HuUcK LEB ERE Y FUN

side and talk about Providence in a way to make a body's mouth

water; but maybe next day Miss Watson would take hold and knock

it all down again. I judged I could see that there was two

Providences, and a poor chap would stand considerable show with

the widow's Providence, but if Miss Watson's got him there warn't no

help for him any more. I thought it all out, and reckoned I would

belong to the widow's if he wanted me, though I couldn't make out

how he was agoing to be any better off then than what he was before,

seeing I was so ignorant, and so kind of low-down and ornery.

Pap he hadn't been seen for more than a year, and that was com-

fortable for me; I didn’t want to see him no more. He used to always

whale me when he was sober and could get his hands on me; though

L used to take to the woods most of the time when he was around.

Well, about this time he was found in the river drownded, about

twelve mile above town, so people said. They judged it was him,

anyway; said this drownded man was just his size, and was ragged,

and had uncommon long hair, which was all like pap; but they

couldn't make nothing out of the face, because it had been in the

water so long it warn't much like a face at all. They said he was float-

ing on his back in the water. They took him and buried him on the

bank. But I warn’t comfortable long, because I happened to think of

something. I knowed mighty well that a drownded man don't float

on his back, but on his face. So I knowed, then, that this warn't pap,

but a woman dressed up in a man’s clothes. So I was uncomfortable

again. I judged the old man would turn up again by and by, though

I wished he wouldn't.

We played robber now and then about a month, and then I

resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, hadn't killed

any people, but only just pretended. We used to hop out of the

woods and go charging down on hog-drivers and women in carts

taking garden stuff to market, but we never hived any of them. Tom

Sawyer called the hogs “ingots,” and he called the turnips and stuff

“julery,” and we would go to the cave and powwow over what we

had done, and how many people we had killed and marked. But I

couldn't see no profit in it. One time Tom sent a boy to run about

town with a blazing stick, which he called a slogan (which was the