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'WE CATCHED A LOT OF THE NICEST FISH YOU EVER SEE'

TOM SAWYER ABROAD

BY

MARK TWAIN

(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)



WITH 26 ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN. BEARD



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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
'WE CATCHED A LOT OF THE NICEST FISH YOU EVER SEE' <i>Frontispiece</i>	
'WE WENT OUT IN THE WOODS ON THE HILL, AND TOM TOLD US WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS A CRUSADE'	12
'HE WOULD HAVE RAISED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND KNIGHTS, AND BRUSHED THE WHOLE PAYNIM OUTFIT INTO THE SEA'	18
'HE SAID HE WOULD SAIL HIS BALLOON AROUND THE GLOBE, JUST TO SHOW WHAT HE COULD DO'	27
'AND HERE WAS NIGHT COMING ON'	29
'THE PROFESSOR SAID HE WOULD KEEP UP THIS HUNDRED- MILE GAIT TILL TO-MORROW AFTERNOON, AND THEN HE'D LAND IN LONDON'	51
'"YOU WANT TO LEAVE ME. DON'T TRY TO DENY IT"'	52
'THE THUNDER BOOMED, AND THE LIGHTNING GLARED, AND THE WIND SUNG AND SCREAMED IN THE RIGGING'	57
'"RUN! RUN FO' YO' LIFE!"'	69
'THEY WERE JUMPING UP AT THE LADDER, AND SNAPPING AND SNARLING AT EACH OTHER'	72
'WE SWOOPED DOWN, NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, AND STOPPED ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OVER THEIR HEADS'	81

	PAGE
THE LAST MAN TO GO SNATCHED UP A CHILD AND CARRIED IT OFF IN FRONT OF HIM ON HIS HORSE '	83
' WE CAME A-WHIZZING DOWN AND MADE A SWOOP, AND KNOCKED HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE, CHILD AND ALL '	85
" WHERE'S YOUR MAN NOW ? " '	90
" AND WHERE'S YOUR RAILROAD, 'LONGSIDE OF A FLEA ? " '	92
" THAT FLEA WOULD BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND YOU COULDN'T PREVENT IT " '	94
' WE OPENED THE BOX, AND IT HAD GEMS AND JEWELS IN IT '	107
' AND ALL THIS TIME THE LIONS AND TIGERS WAS SORTING OUT THE CLOTHES '	124
THE CAMEL DRIVER IN THE TREASURE CAVE	143
IN THE SAND-STORM	157
' WHEN THEY DANCED WE J'INED IN AND SHOOK A FOOT UP THERE '	160
THE WEDDING PROCESSION	163
' JIM HAD BEEN STANDING A SIEGE A LONG TIME '	183
" THEY'LL HAVE TO APOLOGISE AND PAY AN INDEMNITY, TOO," SAID TOM '	185
TOM SAWYER'S MAP OF THE TRIP	204
THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME. ' AND AWAY SHE DID GO '	207

TOM SAWYER ABROAD

CHAPTER I

Do you reckon Tom Sawyer was satisfied after all them adventures? I mean the adventures we had down the river the time we set the nigger Jim free and Tom got shot in the leg. No, he wasn't. It only just p'isoned him for more. That was all the effects it had. You see, when we three come back up the river in glory, as you may say, from that long travel, and the village received us with a torchlight procession and speeches, and everybody hurrah'd and shouted, and some got drunk, it made us heroes, and that was what Tom Sawyer had always been hankerin' to be.

For a while he *was* satisfied. Everybody made much of him, and he tilted up his nose and stepped

around the town like he owned it. Some called him Tom Sawyer the Traveller, and that just swelled him up fit to bust. You see, he laid over me and Jim considerable, because we only went down the river on a raft and come back by the steamboat, but Tom went by the steamboat both ways. The boys envied me and Jim a good deal, but land! they just knuckled to the dirt before Tom.

Well, I don't know; maybe he might have been satisfied if it hadn't been for old Nat Parsons, which was postmaster, and powerful long and slim, and kind of good-hearted, and silly, and bald-headed, on accounts of his age, and 'most about the talkiest old animal I ever see. For as much as thirty years he'd been the only man in the village that had a reputation—I mean a reputation for being a traveller—and of course he was mortal proud of it, and it was reckoned that in the course of that thirty years he had told about that journey over a million times, and enjoyed it every time; and now comes along a boy not quite fifteen and sets everybody gawking and admiring over *his* travels,

and it just give the poor old thing the jim-jams. It made him sick to listen to Tom and hear the people say, 'My land!' 'Did you ever?' 'My goodness sakes alive!' and all them sorts of things; but he couldn't pull away from it, any more than a fly that's got its hind leg fast in the molasses. And always when Tom come to a rest, the poor old cretur would chip in on *his* same old travels and work them for all they was worth; but they was pretty faded and didn't go for much, and it was pitiful to see. And then Tom would take another innings, and then the old man again—and so on, and so on, for an hour and more, each trying to sweat out the other.

