



A Few Words to Begin



OST OF THE ADVENTURES

in this book really happened. One or two were my own experiences. The others were experiences of boys in my school. Huck Finn really lived. Tom Sawyer is made of three real boys.

My book is for boys and girls, but I hope that men and women also will read it. I hope that it will help them to remember pleasantly the days when they were boys and girls, and how they felt and thought and talked, what they believed, and what strange things they sometimes did.

MARK TWAIN

*in the State of Connecticut,
Hartford 1876*



Aunt Polly Decides Her Duty

“Tom!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

The old lady looked around the room.

“When I find you, I—”

She did not finish. With her head down, she was looking under the bed. Only the cat came out.

She went to the open door and looked toward the garden. No Tom was there. She shouted:

“You, Tom!”

There was a little noise behind her. She turned and caught a small boy, stopping him before he could escape.

“What were you doing in that corner?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing! What is that on your hands and face?”

“I do not know, **Aunt** Polly.”

“I know. You have been eating sweets. I have told you a hundred

times not to eat those sweets.”

Her hand was raised in the air—it started down—it was very near—
“Oh! Look behind you, Aunt!”

The old lady turned. The boy ran. In a moment he was up on the high board fence. Then he was on the far side of it.

His Aunt Polly was surprised. Then she laughed a little.

“That boy! I never know what he will do next. And he knows that I do not want to hit him. But I should. And if he does not go to school this afternoon, I must make him work tomorrow. He does not like work. Especially on Saturday, when there is no school, he does not like work. All the other boys will be playing. But I must try to make him a good boy. He is my dead sister’s son, and it is my duty. I must do my duty.”

Tom did not go to school and he had a very happy afternoon. He came home late. He hurried to do his share of the evening work. His brother Sid had already finished his share. Sid was a quiet boy, who had no adventures and also no troubles.

While Tom sat eating, his Aunt Polly asked questions. She hoped to learn about his afternoon.

“Tom, was it warm in school?”

“Yes, Aunt Polly.”

“Did you wish to go swimming, Tom?”

Tom began to feel afraid. What did she know about his afternoon?
“No, Aunt Polly. Not very much.”

She touched his shirt. It was dry. But Tom knew what she would touch next. He said quickly, “Some of us put water on our heads because we were hot. My hair is not dry yet.”

He watched her face. Yes, she believed him. He was safe.

And Aunt Polly was glad to believe that he had been good.

The summer evenings were long. Tom walked along the street, **whistling** like a bird. Then he stopped whistling. He had met a stranger, a boy a little larger than he was.

The boy’s clothes were new and good, and he was wearing shoes. Tom would wear shoes and good clothes like these only to church on Sunday. Tom looked and looked. The boy’s clothes seemed to become

better and better, and his own clothes seemed to grow poorer.

Neither boy spoke. If one moved, then the other moved. But they moved only to the side, in a circle. They remained face to face and eye to eye. Then Tom said:

"I can beat you!"

"Try."

"I can."

"No, you can't."

"Yes, I can."

"No, you can't."

"I can."

"You can't."

"Can!"

"Can't!"

A moment of quiet. Then Tom said:

"I could beat you with one hand."

"Do it. You say you can do it."

"That hat!"

"Hit it off my head if you can."

"I will."

"You are afraid."

"I am not afraid."

"You are."

"I am not."

"You are."

More moving in a circle. Now they were shoulder to shoulder, each trying to make the other fall back. And then suddenly they were both rolling in the dust. Each pulled at the other's hair, and each hit the other's nose.

And now through the dust Tom appeared, sitting on the new boy, beating him with hard, closed hands.

"Have you had enough?" said he.

The boy tried to get free. He was **weeping** with anger.

"Have you had enough?"

Then the new boy said, "Enough!" Tom let him stand up and walk away.

But as soon as Tom turned, the new boy threw a stone, hitting Tom's back. Therefore, Tom followed him home, and waited.

The boy did not come out again. His mother came and said that Tom was a bad child. She told him to go home.

It was late when Tom got there. Very quietly and carefully, he entered through a window.

But his aunt was waiting for him. She had learned from Sid about Tom's afternoon. Now she saw his clothes and she knew that he had been fighting. She knew what she must do. Tom would work all day on Saturday.



S t r o n g D e s i r e — W i s e A c t i o n

SATURDAY MORNING CAME. ALL THE SUMMER WORLD WAS BRIGHT and fresh and full of life.

Tom appeared in front of the house with paint and a big **brush**. He looked at the fence, and all joy left him. A deep sadness settled upon his heart. The fence was long and high. He wet the brush and moved it along the top board. He did it again, and did it again. He looked at what he had done. The painted part was very, very small. The whole fence was very large. He sat down. He felt that he could not continue.

Jim, a boy who worked for the family, came through the gate. He was going to get water, and he was singing happily.

Tom said, “Jim, I will get the water, if you will paint.”

Jim said, “No. I must get the water.”

“Are you afraid of Aunt Polly? She won’t hurt you. She talks about it, but talk never hurts. It never hurts except when she weeps, also. You should not be afraid of her. Jim, I will give you one of my playthings. And I will show you my foot. I will show you where I hurt it.”

Jim was only human. He took the plaything and he put his head

down to look at the foot.

In another moment he was running down the street. Tom was painting as fast as possible. And Aunt Polly was returning to the house.

But Tom began to think of the pleasure planned for this day. His hands moved more slowly. Soon the other boys would come and laugh at him for working. From his pocket he took everything that he owned. He looked at it. There was nothing of real value. It was not enough to buy another boy's help.

At this dark moment, a wonderful idea came to him. It was like a great, bright light.

He took his brush and went quietly to work.

Ben Rogers appeared soon. Tom had been especially afraid of Ben's laugh.

Ben was eating an apple. Also as he walked, he was making noises like those of a big riverboat. He would shout loudly. Then he would say, "Ding-dong-dong," like a bell. Then he would shout again, and say, "Ding-dong-dong," again, and make other strange noises. He was the boat, and he was the captain of the boat, and the boat bell.

"Turn her!" he shouted. "Slow her! Stop!" He made a slow, careful turn, came close beside Tom, and stopped.

Tom continued his painting. He did not look at the boat.

Ben said, "Hello! You are in trouble."

No answer. Tom moved his brush gently, and looked at the result. Ben came nearer. Tom wished for the apple, but he did not turn from his work. Ben said:

"Hello, you must work, must you?"

Tom turned suddenly. "Oh, Ben, is it you? I did not see you."

"I am going swimming, *I* am. Do you wish you could go with me? Or would you rather work?"

Tom said, "What do you mean? Work?"

"That is work."

Tom returned to his painting. "It may be work and it may not be. But it is fine for Tom Sawyer."

"Do you mean that you enjoy it?"

“Enjoy it? Does a boy have a chance to paint a fence every day?”

Here was a new idea. Ben stopped eating his apple. Tom moved his brush—stepped away to look at the result—added a little paint here and there—stepped away again. Ben watched. He was more and more interested. Then he said:

“Tom, let me paint a little.”

Tom thought. Then he said, “No, Ben. Aunt Polly wants this fence to be perfect. If it was the fence behind the house, you could help. But this fence, beside the street, must be done very carefully. There is not one boy in a thousand who can do it well.”

“Oh, Tom, let me try. Only a little. I will be careful. Tom, I will give you part of my apple.”

“No, Ben. I am afraid—”

“I will give you all of it!”

Tom gave the brush to Ben slowly, but with joy in his heart. And, while the boy who a few moments before had been a riverboat worker and became hot in the sun, Tom sat under the tree, eating the apple and planning how to get more help.

There were enough boys. They came along the street, stopped to laugh, but remained to paint. After Ben, Bill Fisher painted. Then Johnny Miller came. Each one paid to be allowed to work. In the middle of the afternoon, Tom was very rich. He had many playthings, a small cat with one eye, a piece of broken blue glass, and much more.

And he had not worked, and the whole fence had been painted three times. There was no more paint. With more paint, Tom would soon have owned everything belonging to the other boys. And the other boys in the village would have owned nothing.

Tom had discovered a great law of human action. A man or a boy will desire something if it is not easy to get.



Tom as an Army Officer – Delightful Sadness

TOM WENT TO REPORT TO AUNT POLLY. SHE WAS SITTING BESIDE AN open window. She was half asleep, and she was holding the sleeping cat. She was surprised to see Tom. She thought that he had run away from his work long ago.

Tom said, “May I go and play now, Aunt?”

“Already? How much have you done?”

“It is all done, Aunt.”

“Tom, is that true? It makes me sad if you do not tell the truth.”

“It is true, Aunt; it is all done.”

She went to see, and her surprise was very great. “You can work when you want to, Tom. But you do not often want to. Go and play. But remember to come home again.” And she gave him a large apple. She did not see him take a piece of cake as he passed through the kitchen.

Tom hurried to the center of the village. There two armies of boys had met for a battle. Tom was the leader, the General, of one army, and his good friend, Joe Harper, was the General of the other. Tom and Joe did not fight. They sat together and sent their orders to the armies.

When the battle was finished, they agreed to have another battle on another day. Then the armies marched away, and Tom started to go home alone.

As he passed Jeff Thatcher's house, he saw a new girl in the garden. She had blue eyes and yellow hair. She was beautiful. Tom had loved a girl named Amy Lawrence. A week ago she had said that she loved him. He had been happy and proud. But now in a moment she was gone from his heart.

He watched the new girl until she discovered him. Then he looked at other places, as if he had not seen her. And he began to jump, and dance, and walk on his hands, so that she would continue to watch him.

She walked toward the house, and Tom's heart was sad. But she threw a flower over the fence. Then she was gone.

Tom looked around. There was no person to see him. Slowly he picked up the flower. He put it under his shirt, near his heart.

And he stayed near the fence until darkness came.

Then he went home to eat. He was full of joy. His aunt wondered why.

Later that evening his brother Sid was a bad boy. He took some sweets. But his aunt did not believe that Sid could be bad. She gave Tom the blow that she should have given to Sid. She learned the truth later, and was sorry. But she said nothing to Tom.

Therefore, Tom was very sorry for himself. He began to wish that he would die. She would feel sorry then. He could see himself being carried home from the river, dead, his hair wet, his troubles past.

He went out into the darkness, and went to the river. It would be good to **drown**—if he could drown without pain.

He thought of his flower, and took it from inside his shirt. Would the new girl be sad if he died? Would she put her arms around him? Or would she turn coldly away?

This picture brought him much delightful suffering. He kept it a long time in his mind.

Then he started home.

He stopped near the Thatcher house. There was a light in one window. Was that the new girl's room? He lay down on the ground below the window, with her flower in his hands. He would lie there and die in the cold. In the morning, she would look out the window, and see him.

The window opened suddenly. He heard the voice of a woman who worked for the Thatchers. She threw water out of the window, and it fell on him.

Tom jumped up and ran.

Sid opened his eyes and saw Tom, ready for bed, looking at his wet clothes. Tom's wild eyes made Sid afraid. He did not dare to speak.

But he would remember and tell his aunt.



Going to Sunday School

THE SUN ROSE UPON A QUIET WORLD AND LOOKED WARMLY DOWN UPON the peaceful village. The family began the day by praying together.

Then Tom did his Sunday studying. He was trying to learn some words from the **Bible**. Sid had already finished his studying, but Tom was slow. His mind was busy with other things.

Tom was learning five **verses**. Some verses are long and some are short. Tom had found five short verses. Aunt Polly's daughter, Mary, helped him, and after a time, he could say the verses without looking at the book.

Mary gave him a knife for studying so well. It was not a good knife, but it was a knife. Tom was deeply delighted.

Then Mary helped him to dress in his Sunday clothes. He hoped that she would forget his shoes. But she did not.

When they were ready, the three children went to Sunday school.

With his whole heart, Tom wished not to go. Mary and Sid enjoyed going.

At the church door Tom stopped to speak to a friend. "Billy, do you have a yellow **ticket**?"

“Yes.”

“Will you sell it to me?”

“What will you pay for it?”

Tom offered enough, and received the ticket. Then Tom stopped other boys, and bought more tickets, some red and some blue. He was busy with this buying for about ten minutes. Then he went into the church.

These tickets were given for learning the Bible verses. A blue ticket was given for two verses. A red ticket was equal to ten blue tickets. A yellow ticket was equal to ten red tickets. And for ten yellow tickets, for learning two thousand verses, the Sunday school teacher gave the student a Bible.

It was a wonderful day when a boy or a girl received one of these Bibles. Perhaps Tom did not want the Bible. But he did want the wonderful experience of receiving it.

“Now, children,” the teacher said, “sit up as straight as possible, and listen. That is what good little boys and girls should do.”

While the teacher was talking, three gentlemen and a lady entered the church. The lady was leading a child. When Tom saw this small girl, waves of happiness went over him. He began hitting other boys, pulling their hair, doing everything to force the new girl to look at him and smile. He was quickly forgetting the water the woman threw from her window the night before.

The gentlemen and the lady went to the front of the church and sat down there. Then the teacher told who they were. One gentleman was Mr. Thatcher, who lived in the village. All knew him. But one was his brother, the great Judge Thatcher. He had traveled, he had seen the world, he came from a large town twelve miles away.

The teacher wished that on this day he could give some boy or girl a Bible. He would have been proud to do that. The famous Judge Thatcher would know, then, that this was a fine Sunday school. But no child had enough yellow tickets.

At this moment, when hope was dead, Tom Sawyer came forward. He had nine yellow tickets, nine red tickets, and ten blue tickets. It was

like a storm coming from a clear sky. The teacher had not expected Tom to gather so many tickets in ten years, but here were the tickets.

It was the surprise of the year. The teacher knew that it was strange. He could not understand how it had happened. He did not believe that Tom had learned two thousand verses. He did not believe that Tom had learned twelve verses.

The other boys watched Tom. All wished that they, too, had enough tickets for a Bible. Some boys suffered more deeply, because they had sold Tom their tickets. They were able to understand what had happened. Tom had become rich by letting other boys whitewash the fence. He had been rich enough to buy their tickets. And now anger filled them. They saw clearly what fools they had been.

Tom stood in a place of honor beside the Judge.

The Judge put his hand on Tom's head and called him a fine little man. Tom could not speak. His breath would not come. His heart was shaking. This was partly because the Judge was a great man, but it was chiefly because the Judge was *her* father.

The Judge asked his name.

"Tom."

"Is that all of it?"

"Thomas."

"But you have more, perhaps? Another name?"

"Tell the gentleman your other name, Thomas," said the teacher.

"Thomas Sawyer."

"That is a good boy. You are a fine, manly little fellow. Two thousand verses is a very, very great many. And you never can be sorry that you learned them. Learning makes great men and good men. You will be a great man and a good man some day, Thomas. Then you will remember this day. Then you will be glad that you went to Sunday school. Now, Thomas, tell me and this lady some of what you have learned in your Bible verses. We are proud of little boys who learn. Now, you know the names of the twelve great followers of Jesus Christ. Tell us the names of the first two."

