere, of course, he would be ready. Wilson tried to

convince him that if he had been present himself when Angelo told

him about the homicide committed by Luigi, he would not have

considered the act discreditable to Luigi; but the obstinate old

man was not to be moved.</p>

<p>Wilson went back to his principal and reported the failure

of his mission. Luigi was incensed, and asked how it could be

that the old gentleman, who was by no means dull-witted, held his

trifling nephew's evidence in inferences to be of more value than Wilson's.

But Wilson laughed, and said:</p>

<p>"That is quite simple; that is easily explicable.

I am not his doll--his baby--his infatuation: his nature is.

The judge and his late wife never had any children.

The judge and his wife were past middle age when this treasure

fell into their lap. One must make allowances for a parental instinct

that has been starving for twenty-five or thirty years.

It is famished, it is crazed wit hunger by that time, and will be

entirely satisfied with anything that comes handy; its taste is atrophied,

it can't tell mud cat from shad. A devil born to a young couple is

measurably recognizable by them as a devil before long,

but a devil adopted by an old couple is an angel to them,

and remains so, through thick and thin. Tom is this old man's angel;

he is infatuated with him. Tom can persuade him into things which

other people can't--not all things; I don't mean that,

but a good many--particularly one class of things: the things that

create or abolish personal partialities or prejudices in the old

man's mind. The old man liked both of you. Tom conceived a

hatred for you. That was enough; it turned the old man around at once.

The oldest and strongest friendship must go to the ground

when one of these late-adopted darlings throws a brick at it."</p>

<p>"It's a curious philosophy," said Luigi.</p>

<p>"It ain't philosophy at all--it's a fact. And there is

something pathetic and beautiful about it, too. I think there is

nothing more pathetic than to see one of these poor old childless

couples taking a menagerie of yelping little worthless dogs to

their hearts; and then adding some cursing and squawking parrots

and a jackass-voiced macaw; and next a couple of hundred

screeching songbirds, and presently some fetid guinea pigs and

rabbits, and a howling colony of cats. It is all a groping and

ignorant effort to construct out of base metal and brass filings,

so to speak, something to take the place of that golden treasure

denied them by Nature, a child. But this is a digression.

The unwritten law of this region requires you to kill Judge Driscoll

on sight, and he and the community will expect that attention at

your hands--though of course your own death by his bullet will

answer every purpose. Look out for him! Are you healed--that is, fixed?"</p>

<p>"Yes, he shall have his opportunity. If he attacks me, I will respond."</p>

<p>As Wilson was leaving, he said:</p>

<p>"The judge is still a little used up by his campaign work,

and will not get out for a day or so; but when he does get out,

you want to be on the alert."</p>

<p>About eleven at night the twins went out for exercise,

and started on a long stroll in the veiled moonlight.</p>

<p>Tom Driscoll had landed at Hackett's Store, two miles below Dawson's,

just about half an hour earlier, the only passenger for

that lonely spot, and had walked up the shore road and entered

Judge Driscoll's house without having encountered anyone either

on the road or under the roof.</p>

<p>He pulled down his window blinds and lighted his candle.

He laid off his coat and hat and began his preparations.

He unlocked his trunk and got his suit of girl's clothes out from

under the male attire in it, and laid it by. Then he blacked his

face with burnt cork and put the cork in his pocket.

His plan was to slip down to his uncle's private sitting room below,

pass into the bedroom, steal the safe key from the old gentleman's

clothes, and then go back and rob the safe. He took up his

candle to start. His courage and confidence were high,

up to this point, but both began to waver a little now.

Suppose he should make a noise, by some accident, and get caught--

say, in the act of opening the safe? Perhaps it would be well to go armed.

He took the Indian knife from its hiding place, and felt

a pleasant return of his wandering courage. He slipped

stealthily down the narrow stair, his hair rising and his pulses

halting at the slightest creak. When he was halfway down, he was

disturbed to perceive that the landing below was touched by a

faint glow of light. What could that mean? Was his uncle still up?

No, that was not likely; he must have left his night taper

there when he went to bed. Tom crept on down, pausing at every

step to listen. He found the door standing open, and glanced it.

What he saw pleased him beyond measure. His uncle was asleep on

the sofa; on a small table at the head of the sofa a lamp was

burning low, and by it stood the old man's small cashbox, closed.

Near the box was a pile of bank notes and a piece of paper

covered with figured in pencil. The safe door was not open.

Evidently the sleeper had wearied himself with work upon his

finances, and was taking a rest.</p>

<p>Tom set his candle on the stairs, and began to make his way

toward the pile of notes, stooping low as he went.

When he was passing his uncle, the old man stirred in his sleep,

and Tom stopped instantly--stopped, and softly drew the knife from its

sheath, with his heart thumping, and his eyes fastened upon his

benefactor's face. After a moment or two he ventured forward

again--one step--reached for his prize and seized it, dropping

the knife sheath. Then he felt the old man's strong grip upon him,

and a wild cry of "Help! help!" rang in his ear.

Without hesitation he drove the knife home--and was free.

Some of the notes escaped from his left hand and fell in the blood on

the floor. He dropped the knife and snatched them up and started to fly;

transferred them to his left hand, and seized the knife again,

in his fright and confusion, but remembered himself and flung it from him,

as being a dangerous witness to carry away with him.</p>

<p>He jumped for the stair-foot, and closed the door behind him;

and as he snatched his candle and fled upward,

the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of urgent footsteps

approaching the house. In another moment he was in his room,

and the twins were standing aghast over the body of the murdered man!</p>

<p>Tom put on his coat, buttoned his hat under it, threw on his

suit of girl's clothes, dropped the veil, blew out his light,

locked the room door by which he had just entered, taking the key,

passed through his other door into the black hall,

locked that door and kept the key, then worked his way along in the dark

and descended the black stairs. He was not expecting to meet anybody,

for all interest was centered in the other part of the

house now; his calculation proved correct. By the time he was

passing through the backyard, Mrs. Pratt, her servants,

and a dozen half-dressed neighbors had joined the twins and the dead,

and accessions were still arriving at the front door.</p>

<p>As Tom, quaking as with a palsy, passed out at the gate,

three women came flying from the house on the opposite side of the lane.

They rushed by him and in at the gate, asking him what

the trouble was there, but not waiting for an answer.

