CHAPTER FIVE

| had shut the door to. Then I turned around, and there he was.

I used to be scared of him all the time, he tanned me so much. I

reckoned I was scared now, too; but in a minute I see 1 was mistak-

en—that is, after the first jolt, as you may say, when my breath sort

of hitched, he being so unexpected; but right away after I see I warn't

scared of him worth bothring about.

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled

and greasy, and hung down, and you could sec his eyes shining

through like he was behind vines. Ie was all black, no gray; so was his

long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his

face showed; it was white; not like another man’s white, but a white

to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-

toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes—just rags, that was

all. He had one ankle resting on other knee; the boot on that foot

was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them

now and then. His hat was laying on the floor—an old black slouch

with the top caved in, like a lid.

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his

chair tilted back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window

was up; so he had clumb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all

over. By and by he says:

“Starchy clothes—very. You think you're a good deal of a big-bug,

don't you?”

“Maybe I am, maybe I ain't,” I says.

“Dont you give me none 0’ your lip,” says he. “You've put on con-

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