Tom's face became red and he looked down at his feet.

The teacher knew that Tom could not answer. But he felt that he must speak. He said: "Answer the gentleman, Thomas. Do not be afraid."

Tom said nothing.

"Surely you will tell *me*," said the lady. "The names of the first two followers of Jesus Christ were—"

Tom remembered two names from the Bible. He did not remember who the people were, or what they had done. But the two names were always together. He shouted them now:

"DAVID AND GOLIATH!"

But David and Goliath had not been among the twelve great followers of Jesus Christ. Their story was in a different part of the Bible. David was a boy and Goliath was a man of very great size and strength. They were enemies. And David had killed Goliath.

Let us be kind enough to look away from the rest of this scene of Tom Sawyer in Sunday school.



I n C h u r c h

THE BELL OF THE SMALL CHURCH BEGAN TO RING. THE PEOPLE BEGAN to gather to hear Mr. Sprague speak to them. Mr. Sprague spoke to them in church every Sunday, and prayed with them.

The Sunday-school children now sat with their fathers and mothers, who would try to keep them quiet. Aunt Polly came, and Tom and Sid and Mary sat with her. Tom was placed as far as possible from the open window and the interesting summer scenes outside.

Other people came in and went to their seats. There were the old and poor. There were the middle-aged. There were the pretty girls in bright summer clothes, and the young men, with their eyes following the girls. There was Mrs. Douglas, whose husband died. She was rich and good-hearted, and she lived in the big house on Cardiff Hill. There was Mufferson, the “Good Boy” of the village. He came to church with his mother. All the other mothers talked of his goodness. All the other boys did not like him.

Now the bell was heard again, and then the church became very quiet. They were ready to begin.

They began with a song. After the song, Mr. Sprague read a very

long list of meetings to come in the following week. Then he prayed.

He prayed for many things and for many people. He prayed for the church, and for the little children of the church, and for the other churches of the village, and for the village, and then for the whole country, and for the Government, and then for people of far countries.

Tom did not enjoy hearing Mr. Sprague pray, but he knew he must remain quiet.

While Mr. Sprague prayed, a flying bug stopped on the back of the seat in front of Tom. It moved its front legs together, one over the other. It put them around its head, and seemed to pull until Tom thought that the head would separate from the body. It used its back legs to clean its wings. And it did all this slowly, as if knowing that it was safe. And indeed it was safe. Tom did not dare to reach for it. He believed that his soul would be destroyed suddenly if he did such a thing while Mr. Sprague was praying.

But with the last words, his hand began to move forward. When the last word came, the bug was in his hand. But his aunt saw this. She told him to let the bug fly away.

Then Mr. Sprague began a longer talk. He read the words he was saying and Tom counted the pages as he turned them. After church, Tom always knew how many pages there had been. He did not often know what had been said.

But this morning Tom was interested for a little while. Mr. Sprague talked about future peace in the world. The strong and powerful nations, he said, would be friends of the weak. The strong, he said, would be like a strong, wild animal of the forest. The weak would be like a weak animal of the farm. But the strong animal would not hurt the weak animal. They would lie down beside each other, in peace. They would be so gentle and friendly that a little child could lead them.

Tom wished to be that child.

Then there was no more talk about animals. Again Tom began to suffer. He remembered a valuable object that he carried, and he took it from his pocket. It was a large black bug in a small box.

The bug quickly took a painful hold on Tom's finger. The next

moment, the bug was on the floor, on its back, and Tom's finger was in his mouth.

The bug lay there, moving its legs, but it could not get on its feet again. Tom could not reach it. It was too far away. But he watched it.

Other people, also not interested in Mr. Sprague's words, found pleasure in watching the bug.

Then a dog entered the church. He was sad at heart. He wanted some new, different thing to do. He saw the large black bug, and his tail lifted and moved a little, happily. He looked at the bug carefully; walked around it; put his nose nearer; lay down with the bug between his front feet; and began to sleep. His head moved down, it touched the bug, and the bug took a painful hold on his nose. The dog cried loudly, shaking his head.

And the bug fell again on the floor, on its back.

People sitting near were laughing gently, with their faces covered. Tom was completely happy. The dog seemed like a fool, and perhaps felt like a fool. There was anger in his heart, also. He went near the bug again and began jumping at it. Moving in a circle, he jumped again and again.

Then he had had enough of jumping. He found a smaller bug and followed it for a while. Then he had had enough of the smaller bug. Forgetting the large black bug, he sat down on it.

With a wild cry of pain, he went running around the church. The bug kept its hold. The dog ran across the front of the church, and across the back. His cries grew louder and louder. Then he jumped into his owner's arms. His owner threw him out a low window. Then slowly the sound of his voice grew softer and was gone as he ran quickly away.

Now all the people in the church had red faces and were trying not to laugh. Mr. Sprague had stopped speaking. He began again, but it was not easy for him to continue. Here and there a laugh could be heard. All were glad when it was time to go home.

Tom Sawyer went home quite happy. Church was a pleasure when something different happened. There was only one thing that he did not like. He was glad to let the dog play with his bug. But the dog should not have carried it away.



A Talk of Devils – Happy Hours

THE NEXT MORNING TOM WAS VERY SAD. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING of another week of slow suffering in school. He usually began this day wishing that there had been no Saturday and no Sunday. Because of them, school seemed more painful to him.

He lay in bed, thinking. If he were sick, he could stay home. He thought carefully about all parts of his body, but he could discover no sickness.

Then he looked at his foot. His foot had been hurt.

He had an idea. He began to cry as if with pain.

But Sid, in his bed across the room, continued to sleep.

Tom's voice grew louder. Now he seemed to feel real pain in his foot.

No result from Sid.

Tom said, "Sid, Sid!" and tried shaking him. This time the result was good. When Tom cried again, Sid sat up and looked at him. He said, "Tom! What is wrong?"

No answer.

Now Sid tried shaking Tom.

Tom said, "Oh, do not do that, Sid. It hurts me."

"I must call Aunt Polly."

"No. Do not call her." He cried loudly again. Then he said, "I will forget everything bad that you have done to me, Sid. When I am dead—"

"Oh, Tom, are you dying?"

"Give my cat with one eye to that new girl, and tell her—"

But Sid was gone. He ran to his aunt. "Oh, Aunt Polly! Tom is dying!"

"Dying! I can't believe it!"

But she ran. Her face was white with fear. At the bedside she cried, "Tom! Tom, what is wrong?"

"It is my foot, Aunt. Where I hurt it. The doctor must cut it off."

The old lady sat down in a chair and laughed a little, then wept a little, then did both together. Feeling better, she said, "Tom, you stop that, and get out of bed."

Tom stopped crying and the pain stopped, too.

As he walked to school, he met Huckleberry Finn. Huckleberry's father was always **drunk**. None of the mothers in the village liked Huckleberry. But all the children liked him. They wished that they dared to be like him.

Tom also wished that he could be like Huckleberry. He had been ordered never to play with him. Therefore, he played with Huckleberry every time that it was possible.

Huckleberry was always dressed in old clothes. The clothes were always too big for him. His hat was full of holes. The bottom of his coat touched the ground. He came and went as he wished. He did not sleep in a bed; he did not sleep in a house. He did not go to school or to church. He could go swimming or fishing when and where he might choose. He was the first boy to wear no shoes in the early summer. He was the last boy to wear shoes in the early winter. He never washed.

He had everything that any boy could desire.

Tom said, "Hello, Huckleberry."

"Hello yourself."

“What is that?”

“Dead cat.”

“Let me see him, Huck. Where did you get him?”

“From a boy.”

“Why do you want him, Huck?”

“To take off these warts.” Huckleberry showed Tom the small spots of thick, hard skin on his hands.

“I take them off with a bean, Huck.”

“Yes. Bean is good. I have done that.”

“How did you do it?”

“You take the bean and break it in two pieces. Then you cut the wart and get some blood. Then you put the blood on half the bean. You make a hole in the ground. You put that half of the bean in the hole, and cover it with earth. You must do this in the middle of the night where two roads cross and when the moon is dark. Then you burn the other half of the bean. The piece of bean with blood on it will try to pull the other half to it. And that helps the blood to pull the wart, and it is gone from your hand.”

“Yes, that is right, Huck. Although when you put the bean in the ground, you should say, ‘Down, bean; off, wart; appear no more.’ But how do you take off warts with a dead cat?”

“You wait until the dead body of some bad person has been put in the ground. Then you take your cat and you go to that place before the middle of the night. At the middle of the night a devil will come to carry the dead man away. Perhaps two or three devils will come. You can’t see them. You can only hear a sound like the wind. Or perhaps you can hear them talk. And when they take the body away, you throw the cat after them. You say, ‘Devil follow body, cat follow devil, warts follow cat.’ That will take off *any* wart.”

“Did you ever try it?”

“Not yet.”

“Huck, when are you going to do it?”

“Tonight. I think that they will come to get old Hoss Williams tonight.”

“But they put him in the ground Saturday. The devils would take him Saturday night.”

“The devils can’t come until twelve. At twelve on Saturday night, it is Sunday. Devils can’t come on Sunday.”

“I never thought of that. Let me go with you?”

“If you won’t be afraid.”

“Afraid! Will you come to my house and call to me? Make a noise like a cat.”

“Yes. But you answer. Another night I came to your house, saying, ‘Meow, meow,’ like a cat. But you never answered. And your neighbor threw stones at me.”

“Aunt Polly was watching me. But I will ‘meow’ this time.”

Tom continued walking to school. He went in quickly, and sat in his seat.

The teacher looked at him. “Thomas Sawyer!”

Tom knew that trouble was coming when his whole name was used.

“Why are you late again?”

Tom looked around the room. He saw the new girl. No girl sat in the seat beside her. And girls sat in all the other seats on the girls’ side of the room.

He said, “I stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn.”

All the children looked at Tom. It was very foolish to say that to a teacher.

“Thomas Sawyer, I never heard more surprising words. Take off your coat.” The teacher had a supply of thin branches cut from a tree. He used and broke several of these while beating Tom’s back. Then he ordered, “Go and sit with the *girls*!”

The new girl turned her back toward Tom. Then, after a short time, she turned toward him, and she saw an apple on the table in front of her. She moved it away. Tom gently moved it toward her. She moved it away again. Tom returned it. Then she let it remain where he had placed it.

Now Tom began to make a picture on a piece of paper. He held

one hand over it while he worked and she could not see it. She tried to see. He seemed not to notice her interest. Then she said, "Let me see."

He showed her. It was a picture of a house. It was not good, but she thought that it was. "It is nice. Now make a man."

The man was bigger than the house.

"It is beautiful. Now make me."

He made a picture of another person.

"That is very nice. I wish that I could make pictures."

"I will teach you. At noon. Do you go home to eat?"

"I will stay if you stay."

"Good. What is your name?"

"Becky Thatcher. What is yours? Oh, I know. It is Thomas Sawyer."

"That is my name when they beat me. I am Tom when I am good. You call me Tom, will you?"

"Yes."

Now Tom began writing something, hiding it with his hand. She asked to see.

"Oh, it is nothing. You do not want to see it."

"Yes, I do."

"You will tell what it is."

"I promise never to tell."

"Oh, *you* do not want to see!"

"I *will* see." She put her small hand on his, and then Tom let her pull the writing away. She read these words: "I love you."

"Oh, you bad thing!" And she hit his hand. But her face showed pleasure.

At this moment the boy felt a hand on his ear, and a pull lifting him from the seat. He was returned to his usual seat. The whole school laughed.

But although Tom's ear hurt, his heart was joyful.



An Agreement Is Made

AT NOON TOM RAN TO BECKY AND SAID SOFTLY IN HER EAR:

“Start to go home with the others, and then return here. I will do the same.”

Soon both had returned. Now they were alone in the school. They sat together, and Tom put his hand on Becky’s, guiding it. They made a picture of another house.

Then they talked. Tom was filled with happiness.

He said, “Becky, were you ever engaged?”

“What does that mean?”

“Did you ever promise to marry any boy?”

“No.”

“Would you like to be engaged?”

“What do you do?”

“You tell a boy that you will marry him. Then you kiss. That is all. It is easy.”

“Why do you kiss?”

“They always do that. Do you remember what I was writing?”

“Yes.”

“What was it? Shall I tell you?”

“Yes—but not now. Tomorrow.”

“No. Now. I will say it quietly, Becky. Close to your ear.” He put his arm around her and said the words quietly. “Now you tell me.”

She made him turn his face away. Then she came near. Her breath moved his hair as she said, “I—love—you!”

Then she jumped away from him and ran around the seats, with Tom running after her. He caught her in a corner, with her hands over her face. But her hands dropped. Tom kissed her and said, “Now it is all finished, Becky. And always after this you can’t love any boy except me or marry any boy except me.”

“And you can’t marry any girl but me.”

“Certainly. That is part of it. And we will walk to school together. Because we are engaged.”

“It is nice. I never heard of it before.”

“Oh, it is fine. Me and Amy Lawrence—”

The big eyes told him that he had said the wrong thing.

“Oh, Tom! I am not the first that you were engaged to!” She began to weep.

“I do not love her now. I do not love any girl except you.”

More weeping.

Tom took from his pocket the thing he valued most. It was a ball-shaped object, of no worth, but as bright as gold.

“Becky, take this.”

She hit it from his hand to the floor.

Then, filled with anger, Tom marched out of the school and over the hills and far away. He would return no more that day.

Becky had not really wanted him to go, and when he did not return within a few moments, she called, “Tom! Come back!” Then she wept again.



Tom Decides What to Do

HALF AN HOUR LATER TOM WAS BEYOND MRS. DOUGLAS' HOUSE ON Cardiff Hill. He entered a thick forest, went to the center of it, and sat down under a tree. He was very sad. He wished that he could die—for a short time.

But soon he began to think again of living. He would go far away, to countries across the sea. How would Becky feel then? He would be a soldier, and return famous, after many wars. No, he would join the **Indians**, and hunt and fight with them in the Far West. But no, there was something better. He would sail across the seas in a long, fast black ship. He would follow other ships, take the gold and silver they carried, then send them to the bottom of the sea. That was it! He would be a **pirate**, famous in the whole world. Tom Sawyer the Pirate!

Yes, it was decided. He would start his journey the next morning.

At this moment he heard a call from far away in the forest.

He went to a place, very near, where he kept some of his things. From this place he took a long knife made of wood. He tied it to his side. He was not Tom Sawyer now. He dreamed he had become a famous leader named Robin Hood who had lived with his men hundreds of

years before, in another forest.

He advanced slowly, moving carefully from behind one tree to another. Believing for the moment that he really was Robin Hood, he said:

“Stay where you are, my men. Do not move until I call.”

Now Joe Harper appeared. He, too, had a long wooden knife.

Tom called, “Stop! Who comes here into Sherwood Forest? No person enters my forest until I say that he may!”

“I am Guy of Guisborne,” said Joe Harper, continuing the game. “I go where I wish. Who are you?”