Tom said to himself, "Those old maids waited to dress--they did the same

thing the night Stevens's house burned down next door."

In a few minutes he was in the haunted house. He lighted a candle and

took off his girl-clothes. There was blood on him all down his

left side, and his right hand was red with the stains of the

blood-soaked notes which he has crushed in it; but otherwise he

was free from this sort of evidence. He cleansed his hand on the straw,

and cleaned most of the smut from his face. Then he burned the male and

female attire to ashes, scattered the ashes,

and put on a disguise proper for a tramp. He blew out his light,

went below, and was soon loafing down the river road with the

intent to borrow and use one of Roxy's devices. He found a canoe

and paddled down downstream, setting the canoe adrift as dawn

approached, and making his way by land to the next village,

where he kept out of sight till a transient steamer came along,

and then took deck passage for St. Louis. He was ill at ease

Dawson's Landing was behind him; then he said to himself,

"All the detectives on earth couldn't trace me now; there's not a

vestige of a clue left in the world; that homicide will take its

place with the permanent mysteries, and people won't get done

trying to guess out the secret of it for fifty years."</p>

<p>In St. Louis, next morning, he read this brief telegram in

the papers--dated at Dawson's Landing:</p>

<q>Judge Driscoll, an old and respected citizen,

was assassinated here about midnight by a profligate Italian nobleman

or a barber on account of a quarrel growing out of the recent election.

The assassin will probably be lynched.</q>

<p>"One of the twins!" soliloquized Tom. "How lucky!

It is the knife that has done him this grace. We never know when

fortune is trying to favor us. I actually cursed Pudd'nhead

Wilson in my heart for putting it out of my power to sell that knife.

I take it back now."</p>

<p>Tom was now rich and independent. He arranged with the

planter, and mailed to Wilson the new bill of sale which sold

Roxana to herself; then he telegraphed his Aunt Pratt:</p>

<q>Have seen the awful news in the papers and am almost

prostrated with grief. Shall start by packet today.

Try to bear up till I come.</q>

<p>When Wilson reached the house of mourning and had gathered

such details as Mrs. Pratt and the rest of the crowd could tell him,

he took command as mayor, and gave orders that nothing

should be touched, but everything left as it was until Justice

Robinson should arrive and take the proper measures as coroner.

He cleared everybody out of the room but the twins and himself.

The sheriff soon arrived and took the twins away to jail.

Wilson told them to keep heart, and promised to do it best in their

defense when the case should come to trial. Justice Robinson

came presently, and with him Constable Blake. They examined the

room thoroughly. They found the knife and the sheath.

Wilson noticed that there were fingerprints on the knife's handle.

That pleased him, for the twins had required the earliest comers to

make a scrutiny of their hands and clothes, and neither these

people nor Wilson himself had found any bloodstains upon them.

Could there be a possibility that the twins had spoken the truth

when they had said they found the man dead when they ran into the

house in answer to the cry for help? He thought of that

mysterious girl at once. But this was not the sort of work for a

girl to be engaged in. No matter; Tom Driscoll's room must be examined.</p>

<p>After the coroner's jury had viewed the body and its surroundings,

Wilson suggested a search upstairs, and he went along.

The jury forced an entrance to Tom's room, but found nothing, of course.</p>

<p>The coroner's jury found that the homicide was committed by Luigi,

and that Angelo was accessory to it.</p>

<p>The town was bitter against the misfortunates, and for the

first few days after the murder they were in constant danger of

being lynched. The grand jury presently indicted Luigi for

murder in the first degree, and Angelo as accessory before the fact.

The twins were transferred from the city jail to the

county prison to await trial.</p>

<p>Wilson examined the finger marks on the knife handle and

said to himself, "Neither of the twins made those marks."

Then manifestly there was another person concerned, either in his

own interest or as hired assassin."</p>

<p>But who could it be? That, he must try to find out.

The safe was not opened, the cashbox was closed, and had three

thousand dollars in it. Then robbery was not the motive,

and revenge was. Where had the murdered man an enemy except Luigi?

There was but that one person in the world with a deep grudge against him.</p>

<p>The mysterious girl! The girl was a great trial to Wilson.

If the motive had been robbery, the girl might answer; but there

wasn't any girl that would want to take this old man's life for revenge.

He had no quarrels with girls; he was a gentleman.</p>

<p>Wilson had perfect tracings of the finger marks of the knife handle;

and among his glass records he had a great array of

fingerprints of women and girls, collected during the last

fifteen or eighteen years, but he scanned them in vain,

they successfully withstood every test; among them were no duplicates

of the prints on the knife.</p>

<p>The presence of the knife on the stage of the murder was a

worrying circumstance for Wilson. A week previously he had as

good as admitted to himself that he believed Luigi had possessed

such a knife, and that he still possessed it notwithstanding his

pretense that it had been stolen. And now here was the knife,

and with it the twins. Half the town had said the twins were

humbugging when the claimed they had lost their knife,

and now these people were joyful, and said, "I told you so!"</p>

<p>If their fingerprints had been on the handle--but useless to

bother any further about that; the fingerprints on the handle

were <hi rend="italics">not</hi> theirs--that he knew perfectly.</p>

<p>Wilson refused to suspect Tom; for first, Tom couldn't

murder anybody--he hadn't character enough; secondly,

if he could murder a person he wouldn't select his doting benefactor

and nearest relative; thirdly, self-interest was in the way;

for while the uncle lived, Tom was sure of a free support and a

chance to get the destroyed will revived again, but with the

uncle gone, that chance was gone too. It was true the will had

really been revived, as was now discovered, but Tom could not

have been aware of it, or he would have spoken of it, in his

native talky, unsecretive way. Finally, Tom was in St. Louis

when the murder was done, and got the news out of the morning journals,

as was shown by his telegram to his aunt. These speculations were

umemphasized sensations rather than articulated thoughts,

for Wilson would have laughed at the idea of seriously

connecting Tom with the murder.</p>

<p>Wilson regarded the case of the twins as desperate--in fact,

about hopeless. For he argued that if a confederate was not found,

an enlightened Missouri jury would hang them; sure;

if a confederate was found, that would not improve the matter,

but simply furnish one more person for the sheriff to hang.

Nothing could save the twins but the discovery of a person who did the

murder on his sole personal account--an undertaking which had all

the aspect of the impossible. Still, the person who made the

fingerprints must be sought. The twins might have no case <hi rend="italics">with</hi> them,

but they certainly would have none without him.</p>

<p>So Wilson mooned around, thinking, thinking, guessing, guessing,

day and night, and arriving nowhere. Whenever he ran

across a girl or a woman he was not acquainted with, he got her

fingerprints, on one pretext or another; and they always cost him

a sigh when he got home, for they never tallied with the finger

marks on the knife handle.</p>

<p>As to the mysterious girl, Tom swore he knew no such girl,

and did not remember ever seeing a girl wearing a dress like the

one described by Wilson. He admitted that he did not always lock

his room, and that sometimes the servants forgot to lock the

house doors; still, in his opinion the girl must have made but

few visits or she would have been discovered. When Wilson tried

to connect her with the stealing raid, and thought she might have

been the old woman' confederate, if not the very thief disguised

as an old woman, Tom seemed stuck, and also much interested,

and said he would keep a sharp eye out for this person or persons,

although he was afraid that she or they would be too smart to

venture again into a town where everybody would now be on the

watch for a good while to come.</p>

<p>Everybody was pitying Tom, he looked so quiet and sorrowful,

and seemed to feel his great loss so deeply. He was playing a part,

but it was not all a part. The picture of his alleged uncle,

as he had last seen him, was before him in the dark pretty

frequently, when he was away, and called again in his dreams,

when he was asleep. He wouldn't go into the room where the

tragedy had happened. This charmed the doting Mrs. Pratt, who

realized now, "as she had never done before," she said, what a

sensitive and delicate nature her darling had, and how he adored

his poor uncle.</p></div1>

<div1 n="20" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 20

<lb/><lb/>

The Murderer Chuckles</head>

<epigraph><p>Even the clearest and most perfect circumstantial evidence

is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be

received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil,

sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she

did it with a knife; but if you take simply the aspect of the

pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>The weeks dragged along, no friend visiting the jailed twins

but their counsel and Aunt Patsy Cooper, and the day of trial

came at last--the heaviest day in Wilson's life; for with all his

tireless diligence he had discovered no sign or trace of the

missing confederate. "Confederate" was the term he had long ago

privately accepted for that person--not as being unquestionably

the right term, but as being at least possibly the right one,

though he was never able to understand why the twins did not

vanish and escape, as the confederate had done, instead of

remaining by the murdered man and getting caught there.</p>

<p>The courthouse was crowded, of course, and would remain so

to the finish, for not only in the town itself, but in the

country for miles around, the trial was the one topic of

conversation among the people. Mrs. Pratt, in deep mourning,

and Tom with a weed on his hat, had seats near Pembroke Howard,

the public prosecutor, and back of them sat a great array of friends

of the family. The twins had but one friend present to keep

their counsel in countenance, their poor old sorrowing landlady.

She sat near Wilson, and looked her friendliest. In the

"nigger corner" sat Chambers; also Roxy, with good clothes on,

and her bill of sale in her pocket. It was her most precious possession,

and she never parted with it, day or night. Tom had allowed her

thirty-five dollars a month ever since he came into his property,

and had said the he and she ought to be grateful to the twins for

making them rich; but had roused such a temper in her by this

speech that he did not repeat the argument afterward. She said

the old judge had treated her child a thousand times better than

he deserved, and had never done her an unkindness in his life;

so she hated these outlandish devils for killing him, and shouldn't

ever sleep satisfied till she saw them hanged for it.

She was here to watch the trial now, and was going to lift up just one

"hooraw" over it if the county judge put her in jail a year for it.

She gave her turbaned head a toss and said, "When dat verdic' comes,

I's gwine to lif' dat <hi rend="italics">roof</hi>, now, I <hi rend="italics">tell</hi> you."</p>

<p>Pembroke Howard briefly sketched the state's case.

He said he would show by a chain of circumstantial evidence without

break or fault in it anywhere, that the principal prisoner at the bar

committed the murder; that the motive was partly revenge,

and partly a desire to take his own life out of jeopardy, and that

his brother, by his presence, was a consenting accessory to the crime;

a crime which was the basest known to the calendar of

human misdeeds--assassination; that it was conceived by the

blackest of hearts and consummated by the cowardliest of hands;

a crime which had broken a loving sister's heart, blighted the

happiness of a young nephew who was as dear as a son, brought

inconsolable grief to many friends, and sorrow and loss to the

whole community. The utmost penalty of the outraged law would be exacted,

and upon the accused, now present at the bar,

that penalty would unquestionably be executed. He would reserve

further remark until his closing speech.</p>

<p>He was strongly moved, and so also was the whole house;

Mrs. Pratt and several other women were weeping when he sat down,

and many an eye that was full of hate was riveted upon the unhappy prisoners.</p>

<p>Witness after witness was called by the state,

and questioned at length; but the cross questioning was brief.

Wilson knew they could furnish nothing valuable for his side.

People were sorry for Pudd'nhead Wilson; his budding career would

get hurt by this trial.</p>

<p>Several witnesses swore they heard Judge Driscoll say in his

public speech that the twins would be able to find their lost

knife again when they needed it to assassinate somebody with.

This was not news, but now it was seen to have been sorrowfully

prophetic, and a profound sensation quivered through the hushed

courtroom when those dismal words were repeated.</p>

<p>The public prosecutor rose and said that it was within his

knowledge, through a conversation held with Judge Driscoll on the

last day of his life, that counsel for the defense had brought

him a challenge from the person charged at the bar with murder;

that he had refused to fight with a confessed assassin--

"that is, on the field of honor," but had added significantly,

that would would be ready for him elsewhere. Presumably the person

here charged with murder was warned that he must kill or be killed the

first time he should meet Judge Driscoll. If counsel for the

defense chose to let the statement stand so, he would not call

him to the witness stand. Mr. Wilson said he would offer no denial.

[Murmurs in the house: "It is getting worse and worse for Wilson's case."]</p>

<p>Mrs. Pratt testified that she heard no outcry, and did not

know what woke her up, unless it was the sound of rapid footsteps

approaching the front door. She jumped up and ran out in the

hall just as she was, and heard the footsteps flying up the front

steps and then following behind her as she ran to the sitting room.

There she found the accused standing over her murdered brother.

[Here she broke down and sobbed. Sensation in the court.]

Resuming, she said the persons entered behind her were

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Buckstone.</p>

<p>Cross-examined by Wilson, she said the twins proclaimed

their innocence; declared that they had been taking a walk,

and had hurried to the house in response to a cry for help which was

so loud and strong that they had heard it at a considerable

distance; that they begged her and the gentlemen just mentioned

to examine their hands and clothes--which was done, and no blood

stains found.</p>

<p>Confirmatory evidence followed from Rogers and Buckstone.</p>

<p>The finding of the knife was verified, the advertisement

minutely describing it and offering a reward for it was put in evidence,

and its exact correspondence with that description proved.

Then followed a few minor details, and the case for the state was closed.</p>

<p>Wilson said that he had three witnesses, the Misses Clarkson,

who would testify that they met a veiled young woman

leaving Judge Driscoll's premises by the back gate a few minutes

after the cries for help were heard, and that their evidence,

taken with certain circumstantial evidence which he would call to

the court's attention to, would in his opinion convince the court

that there was still one person concerned in this crime who had

not yet been found, and also that a stay of proceedings ought to

be granted, in justice to his clients, until that person should

be discovered. As it was late, he would ask leave to defer the

examination of his three witnesses until the next morning.</p>

<p>The crowd poured out of the place and went flocking away in

excited groups and couples, taking the events of the session over

with vivacity and consuming interest, and everybody seemed to

have had a satisfactory and enjoyable day except the accused,

their counsel, and their old lady friend. There was no cheer among these,

and no substantial hope.</p>

<p>In parting with the twins Aunt Patsy did attempt a good-night with

a gay pretense of hope and cheer in it, but broke down without finishing.</p>

<p>Absolutely secure as Tom considered himself to be,

the opening solemnities of the trial had nevertheless oppressed him

with a vague uneasiness, his being a nature sensitive to even the

smallest alarms; but from the moment that the poverty and

weakness of Wilson's case lay exposed to the court,

he was comfortable once more, even jubilant. He left the courtroom

sarcastically sorry for Wilson. "The Clarksons met an unknown

woman in the back lane," he said to himself, "<hi rend="italics">that</hi> is his case!

I'll give him a century to find her in--a couple of them if he likes.

A woman who doesn't exist any longer, and the clothes

that gave her her sex burnt up and the ashes thrown away--

oh, certainly, he'll find <hi rend="italics">her</hi> easy enough!" This reflection set him

to admiring, for the hundredth time, the shrewd ingenuities by

which he had insured himself against detection--more, against even suspicion.</p>

<p>"Nearly always in cases like this there is some little

detail or other overlooked, some wee little track or trace left behind,

and detection follows; but here there's not even the

faintest suggestion of a trace left. No more than a bird leaves

when it flies through the air--yes, through the night, you may say.

The man that can track a bird through the air in the dark

and find that bird is the man to track me out and find the

judge's assassin--no other need apply. And that is the job that

has been laid out for poor Pudd'nhead Wilson, of all people in the world!

Lord, it will be pathetically funny to see him

grubbing and groping after that woman that don't exist, and the

right person sitting under his very nose all the time!"

The more he thought the situation over, the more the humor of it

struck him. Finally he said, "I'll never let him hear the last of

that woman. Every time I catch him in company, to his dying day,

I'll ask him in the guileless affectionate way that used to gravel

him so when I inquired how his unborn law business was coming along,

'Got on her track yet--hey, Pudd'nhead?'" He wanted to laugh,

but that would not have answered; there were people about, and he

was mourning for his uncle. He made up his mind that it would be

good entertainment to look in on Wilson that night and watch him

worry over his barren law case and goad him with an exasperating

word or two of sympathy and commiseration now and then.</p>

<p>Wilson wanted no supper, he had no appetite. He got out all

the fingerprints of girls and women in his collection of records

and pored gloomily over them an hour or more, trying to convince

himself that that troublesome girl's marks were there somewhere

and had been overlooked. But it was not so. He drew back his

chair, clasped his hands over his head, and gave himself up to

dull and arid musings.</p>

<p>Tom Driscoll dropped in, an hour after dark, and said with a

pleasant laugh as he took a seat:</p>

<p>"Hello, we've gone back to the amusements of our days of

neglect and obscurity for consolation, have we?" and he took up

one of the glass strips and held it against the light to inspect it.

"Come, cheer up, old man; there's no use in losing your grip

and going back to this child's play merely because this big

sunspot is drifting across your shiny new disk. It'll pass,

and you'll be all right again"--and he laid the glass down.

"Did you think you could win always?"</p>

<p>"Oh, no," said Wilson, with a sigh, "I didn't expect that,

but I can't believe Luigi killed your uncle, and I feel very

sorry for him. It makes me blue. And you would feel as I do, Tom,

if you were not prejudiced against those young fellows."</p>

<p>"I don't know about that," and Tom's countenance darkened,

for his memory reverted to his kicking. "I owe them no good will,

considering the brunet one's treatment of me that night.

Prejudice or no prejudice, Pudd'nhead, I don't like them,

and when they get their deserts you're not going to find me sitting

on the mourner's bench."</p>

<p>He took up another strip of glass, and exclaimed:</p>

<p>"Why, here's old Roxy's label! Are you going to ornament

the royal palaces with nigger paw marks, too? By the date here,

I was seven months old when this was done, and she was nursing me

and her little nigger cub. There's a line straight across her thumbprint.

How comes that?" and Tom held out the piece of glass to Wilson.</p>

<p>"That is common," said the bored man, wearily.

"Scar of a cut or a scratch, usually"--and he took the strip

of glass indifferently, and raised it toward the lamp.</p>

<p>All the blood sank suddenly out of his face; his hand quaked,

and he gazed at the polished surface before him with the

glassy stare of a corpse.</p>

<p>"Great heavens, what's the matter with you, Wilson?

Are you going to faint?"</p>

<p>Tom sprang for a glass of water and offered it, but Wilson

shrank shuddering from him and said:</p>

<p>"No, no!--take it away!" His breast was rising and falling,

and he moved his head about in a dull and wandering way, like a

person who had been stunned. Presently he said, "I shall feel

better when I get to bed; I have been overwrought today;

yes, and overworked for many days."</p>

<p>"Then I'll leave you and let you get to your rest.