You see, Parsons' travels happened like this. When he first got to be postmaster and was green in the business, there was a letter come for somebody he didn't know, and there wasn't any such person in the village. Well, he didn't know what to do nor how to act, and there the letter stayed and stayed, week in and week out, till the bare sight of it give him the dry gripes. The postage wasn't paid on it, and that was another thing to

worry about. There wasn't any way to collect that ten cents, and he reckoned the Gov'ment would hold him responsible for it, and maybe turn him out besides, when they found he hadn't collected it. Well, at last he couldn't stand it any longer. He couldn't sleep nights, he couldn't eat, he was thinned down to a shadder, yet he dasn't ask anybody's advice, for the very person he asked for the advice might go back on him and let the Gov'ment know about that letter. He had the letter buried under the floor, but that didn't do no good: if he happened to see a person standing over the place it give him the cold shivers, and loaded him up with suspicions, and he would set up that night till the town was still and dark, and then he would sneak there and get it out and bury it in another place. Of course people got to avoiding him, and shaking their heads and whispering, because the way he was looking and acting they judged he had killed somebody or done something they didn't know what—and if he had been a stranger they would 'a' lynched him.

Well, as I was saying, it got so he couldn't

stand it any longer ; so he made up his mind to pull out for Washington and just go to the President of the United States and make a clean breast of the whole thing, not keeping back an atom, and then fetch the letter out and lay her down before the whole Gov'ment and say, ' Now, there she is—do with me what you're a mind to ; though, as heaven is my judge, I am an innocent man and not deserving of the full penalties of the law, and leaving behind me a family which must starve and yet ain't had a thing to do with it, which is the truth, and I can swear to it.'

So he done it. He had a little wee bit of steam-boating, and some stage-coaching, but all the rest of the way was horseback, and took him three weeks to get to Washington. He saw lots of land, and lots of villages, and four cities. He was gone 'most eight weeks, and there never was such a proud man in the village as when he got back. His travels made him the greatest man in all that region, and the most talked about ; and people come from as much as thirty miles back in the country, and from over in the Illinois bottoms, too,

just to look at him—and there they'd stand and gawk, and he'd gabble. You never see anything like it.

Well, there wasn't any way, now, to settle which was the greatest traveller; some said it was Nat, some said it was Tom. Everybody allowed that Nat had seen the most longitude, but they had to give in that whatever Tom was short in longitude he had made up in latitude and climate. It was about a stand-off; so both of them had to whoop up their dangerous adventures, and try to get ahead *that way*. That bullet-wound in Tom's leg was a tough thing for Nat Parsons to buck against, but he done the best he could; done it at a disadvantage, too, for Tom didn't set still, as he'd order done, to be fair, but always got up and santered around and worked his limp whilst Nat was painting up the adventure that he had one day in Washington; for Tom never let go that limp after his leg got well, but practised it nights at home, and kept it as good as new right along.

Nat's adventure was like this—and I will say this for him, that he *did* know how to tell it. He could

make anybody's flesh crawl, and turn pale and hold his breath when he told it, and sometimes women and girls got so faint they couldn't stick it out. Well, it was this way, as near as I can remember :

He come a-loping into Washington and put up his horse and shoved out to the President's house with his letter, and they told him the President was up to the Capitol and just going to start for Philadelphia—not a minute to lose if he wanted to catch him. Nat 'most dropped, it made him so sick. His horse was put up, and he didn't know what to do. But just then along comes a nigger driving an old ramshackly hack, and he see his chance. He rushes out and shouts :

'A half a dollar if you git me to the Capitol in a half an hour, and a quarter extra if you do it in twenty minutes !'

'Done !' says the nigger.

Nat he jumped in and slammed the door, and away they went, a-ripping and a-tearing over the roughest road a body ever see, and the racket of it was something awful. Nat passed his arms through the loops and hung on for life and death, but pretty

soon the hack hit a rock and flew up in the air, and the bottom fell out, and when it come down Nat's feet was on the ground, and he see he was in the most desperate danger if he couldn't keep up with the hack. He was horrible scared, but he laid into his work for all he was worth, and hung tight to the arm-loops and made his legs fairly fly. He yelled and shouted to the driver to stop, and so did the crowds along the street, for they could see his legs spinning along under the coach and his head and shoulders bobbing inside, through the windows, and knowed he was in awful danger ; but the more they all shouted the more the nigger whooped and yelled, and lashed the horses, and said, ' Don't you fret—I's gwyne to git you dah in time, boss ; I's gwyne to do it sho' ! ' for you see *he* thought they was all hurrying him up, and of course he couldn't hear anything for the racket he was making. And so they went ripping along, and everybody just petrified and cold to see it ; and when they got to the Capitol at last it was the quickest trip that ever was made, and everybody said so. The horses laid down, and Nat dropped, all tuckered out, and then

they hauled him out, and he was all dust and rags, and barefooted; but he was in time, and just in time, and caught the President and give him the letter, and everything was all right, and the President give him a free pardon on the spot, and Nat give the nigger two extra quarters instead of one, because he could see that if he hadn't had the hack he wouldn't 'a' got there in time, nor anywhere near it.