“I! I am Robin Hood, as you shall soon know when you lie dead there on the ground.”

“Are you indeed that famous man? Gladly will I fight with you.”

They took their two long knives, and began a slow, careful fight. Then Tom said, “Now fight faster.”

They were soon hot from their efforts. “Fall!” Tom said. “You must fall!”

“You fall! I am fighting better than you.”

“But the story of Robin Hood says that I kill you. Turn and let me hit you in the back.”

Joe turned, received the blow, and fell.

“Now,” Joe said, rising, “you must let me kill you.”

“I can’t do that. It is not in the story.”

“It should be.”

“Joe, you can be Robin Hood for a while. I will be Robin’s enemy, and you can kill me.”

This was agreeable, and more fighting followed. Then Tom became Robin Hood again, and he was hurt, and all his blood ran from his body. And Joe, who had now become all of Robin Hood’s men, watched with tears in his eyes as Robin Hood died.

Then the boys went home. They were sad because Robin Hood had lived so long ago. They would have liked living with him in Sherwood Forest better than being President of the United States.



I n d i a n J o e E x p l a i n s

AT NINE THAT NIGHT TOM AND SID WERE SENT TO BED AS USUAL. They prayed, and Sid was soon asleep. Tom was waiting.

Time passed very slowly. Little noises came out of the darkness. The cry of a far off dog was heard in the night air, and was answered by another dog. By that time Tom was asleep.

Then there came, among his dreams, the call of a cat. A neighbor opened a window. Tom heard this, and a minute later he was through his window. He “meowed” as he went. Then he jumped.

Huckleberry Finn was there with his dead cat.

In half an hour the boys were in the **graveyard**.

The graveyard was on a hill, a mile and a half from the village. There was an old board fence around it. A light wind sounded in the trees, and Tom was afraid that the sound came from the spirits of the dead. The boys talked little. The time and the place and the quiet were heavy on their hearts. They found the new **grave** and sat down under the branches of three big trees near it.

They waited a long time. After a while, Tom felt that he must talk. “Huck, do you believe that the dead people are pleased to have us here?”

"I wish I knew."

"Huck, do you think Hoss Williams hears us talking?"

"His spirit hears us."

"I wish I had said Mr. Williams. But all the people said Hoss."

"You must be careful how you talk about dead people, Tom."

There was no more talk for a while.

Then Tom touched Huck's arm. "Did you hear it? There it is again! Now you hear it."

The two held each other with fast-beating hearts.

"Tom, they are coming! What shall we do?"

"I do not know. Will they see us?"

"Tom, they can see in the dark, like cats. I wish I had not come."

"Oh, do not be afraid. We are doing nothing. If we are completely quiet, perhaps they won't see us."

"I will try, Tom. But I am shaking."

"Listen!"

The sound of voices came from the far end of the graveyard.

"Look! See there!" said Tom. "What is it?"

"It is devil-fire. Oh, Tom, this is very bad."

Some dark shapes came near, carrying a light. Huckleberry said, shaking more, "It is the devils. Three of them. Tom, we are in great trouble. Can you pray?"

"I will try." Tom began to pray.

"Tom! They are human! That is old Muff Potter's voice. He is drunk, as usual. *He* won't see us."

"Huck, I know another voice. It is Indian Joe."

"Devils would be better than that half-Indian. What do they want here?"

Then the boys were quiet, because the three men had arrived at the new grave. "Here it is," said the third voice. In the light the boys saw the face of young Doctor Robinson. He was so near that the boys could have touched him.

"Hurry, men!" he said. "The moon may appear from behind the clouds."

The other two men began opening the grave. For a while no sound was heard except the sound of their work.

Then they came to the box which contained the body. They opened it and lifted the body out of the box. The moon appeared and the dead man's face could be seen.

Potter held up a knife. "Now, Doctor, the thing is ready. And here it stays unless you pay us five dollars more."

"You have your money," the doctor said.

"You and your father once sent me to **jail**," Indian Joe said. "Five years ago. Do you think I would forget? Now you pay!"

The doctor hit him suddenly, and Indian Joe fell.

Potter dropped his knife. "You hit my friend!" he said. He jumped at the doctor and the two began fighting.

Now Indian Joe was on his feet again. He picked up Potter's knife, and began moving like a cat, around and around the fighters. He was watching for a chance to strike the doctor. Suddenly the doctor was free. He picked up a board and used it to strike Potter, who fell quickly to the ground.

At the same moment Indian Joe saw his chance. The whole length of his knife went into the doctor's body. The doctor fell, partly on Potter, covering Potter with his blood.

Clouds covered the moon, and the two boys ran into the darkness.

When the moon appeared again, Indian Joe was looking down at the two men lying on the ground. The doctor made some sounds that were not possible to understand, and then, after a long breath, he was quiet. The Indian said, "Now that is finished!"

He put the knife in Potter's right hand. Then he sat down and waited.

Soon Potter began to move. His hand closed on the knife. He looked at it and let it fall. Then he sat up and looked at the doctor's body. "What happened, Joe?" he said.

"It is a bad business," said Joe. "Why did you do it?"

"I! I never did it!" Potter was shaking. "I was drunk. I do not

remember what happened. Did I do it, Joe? I never wanted to do it.”

“He hit you and then you did it. But you have always been good to me, Muff Potter. I won’t tell.”

“Oh, Joe, I will bless you for that as long as I live.” And Potter began to weep.

“This is no time for weeping. You go that way and I will go this way. Move, now.”

Potter started running. Joe stood watching him. “He forgets his knife because he is drunk. When he remembers, he will be afraid to return for it.”

Two or three minutes later the dead doctor, the body from the grave, the opened box, were alone under the moon. The quiet was complete again.



The Promise — The Result of Fear

THE TWO BOYS RAN TOWARD THE VILLAGE. THEY LOOKED BEHIND them often, afraid that they were being followed.

After a while, they came to the edge of the village. There stood an old building which was not used. They ran through the open door and fell to the ground.

“Huckleberry, what do you think will happen now?”

“If the doctor dies, they will hang Indian Joe.”

Tom spoke. “Who will tell about it? You and I?”

“If we did, and if Indian Joe did not hang, he would kill us.”

“I was thinking that, Huck.”

“Let Muff Potter tell if he is fool enough. He is usually drunk enough.”

Tom continued to think. Then he said, “Huck, Muff Potter does not know what happened. The doctor had hit him with that board. Huck, are you sure that you won’t tell?”

“Tom, we can’t tell. You know that. Indian Joe would drown us like two cats if we told. Tom, we must promise never to tell. It must be a strong promise. With writing. And blood.”

Tom agreed with all his heart. This idea was what must be done. It was deep and dark and fearful. This was the hour and the place to do it. He found a clean broad piece of wood. In his pocket he found something to write with. The moon was his light. Painfully he formed the words:

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer promise they will never tell about this, and they wish they may die in their footsteps if they ever tell.

Then each boy cut a finger and signed in blood TS and HF. Tom helped Huck to write his H and F.

Then they made a hole in the ground near the wall of the building. They placed the piece of wood in the hole and covered it with earth. Now they were certain. Their mouths would never speak about what their eyes had seen.

When Tom entered his house through his bedroom window, the night was almost gone. He took off his clothes very quietly and lay down. He believed, happily, that his aunt would never know that he had been away. But Sid was not asleep.

The next morning his aunt gave him some food. Then she wept, and she asked him why he hurt her old heart. She wished to help him to be good. She tried and tried, but she could try no more.

A thousand beatings would have been easier for Tom. He wept. He promised to be good. But he felt that she did not believe his promises.

He went to school, and there the teacher beat him and Joe Harper, because they had run away from school the day before.

Then he went to his seat. A hard object, covered in paper, was waiting for him there. He opened the paper. Inside was the bright, shining ball that looked like gold that he had given to Becky Thatcher.

This was too much. Now his heart was broken.



Tom's Troubled Mind

AT NOON THE WHOLE VILLAGE SUDDENLY KNEW THE FEARFUL NEWS. The story traveled quickly from man to man, group to group, house to house. The schoolteacher closed the school.

The knife had been found. It was known to be Potter's knife. And Potter had been seen washing himself in a small stream, in the very early morning. When seen, he had run away. All this was very strange, especially because Potter almost never washed.

All the people in the town were slowly going toward the graveyard. Tom joined them. He did not wish to go, but something seemed to force him. He arrived at the fearful place, and saw the scene again. It seemed a hundred years since he had seen it before. A hand touched his arm. He turned. His eyes met Huckleberry's. Both looked away. Were they being watched?

Now Tom began to shake, because he saw Indian Joe.

Then Muff Potter appeared. A few people saw him. They shouted. The crowd separated and Potter walked through. A village law officer was holding his arm.

Potter's eyes showed his fear. When he stood beside the dead

doctor, he put his face in his hands and began to weep. "I did not do it, friends," he said. "I did not do it."

"Who said that you did?" a voice shouted.

Potter lifted his face and looked around without hope. He saw Indian Joe, and said, "Oh, Indian Joe, you promised me that you would never—"

"Is this your knife?" It was held by the law officer for him to see.

Potter began to fall. Men caught him and let him go slowly down to the ground. Then he said, "I thought that I should come and get—" He stopped, shaking. Then he said, "Tell them, Joe. Tell them."

Indian Joe told his story.

Huckleberry and Tom stood, not able to speak, and with eyes wide with fear. They expected the skies to open with a sudden storm, to strike down Indian Joe.

But he finished his story and stood there, living and whole.

They wished to tell the truth, but they did not dare.

During a week after this, Tom could not sleep well. One morning Sid said, "Tom, you talk in your sleep so much that I can't sleep half the night."

Tom's face became white and he looked away.

"This is bad," said Aunt Polly. "There is something in your mind, Tom. What is it?"

"Nothing." But Tom's hand was shaking. He could not lift his cup.

"And you say fearful things!" Sid said. "Last night you said, 'It is blood, it is blood!' You said that again and again. Then you said, 'Do not hurt me. I will tell!' Tell what?"

Aunt Polly said, "I understand. It is that killing. I dream about it also."

Mary said that she also dreamed about it, and then Sid stopped talking.

Slowly Tom's mind grew quieter and his sleep was easier.

Almost every day, during this bad time, Tom went to the jail window and gave Potter some small gift. Then he felt happier.

The village people wanted to put Indian Joe in jail also. Like Muff Potter, he had been helping the doctor to carry away that dead body from its grave. But the people did nothing. All were afraid of Indian Joe.



Tom Shows His Kindness

TOM HAD A NEW AND GREAT TROUBLE. BECKY THATCHER WAS ILL. He was afraid that she might die.

The joy of life was gone. He played no games. He was not interested in anything.

His aunt did not know what was wrong. She tried to find some help for him.

She was always reading about health. She read about how to go to bed, and how to get up from bed, what to eat, and what to drink, and what clothes to wear for good health, and how to think for good health. She believed all that she read. When she read something new, she wanted to try it.

She took Tom outside in the early morning and poured cold water over him. Then she covered him with a wet cloth and put him to bed, with heavy covers over him. When he was so hot that water formed on his skin, she was happy. She thought that this would help him.

But Tom became sadder and sadder.

She tried pouring hot water over him instead of cold. She tried less food. Soon Tom stopped fighting against what she did. And then

she was sure that he was very ill indeed.

Next, she heard of something new named Painkiller. She put some in her own mouth, to taste it. It was like a mouthful of fire.

She gave some to Tom and watched him. This Painkiller had a strong result. The boy was wildly interested. He acted as if she had built a fire under him. She knew that she had found the right thing.

And Tom knew that it was time for him to act. He thought of several plans. He decided to say that he liked Painkiller. He asked for it so often that his aunt gave the whole container to him. Now he could have Painkiller at any time. She did not know that everyday he put some in a hole in the floor.

One day as he was doing this, the cat came in and seemed to want some of the Painkiller.

“You do not want it, Peter.”

But Peter continued to seem to ask for it.

“Are you sure?”

Peter was sure.

“You have asked for it, and I will give it to you. I am a kind boy. But if you do not like it, remember that you asked.”

He opened the cat’s mouth and put in some Painkiller.

Peter jumped high into the air and cried a wild cry. Then he started going around and around the room, running against chairs and tables. Next he stood on his back feet and danced, with cries of joy. Then he went faster around the room again. Aunt Polly arrived. He rolled over and over, gave one last great cry, and jumped through the open window.

Tom was on the floor, weak from laughing.

“Tom, what is wrong with the cat?”

“Cats always do that to show their joy.”

But Aunt Polly saw the Painkiller. She knew what had happened. She caught Tom’s ear and pulled him up, then hit him with her hand. “Why did you do that to the cat?”

“Because I am sorry that he has no aunt to care for him.”

“Has no aunt! Why do you say that?”

“Because if he had an aunt she would give him a drink that burned his mouth and not think of his feelings. She would say, if the drink was good for a human, it would be good for a cat.”

Aunt Polly thought. If it hurt a cat, it might hurt a boy, also. She put her hand on Tom’s head. “I was trying to help you.”

“And I was trying to help Peter. And it helped him. I never saw him move so fast.” He was smiling at her now.

“Oh, Tom! I will not give you any more Painkiller. Go to school. And try to be a good boy.”

Tom was early at school. He was often early now. Today, as he often did, he waited at the gate. He did not play. He was sick, he said. And he seemed sick.

Jeff Thatcher came down the road, and Tom’s face was brighter. But quickly it was dark again. Jeff was alone.

When Tom saw a girl’s dress far away, he watched and watched. But the girl was never the right one. He entered the school and sat down to suffer.

Then one more dress came through the gate. Tom’s heart jumped. The next moment he was outside again, shouting, laughing, running after other boys, jumping over the fence, standing on his head. He was doing all this to make Becky Thatcher watch him.

She never looked at him. Was it possible that she did not see him? He came running and shouting. He threw a boy’s hat over the schoolhouse. He ran through a group of boys, and then he fell at her feet.

She turned away with her nose raised high in the air. “Some people always want other people to look at them!”

His face became red. He stood straight and walked quietly away.



The Young Pirates

TOM HAD DECIDED NOW. HE WAS SAD AND WITHOUT HOPE. HE WAS a boy with no friends. No person loved him. He had tried to do what was right, but they would not let him. Yes, they were forcing him into a bad life. He could now choose nothing else.

He had come far from the village.

He heard the distant school bell, and he knew that he would never, never hear it again. Tears fell from his eyes.

Here he met his best friend, Joe Harper. Joe's eyes were filled with anger, and it was easy to see that there was a great and sad purpose in his heart.

Tom said that he was going to travel around the world, never to return to the village. He hoped that Joe would not forget him.

And Joe had come to say the same to Tom. They were two souls with only one thought.

Joe's mother had beaten him. But he had done nothing. She plainly wished him to go away. Therefore, he was going. He hoped that she would be happy now. He hoped that she would never be sorry about sending her boy into the cold world to suffer and die.

The two boys walked together. They agreed to be like brothers.