Good night, old man." But as Tom went out he couldn't deny himself

a small parting gibe: "Don't take it so hard; a body can't win

every time; you'll hang somebody yet."</p>

<p>Wilson muttered to himself, "It is no lie to say I am sorry

I have to begin with you, miserable dog though you are!"</p>

<p>He braced himself up with a glass of cold whisky, and went

to work again. He did not compare the new finger marks

unintentionally left by Tom a few minutes before on Roxy's glass

with the tracings of the marks left on the knife handle, there

being no need for that (for his trained eye), but busied himself

with another matter, muttering from time to time, "Idiot that I was!--

Nothing but a <hi rend="italics">girl</hi> would do me--a man in girl's clothes

never occurred to me." First, he hunted out the plate containing

the fingerprints made by Tom when he was twelve years old, and

laid it by itself; then he brought forth the marks made by Tom's

baby fingers when he was a suckling of seven months, and placed

these two plates with the one containing this subject's newly

(and unconsciously) made record.</p>

<p>"Now the series is complete," he said with satisfaction,

and sat down to inspect these things and enjoy them.</p>

<p>But his enjoyment was brief. He stared a considerable time

at the three strips, and seemed stupefied with astonishment.

At last he put them down and said, "I can't make it out at all--

hang it, the baby's don't tally with the others!"</p>

<p>He walked the floor for half an hour puzzling over his enigma,

then he hunted out the other glass plates.</p>

<p>He sat down and puzzled over these things a good while,

but kept muttering, "It's no use; I can't understand it.

They don't tally right, and yet I'll swear the names and dates are right,

and so of course they <hi rend="italics">ought</hi> to tally. I never labeled one of

these thing carelessly in my life. There is a most extraordinary

mystery here."</p>

<p>He was tired out now, and his brains were beginning to clog.

He said he would sleep himself fresh, and then see what he could

do with this riddle. He slept through a troubled and unrestful hour,

then unconsciousness began to shred away, and presently he

rose drowsily to a sitting posture. "Now what was that dream?"

he said, trying to recall it. "What was that dream? It seemed

to unravel that puz--"</p>

<p>He landed in the middle of the floor at a bound, without

finishing the sentence, and ran and turned up his light and

seized his "records." He took a single swift glance at them and

cried out:</p>

<p>"It's so! Heavens, what a revelation! And for twenty-three

years no man has ever suspected it!"</p></div1>

<div1 n="21" type="chapter" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CHAPTER 21

<lb/><lb/>

Doom</head>

<epigraph><p>He is useless on top of the ground; he ought to be under it,

inspiring the cabbages.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p><hi rend="italics">April 1.</hi> This is the day upon which we are reminded of what

we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>Wilson put on enough clothes for business purposes and went

to work under a high pressure of steam. He was awake all over.

All sense of weariness had been swept away by the invigorating

refreshment of the great and hopeful discovery which he had made.

He made fine and accurate reproductions of a number of his

"records," and then enlarged them on a scale of ten to one with

his pantograph. He did these pantograph enlargements on sheets

of white cardboard, and made each individual line of the

bewildering maze of whorls or curves or loops which consisted of

the "pattern" of a "record" stand out bold and black by

reinforcing it with ink. To the untrained eye the collection of

delicate originals made by the human finger on the glass plates

looked about alike; but when enlarged ten times they resembled

the markings of a block of wood that has been sawed across the

grain, and the dullest eye could detect at a glance, and at a

distance of many feet, that no two of the patterns were alike.

When Wilson had at last finished his tedious and difficult work,

he arranged his results according to a plan in which a

progressive order and sequence was a principal feature; then he

added to the batch several pantograph enlargements which he had

made from time to time in bygone years.</p>

<p>The night was spent and the day well advanced now. By the

time he had snatched a trifle of breakfast, it was nine o'clock,

and the court was ready to begin its sitting. He was in his

place twelve minutes later with his "records."</p>

<p>Tom Driscoll caught a slight glimpse of the records,

and nudged his nearest friend and said, with a wink,

"Pudd'nhead's got a rare eye to business--thinks that as long as

he can't win his case it's at least a noble good chance to advertise

his window palace decorations without any expense." Wilson was

informed that his witnesses had been delayed, but would arrive

presently; but he rose and said he should probably not have

occasion to make use of their testimony. [An amused murmur ran

through the room: "It's a clean backdown! he gives up without

hitting a lick!"] Wilson continued: "I have other testimony--

and better. [This compelled interest, and evoked murmurs of

surprise that had a detectable ingredient of disappointment in them.]

If I seem to be springing this evidence upon the court,

I offer as my justification for this, that I did not discover its

existence until late last night, and have been engaged in

examining and classifying it ever since, until half an hour ago.

I shall offer it presently; but first I with to say a few

preliminary words.</p>

<p>"May it please the court, the claim given the front place,

the claim most persistently urged, the claim most strenuously and

I may even say aggressively and defiantly insisted upon by the

prosecution is this--that the person whose hand left the

bloodstained fingerprints upon the handle of the Indian knife is

the person who committed the murder." Wilson paused, during

several moments, to give impressiveness to what he was about to say,

and then added tranquilly, <hi rend="italics">"We grant that claim."</hi></p>

<p>It was an electrical surprise. No one was prepared for such

an admission. A buzz of astonishment rose on all sides,

and people were heard to intimate that the overworked lawyer had

lost his mind. Even the veteran judge, accustomed as he was to legal

ambushes and masked batteries in criminal procedure, was not sure

that his ears were not deceiving him, and asked counsel what it

was he had said. Howard's impassive face betrayed no sign,

but his attitude and bearing lost something of their careless

confidence for a moment. Wilson resumed:</p>

<p>"We not only grant that claim, but we welcome it and

strongly endorse it. Leaving that matter for the present,

we will now proceed to consider other points in the case which we

propose to establish by evidence, and shall include that one in

the chain in its proper place."</p>

<p>He had made up his mind to try a few hardy guesses, in

mapping out his theory of the origin and motive of the murder--

guesses designed to fill up gaps in it--guesses which could help

if they hit, and would probably do no harm if they didn't.

"To my mind, certain circumstances of the case before the

court seem to suggest a motive for the homicide quite different

from the one insisted on by the state. It is my conviction that

the motive was not revenge, but robbery. It has been urged that

the presence of the accused brothers in that fatal room,

just after notification that one of them must take the life of

Judge Driscoll or lose his own the moment the parties should meet,

clearly signifies that the natural of self-preservation moved my

clients to go there secretly and save Count Luigi by destroying

his adversary.</p>

<p>"Then why did they stay there, after the deed was done?

