HuUcKLER ERE Y FUN

easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night grieving. I

got so down-hearted and scared I did wish I had some company.

Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I flipped it

off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shriv-

led up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was an awful bad

sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most

shook the clothes off of me. I got up and turned around in my tracks

three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied up a lit-

de lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't

no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horseshoe that you've

found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever heard

anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a

spider.

I set down again, a-shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a

smoke; for the house was all as still as death now, and so the widow

wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in

the town go boom—boom—boom—twelve licks; and all still

again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap down in the

dark amongst the trees—something was a stirring. I set still and lis-

tened. Directly I could just barely hear a “me-yow! me-yow!” down

there. That was good! Says I, “me-yow! me-yow!” as soft as I could,

and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to

the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in among

the trees, and, sure enough, there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.