HuUcK LER ERE Y FUN

‘That pleased the old man till he couldn't rest. He said he'd cowhide

me till I was black and blue if I didn’t raise some money for him. I

borrowed three dollars from Judge Thatcher, and pap took it and got

drunk, and went a-blowing around and cussing and whooping and

carrying on; and he kept it up all over town, with a tin pan, till most

midnight; then they jailed him, and next day they had him before

court, and jailed him again for a week. But he said he was satisfied;

said he was boss of his son, and he'd make it warm for him.

When he got out the new judge said he was a-going to make a man

of him. So he took him to his own house, and dressed him up clean

and nice, and had him to breakfast and dinner and supper with the

family, and was just old pie to him, so to speak. And after supper he

talked to him about temperance and such things till the old man

cried, and said he'd been a fool, and fooled away his life; but now he

was a-going to turn over a new leaf and be a man nobody wouldn't

be ashamed of, and he hoped the judge would help him and not look

down on him. The judge said he could hug him for them words; so

he cried, and his wife she cried again; pap said hed been a man that

had always been misunderstood before, and the judge said he

believed it. The old man said that what a man wanted that was down

was sympathy, and the judge said it was so; so they cried again. And

when it was bedtime the old man rose up and held out his hand, and

says:

“Look at it, gentlemen and ladies all; take a-hold of it; shake it.

‘There's a hand that was the hand of a hog; but it ain't so no more; it’s

the hand of a man that’s started in on a new life, and’ll die before

he'll go back. You mark them words—don't forget I said them. It’s a

clean hand now; shake it—don't be afeard.”

So they shook it, one after the other, all around, and cried. The

judge’s wife she kissed it. Then the old man he signed a pledge—

made his mark. The judge said it was the holiest time on record, or

something like that. Then they tucked the old man into a beautiful

room, which was the spare room, and in the night some time he got

powerful thirsty and clumb out on to the porch-roof and slid down a

stanchion and traded his new coat for a jug of forty-rod, and clumb

back again and had a good old time; and towards daylight he crawled

23