CHAPTER FOUR

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W. three or four months run along, and it was well into the

winter now. I had been to school most all the time and could spell

and read and write just a little, and could say the multiplication

table up to six times seven is thirty-five, and I don't reckon I could

ever get any further than that if I was to live forever. I don't take no

stock in mathematics, anyway.

‘Ac first I hated the school, but by and by I got so I could stand it.

Whenever I got uncommon tired I played hookey, and the hiding I

got next day done me good and cheered me up. So the longer I went

to school the easier it got to be. I was getting sort of used to the

widow's ways, too, and they warn't so raspy on me. Living in a house

and sleeping in a bed pulled on me pretty tight mostly, but before the

cold weather I used to slide out and sleep in the woods sometimes,

and so that was a rest to me. I liked the old ways best, but I was get-

ting so I liked the new ones, too, a little bit. The widow said I was

coming along slow but sure, and doing very satisfactory. She said she

warn't ashamed of me.

One morning I happened to turn over the salt-cellar at breakfast. I

reached for some of it as quick as I could to throw over my left shoul-

der and keep off the bad luck, but Miss Watson was in ahead of me,

and crossed me off. She says, “Take your hands away, Huckleberry;

what a mess you are always making!” The widow put in a good word

for me, but that warn't going to keep off the bad luck, I knowed that

well enough. I started out, after breakfast, feeling worried and shaky,

and wondering where it was going to fall on me, and what it was

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