uucK LER ERR Y FUN

Strange niggers would stand with their mouths open and look him all

over, same as if he was a wonder. Niggers is always talking about

witches in the dark by the kitchen fire; but whenever one was talking

and letting on to know all about such things, Jim would happen in

and say, “Hm! What you know ‘bout witches?” and that nigger was

corked up and had to take a back seat. Jim always kept that five-cen-

ter piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the

devil give to him with his own hands, and told him he could cure

anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted to just by say-

ing something to it; but he never told what it was he said to it.

Niggers would come from all around there and give Jim anything

they had, just for a sight of that five-center piece; but they wouldn't

touch it, because the devil had had his hands on it. Jim was most

ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having

seen the devil and been rode by witches.

Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hill-top we looked

away down into the village and could see three or four lights twin-

Kling, where there was sick folks, maybe; and the stars over us was

sparkling ever so fine; and down by the village was the river, a whole

mile broad, and awful still and grand, We went down the hill and

found Jo Harper and Ben Rogers, and two or three more of the boys,

hid in the old tanyard. So we unhitched a skiff and pulled down the

river two mile and a half, to the big scar on the hillside, and went

ashore.

We went to a clump of bushes, and Tom made everybody swear to

keep the secret, and then showed them a hole in the hill, right in the

thickest part of the bushes. Then we lit the candles, and crawled in

on our hands and knees. We went about two hundred yards, and

then the cave opened up. Tom poked about amongst the passages,

and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't a noticed

thar there was a hole, We went along a narrow place and got into a

kind of room, all damp and sweaty and cold, and there we stopped.

Tom says:

“Now, we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyers

Gang. Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath, and

write his name in blood.”