

270 rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom
286 Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers,
303 and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I
305 went back.

320 The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she
337 called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She
352 put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and
365 sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing commenced again.
381 The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you
398 got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the
412 widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though
424 there warn't really anything the matter with them,—that is, nothing only
439 everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different;
454 things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go
455 better.

468 After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and
486 the Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by
502 she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I
517 didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.

531 Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But
546 she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must
563 try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get
578 down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a-
592 bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody,
608 being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing
624 that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that was all
630 right, because she done it herself.

642 Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on,
659 had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a spelling-
673 book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow
689 made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was
703 deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet
714 up there, Huckleberry;" and "Don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set
728 up straight;" and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that,
742 Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave?" Then she told me all about the
759 bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't
774 mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a
789 change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said
807 she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to

821 the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was
838 going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so,
849 because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.