They would never separate until they died. They began to plan.

They decided to be pirates.

Three miles south of the village, there was an island in the river. The Mississippi River was a mile wide there. The island was long and not very wide, and it was covered with trees. No people lived on it, and few people lived on the river's shore near the island. It would be a good place for pirates.

Then they met Huckleberry Finn, and he joined them.

They talked, and then they separated. They would meet again beside the river two miles north of the village at twelve that night. Tom knew where they would find a small boat. They would take it. Each boy would bring food and other useful things, if possible.

Tom arrived with meat and a few other things. He stopped among the trees on a hill above the meeting place. There were many stars, and it was very quiet. The great river lay like an ocean at rest. Tom listened a moment, but the quiet was broken by no sound. Then he whistled gently. The **whistle** was answered from below. Tom whistled two more times and was answered again. Then a voice said:

"Who goes there?"

"Tom Sawyer the Black Pirate. Name your names."

"Huck Finn the Red-Handed and Joe Harper the Destroyer of the Seas." Tom had taken these names from his best-loved books.

"Speak the word."

Two voices spoke together: "BLOOD!"

Tom went down the hill to join them.

The Destroyer of the Seas had also brought meat, and Finn the Red-Handed had some **tobacco**. The Black Pirate said that they must also have fire. They went to a large riverboat that was near, and they took some of the fire burning there. They knew that there were no men on the boat. The boatmen were all in the village. But the boys moved very quietly and carefully. Pirates must be pirates.

With Tom as captain of their ship, they left the shore and went into the middle of the river. From here they let the moving river carry them along. They passed the distant village. Two or three lights showed where it was, peacefully sleeping. The Black Pirate stood in the boat looking for the last time at the scene of his early joys and later suf-

ferings. He wished that his aunt could see him now, facing the fearful future with a smile on his lips.

After two hours their boat touched the island. There was an old sail in the boat. They spread this over their supplies, under the trees. They would sleep in the open air, as pirates should.

They built a fire and cooked some meat. It seemed wonderful to be eating in that wild, free manner in the forest, far from other people. They said that they would never return to a village or town again.

After eating, they lay on the ground, talking. The fire lighted their faces and the trees near them with a red light. Huck prepared to **smoke** some of his tobacco. Soon he was blowing out a cloud of smoke, and the other pirates were wishing that they could do the same.

Huck said, "What do pirates do?"

Tom said, "Oh, they enjoy life. They follow other ships and catch them and burn them. They take the money from those ships and put it in a deep hole in the ground on their island. And they kill the people on the ships."

"They carry the women to the island," said Joe. "They do not kill the women."

"No," Tom agreed. "Pirates are good. They do not kill the women. And the women are always beautiful."

"And their clothes are covered with gold and silver," said Joe.

"Whose clothes?" said Huck.

"The pirates'."

Huck looked down at his clothes. "I am not dressed right for a pirate," he said. "But these are my only clothes."

The other boys told him that the fine clothes would come later, when they began their adventures.

Slowly their talk ended. The Red-Handed went to sleep quickly. The Destroyer of the Seas and the Black Pirate could not sleep so quickly. They began now to have some doubt. Had it been wrong to run away from home? Had it been wrong to take the meat? The meat did not belong to them. They decided that they would never again take what did not belong to them.

And with that decided, these pirates also were peacefully asleep.



I s l a n d L i f e — T o m Q u i e t l y L e a v e s

OPENING HIS EYES, TOM WONDERED WHERE HE WAS. HE SAT UP AND looked around. Then he remembered.

It was cool and the light was the gray color of early morning. There was a delightful feeling of rest and peace in the deep quiet of the forest. A thin blue breath of smoke rose from the fire. Joe and Huck were yet asleep.

Now, far away, a bird called. Another answered. Slowly the cool gray of the morning changed to white. More sounds were heard. The life of the forest began to show itself to the watching boy. Bugs appeared and started their day's labors. Birds were making many noises now. A big blue bird stopped very near to Tom. It turned its head to one side, and sat watching its strange new neighbors. Small animals appeared and they also looked at the boys and seemed to be talking to them. Perhaps they had never seen a human being before. Perhaps they did not know whether or not to be afraid.

Tom called to the other pirates. Within a few moments they were all playing in the river near the shore. Their boat had been carried away, but this pleased them. They were certain now that they would never

return to their village.

Happy and hungry, they built their fire. Huck had found some good water to drink. While Joe cooked some meat, Tom and Huck went to the river and caught some fish. Joe cooked these with the meat. No fish had ever tasted so good.

Then Huck smoked. After that, they all started to walk through the trees to see what they could discover.

They found much to delight them, but nothing surprising. The island was almost three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was very near to the shore on one side, but far from the shore where their village was.

They played in the river often. It was the middle of the afternoon before they returned to their fire. They ate some meat again and then they sat in the shade to talk.

But the talk soon stopped. The quiet, the loneliness, were beginning to change their happiness. They began to be sad. Tom and Joe were thinking of home. Finn the Red-Handed, who had no home, was thinking of the places where he usually went to sleep.

But they did not speak to each other of this weakness.

Now they heard a distant sound. They looked at each other, and listened. There was a long quiet, and then the sound—Boom! Then a long, long quiet, and then again, Boom!

“We must go and see.”

They jumped up and ran to the shore nearer the town. The trees there were small, and grew thickly. Through them, the boys looked across the water.

They saw a big riverboat. It was the boat that crossed the river many times every day. Now it was coming slowly down the river. It was crowded with people. There were many small boats around it. Then from the riverboat came a cloud of white smoke, and then another Boom!

“I understand now!” said Tom. “Some person is drowned!”

“That is right,” said Huck. “They did that last summer when Bill Turner was drowned. A big gun makes that Boom! And then the body

risers to the top of the water.”

“I wish that I was on that riverboat now,” said Joe.

“I wonder who is drowned,” said Huck.

They continued to listen and watch. Then a thought came into Tom’s mind like a sudden light. “Boys, I know who is drowned. They are looking for us!”

This was a wonderful thing to know. Hearts were breaking for them. Tears were falling. People were sorry that they had not always been kind to them. The whole town was talking about them. This was fine.

It was good to be a pirate. All doubt of that was gone.

As darkness came, the riverboat returned to her usual business. The pirates returned to their fire. They were joyful that they were so important and were causing so much sadness. They caught more fish to eat. Then they talked about what the village people were thinking and saying.

But as the night grew darker, they stopped talking and sat looking into the fire. Tom and Joe thought of persons at home who were not enjoying all of this. Joe began to speak of returning to the village.

Tom laughed at him. Huck joined with Tom.

Huck fell asleep. Then Joe fell asleep. Tom sat for a long time, watching the others.

Then he stood up. He found two pieces of thin wood on which he could write. After writing on the wood, he put one piece in Joe’s hat. He put the other in his pocket.

Then, carefully, he moved away among the trees. When he knew that they could not hear him, he began to run toward the river.



T o m L e a r n s W h a t I s H a p p e n i n g

A FEW MINUTES LATER TOM WAS WALKING INTO THE WATER TOWARD the shore where the riverboat was tied. The stream was not wide here, but it was strong. It carried Tom south. But after a while he arrived at the river's edge. He found a good place and pulled himself out of the water. He began walking north through the trees, near the shore.

He arrived at an open area, across the river from the village. The riverboat was lying near. Everything was quiet under the stars. Watching with both his eyes, he entered the water again. There was a small boat tied behind the large boat. Soon he was pulling himself into the small boat.

After a minute or two he heard a bell. The riverboat began to move. He knew that this was the last time it would cross the river that night. Twelve minutes later the boat stopped. Tom was quickly in the water again, swimming to the shore.

Soon he had jumped over the fence behind his aunt's house. He looked through a window into a lighted room. There sat Aunt Polly, Sid, Mary, and Joe Harper's mother. They were talking. They were beside the bed, and the bed was between them and the door.

Tom went to the door and opened it quietly. He thought that he might be able to go inside without being seen. He began moving carefully, on his knees.

"I feel a wind. Is that door open?" said Aunt Polly. "How strange! Many strange things are happening now. Sid, go and close the door."

Quickly Tom went under the bed. Sid did not see him.

"But," said Aunt Polly, "he was not *bad*. He was only wild and full of life, like any young animal. He did not wish to do bad things. And no boy ever had a kinder heart." She began to weep.

"My Joe was the same. He was not really bad. And he was always kind. And now I shall never see him again!"

"I am sorry now for so many things! Only yesterday the cat—" Weeping, Aunt Polly told about the cat and the Painkiller. Tom was weeping a little now. He could hear Mary weeping also. Had he really always been a good boy? It was quite surprising to think this. But now he was beginning to believe it. He wished to rush out from under the bed. He wished to fill his aunt with joy. But he remained still and listened.

Their small boat had been found five or six miles down the river. Now hope for them was gone. On Sunday the whole village would pray in the church, for the boys' souls.

Mrs. Harper went home. Sid and Mary went to bed. Then Aunt Polly prayed for Tom. Her words and her old voice were filled with love. Tom's tears began falling again.

Then she got into bed. She talked to herself and she turned over again and again. Tom remained quiet for a long time. But at last she was still.

Now the boy came out and looked down at her. He loved her and he was very sorry for her. He took from his pocket the piece of wood with his writing on it. He placed it on a table. She would see it there in the morning.

But then a new thought came to him. He considered it. His face grew bright. He put the wood into his pocket again. Then he kissed his aunt's lips, and went out the door.

He returned to the river and to the riverboat. There was a man who guarded the boat, but he would be sleeping. Tom knew that. It was easy to take the small boat. He got into it and moved it first up the river. Then he crossed to the other shore. He had often crossed the river in a small boat, and he knew how to do it.

He considered taking the small boat to the island. A real pirate would keep the boat. But people would try to find it, and they might find the boys also.

He got out of the boat and walked south along the shore. At daylight he could look straight across the stream and see the island. He rested. Then he entered the water.

Soon he was on the island. He heard Joe say:

“No. Tom is true, Huck. He will return. What has he been doing? I wonder.”

“Here I am!” cried Tom, stepping out from among the trees.

In a short time they had caught more fish and were eating them. Tom told his adventures. Then Tom found a place in the shade. There he was able to sleep until noon.



A N i g h t S u r p r i s e

THE BOYS PLAYED IN THE WATER AND ON THE SHORE. BUT THE NEXT day Joe was very sad. Would he ever be happy again? It did not seem possible. Huck also was sad. Tom was not happy, but he tried to seem happy. He had something interesting to tell them, but he was not yet ready to speak. However, if they did not feel better soon, he would be forced to tell it.

He said, trying to seem happy, "I think there have been pirates on this island before. How would you like to find an old box full of money? We should go and hunt for it."

But the other boys were not interested.

Joe said, "Boys, I want to go home. It is very lonely here."

"Oh, no, Joe. You will feel better soon," said Tom. "Think of the good fishing here."

"I am not interested in fishing. I want to go home."

"But, Joe, this is the best swimming place."

"I do not want to swim. I want to go home."

"Baby! You want to see your mother."

"Yes, I do want to see my mother. And you would want to see

your mother, if you had a mother. I am not a baby.”

“But you like it here, Huck? You want to stay? You and I will stay?”

Huck said, “Y-e-s.” He did not seem very sure.

“Let Joe go, if he wants to go,” Tom said. “We do not need him.”

Joe began to walk into the water to start swimming toward the shore where the village was.

Tom looked at Huck. Huck looked away. Then Huck said, “I want to go, Tom. We can go, Tom, can’t we?”

“I won’t! You can go. But I am going to stay.”

Huck started to walk sadly away. Tom felt a strong desire to follow. He hoped that they would stop, but they went slowly forward. Suddenly, Tom knew that it had become very lonely and quiet.

He ran after the other boys, shouting, “Wait! Wait! I want to tell you something.”

They stopped and turned, and he began walking into the water toward them. They listened to him without an answering word or smile. But after a while they began to understand. Then they shouted with joy. They said that he should have told them his plan sooner.

That night, after eating, Tom wanted to learn to smoke. Joe wanted to try, also. With Huck’s help, they began.

Tom said, “This is easy. I could have learned long ago.”

“This is nothing,” said Joe. “I could smoke all day. I do not feel sick.”

Tom said, “I wish that the other boys could see us now. Listen. We won’t tell them. And some time when they are with us, I will say, ‘Joe, I want to smoke.’ And you will say, ‘My tobacco is not very good.’ And I will say, ‘It does not need to be good if it is strong enough.’ And then we will both start smoking and surprise them.”

“That will be good, Tom! I wish we could do it *now*!”

“And we will tell them that we learned to smoke when we were pirates. And they will wish that they had been here!”

The talk continued. But after a little time, there was less talk. Joe said, “I have lost my knife. I am going to find it.”

Tom said, “Let me help you. You go that way and I will go this

way. No, do not come, Huck. We can find it.”

Huck sat down again and waited an hour. Then he was lonely, and he went to find his friends. Both were very white, both were asleep. But he knew that what had troubled them was gone now.

That night they did not talk much. When Huck began to smoke, they said no, that something they had eaten made them feel a little sick.

In the middle of the night Joe opened his eyes and called to the other boys. There was a strange heaviness in the air, and it made them all afraid. The night was very hot, but they moved near to each other and near to the fire. Sitting like that, they waited.

A sudden light filled the sky. It turned night into day, and then it was gone. A fearful noise rolled across the sky and slowly ended far away. A breath of cold wind passed. The sudden light appeared and went away again, and the noise that followed came sooner and was more fearful each time. A little rain began to fall.

“Quick, boys, run for cover!” Tom shouted.

They jumped up and ran, each toward a different place. A strong wind rushed through the trees. The bright light appeared and went away, appeared and went away again. The fearful noise seemed never to stop. And now a heavy rain came down and ran in streams over the ground. The boys shouted, but their voices were lost in the storm. After some time they came to the place where the old sail was and pulled it over them.

It was a wild night for these boys. The wind caught the old sail and carried it away. Trees fell. The storm increased until they feared that it might carry the island away.

But the storm grew weaker and weaker and peace returned.

The boys found that their fire was not quite dead. They put more wood on it, making it burn brightly again. They found some of their meat and cooked it. Then they sat by their fire until morning, talking of the night’s adventure, because there was no dry place for them to sleep.

When the sun began to shine, they rested in its warm light, near the shore. There they remained, sleeping, until the sun became too hot.

Then they had something to eat again.

The desire for home was now strong in all of them. Tom tried to find a new game to interest them.

He found one. They were not pirates now. They were Indians and had many fierce battles. However, when the day ended, they smoked together, as Indians always did to show that they were at peace. And two of them learned joyfully that now they could smoke a little tobacco without being sick.



The Success of Tom's Plan

BUT THERE WAS NO JOY IN THE LITTLE TOWN THAT SAME AFTERNOON. The village was more quiet than usual. The people had little to say to each other. The children had no pleasure in their games.

