CHAPTER SIX

W,, pretty soon the old man was up and around again, and

then he went for Judge Thatcher in the courts to make him give up

that money, and he went for me, too, for not stopping school. He

catched me a couple of times and thrashed me, but I went to school

just the same, and dodged him or outrun him most of the time. I

didn't want to go to school much before, but I reckoned I'd go now

to spite pap. That law trial was a slow business—appeared like they

warn ever going to get started on it; so every now and then I'd bor-

row two or three dollars off of the judge for him, to keep from get-

ting a cowhiding. Every time he got money he got drunk; and every

time he got drunk he raised Cain around town; and every time he

raised Cain he got jailed. He was just suited—this kind of thing was

right in his line.

He got to hanging around the widow’s too much and so she told

him at last that if he didn’t quit using around there she would make

trouble for him. Well, wasn’t he mad? He said he would show who

was Huck Finn's boss. So he watched out for me one day in the

spring, and catched me, and took me up the river about three mile in

a skiff, and crossed over to the Illinois shore where it was woody and

there warn't no houses but an old log hut in a place where the timber

was so thick you couldn’ find it if you didn’t know where it was.

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got a chance to run

off. We lived in that old cabin, and he always locked the door and

put the key under his head nights. He had a gun which he had stole,

I reckon, and we fished and hunted, and that was what we lived on.

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