Mrs. Pratt had time, although she did not hear the cry for help,

but woke up some moments later, to run to that room--and there

she found these men standing and making no effort to escape.

If they were guilty, they ought to have been running out of the

house at the same time that she was running to that room.

If they had had such a strong instinct toward self-preservation as

to move them to kill that unarmed man, what had become of it now,

when it should have been more alert than ever. Would any of us

have remained there? Let us not slander our intelligence to that degree.</p>

<p>"Much stress has been laid upon the fact that the accused

offered a very large reward for the knife with which this murder

was done; that no thief came forward to claim that extraordinary

reward; that the latter fact was good circumstantial evidence

that the claim that the knife had been stolen was a vanity and a

fraud; that these details taken in connection with the memorable

and apparently prophetic speech of the deceased concerning that

knife, and the finally discovery of that very knife in the fatal

room where no living person was found present with the

slaughtered man but the owner of the knife and his brother, form

an indestructible chain of evidence which fixed the crime upon

those unfortunate strangers.</p>

<p>"But I shall presently ask to be sworn, and shall testify

that there was a large reward offered for the <hi rend="italics">thief</hi>, also;

and it was offered secretly and not advertised; that this fact was

indiscreetly mentioned--or at least tacitly admitted--in what was

supposed to be safe circumstances, but may <hi rend="italics">not</hi> have been.

The thief may have been present himself. [Tom Driscoll had been

looking at the speaker, but dropped his eyes at this point.]

In that case he would retain the knife in his possession, not daring

to offer it for sale, or for pledge in a pawnshop. [There was a

nodding of heads among the audience by way of admission that this

was not a bad stroke.] I shall prove to the satisfaction of the

jury that there <hi rend="italics">was</hi> a person in Judge Driscoll's room several

minutes before the accused entered it. [This produced a strong

sensation; the last drowsy head in the courtroom roused up now,

and made preparation to listen.] If it shall seem necessary,

I will prove by the Misses Clarkson that they met a veiled person--

ostensibly a woman--coming out of the back gate a few minutes

after the cry for help was heard. This person was not a woman,

but a man dressed in woman's clothes." Another sensation.

Wilson had his eye on Tom when he hazarded this guess, to see

what effect it would produce. He was satisfied with the result,

and said to himself, "It was a success--he's hit!"</p>

<p>The object of that person in that house was robbery, not

murder. It is true that the safe was not open, but there was an

ordinary cashbox on the table, with three thousand dollars in it.

It is easily supposable that the thief was concealed in the

house; that he knew of this box, and of its owner's habit of

counting its contents and arranging his accounts at night--if he

had that habit, which I do not assert, of course--that he tried

to take the box while its owner slept, but made a noise and was

seized, and had to use the knife to save himself from capture;

and that he fled without his booty because he heard help coming.</p>

<p>"I have now done with my theory, and will proceed to the

evidences by which I propose to try to prove its soundness."

Wilson took up several of his strips of glass. When the audience

recognized these familiar mementos of Pudd'nhead's old time

childish "puttering" and folly, the tense and funereal interest

vanished out of their faces, and the house burst into volleys of

relieving and refreshing laughter, and Tom chirked up and joined

in the fun himself; but Wilson was apparently not disturbed.

He arranged his records on the table before him, and said:</p>

<p>"I beg the indulgence of the court while I make a few

remarks in explanation of some evidence which I am about to

introduce, and which I shall presently ask to be allowed to

verify under oath on the witness stand. Every human being

carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical

marks which do not change their character, and by which he can

always be identified--and that without shade of doubt or question.

These marks are his signature, his physiological

autograph, so to speak, and this autograph can not be counterfeited,

nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it

become illegible by the wear and mutations of time.

This signature is not his face--age can change that beyond

recognition; it is not his hair, for that can fall out; it is not

his height, for duplicates of that exist; it is not his form,

for duplicates of that exist also, whereas this signature is each

man's very own--there is no duplicate of it among the swarming

populations of the globe! [The audience were interested once more.]</p>

<p>"This autograph consists of the delicate lines or

corrugations with which Nature marks the insides of the hands and

the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers--

you that have very sharp eyesight--you will observe that

these dainty curving lines lie close together, like those that

indicate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form

various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles,

long curves, whorls, etc., and that these patters differ on the

different fingers. [Every man in the room had his hand up to the

light now, and his head canted to one side, and was minutely

scrutinizing the balls of his fingers; there were whispered

ejaculations of "Why, it's so--I never noticed that before!"]

The patterns on the right hand are not the same as those on the left.

[Ejaculations of "Why, that's so, too!"] Taken finger for finger,

your patterns differ from your neighbor's. [Comparisons

were made all over the house--even the judge and jury were

absorbed in this curious work.] The patterns of a twin's right

hand are not the same as those on his left. One twin's patterns

are never the same as his fellow twin's patterns--the jury will

find that the patterns upon the finger balls of the twins' hands

follow this rule. [An examination of the twins' hands was begun at once.]

You have often heard of twins who were so exactly

alike that when dressed alike their own parents could not tell them apart.

Yet there was never a twin born in to this world

that did not carry from birth to death a sure identifier in this

mysterious and marvelous natal autograph. That once known to you,

his fellow twin could never personate him and deceive you."</p>

<p>Wilson stopped and stood silent. Inattention dies a quick

and sure death when a speaker does that. The stillness gives

warning that something is coming. All palms and finger balls

went down now, all slouching forms straightened, all heads came up,

all eyes were fastened upon Wilson's face. He waited yet one, two,

three moments, to let his pause complete and perfect

its spell upon the house; then, when through the profound hush he

could hear the ticking of the clock on the wall, he put out his

hand and took the Indian knife by the blade and held it aloft

where all could see the sinister spots upon its ivory handle;

then he said, in a level and passionless voice:</p>

<p>"Upon this haft stands the assassin's natal autograph,

written in the blood of that helpless and unoffending old man who

loved you and whom you all loved. There is but one man in the

whole earth whose hand can duplicate that crimson sign"--

he paused and raised his eyes to the pendulum swinging back and forth--

"and please God we will produce that man in this room

before the clock strikes noon!"</p>

<p>Stunned, distraught, unconscious of its own movement, the

house half rose, as if expecting to see the murderer appear at

the door, and a breeze of muttered ejaculations swept the place.