Becky Thatcher was walking near the school. She thought, "Oh, I wish I had not returned to Tom that bright, shining ball he gave me! I have nothing to help me remember him. He is gone now, and I shall never, ever see him again."

She walked away with tears rolling down her face. Then a large group of boys and girls, friends of Tom and Joe, came to the school and stood looking over the fence into the yard where they had played together. They spoke of things Tom and Joe had said, and of things Tom and Joe had done. They tried to learn who was the last to see the two boys. The children who were the last to talk with Tom and Joe felt very important indeed.

One boy who also wished to feel important said, "I had a fight with Tom Sawyer, and he was stronger than I was."

But most of the boys could say that.

The next morning the church bell did not stop as it usually did

after calling the people to church. It continued to ring.

The people from the village gathered. Outside the church they talked, but in the church all was very quiet.

The little church was filled with people. After a long time Aunt Polly entered, followed by Sid and Mary and by the Harper family. All were wearing black clothes. The other people in the church stood up. They remained standing while the two families walked to the front of the church and sat down.

It was quiet again. All prayed, and then a song followed. Now the church leader began to talk of the boys. He told how good they had been. People were sorry to remember that they had not seen the truth earlier when they had thought that these boys were bad. Tears were falling from all eyes.

The sound of the church door, opening slowly, was heard. One pair of eyes, and then another, turned to look. Then all in the church seemed to turn at the same time, and people rose and watched while the three dead boys walked to the front of the church. Tom was first, Joe next, and last came Huck. They had been listening to every word!

Aunt Polly, Mary, and the Harpers put their arms around Tom and Joe. Huck stood alone, not knowing what to do. He started to move away, but Tom stopped him and said:

“Aunt Polly, this is not right. Some person must be glad to see Huck.”

“And some person shall be. I am glad to see him, dear boy!” She put her arms around him also. And now Huck felt more strange than before.

“Sing! And sing your best!” cried the church leader.

And all the people did sing. There had never been such singing in that church. Tom Sawyer, the Pirate, knew that no moment in his life could be prouder than this.



T o m ' s W o n d e r f u l D r e a m

THAT WAS TOM'S GREAT PLAN—TO RETURN HOME WITH THE OTHER pirates and go to the church to hear people pray for their souls. They had returned across the river in the darkness the night before, and had stayed in the forest until nearly daylight. They had entered the church and finished their sleep there before the people came. Then they appeared at the most important moment.

The next morning Aunt Polly and Mary were very loving toward Tom. He had everything that he wanted to eat. There was much more talk than usual. Aunt Polly spoke:

“We can laugh now, Tom. But you were not very kind to let me suffer. You came across the river to surprise us in the church. Why could you not come across the river to tell me that you were not really dead?”

“Yes, you could have done that, Tom,” said Mary. “I believe that you would have done it, if you had thought of it.”

“Would you, Tom?” said Aunt Polly. Her face was brighter at this thought. “Would you, if you had thought of it? I hope that you love me enough to do it. Did you think of it?”

“Tom is always rushing,” Mary said. “He never thinks.”

“Sid would have thought. And Sid would have come. Tom, some day you will be sorry. You will wish that you had cared more for me. But then it will be too late.”

“I do care for you,” said Tom. “I wish that I had thought. But I dreamed about you.”

“A cat does as much as that. What did you dream?”

“I dreamed that I saw you sitting there by the bed. Sid and Mary were sitting with you. And I dreamed that Joe Harper’s mother was here.”

“Indeed she was, one night. Did you dream any more?”

“Yes. But I can’t remember all of it.”

“Try, Tom. Try to remember.”

“You said that the door must be open because you could feel the wind coming in. You said that was strange. And you told Sid—”

“What did I tell Sid, Tom?”

“You told him—oh, you told him to close the door. And you were talking about me. I remember better now. You said that I was not bad. You said that I was only wild and full of life like a—like any young animal.”

“I never heard anything like this in all my life! And some people say that dreams are never true. Tell me more, Tom.”

“And then you began to weep.”

“Yes, I did. I did.”

“Then Mrs. Harper began to weep. She said that Joe was good, also. And then you told about my giving the Painkiller to the cat. And then there was a lot of talk about finding our bodies, and about praying in the church on Sunday.”

“It is all true!”

“And Mrs. Harper went home. And you prayed for me—and I could see you and hear every word. And you went to bed. And I was very sorry for you. And I had a letter for you. It was on a piece of wood. On the wood were the words, ‘We are not dead—we are away being pirates.’ I kissed you on the lips and went away again.”

“Did you, Tom? Did you?” She took him in her arms.

“It was very kind, but it was only a dream,” said Sid.

“Be quiet, Sid! And Tom, here is a big apple for you. And now, you children, go to school.”

Tom walked slowly and proudly, feeling that all eyes were watching him. Smaller boys followed him, proud to be seen with him. Boys of his own size tried not to show that they knew he had been away. But they did know. They wished that they had sun-browned skin like his. They wished that they were as famous.

Tom decided that he no longer was interested in Becky Thatcher. Being famous was enough pleasure for him. When Becky arrived at school, Tom seemed not to see her. But he saw her playing with other boys and girls. He saw that she often came near him and looked at him.

And he began talking to Amy Lawrence.

Becky tried to go away from him, but her feet would not do as she wished. They carried her near to the group around Tom. She said to one of the girls, “Mary, where were you yesterday? I wanted to tell you about the **picnic**.”

“Oh, whose picnic?”

“My mother is going to let me have one.”

“I hope that she will let me come.”

“It will be my picnic and I may ask those that I want. I want you and all my friends to come.” She looked at Tom, but he was talking to Amy Lawrence.

Now the others in the group began asking if they could go to the picnic. Soon all had asked except Tom and Amy. Tom turned away.

Becky’s legs were shaking and tears came to her eyes. She would not let the others see her sadness. She went away alone, to think of what to do.

When Tom saw her again, she and a boy named Alfred Temple were sitting together, looking at a book. Now Tom suddenly wanted to stop talking to Amy. He escaped from her and went to look again at Becky and Alfred Temple. And Becky seemed not to see Tom. But she saw him, and she saw that he was suffering, and she was glad.

“That Alfred Temple!” Tom thought. “Alfred Temple and his fine clothes! I will catch you! I will take you and—”

He began hitting the air as if he were fighting with the other boy.

At noon Tom went home. Becky again looked at the book with Alfred, hoping that Tom would see them. But Tom did not appear.

Suddenly she began to weep. She left Alfred and walked away.

Alfred followed, hoping to find some way to make her happy again. But she said: "Go away! I never want to see you again!"

Alfred was quick to understand. Becky had been trying to make Tom suffer. Alfred went into the school. He saw one of Tom's books—and thought how he could hurt Tom. He opened the book to the page they were to study that afternoon. He destroyed the page in a manner that would make it seem that Tom had done it.

Becky, looking in the window, saw him do it. She thought of telling Tom. Then she decided that she would not. She would let the school-teacher beat Tom for what had happened to his book.



Tom Tells the Truth

TOM ARRIVED AT HOME FEELING VERY SAD, AND HIS AUNT'S FIRST words made him feel no better.

"Tom, I ought to beat you!"

"Aunt Polly, what have I done?"

"I went to see Mrs. Harper to tell her about your dream. Joe had already told her that you were here that night. Tom, I do not know what to think of a boy like you. I believed your story of your dream. I expected her to believe it. Why did you let me be such a fool?"

"Aunt Polly, I wish I had not done it. I did not think."

"Oh, child, you never think. You never think of anything but yourself. You could think enough to come here and laugh at our troubles. You could think to tell that story of a dream. But you could not think to save us from suffering."

"Aunt Polly, I know that it was bad. But I did not plan to be bad. And I did not come here that night to laugh at you. I came to tell you that we were not drowned. I did not want you to be sad."

"Tom, I would be thankful to believe that. But I doubt that you had such a thought."

“Yes, I did, I did. It is the truth. I wanted to save you from being sad.”

“Then why did you not tell me, child?”

“You began talking of Sunday and all the people praying for us in the church. And I began thinking about going there on Sunday. And I put my letter in my pocket and went away.”

“What letter?”

“The letter to tell you that we were pirates. I wish now that you had opened your eyes when I kissed you.”

“Did you kiss me, Tom? Are you sure?”

“Yes, I did, Aunt.”

“Why did you kiss me?”

“Because I loved you and you were weeping in your sleep and I was sorry.”

The words sounded like the truth. The old lady said, “Kiss me again, Tom! And then go to school.”

When he was gone, she looked at his little coat. In the pocket she found his piece of wood with the writing on it. She read the words, with tears falling from her eyes. Then she said, “Now I could forget anything bad that the boy does. I could forget a million bad things.”



B e c k y H a s a P r o b l e m

TOM WAS HAPPY AGAIN. HE STARTED WALKING TO SCHOOL, AND SOON saw Becky Thatcher, also going toward the school. Quickly he ran to her and said:

“I am sorry I acted as I did this morning, Becky. I won’t ever be like that again. Please let us be friends.”

The girl stopped and looked into his face. “Go away, Mr. Thomas Sawyer. I will never speak to you again.”

Then she started walking again. Tom was so surprised that he could think of nothing to say. And he was filled with anger. If she were a boy, he knew that he would fight her.

Becky was also full of anger. She was thinking of the pleasure of watching the teacher beat Tom for destroying a page in his book.

She did not know that she would soon have trouble also!

The teacher had a book that he was studying. Every day he would read some pages when he was not busy. Every boy and girl in the school wondered about this book, but none had ever seen its pages. Now, as Becky passed the teacher’s table, she saw the book. She opened it and began to look at it.

Then Tom appeared at the door. Becky hurried to close the book. Her hand caught the page, and suddenly, it was in two pieces. Becky began to weep.

“You are bad, Tom Sawyer, to come and watch me! And now you will tell the teacher, and he will beat me, and what shall I do! I have never been beaten in school. But I know what is going to happen to you. You wait and you will see!” Then, weeping, she ran outside.

Tom said to himself: “What a fool a girl is! What is a beating in school? That is nothing. And I will not tell who opened the book. The teacher will ask who did it. He will call each name. And when he says the right one, he won’t need an answer. He will see the answer in her face.”

School began, and soon Tom’s book was discovered. He said that he had not destroyed the page, but the teacher did not believe him. Tom had his beating. Becky watched, trying to feel happy about this. But she almost stood up to tell the truth about Alfred Temple.

An hour passed. The boys and girls were all busy with their books. The teacher opened his book. Tom looked at Becky. He had seen small and hunted animals in the forest. Now Becky seemed like one of them. He wished that he could help her. But what could he do?

The next moment the teacher stood before the school. Every eye turned away from his. All the boys and girls were afraid of him. He spoke:

“Who did this to my book?”

There was not a sound.

“Benjamin Rogers?”

“No.”

“Joe Harper?”

“No.”

“Amy Lawrence?”

“No.”

“Gracie Miller?”

“No.”

The next name was Becky Thatcher. Tom was shaking from head

to foot. He saw her face, white with fear.

“Rebecca Thatcher, look at me! Did you do this to my book?”

Tom jumped to his feet and shouted, “I did it!”

All looked at him. They could not believe what they had heard.

This was madness.

Tom stepped forward to take his beating. The surprise, the thankfulness, the love shining from Becky’s eyes seemed pay enough for a hundred beatings.



Old Muff's Friend

SUMMER HAD COME. FOR SEVERAL MONTHS THERE WOULD BE NO school.

Tom discovered that the days were too long. He did not have enough to do.

He decided to make a record of everything that happened. But nothing happened during three days. He decided that a record would be of no value.

Becky Thatcher had gone away. During the summer she was living in another town with her father and her mother.

The thought of the fearful killing in the graveyard was always in Tom's mind. It was like a pain. It would not go away.

Then Tom became sick.

For two long weeks Tom remained in bed without knowing what was happening in the village. He was very ill. He was interested in nothing. Then he seemed to be better. But after a day he was ill again. He was in bed for three more weeks.

In the warm, sleepy village something began to happen. A judge was coming to listen to the story of the killing in the graveyard. He

would decide what to do about Muff Potter.

Every person in the village talked of this. Tom could not escape from it. Every word made his heart beat faster. He was always afraid when people talked to him about it.

He took Huck to a lonely place. He wanted to be sure that Huck had not told the story.

"Huck, have you told about—that?"

"About what?"

"You know what."

"Oh. No, I have not."

"Never a word?"

"Never a word. Why do you ask?"

"I was afraid."

"Tom Sawyer, we would not live two days if that story was told. You know that."

"Huck, could any person make you tell?"

"If I wanted that Indian Joe to drown me, they could make me tell."

"Good! I think that we are safe if we do not talk. But we should make another agreement. It will be more sure."

They made an agreement, as before, signed in blood.

"What is the talk that you hear, Huck?"

"Talk? It is all Muff Potter, Muff Potter, Muff Potter. It makes me want to go where no one can see me."

"I hear the same talk. They are going to hang him. Do you feel sorry for him sometimes?"

"Almost always—almost always. He has never done anything to hurt any person. He only fishes to get some money so that he can get drunk. He is really good. Once he gave me a fish, when he really did not have enough for himself. And he helped me at other times when I needed help."

"He helped me, also, Huck. He helped me to catch fish. I wish that I could get him out of jail."

"We can't get him out, Tom. And if we did, they would catch him

again.”

“Yes. But I do not like to hear what they say. For he never did—that.”

“And I do not like it, Tom.”

The boys talked for a long time, but it did not make them happy. As night came, they were near the little jail. Perhaps they hoped that something good might happen. But nothing happened.

They went to the window and gave Potter some tobacco. They had done this before.

He was always very thankful for their gifts, and his thanks always hurt them. This time the hurt went deeper when Potter said:

“You have been good to me, boys. Better than the others in this town. And I won’t forget, I won’t. Often I say to myself, ‘I was good to all the boys. I showed them where the good fishing was. I was their friend when I could be a friend. And now they forget old Muff in his trouble. But Tom does not forget, and Huck does not—they do not forget him,’ I say, ‘and I won’t forget them.’

“But, boys, I did a fearful thing. I was drunk. That is the only way that I can explain it. Now I must hang for it, and that is right. It is best, also. I hope that it is. But we won’t talk about that. I won’t make *you* feel sad. You have been my friends.

“But what I want to say is this. Never get drunk. Then you won’t ever be where I am now.

“Stand where I can see you. It is a pleasure to see friendly faces when a man is in trouble like this. You are the only ones who come here. Good friendly faces—good friendly faces. Stand on each other’s shoulders and let me touch your faces. Good! Let me touch your hands, also. Little hands, and weak, but they have helped Muff Potter. And they would help him more if they could.”

Tom went home feeling very, very sad. His dreams that night were full of fearful things. During the next two days he went to the town meetinghouse. The judge was there, listening to the story of the killing. Tom wished to go into the meetinghouse to hear what was happening but he forced himself to stay outside.

Huck was having the same experience.

They were careful not to meet each other. They would go away from the meetinghouse, but soon they would return. Tom listened when people came out. The news was always bad. At the end of the second day people said that Indian Joe's story never changed. There was no doubt what the judge would decide.

