CHAPTER THREE

W.. I got a good going-over in the morning from old Miss

Watson on account of my clothes; but the widow she didn’t scold,

but only cleaned off the grease and clay, and looked so sorry that I

thought I would behave awhile if I could. Then Miss Watson she

took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it. She told

me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it

warntt so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. Ie warn't

any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four

times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day, I

asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never

told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about

it. I says to myself, if'a body can get anything they pray for, why don't

Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the

widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can’t Miss

Watson fat up? No, says I to my self, there ain't nothing in ic. I went

and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get

by praying for it was “spiritual gifts.” This was too many for me, but

she told me what she meant—I must help other people, and do

everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the

time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson,

as I rook it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind

a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it—except for the

other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any

more, but just let it go. Sometimes the widow would take me one