"Order in the court!--sit down!" This from the sheriff. He was obeyed,

and quiet reigned again. Wilson stole a glance at Tom,

and said to himself, "He is flying signals of distress now; even

people who despise him are pitying him; they think this is a hard

ordeal for a young fellow who has lost his benefactor by so cruel

a stroke--and they are right." He resumed his speech:</p>

<p>"For more than twenty years I have amused my compulsory

leisure with collecting these curious physical signatures in this town.

At my house I have hundreds upon hundreds of them.

Each and every one is labeled with name and date; not labeled the

next day or even the next hour, but in the very minute that the

impression was taken. When I go upon the witness stand I will

repeat under oath the things which I am now saying. I have the

fingerprints of the court, the sheriff, and every member of the jury.

There is hardly a person in this room, white or black,

whose natal signature I cannot produce, and not one of them can

so disguise himself that I cannot pick him out from a multitude

of his fellow creatures and unerringly identify him by his hands.

And if he and I should live to be a hundred I could still do it.

[The interest of the audience was steadily deepening now.]</p>

<p>"I have studied some of these signatures so much that I know

them as well as the bank cashier knows the autograph of his

oldest customer. While I turn my back now, I beg that several

persons will be so good as to pass their fingers through their hair,

and then press them upon one of the panes of the window

near the jury, and that among them the accused may set <hi rend="italics">their</hi>

finger marks. Also, I beg that these experimenters, or others,

will set their fingers upon another pane, and add again the marks

of the accused, but not placing them in the same order or

relation to the other signatures as before--for, by one chance in

a million, a person might happen upon the right marks by pure guesswork,

<hi rend="italics">once</hi>, therefore I wish to be tested twice."</p>

<p>He turned his back, and the two panes were quickly covered

with delicately lined oval spots, but visible only to such

persons as could get a dark background for them--the foliage of a tree,

outside, for instance. Then upon call, Wilson went to the

window, made his examination, and said:</p>

<p>"This is Count Luigi's right hand; this one, three

signatures below, is his left. Here is Count Angelo's right;

down here is his left. How for the other pane: here and here

are Count Luigi's, here and here are his brother's." He faced about.

"Am I right?"</p>

<p>A deafening explosion of applause was the answer.

The bench said:</p>

<p>"This certainly approaches the miraculous!"</p>

<p>Wilson turned to the window again and remarked,

pointing with his finger:</p>

<p>"This is the signature of Mr. Justice Robinson. [Applause.]

This, of Constable Blake. [Applause.] This of John Mason, juryman.

[Applause.] This, of the sheriff. [Applause.]

I cannot name the others, but I have them all at home, named and dated,

and could identify them all by my fingerprint records."</p>

<p>He moved to his place through a storm of applause--which the

sheriff stopped, and also made the people sit down, for they were

all standing and struggling to see, of course. Court, jury,

sheriff, and everybody had been too absorbed in observing

Wilson's performance to attend to the audience earlier.</p>

<p>"Now then," said Wilson, "I have here the natal autographs

of the two children--thrown up to ten times the natural size by

the pantograph, so that anyone who can see at all can tell the

markings apart at a glance. We will call the children A and B.

Here are <hi rend="italics">A</hi>'s finger marks, taken at the age of five months.

Here they are again taken at seven months. [Tom started.]

They are alike, you see. Here are <hi rend="italics">B</hi>'s at five months, and also at

seven months. They, too, exactly copy each other, but the patterns

are quite different from <hi rend="italics">A</hi>'s, you observe. I shall refer to these

again presently, but we will turn them face down now.</p>

<p>"Here, thrown up ten sizes, are the natal autographs of the

two persons who are here before you accused of murdering Judge Driscoll.

I made these pantograph copies last night, and will so

swear when I go upon the witness stand. I ask the jury to

compare them with the finger marks of the accused upon the

windowpanes, and tell the court if they are the same."</p>

<p>He passed a powerful magnifying glass to the foreman.</p>

<p>One juryman after another took the cardboard and the glass

and made the comparison. Then the foreman said to the judge:</p>

<p>"Your honor, we are all agreed that they are identical."</p>

<p>Wilson said to the foreman:</p>

<p>"Please turn that cardboard face down, and take this one,

and compare it searchingly, by the magnifier, with the fatal

signature upon the knife handle, and report your finding to the court."</p>

<p>Again the jury made minute examinations, and again reported:</p>

<p>"We find them to be exactly identical, your honor."</p>

<p>Wilson turned toward the counsel for the prosecution,

and there was a clearly recognizable note of warning in his voice

when he said:</p>

<p>"May it please the court, the state has claimed, strenuously

and persistently, that the bloodstained fingerprints upon that

knife handle were left there by the assassin of Judge Driscoll.

You have heard us grant that claim, and welcome it." He turned

to the jury: "Compare the fingerprints of the accused with the

fingerprints left by the assassin--and report."</p>

<p>The comparison began. As it proceeded, all movement and all

sound ceased, and the deep silence of an absorbed and waiting

suspense settled upon the house; and when at last the words came,

<hi rend="italics">"They don't even resemble,"</hi> a thundercrash of applause followed

and the house sprang to its feet, but was quickly repressed by

official force and brought to order again. Tom was altering his

position every few minutes now, but none of his changes brought

repose nor any small trifle of comfort. When the house's

attention was become fixed once more, Wilson said gravely,

indicating the twins with a gesture:</p>

<p>"These men are innocent--I have no further concern with them.

[Another outbreak of applause began, but was promptly checked.]

We will now proceed to find the guilty. [Tom's eyes

were starting from their sockets--yes, it was a cruel day for the

bereaved youth, everybody thought.] We will return to the infant

autographs of <hi rend="italics">A</hi> and <hi rend="italics">B</hi>. I will ask the jury to take these large

pantograph facsimilies of <hi rend="italics">A</hi>'s marked five months and seven months.

