had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a

spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and

then the widow made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer.

‘Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson

would say, “Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry;” and “Don't

scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set up straight;” and pretty soon

she would say, “Don’t gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why

dont you try to behave?” Then she told me all about the bad place,

and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn’t mean

no harm, All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a

change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said;

said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so

as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going

where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But

I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do

no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the

good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go

around all day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever. So I didnt

think much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom

Sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I

was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lone-

some. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and

then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of

candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the

window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn’t no

use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shin-

ing, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I

heard an owl, away off, who-whooing about somebody that was

dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was

going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me,

and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers

run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a

sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something

that’s on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest