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siderable many frills since I been away. I'll take you down a peg

before I get done with you. You're educated, too, they say—can read

and write. You think you're better'n your father, now, don’t you,

because he can't? 7U/ take it out of you. Who told you you might

meddle with such hifalut’n foolishness, hey2—who told you you

could?”

“The widow. She told me.”

“The widow, hey?—and who told the widow she could put in her

shovel about a thing that ain't none of her business?”

“Nobody never told her.”

“Well, I'll learn her how to meddle. And looky here—you drop

that school, you hear? I'll learn people to bring up a boy to put on

airs over his own father and let on to be better'n what HE is. You

lemme catch you fooling around that school again, you hear? Your

mother couldn't read, and she couldn't write, nuther, before she died.

None of the family couldn't before they died. I can’t; and here you're

a-swelling yourself up like this. I ain't the man to stand it—you hear?

Say, lemme hear you read.”

I took up a book and begun something about General Washington

and the wars. When I'd read about a half a minute, he fetched the

book a whack with his hand and knocked it across the house. He

says:

“Irs so. You can do it. I had my doubts when you told me. Now

looky here; you stop that putting on frills. I won't have it. I'll lay for

you, my smarty; and if I catch you about that school I'll tan you

good. First you know youl get religion, too. I never see such a son.

He took up a little blue and yaller picture of some cows and a boy,

and says:

“What's this?”

“Irs something they give me for learning my lessons good.”

He tore it up, and says:

“Pl give you something better—T'l give you a cowhide.

He set there a-mumbling and a-growling a minute, and then he

says:

“Ain't you a sweet-scented dandy, though? A bed; and bedclothes;

and a look’n’-glass; and a piece of carpet on the floor—and your own