Tom was out late that night, and he entered the house through the window. He could not sleep for several hours.

All the people in the village went to the meetinghouse the next morning. This was to be the important day. Potter, who appeared to have no hope, was brought in. All eyes were turned to him. And Indian Joe was there, too. Then the judge arrived.

Now a man was asked to tell what he knew about the killing. He said that he had found Muff Potter washing his hands in a stream. It was very early on the morning after the killing.

Another man was asked to tell his story. He told about finding the knife near the doctor's body.

Then a second man spoke about the knife. He knew that it belonged to Potter.

A man who had studied law sat beside Muff Potter. He was there to help Potter. But he asked no questions as these men told their stories. It seemed strange. Was he not trying to prove that Potter had not killed the doctor?

More men told their stories. And the man beside Potter asked them no questions.

After a while, all the stories against Potter had been told. Then the man beside Potter stood up. He spoke to the judge:

"Your Honor, we planned to prove that Muff Potter was drunk that night. We planned to prove that he did not know what he was doing. But we have changed our plans. We wish to ask Thomas Sawyer some questions."

Surprise appeared on every face, including Potter's. Every eye was watching Tom. He stood up and walked forward. He looked very wild, because he was deeply afraid.

The questions began.

“Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the night of the killing at about the hour of twelve?”

Tom looked at Indian Joe, and he could not speak. The people listened, but the words did not come. After a few moments, however, the boy had more strength. Some of the people could hear as he said:

“In the graveyard!”

“Louder, please. Do not be afraid. You were—”

“In the graveyard.” A cold smile appeared on Indian Joe’s face. Then it was gone.

“Were you near Hoss Williams’s grave?”

“Yes.”

“Louder, please. How near were you?”

“As near as I am to you.”

“Could you be seen?”

“No. I was behind the trees at the edge of the grave.”

“Was another person with you?”

“Yes. I went there with—”

“That is enough. We will call him when we need him. Did you carry something there?”

Tom did not answer.

“Speak, my boy. The truth is always honorable. What did you carry there?”

“Only a—a—dead cat.”

There was a little laughing. The judge ordered it to stop.

“We plan to show the bones of that cat. Now, my boy, tell us everything that happened—tell it as you wish, but tell it all and do not be afraid.”

Tom began slowly. Then his words came more and more easily. Every eye looked at him. With open lips the people listened to his words, forgetting everything but his story.

Now he came to the end. Interest became greater and greater.

“—and as the doctor hit Muff Potter with the board and Muff Potter fell, Indian Joe jumped with the knife and—”

Indian Joe jumped toward a window, striking all who tried to hold him. In a moment he was gone.



Days of Delight and Nights of Fear

TOM WAS FAMOUS ONCE AGAIN. THE OLD PEOPLE LOVED HIM AND THE young people wished that they were like him. His name appeared in the village newspaper. There were people who believed that he might some day become President of the United States, if he escaped hanging.

Now all were kind to Muff Potter, forgetting that they had not been kind before.

Tom's days were days of joy, but his nights were filled with fear. Indian Joe was in all his dreams.

Poor Huck felt the same. His name had not been called in the meetinghouse. Because Indian Joe had run away, Huck's story was not needed. But Huck was afraid that his part in the story might be told. Huck no longer trusted any human being, because Tom had broken their agreement.

Every day, Muff Potter's thanks made Tom glad that he had told his story. Every night he wished that he had not opened his mouth.

Sometimes Tom was afraid that Indian Joe would never be caught. At

other times he was afraid that Indian Joe would be caught. He felt sure that he never could be safe again until Indian Joe was dead and he had seen the dead body.

Indian Joe had not been found.

The slow days passed. With each day Tom became a little less afraid.



D e a d P e o p l e a n d S p i r i t s

THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY BOY'S LIFE WHEN HE WANTS TO HUNT for gold and silver that pirates have put deep in the earth.

This desire suddenly came to Tom. He tried to find Joe Harper, but failed. He tried to find Ben Rogers, but Ben had gone fishing. Then he met Huck Finn. Tom took him to a place where they could be alone, and he explained. Huck agreed. Huck always agreed to do anything that would require time but not money. He had no money, but much time.

“Where?” said Huck.

“Oh, almost anywhere.”

“Do you mean that there is money in the ground everywhere?”

“No. It is in very special places, Huck. Sometimes on islands, sometimes in old boxes under the end of a dead branch of an old tree, but mostly under the floor in a house where the spirits of the dead gather.”

“Who puts it there?”

“People who take it away from other people.”

“Why do they put it in the ground? If I were rich, I would spend

my money and enjoy it.”

“I would, too. But these people are different.”

“Do they never return and get it?”

“No. They think that they will, but they forget where it is. Or they die.”

“How are you going to find it, Tom? Where will you look?”

“We tried hunting for gold on the island when we were pirates. I know where there is a house full of spirits. And there are old trees with dead branches everywhere.”

“Is there gold and silver under every dead branch?”

“No! That would not be possible!”

“How do you know which one to choose?”

“Choose all of them!”

“Tom, we shall be working all summer!”

“What is wrong with that? We might find a hundred dollars. Or valuable stones, like **diamonds**. How would you like that?”

Huck’s eyes were shining. “Give me the hundred dollars, and you can have the valuable stones, like diamonds.”

“Have you ever seen a diamond, Huck?”

“I do not remember that I have.”

“Kings have diamonds. And I have heard that some of them are worth a dollar or more! Kings have hundreds of them.”

“I do not know any kings, Tom.”

“If you go to Europe you will see them jumping around.”

“Do they jump?”

“Jump? No.”

“Why did you say that they jumped?”

“Oh, I mean only that you will see kings everywhere. Not jumping. Why should they jump? But you will see many of them.”

The boys got some gardening things, used for making holes in the earth. Then they walked three miles to an old tree with a single dead branch. They were very hot and they sat in the shade of another tree to rest and smoke.

Tom said, “Huck, if we find some money, what will you do with it?”

"Spend it! Before my father takes it and spends it. What will you do with yours?"

"I will get married."

"Married! Tom, you would be a fool. Think of my father and mother. Fight! They were fighting all the time. I remember."

"The girl I will marry won't fight."

"Tom, they are all the same. Who is she?"

"I won't tell you now."

"If you marry, I will be more lonely than I am now."

"No, you won't. You will come to live with me. Now we must start working."

They worked for half an hour. They found no box of money in the hole that they were making. They worked another half hour. Then Huck said:

"Is the money always so deep in the ground?"

"Not always. Perhaps this is not the right place."

They began again on the other side of the tree. They worked without talking for a while. Then Huck stopped to dry his hot face, and said:

"Where do we try next?"

"There is an old tree on Cardiff Hill behind Mrs. Douglas's house."

"That might be a good place. But won't she take the money away from us? It is her land."

"If you find money in the ground, it belongs to you. It does not belong to the owner of the land."

That was fine. The work continued. After a while Tom said:

"We must be in the wrong place again. Oh, I understand! What a fool I was! We must know where the shade of the dead branch is under the light of the moon in the middle of the night. That is where we must hunt for the money."

The boys stopped work, and returned to the tree that night. It was a lonely place. They talked little. When they felt that the right hour had come, they found the shade in the moonlight under the branch, and began to work.

Their interest was strong. They worked fast. The hole grew deeper

and deeper. But every time they found something hard in the earth, it was only a rock. After a while Tom said:

“Huck, we are wrong again.”

“We can’t be wrong. We saw the shade of the branch.”

“But perhaps the time was not right. We guessed. We did not know.”

“We should stop trying,” Huck said. “We never know the right time. And I do not like the middle of the night, with spirits of dead men around. I feel that there is one behind me all the time, and I am afraid to turn.”

“I feel the same, Huck. And they almost always put a dead man in the hole to guard the gold and silver.”

“They do?”

“Yes, they do. I have always heard that.”

“Tom, I do not like to be where there are dead people. They will certainly cause trouble for us.”

“And I do not like it. Suppose this one should lift his head? He is only bones now. Suppose his bones should speak to us.”

“Stop that talk, Tom! That is a fearful idea.”

“Huck, I do not like this place. We can try another.”

“Where?”

“The old house where the spirits gather.”

“Tom, I do not like spirits or their houses. Dead people may speak to us, perhaps. But they won’t come quietly behind us, as spirits do, then suddenly make fearful noises.”

“But, Huck, spirits travel around only at night. We can go to the house in the day.”

“That is true. But people never go near that house in the day or the night.”

“That is because a man was killed there. But nothing is seen except in the night. And then only blue lights are seen.”

“When you see those blue lights, Tom, you know that spirits are near. Because only spirits use them. I agree to go to the house, if you want to. But I do not think that it is safe.”



Sleeping Spirits— A Box Full of Gold

ON SATURDAY, SOON AFTER NOON, THE BOYS MET AT THE DEAD TREE. They smoked and talked in the shade. Then they worked a little at their last hole. They had no great hope. But Tom said that people sometimes stopped working when they had almost found the box of gold. Then another person came and with very little work discovered it.

However, they failed to find anything. But they felt that they had done everything that was possible.

When they arrived at the old house, they were first afraid to go in. It was completely quiet there under the hot sun, and very lonely.

Then they went without any noise to the door and looked in, shaking with fear. They saw a room with an earthen floor. There was a place where a fire had been built, windows without glass, and dust everywhere.

They entered. They did not dare to speak. Their ears were ready to hear any small sound. Their legs were ready to carry them quickly outside again.

Soon their fear became less. They looked around with interest. Then they wanted to look at the room above.

They found nothing up there and were starting to go down when—

“Be quiet!” Tom’s voice was shaking.

“What is it?” Huck asked, becoming white with fear.

“There!... Hear it?”

“Yes!... We must run!”

“We can’t move. They are coming toward the door.”

The boys were on the floor, looking down into the room below through holes, sick with fear, waiting.

Two men entered. Both boys had seen one of the men in the village. He seemed to be very old. He had long white hair hanging around his shoulders, and much white hair growing on his face. It seemed to the village people sad that he could neither hear nor speak.

The other man was a stranger. He was wearing very old clothes. His face was not pleasant. He was talking as they entered.

The two men sat on the ground, with their backs against the wall.

“No,” said the other man. “I have been thinking about it. I do not like it. They will catch us.”

“You fool!” said the man who was believed not to be able to hear or speak. “You are afraid!”

The boys were now shaking with fear. This man was Indian Joe!

Joe said, “We were not caught before.”

“But that was different.”

“They may catch us here in this house,” Joe said. “I wanted to leave here yesterday. But those boys were playing on Cardiff Hill. They would have seen us.”

“Those boys” were Tom and Huck. They were shaking again. What would have happened to them yesterday, if they had come to this house? They wished that they had waited a year before coming.

The two men had brought some food, and they began to eat.

After a while Joe said, “When it is dark, go home. Wait there until you hear from me. I will go into the village once again. Then we will do the job we planned. And then we will run. Far away. Now I need sleep. You stay here as a guard.”

He was soon asleep. And then the guard, too, was soon sleeping. The boys took a long, thankful breath. Tom said:

“Now is our chance—come!”

Huck said, “I can’t. I would die if they opened their eyes.”

He would not move, and Tom started to leave alone. But the old floor made so much noise that he stopped, almost dead with fear.

Slowly time passed until the sun was going down.

Indian Joe sat up and called the other. He said, “It is almost time for us to be moving. What shall we do with our money? Shall we leave it here until we are ready to run? Six hundred silver dollars is heavy to carry. We can put it in the ground. Deep.”

His friend agreed. He went to the place where the fire had been built, raised one of the big stones from the earthen floor, and took out a big bag of money.

The boys began to forget their fears. Six hundred dollars would make six boys rich! And they knew where Indian Joe was putting it. Indian Joe was in a corner, making a hole in the ground with his knife. The boys did not dare to speak, but they looked at each other often. These looks were easy to understand. Their meaning was, “Oh, how glad we are now to be here!”

They heard Indian Joe’s knife strike something hard.

“Look here!” he said.

“What is it?” said his friend.

“It is an old box,” Joe said. “Help me lift it. No, I have broken it open.” He put his hand in the box and then brought it out again. “Man, this is money!”

The two men looked at the handful of money. It was gold.

Now the men found the gardening things that the boys had been using and had placed in another corner when they came into the house. Using them, they started to work. They soon had the box out of the earth. It was not large, but it had once been very strong, with iron bands to hold the wood together.

“There are thousands of dollars here,” said Indian Joe.

“Now it won’t be necessary to do that job in the village,” said the other.

Indian Joe said, “You do not understand. I am not doing that job

only for money. Wrong was done to me, and I am going to pay them for it. I need your help. Go home until I tell you to come.”

“What do we do with this money? Put it in the ground again?”

“Yes.” (Delight for the boys above his head.) “No!” (Deep sadness above.) “Where did those gardening things come from? There was fresh earth on them. Who was here? We must take the money away. I have a good place for it. At the Number Two place, under the cross.”

“It is nearly dark enough to go.”

Indian Joe went from window to window, looking out. Then he said, “Who could have come here? Do you think they are in the room above us?”

The boys’ breath stopped.

Indian Joe put his hand on his knife and started to go up. The boys could not move; their strength was gone. They heard Joe coming.

Then they heard the sound of breaking wood, and Joe fell to the ground.

“No people are up there,” his friend said. “They saw us coming and they ran. They thought that we were spirits or devils, and they are running yet.”

Soon the two men went out of the house with the box of gold and the bag of silver dollars.

Tom and Huck watched them through holes in the wall. But would the boys follow? No. They were happy enough to get away from the house with no broken bones, and then return to the town.

They did not talk much. They decided to watch in the town for Indian Joe, and then follow him to the Number Two place.

Tom had a fearful thought. “Indian Joe said that he would pay wrong with wrong. Was he talking about us, Huck?”

Feeling suddenly weak, Huck almost fell to the ground.



D o u b t s

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DAY TROUBLED TOM'S DREAMS THAT NIGHT. Four times he had his hands on that gold. Four times he opened his eyes and discovered that he had nothing. In the early morning as he was in bed, thinking of his great adventure, it all seemed strangely far away. It might have happened in another world, or in a time long past. Then the thought came to him that the great adventure itself must be a dream!

The amount of money was too big to be real. He had never seen as much as half a hundred dollars before.

He decided to find Huck and let Huck talk. He would ask Huck no questions. If Huck did not speak of the adventure, then Tom would know that it had been a dream.

Huck was sitting on the edge of a boat, with his feet in the water. He seemed very sad.

"Hello, Huck!"

"Hello yourself."

No words for a minute.

"Tom, if we had not put our gardening things in that corner, we

would have that money.”

“It was not a dream, it was not a dream! But I almost wish that it was.”

“Dream! If Indian Joe had found us, you would know that it was not a dream! I have had dreams about him all night.”

“We must find him! Find the money! We must find his Number Two place. Perhaps it is the number of a house.”