Do they tally?"</p>

<p>The foreman responded: "Perfectly."</p>

<p>"Now examine this pantograph, taken at eight months,

and also marked <hi rend="italics">A</hi>. Does it tally with the other two?"</p>

<p>The surprised response was:</p>

<p><hi rend="italics">"No--they differ widely!"</hi></p>

<p>"You are quite right. Now take these two pantographs of <hi rend="italics">B</hi>'s

autograph, marked five months and seven months. Do they tally

with each other?"</p>

<p>"Yes--perfectly."</p>

<p>"Take this third pantograph marked <hi rend="italics">B</hi>, eight months.

Does it tally with B's other two?"</p>

<p><hi rend="italics">"By no means!"</hi></p>

<p>"Do you know how to account for those strange discrepancies?

I will tell you. For a purpose unknown to us, but probably a

selfish one, somebody changed those children in the cradle."</p>

<p>This produced a vast sensation, naturally; Roxana was

astonished at this admirable guess, but not disturbed by it.

To guess the exchange was one thing, to guess who did it quite another.

Pudd'nhead Wilson could do wonderful things, no doubt,

but he couldn't do impossible ones. Safe? She was perfectly safe.

She smiled privately.</p>

<p>"Between the ages of seven months and eight months those

children were changed in the cradle"--he made one of this effect-

collecting pauses, and added--"and the person who did it is in

this house!"</p>

<p>Roxy's pulses stood still! The house was thrilled as with

an electric shock, and the people half rose as if to seek a

glimpse of the person who had made that exchange. Tom was

growing limp; the life seemed oozing out of him. Wilson resumed:</p>

<p>"<hi rend="italics">A</hi> was put into <hi rend="italics">B</hi>'s cradle in the nursery; B was transferred

to the kitchen and became a Negro and a slave [Sensation--

confusion of angry ejaculations]--but within a quarter of an hour

he will stand before you white and free! [Burst of applause,

checked by the officers.] From seven months onward until now,

A has still been a usurper, and in my finger record he bears B's name.

Here is his pantograph at the age of twelve.

Compare it with the assassin's signature upon the knife handle.

Do they tally?"</p>

<p>The foreman answered:</p>

<p><hi rend="italics">"To the minutest detail!"</hi></p>

<p>Wilson said, solemnly:</p>

<p>"The murderer of your friend and mine--York Driscoll of the

generous hand and the kindly spirit--sits in among you.

Valet de Chambre, Negro and slave--falsely called Thomas ï¿½ Becket Driscoll

--make upon the window the fingerprints that will hang you!"</p>

<p>Tom turned his ashen face imploring toward the speaker, made

some impotent movements with his white lips, then slid limp and

lifeless to the floor.</p>

<p>Wilson broke the awed silence with the words:</p>

<p>"There is no need. He has confessed."</p>

<p>Roxy flung herself upon her knees, covered her face with her

hands, and out through her sobs the words struggled:</p>

<p>"De Lord have mercy on me, po' misasble sinner dat I is!"</p>

<p>The clock struck twelve.</p>

<p>The court rose; the new prisoner, handcuffed, was removed.</p></div1>

<div1 type="conclusion" org="uniform" sample="complete" part="N">

<head>CONCLUSION</head>

<epigraph><p>It is often the case that the man who can't tell a lie

thinks he is the best judge of one.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<epigraph><p><hi rend="italics">October 12, the Discovery.</hi> It was wonderful to find America,

but it would have been more wonderful to miss it.

</p><p rend="indent4">--Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar</p></epigraph>

<p>The town sat up all night to discuss the amazing events of

the day and swap guesses as to when Tom's trial would begin.

Troop after troop of citizens came to serenade Wilson,

and require a speech, and shout themselves hoarse over every

sentence that fell from his lips--for all his sentences were golden,

now, all were marvelous. His long fight against hard luck and

prejudice was ended; he was a made man for good.

And as each of these roaring gangs of enthusiasts marched away,

some remorseful member of it was quite sure to raise his

voice and say:</p>

<p>"And this is the man the likes of us have called a

pudd'nhead for more than twenty years. He has resigned from that

position, friends."</p>

<p>"Yes, but it isn't vacant--we're elected."</p>

<p>The twins were heroes of romance, now, and with

rehabilitated reputations. But they were weary of Western

adventure, and straightway retired to Europe.</p>

<p>Roxy's heart was broken. The young fellow upon whom she had

inflicted twenty-three years of slavery continued the false

heir's pension of thirty-five dollars a month to her, but her

hurts were too deep for money to heal; the spirit in her eye was

quenched, her martial bearing departed with it, and the voice of

her laughter ceased in the land. In her church and its affairs

she found her only solace.</p>

<p>The real heir suddenly found himself rich and free, but in a

most embarrassing situation. He could neither read nor write,

and his speech was the basest dialect of the Negro quarter.

His gait, his attitudes, his gestures, his bearing, his laugh--

all were vulgar and uncouth; his manners were the manners of a slave.

Money and fine clothes could not mend these defects or cover them up;

they only made them more glaring and the more pathetic.

The poor fellow could not endure the terrors of the white man's parlor,

and felt at home and at peace nowhere but in the kitchen.

The family pew was a misery to him, yet he could nevermore enter

into the solacing refuge of the "nigger gallery"--that was closed

to him for good and all. But we cannot follow his curious fate further--

that would be a long story.</p>

<p>The false heir made a full confession and was sentenced to

imprisonment for life. But now a complication came up.

The Percy Driscoll estate was in such a crippled shape when its

owner died that it could pay only sixty percent of its great

indebtedness, and was settled at that rate. But the creditors

came forward now, and complained that inasmuch as through an

error for which <hi rend="italics">they</hi> were in no way to blame the false heir was

not inventoried at the time with the rest of the property, great

wrong and loss had thereby been inflicted upon them.

They rightly claimed that "Tom" was lawfully their property and had

been so for eight years; that they had already lost sufficiently

in being deprived of his services during that long period, and

ought not to be required to add anything to that loss; that if he

had been delivered up to them in the first place, they would have

sold him and he could not have murdered Judge Driscoll; therefore

it was not that he had really committed the murder, the guilt lay

with the erroneous inventory. Everybody saw that there was

reason in this. Everybody granted that if "Tom" were white and

free it would be unquestionably right to punish him--it would be

no loss to anybody; but to shut up a valuable slave for life--

that was quite another matter.</p>

<p>As soon as the Governor understood the case, he pardoned Tom at once,

and the creditors sold him down the river.</p></div1></body>

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