wuUcK LER ERR Y FUN YN

it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year

round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow

Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me;

but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dis-

mal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I

couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my

sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he

hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and

I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So

I went back.

‘The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and

she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm

by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do noth-

ing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old

thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you

had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go

right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her

head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really

anything the matter with them,—that is, nothing only everything

was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different;

things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the

things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and

the Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by

and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long

time; so then I didn’t care no more about him, because I don't take

no stock in dead people.

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But

she wouldn't. She said ic was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I

must try to nor do it any more. That is just the way with some people.

They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it.

Here she was a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and

no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault

with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took

snuff, coos of course that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on,