“No, Tom. The houses in this town do not have numbers.”

“Perhaps it is the number of a room in a public house for travelers. Those rooms have numbers.”

“Oh, that is the answer! There are only two public houses here. We can quickly learn about Number Two.”

“You stay here, Huck, until I return.”

Tom was gone half an hour. He learned that in one public house a well-known young man lived in room Number Two. But in the other public house, Number Two was always closed. No person seemed to know much about it. However, a light had been seen in the window the night before.

“That is Indian Joe’s Number Two, Huck.”

“I think you are right, Tom. Now what will you do?”

“Let me think.”

Tom thought a long time. Then he said:

“I will tell you. The door of Number Two opens on a little street at the back of the house. We must wait for a dark night. Then we shall try to get in. But if you see Indian Joe, follow him. And if he does not go to that Number Two, it can’t be the place.”

“I am afraid to follow him alone, Tom!”

“It will be night. If I see him, and if it is dark, I will follow him, I promise. He might be going straight to that money. You must not weaken, Huck, and I won’t.”



N u m b e r T w o — H u c k a s G u a r d

THEY WAITED THREE NIGHTS. THE FOURTH NIGHT WAS DARK ENOUGH.

The public house closed at a late hour, but Tom and Huck were near. Indian Joe had not been seen. No other person had been in the street behind the house.

The two adventurers moved quietly toward the door in the darkness. Huck stopped, to remain as a guard, and Tom went forward. Then there was a long wait. To Huck it seemed hours. What had happened to Tom? Had he died from fear? Huck's breathing was very fast and his heart beat madly.

Suddenly Tom came rushing past. "Run! Run for your life!"

They never stopped running until they were at the other end of the village. There stood an old building, now not used. As they entered, rain began to fall heavily.

"Huck, it was fearful! I tried and tried to open the door—and then suddenly it opened without effort. I stepped into the room, and—Huck, I almost stepped on Indian Joe's hand!"

"No!"

"Yes! He was there, asleep on the floor. Drunk, I believe. I turned

and ran.”

“Tom, did you see that box?”

“Huck, I did not wait to look around. I did not see the box. I did not see any cross. I saw only a cup on the floor beside Indian Joe. And more to drink; the room is full of it.”

“Tom, if Joe is drunk, now is the time to get that box.”

“Is it? You get it.”

Huck began to shake. “No, I believe not.”

“And I believe not, Huck. Listen, Huck. Wait until we know that Indian Joe is not in there. We can watch every night. Then we can go fast and get that box.”

“I agree. Let me watch all night and every night. You do the other part of the job.”

“I will. And now the rain has stopped. You go and watch. And when you want me at night, come to my window and make a noise like a cat.”



The Picnic — Indian Joe's Job

THE NEXT MORNING TOM HEARD GLAD NEWS—JUDGE THATCHER'S family had returned. Both Indian Joe and the box of gold were not so important for a while.

More good news made the day perfect. The following day Becky would have her picnic.

Before eleven in the morning the young people were at Judge Thatcher's house, ready to start. Soon the happy group was walking toward the river. They were going to ride down the river on the old riverboat.

Sid did not go; he was sick. Mary stayed with him.

Mrs. Thatcher said to Becky, "You will return late. Perhaps you should stay all night at the home of a girl friend who lives near the river."

"I can stay with Susy Harper, Mother."

"Good. And be a good girl."

The boat took them three miles down the river. There it was tied to the shore. The crowd ran off the boat and into the forest. Soon shouting and laughing could be heard from many places.

After a while, all were hot and ready to rest. They met again near the boat, and began to eat the good things they had brought with them. After eating, they rested in the shade of the big trees.

Then there was a shout: "Who is ready to go to the **cave**?"

All were ready. They got lights to guide them in the darkness and started to walk up the hill. The cave could be entered through an opening in the hillside. A door had been placed across the opening, but it was not closed. Inside was a small, very cold room. The walls were rock, and always had water running down them.

It was a strange pleasure to stand there in the darkness and look out at the green valley shining in the sunlight. But the strangeness was soon past, and the children began to play and run through other parts of the cave. None of these parts was wide and some were very small. Some led to other rooms made of rock. Some of these were very big; the children could not see the top of them.

A person might walk days and nights and never find the end of this cave. He might go down and down, and yet further down into the earth, always finding new parts and new rooms. No person knew the whole cave. Only part of it was known, and people did not go where others had not gone before. Tom Sawyer knew as much of the cave as any person.

The children walked for almost a mile before any of them started to return to the outside. Then one group after another began arriving at the opening on the hillside. They were surprised to see that it was almost night. The boat's bell had been calling for half an hour.

However, they thought this end to the day's adventures was delightful. Only the captain of the boat was sorry that he had waited so long.

Huck saw the lights of the returning riverboat. He was already watching for Indian Joe. There were clouds in the sky and the night was becoming very dark. The people in the village began to go home to sleep. The village clock was striking eleven and nothing had happened. Huck also began to think of sleep.

Then a noise came to his ear. The next moment two men passed

near him. One was carrying something. It must be that box! Should he call Tom? No. The men would carry away the box and it would never be found again. He would follow them.

Without shoes, as usual, Huck moved as quietly as a cat.

The men went toward the river, and then, turning, went up Cardiff Hill. Passing the house of an old man named Jones, they arrived at the top of the hill. There, among the trees, they could not be seen.

Huck stopped, listened, but heard no sound except his own heart. He knew that he was not far from the house of Mrs. Douglas, an old lady who lived alone.

Then, very near, he heard a voice. It was Indian Joe. He said, "There are lights. It is late, but she is not alone."

"I can't see any lights." That was the other man.

Huck's heart was cold. This was the job Indian Joe had talked of!

Mrs. Douglas had often been kind to Huck. Perhaps these men were planning to kill her. He wished that he dared to run to the house and tell her. But the men would catch him.

"Look from here," said Indian Joe. "Now do you see the lights?"

"Yes. Forget the job."

"Forget it! I have told you before, you can have her money, I do not want it. But her husband put me in jail. Then he died. I can't hurt him. But she is living yet."

"You must not kill her!"

"I will not kill her. But I am going to cut her face, and that hurts a woman more than killing. You will help me or I will kill you. And if I must kill you, I will kill her, too. Then she can't tell who killed you."

"If we must do it, then do it now."

"No. Wait until the house is dark."

Huck knew that now all would be quiet, and the quiet would be more fearful than the talk of killing. Very, very carefully he moved down the hill.

When he dared, he began to run. He arrived at Mr. Jones's house and beat on the door. Mr. Jones and his two strong sons opened a window and looked out.

“What is that noise? Who are you? What do you want?”

“Let me come in—quick.”

“Who are you?”

“Huckleberry Finn. Quick, let me come in.”

“Huckleberry Finn, indeed. Is that a name to make me open a door? But let him come in, boys. What does he want?”

“Please never tell that I told you,” were Huck’s first words. “I would surely be killed—but Mrs. Douglas has been a good friend to me. I want to tell you.”

“Speak,” said the old man. “We will never tell, boy.”

Three minutes later the old man and his sons, carrying guns, were going up the hill. Huck went only part of the way. Then he stopped behind a large stone, and listened.

Suddenly he heard the guns and a cry.

He waited for nothing more, but ran down the hill as fast as his legs could carry him.



The Old Man Reports — Hope Begins to Weaken

THE NEXT DAY WAS SUNDAY.

In the very early morning Huck called gently at the old man's door. "Please let me come in! It is only Huck Finn."

"That name will open this door night or day, boy!"

These were strange words to the boy's ears. He could not remember hearing any so kind and pleasant before. The door was quickly opened, and he entered.

"Now, boy, I hope that you are hungry, because as soon as the sun is up, we shall have something hot to eat. We hoped that you would come here again last night."

"When I heard the guns, I ran. I ran for three miles. I came now because I want to know what happened. I came before daylight, because I do not want to meet those men, living or dead."

"They are not dead, boy. We are sorry for that. They heard us coming, and they ran. Then we went down to the village to get help. Men have gone to watch at the river. More men will hunt through the forest today. My sons will join them. I wish we had seen those two men. Could you see them in the dark?"

"I can tell you about them. One is a man that you have seen in

the village. He has long white hair. He can't hear and he can't talk." Then he told about the other man's face and clothes.

When his sons had gone, Mr. Jones asked Huck why he had followed the men up the hill. Huck told, after much thought, that one man was Indian Joe. But he did not tell about the box of money.

Soon people began coming to the house, and Huck went where they could not see him.

Mrs. Douglas was among the first to come. She came to thank Mr. Jones for saving her from being hurt by the men.

"You should not thank me," he said. "There is another person who did more to help you. But he does not want thanks."

All the people in the village went to church early that day. They wanted to talk about the two bad men. The two had not been found, and nothing had been learned about where they had gone.

Leaving the church, Mrs. Thatcher walked beside Mrs. Harper. She said, "Is my Becky going to sleep all day?"

"Your Becky?"

"Yes. She stayed with you last night, I believe."

"No."

Mrs. Thatcher stopped suddenly. She seemed ill.

At that moment Aunt Polly joined them. She said, "Good morning, Mrs. Thatcher. Good morning, Mrs. Harper. I suppose that my Tom stayed with Fred or Joe last night without telling me. And now he is afraid to come to church."

Mrs. Thatcher seemed more ill than before. She moved her head, saying no.

"He did not stay with us," said Mrs. Harper. Her face showed surprise and a little fear.

Aunt Polly also showed fear. "Joe Harper," she said, "have you seen my Tom this morning?"

"No."

"When did you see him last?"

But Joe could not remember.

People had stopped moving out of the church. The story traveled

quickly among them. Children were questioned. No child could remember seeing Becky and Tom on the returning riverboat. It was dark then. No person had thought of counting the group. A young man now said that Tom and Becky might be lost in the cave.

Mrs. Thatcher closed her eyes tightly. Aunt Polly began to weep. Within five minutes bells were ringing and all the people were gathering. What had happened at Mrs. Douglas's house was not important now. In half an hour two hundred men were going, either by river or by road, toward the cave.

Through the long afternoon the village seemed dead. Many women went to visit Aunt Polly and Mrs. Thatcher. They wept with them, and that was more help than words. Through the long night the town waited for news. But in the morning only this news came: "Send more food and more lights."

Mrs. Thatcher was almost ill, and Aunt Polly also.

Old Mr. Jones came home from the cave at noon, and discovered that Huck was sick. Mrs. Douglas came to care for him.

Other men began to return from the cave, but the stronger men continued their hunt.

They visited the farther parts of the cave. They shouted, and they shot guns, but they had no answer. Often a light would be seen far away, and they would think that the children were found. But the light always belonged to another of the hunters. The names "Becky" and "Tom" were found marked on a rock, and the string that had tied Becky's hair was found.

Three days and nights passed.

Huck asked about Tom Sawyer.

Mrs. Douglas said, "Quiet, child. You must not talk. You are very, very sick." She began to weep.

There were not many now with enough hope or strength to continue hunting for Tom Sawyer.



Lost in the Cave — Found But Not Saved

TOM AND BECKY HAD STARTED THROUGH THE BRANCHING CAVE WITH the other children. Then they had had enough of the games with the others. They had walked farther, talking, and reading the writing on the walls. People had put their names there. Tom and Becky also put their names on the wall.

They came to a place where a small stream of water fell over the rocks. Tom went behind the waterfall, to let his light shine through for Becky's pleasure.

Behind this waterfall Tom found an opening leading down, and he wanted to discover where this branch of the cave went. He made a mark on the wall to guide their return, and started down with Becky following.

They continued farther and farther, making marks where they turned into a new branch, and discovering many wonderful new parts of the cave. One great room was full of hundreds of **bats**, which were hanging, asleep, on the walls. When the children entered, the bats came flying at the lights, and the children ran.

They came to a dark lake, and sat down at the edge. Now, for the first time, they felt the deep quiet of the place.

Becky said, "It is a very long time since I heard the others."

"Becky, we are far below them, and far north, or south, or east, or west. We can't hear them here."

Becky was afraid. "We should return. Can you find the way, Tom?"

"I think that I can. But there are those bats. A different way would be better."

"We must not get lost. It would be fearful!"

They started. But every turn now seemed strange. Becky's tears began to fall.

They stopped. Tom shouted. The answer was a deep quiet. It increased Becky's fear, and Tom began now to feel afraid. Becky said, "We must return to the lake and then go through the room full of bats. It would be better than being lost."

But Tom said, "Becky, I have been a fool!" He had not remembered to make any marks. He had not expected to return to the lake.

"Tom, Tom, we are lost! We are lost! We never can get out of this fearful place! Oh, why did we leave the others?"

She dropped to the ground and wept so loudly that Tom feared that she might die. He sat down beside her and put his arms around her. He said that he was sorry, that he should never have brought her so far into the cave. Then she said that she also had been wrong; they had both been wrong to come so far.

They started to walk again. Each had a light. Now they decided to use only one light, and to save the other. They walked until they could go no farther without resting. They talked of home, and their friends, and their beds, and they talked of sunlight. Becky's tears started again. And then she was asleep.

Tom watched her. Slowly her face grew peaceful, and then he felt some peace.

She opened her eyes, laughing—but suddenly the laugh ended. "Oh, I wish that I had never, never opened my eyes again! Oh, Tom! Do not look at me like that! I shall not say that again."

“We are going to find the way,” Tom said. “We are going to try.”

They rose and started to walk, hand in hand and without hope. Tom said that they must go quietly, and listen for falling water. They found it, and sat down to rest again. Becky said:

“Tom, I am very hungry!”

Tom had saved a piece of the picnic cake. He took it from his pocket and divided it. They had cold water to drink. After eating and drinking, Becky was ready to move again.

But Tom said, “Becky, I must tell you. Our light is almost finished. We must stay here, where there is water.”

Again Becky wept. Then a new thought came to her. “Tom, they will hunt for us! Perhaps they are hunting for us now. When would they discover that we were not with the others? On the boat?”

“It will be dark on the boat. But your mother will know that you have not come home.”

Now Tom learned that Mrs. Thatcher did not expect Becky to return home that night.

Then their last light failed, and darkness was complete.

Becky wept a long time in Tom’s arms. Neither knew how long she wept. Then both opened their eyes in the darkness and knew that they had been sleeping. Again they did not know how much time had passed.

Tom said that it might be Sunday. It might be a day later. But Becky would not talk. Her hopes were gone.

The hours passed. They were hungry again. Tom had saved most of his share of the cake. He divided it.

Then they heard a sound like a distant shout. Tom answered. It came again. They started moving carefully toward it. But they arrived at an edge of rock, where the floor fell away. They could go no farther. They listened. The distant shout was now more distant. And then they did not hear it, again.

They returned to the place where they had water to drink. Time passed. After sleeping again, when they opened their eyes, they thought that another day must have passed. They were very hungry.

Now Tom had a new idea. The cave had many small branches near them. Tom decided to learn about them. That would be better than sitting and doing nothing. He had some string in his pocket. He tied an end of this to a rock near the little waterfall. Then he and Becky started to walk carefully away. They let the string fall behind them. It would be a guide for their return.

