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sign for the Gang to get together), and then he said he had got

secret news by his spies that next day a whole parcel of Spanish mer-

chants and rich A-rabs was going to camp in Cave Hollow with two

hundred elephants, and six hundred camels, and over a thousand

“Sumter” mules, all loaded down with di’monds, and they didn’t

have only a guard of four hundred soldiers, and so we would lay in

ambuscade, as he called it, and kill the lot and scoop the things. He

said we must slick up our swords and guns, and get ready. He never

could go after even a turnip-cart but he must have the swords and

guns all scoured up for it, though they was only lath and broom-

sticks, and you might scour at them till you rotted, and then they

warn't worth a mouthful of ashes more than what they was before. I

didn't believe we could lick such a crowd of Spaniards and A-rabs,

but I wanted to see the camels and elephants, so I was on hand next

day, Saturday, in the ambuscade; and when we got the word we

rushed out of the woods and down the hill. But there warn't no

Spaniards and A-rabs, and there warn't no camels nor no elephants.

Ie warn’t anything but a Sunday-school picnic, and only a primer-

class at that, We busted it up, and chased the children up the hol-

low; but we never got anything but some doughnuts and jam,

though Ben Rogers got a rag doll, and Jo Harper got a hymn-book

and a tract; and then the teacher charged in, and made us drop

everything and cut. I didn’t see no di’monds, and I told Tom Sawyer

so. He said there was loads of them there, anyway; and he said there

was A-rabs there, too, and elephants and things. I said, why couldn't

we see them, then? He said if I warn’t so ignorant, but had read a

book called Don Quixote, I would know without asking. He said it

was all done by enchantment. He said there was hundreds of soldiers

there, and elephants and treasure, and so on, but we had enemies

which he called magicians; and they had turned the whole thing

into an infant Sunday-school, just out of spite. I said, all right; then

the thing for us to do was to go for the magicians. ‘Tom Sawyer said

Iwas a numskull.

“Why,” said he, “a magician could call up a lot of genies, and they

would hash you up like nothing before you could say Jack Robinson.

They are as tall as a tree and as big around as a church.”

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