After twenty steps, they came to a hole in the rock floor. Tom went down on his knees and felt below. Then he put his hands and his head as far as possible around the corner to look.

At that moment a human hand, holding a light, appeared from behind a rock not far away!

Tom shouted.

At once a body followed the hand. It was Indian Joe!

Tom could not move because of fear. He was deeply thankful to see Indian Joe run away.

He did not tell Becky what he had seen or why he had shouted.

They returned to the waterfall. But after another long wait and another sleep, Tom decided to try moving again. They were very hungry now. He thought that perhaps a week had passed.

Becky was not strong enough to go with him. She asked him to return often. She also asked him to return when all hope was gone, and to hold her hand until she died. Tom promised.

He kissed her. Then, with the string in his hand, he started on his hands and knees through one of the openings in the rock. He was sick with fear and he had no hope.



Tom Tells the Story of Their Escape

SUNDAY AND TWO MORE DAYS HAD PASSED. FEW OF THE MEN CONTINUED their hunt in the cave. Most of the people believed that the children could never be found.

Mrs. Thatcher was very ill. Aunt Polly's hair had changed from gray to white.

Then, in the middle of the night the village bells began to ring. In a moment the streets were filled with people shouting, "They are found! They are found!" All moved toward the river and met the children as they were carried home.

Aunt Polly's happiness was complete. Mrs. Thatcher's happiness would be complete when the news reached her husband. He was yet in the cave, continuing the hunt.

Tom lay on a bed telling the story of his wonderful adventures. He had gone in one direction as far as the length of the string. Then he had tried another opening. Then he had tried a third. He was ready to try another when he saw a distant light. He thought that it was daylight. He dropped the string and ran toward it, and put his head out through a small hole.

And there was the great river on which the boat had brought them to the picnic!

He told how he then returned for Becky. She did not believe him. She told him to let her die. But after a while she went with him. When she saw the daylight, she almost died of joy. He told how he got himself through the hole and then helped her.

They saw some men in a boat, and shouted. At first the men did not believe their wild story. "Because," the men said, "you are five miles south of the door of the cave."

But they believed the children after a while and took them to a house where they were given food and allowed to rest before being taken home.

It was several days before Tom and Becky were strong again.

Tom learned of Huck's sickness and went to visit him. Mrs. Douglas would not let Tom talk about his adventures because Huck was not strong enough to listen. Also, she would not let the boys talk about what had happened at her house on Cardiff Hill. Tom learned about that at home. He heard, also, that "the other man" who had been with Indian Joe had been found in the river. He had drowned while trying to escape.

About two weeks later, Tom visited Becky at home. Judge Thatcher and some friends were there. They asked Tom if he wished to go into the cave again.

Tom said yes.

"Others might wish to go, also," the Judge said. "But I had that door covered with iron. And it is closed. It can't be opened. No person will get lost in that cave again."

"Oh, Judge," Tom said, "Indian Joe is in the cave!"



What Happened to Indian Joe— A Return to the Cave

THE NEWS SPREAD. IN A FEW MINUTES MEN WERE IN BOATS ON THEIR way to the cave. Tom was in the boat with Judge Thatcher.

When the door was opened, their eyes saw a sad sight. Indian Joe was on the ground, dead. Tom's experience in the cave made him understand Indian Joe's sufferings.

But a heavy weight of fear had been lifted from Tom's heart.

The next morning, Tom and Huck had an important talk.

Now Huck told Tom about following Indian Joe up the hill to Mrs. Douglas's house. This part of the story was new to Tom. "And Indian Joe came from Number Two in that public house," Huck said. "And now we shall never know any more about that box of money."

"Huck," Tom said, "that money was never in Number Two. Huck, it is in the cave!"

"Say that again, Tom."

"The money is in the cave."

"Tom, is this true?"

"It is true, Huck. Will you go there with me and help to bring it out?"

"I will if we can go into the cave and not get lost."

"Are you strong enough?" Tom asked.

"I can't walk more than a mile, Tom."

"It is five miles, Huck, for any other person. But I know a shorter way. I will take you there in a boat. It will be easy for you."

"I want to start now, Tom."

Tom agreed. "We want some bread and meat, and our tobacco, and two bags, and some string, and some lights."

They took a friend's boat, and about noon the boys started their journey. Tom knew where to stop. They pulled the boat up on the shore.

"Huck, the hole is near. Try to find it."

Huck tried and found nothing. Then Tom proudly took him among some trees and said:

"Here it is!"

The boys entered the hole. Tom was leading. They tied their string to a rock to guide their return. A few steps took them to the little waterfall, and Tom felt his whole body shaking. He told Huck that this was where he and Becky had been when they were lost.

The boys were very quiet now. The stillness and the darkness were heavy on their hearts. They continued walking and soon they came to the place where the floor seemed to end. With the light they could see that they were on a hill leading to another rock floor below. Tom said:

"Now I will show you something, Huck." He held his light high. "Look as far as you can around the corner. Do you see that? On the big rock?"

"Tom, it is a cross!"

"That is where I saw Indian Joe, Huck. And where is Number Two? Remember what he said? 'Under the cross.' "

Huck said in a shaking voice, "Tom, I want to go away from here."

"What! And leave the money?"

"Yes. Leave it. Indian Joe's spirit is there."

"No, Huck. His spirit is near the door, where he died. That is five miles away."

"No, Tom. It would guard the money. I know about spirits, and

you do also.”

Tom began to think that Huck was right. But then he had a different thought. “Huck, his spirit would not be near a cross.”

Huck agreed. “Tom, I did not think of that. But it is true. We must go down there and find the box.”

It was not easy to go down the hill of rock to the floor below. Tom went first, and Huck followed.

Near the bottom of the great rock, the boys found where some person had been eating and sleeping. But they found no money.

Then Tom took his knife and used it to turn over the earth behind the great rock. The knife touched wood.

“Huck! Do you hear that?”

They pulled away some stones and some old boards. Behind these there was an opening under the rock. With his light, Tom went down. Huck followed. Tom went around a corner and shouted:

“Huck, look there!”

It was the box of money. There were also two guns.

“We have it!” said Huck, putting his hands among the pieces of gold. “We are rich, Tom!”

“Huck, I was always sure that we would get it. And we have it. Can I lift the box?”

He could lift it, but he could not carry it. They put the money in their two bags, and carried it up from the hole under the rock.

“Now we want the guns,” said Huck.

“No, Huck. Leave them there. We will return and use them some other time. I think it is late. And I am hungry. We can eat and smoke outside, in the boat.”

After eating and smoking, they returned up the river. It was dark when they arrived at the edge of the village.

“Huck,” said Tom, “we will take the money to Mrs. Douglas’s house. I know a place near there to leave it tonight. Tomorrow morning we can count it and divide it. And then we can find a place in the forest where it will be safe. You wait here now and watch it. I am going to get Benny Taylor’s little wagon.”

He soon returned with the wagon. They put the bags of money in the wagon and started toward Cardiff Hill.

Near Mr. Jones's house they stopped to rest. Mr. Jones came out. "Who is there?" he said.

"Huck and Tom Sawyer."

"Come with me, boys. They are all waiting for you. Let me pull your wagon. It is very heavy! What do you have in it? Nothing of value, I am sure of that. Boys will always work for things of no worth. Hurry now."

The boys wanted to know why they should hurry.

"You will learn when you arrive."

Soon they were entering Mrs. Douglas's house, leaving the wagon near the door.

All the important people of the village were there. The Thatchers were there, the Harpers, Aunt Polly, Sid, Mary, and many more. All were dressed in their best clothes.

Tom and Huck were covered with earth from the cave. Aunt Polly's face was red when she saw Tom's face and clothes.

Mrs. Douglas took the boys to a bedroom and said:

"Wash and dress now. Here are new clothes for both of you. Come and join the others when you are ready."



Mr. Jones's Surprise Fails

HUCK SAID, "TOM, WE CAN RUN AWAY. WE CAN GO THROUGH THE window."

"Why do you want to run away?"

"I can't join that crowd, Tom."

"Oh, that is nothing to be afraid of! I will take care of you."

Sid appeared.

"Sid, why are all these people here?"

"Old Mr. Jones has a surprise. But it won't surprise many people. Most of us know it already."

"What is the surprise, Sid?"

"It is about Huck following Indian Joe and the other man to this house. But it won't be a surprise. You will see." He laughed. "Some person told about it."

Tom said, "You told. There is only one person in this town who would destroy a good surprise. You! Now go away! Or I will throw you out of this room!"

Some minutes later Huck and Tom were eating at a big table with the others. Then Mr. Jones stood up to speak. He told the story about

Huck. It was true that it did not seem much like a surprise. But people tried to seem surprised. Mrs. Douglas thanked Huck again and again.

She said that she would give Huck a room in her house, and send him to school and that later she would give him money to start a business.

Tom said, "Huck won't need it. He is rich."

People tried not to laugh.

Tom said, "Huck has money. Perhaps you do not believe it, but he has. I can show you." He ran outside.

"What is Tom doing now?" said Aunt Polly. "I never can understand that boy."

Tom entered, carrying the heavy bags. He opened them and let the yellow gold fall out on the table. "What did I tell you?" he said. "Half is Huck's and half is mine."

All looked. None could speak for a moment.

Then they asked Tom to explain.

It was a long story, but it was full of interest. When Tom finished, Mr. Jones said, "I planned a surprise for this evening. But this surprise makes mine seem very small."

The money was counted. There was more than twelve thousand dollars. Some of the village people owned land and were much richer than Tom and Huck. But none had ever before seen so much money at one time.



New Adventures Planned

TOM'S AND HUCK'S MONEY WAS A GREAT WONDER IN THE POOR LITTLE village. The reader may be sure of that. It was not easy to believe that the money was real. People talked and talked about it.

People went hunting for more money. Boys went, and men went, also. They hunted in every old, lonely house.

All watched Tom and Huck and listened to them. Every word they spoke had become important. The village newspaper had a story about them.

Mrs. Douglas put Huck's money in a bank. Judge Thatcher did the same with Tom's. Each boy had money to spend now. He had almost a dollar for every day of the year. In those days, a dollar and a quarter a week was enough to buy a boy's food and clothes, and to pay for his schooling.

Judge Thatcher had a good opinion of Tom. He said that only a very wise boy could have brought Becky out of the cave safely. He expected Tom to become a great man.

Huck Finn's life had changed. His sufferings were almost too great for him. Mrs. Douglas had taken him to her home. She kept him

clean. He must sleep every night in a clean bed. He must eat like a gentleman. He must go to church.

He suffered for three weeks, and then the next day he was gone. Mrs. Douglas and all the people in the village tried to find him. They were afraid that he had drowned in the river.

Early on the third morning Tom Sawyer went to an old building outside the village. He found Huck. Huck had been sleeping behind the building. He was lying there now, happily smoking. He was covered with dust. His hair was wild. He was wearing his old clothes.

Tom asked him to go home to Mrs. Douglas.

Huck's face became sad. He said, "Do not talk about it, Tom. I tried it. It is not for me. She is good to me, and friendly. But I can't live with her. I must get up at the same time every morning. I must wash. I must sleep in a bed. I must wear those good clothes. I can't move in those clothes. I can't sit down, I can't lie down, I can't roll on the ground in them. I must go to church. I must wear shoes on Sunday."

"We all live like that, Huck."

"Tom, I am different. I can't live like that. It is easy to get food. Mrs. Douglas won't let me smoke. And she prays all the time. I had to leave, Tom, or I would die. And when school begins, I would have to go to school.

"Tom, being rich is no good. I wish I was dead all the time. I like these old clothes. I like this place to sleep. This is what I want. Tom, I give you my share of the money. You can give me ten cents when I need it. But not often. I do not like what is easy to get. And you go now and explain to Mrs. Douglas."

"Oh, Huck, you know that I can't do that. And if you try longer, you will like it."

"Like it! Yes, I will like it as I would like a burning coal if I sat on it. No, Tom, I won't be rich, and I won't live in a house. I like the forest, and the river, and a place like this for sleeping. But now we are rich and all our games like being pirates are destroyed."

"Listen, Huck. Being rich won't change that."

"Is that true, Tom?"

“It is true. But if you want to join me and the other boys, and belong to my **club**, you must live like us.”

“Tom, is that friendly?”

“I want you to join us, Huck. But all the boys who join Tom Sawyer’s Club must have good characters.”

Huck was quiet. There was a battle in his mind. After a while he said, “I will return to Mrs. Douglas for a month. I will try, if you will let me belong to Tom Sawyer’s Club.”

“I agree, Huck. Come with me now. And I promise to ask Mrs. Douglas to change a little, Huck.”

“Will you, Tom? That is good. When will you start your club?”

“Oh, soon. This evening, perhaps, we can have the first meeting.”

“What will we do at the meeting?”

“We will promise always to help each other, and promise never to tell what we plan to do, and promise to kill any person who hurts one of us.”

“I like that, Tom. I like it.”

“And we must make those promises in the middle of the night, in a lonely place. And sign with blood.”

“This is better than being a pirate, Tom. I will stay with Mrs. Douglas. And we will have adventures that will make the whole village talk about us. And then Mrs. Douglas will be proud because she took me into her home.”



A F e w W o r d s t o E n d

SO ENDS THIS STORY. BECAUSE IT IS THE HISTORY OF A BOY, IT MUST stop here. It could not go much further without becoming the history of a man.

Most of the people in this book are living yet, and are happy. Perhaps some day the story will be continued. Therefore, it will be wise to tell no more now.

GLOSSARY

Meanings explained here are only for the use of the words in this book.

adventure: An exciting experience, often requiring much daring.

aunt: The sister of a person's father or mother.

bat: A small flying animal which sleeps in dark places during the daylight.

Bible: Used here to mean the most important book of the Christian church.

brush: A tool used for spreading paint.

cave: A place inside the earth which can be entered through an opening in a hillside.

club: A group which meets together for pleasure or for some special purpose.

devil: An enemy of goodness; a bad spirit.

diamond: A very valuable stone.

drown: To die by remaining under water.

drunk: To have lost control of your actions because of taking too much alcohol drink.

graveyard: A place where dead people have been put into the ground.

grave: The hole in the ground where a dead person has been put.

Indian: A member of one of the native groups of people who were living in America when the first people arrived from Europe.

jail: A public building for keeping people who have acted against the law.

picnic: A party with food to be eaten in a pleasant place outside.

pirate: A person who hunts the seas for ships carrying things of value, and then takes these things for his own.

smoke: To let the smoke of burning tobacco move in and out of the mouth and nose.

ticket: A piece of paper having a special use and value.

tobacco: Part of a plant which, when dried, is used for smoking.

verse: One of the parts into which the Bible is divided.

weep: Cry.

wept: The past form of the word weep.

whistle: To make a sound by forcing air between the lips. It can be the sound of a song, a bird or many other kinds of sound.