It *was* a powerful good adventure, and Tom Sawyer had to work his bullet-wound mighty lively to hold his own and keep his end up against it.

Well, by-and-by Tom's glory got to paling down gradu'ly, on accounts of other things turning up for the people to talk about—first a horse-race, and on top of that a house afire, and on top of that the circus, and on top of that a big auction of niggers, and on top of that the eclipse; and that started a revival, same as it always does, and by that time there warn't no more talk about Tom to speak of, and you never see a person so sick and disgusted. Pretty soon he got to worrying and fretting right along, day in and day out, and when

I asked him what *was* he in such a state about, he said it 'most broke his heart to think how time was slipping away, and him getting older and older, and no wars breaking out and no way of making a name for himself that he could see. Now, that is the way boys is always thinking, but he was the first one I ever heard come out and say it.

So then he set to work to get up a plan to make him celebrated, and pretty soon he struck it, and offered to take me and Jim in. Tom Sawyer was always free and generous that way. There's plenty of boys that's mighty good and friendly when you've got a good thing, but when a good thing happens to come their way they don't say a word to you, and try to hog it all. That warn't ever Tom Sawyer's style—I can say that for him. There's plenty of boys that will come hankering and gruvvelling around when you've got an apple, and beg the core off you; but when *they've* got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they make a mouth at you and say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't a-going to *be* no core. But I notice they always git come up with; all you got

to do is to wait. Jake Hooker always done that way, and it warn't two years till he got drowned.

Well, we went out in the woods on the hill, and Tom told us what it was. It was a crusade.

'What's a crusade?' I says.

He looked scornful, the way he's always done when he was ashamed of a person, and says:

'Huck Finn, do you mean to tell me you don't know what a crusade is?'

'No,' says I, 'I don't. And I don't care, nuther. I've lived till now and done without it, and had my health, too. But as soon as you tell me, I'll know, and that's soon enough. I don't see no use in finding out things and clogging my head up with them when I mayn't ever have any occasion for them. There was Lance Williams, he learnt how to talk Choctaw, and there warn't ever a Choctaw here till one come and dug his grave for him. Now, then, what's a crusade? But I can tell you one thing before you begin: if it's a patent-right, there ain't no money in it. Bill Thompson he——'

'Patent-right!' he says. 'I never see such an idiot. Why, a crusade is a kind of a war.'



' WE WENT OUT IN THE WOODS ON THE HILL, AND TOM TOLD US WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS A CRUSADE '

I thought he must be losing his mind. But no ; he was in real earnest, and went right on, perfectly cam :

‘A crusade is a war to recover the Holy Land from the paynim.’

‘Which Holy Land ?’

‘Why, *the* Holy Land—there ain’t but one.’

‘What do *we* want of it ?’

‘Why, can’t you understand ? It’s in the hands of the paynim, and it’s our duty to take it away from them.’

‘How did we come to let them git hold of it ?’

‘We didn’t come to let them git hold of it. They always had it.’

‘Why, Tom, then it must belong to them, don’t it ?’

‘Why, of course it does. Who said it didn’t ?’

I studied over it, but couldn’t seem to git at the rights of it no way. I says :

‘It’s too many for me, Tom Sawyer. If I had a farm, and it was mine, and another person wanted it, would it be right for him to——

‘Oh, shucks ! you don’t know enough to come

in when it rains, Huck Finn. It ain't a farm—it's entirely different. You see, it's like this. They own the land, just the mere land, and that's all they *do* own; but it was our folks, our Jews and Christians, that made it holy, and so they haven't any business to be there defiling it. It's a shame, and we oughtn't to stand it a minute. We ought to march against them and take it away from them.'

'Why, it does seem to me it's the most mixed-up thing I ever see. Now, if I had a farm, and another person——'

'Don't I tell you it hasn't got anything to *do* with farming? Farming is business; just common low-down worldly business, that's all it is—it's all you can say for it; but this is higher—this is religious, and totally different.'

'Religious to go and take the land away from the people that owns it?'

'Certainly! it's always been considered so.'

Jim he shook his head and says:

'Mars Tom, I reckon dey's a mistake about it somers—dey mos' sholy is. I's religious myself, en

I knows plenty religious people, but I hain't run acrost none dat acts like dat.'

It made Tom hot, and he says :

' Well, it's enough to make a body sick, such mullet-headed ignorance. If either of you knowed anything about history, you'd know that Richard Cur de Lyon, and the Pope, and Godfrey de Bulloyn, and lots more of the most noble-hearted and pious people in the world hacked and hammered at the paynims for more than two hundred years trying to take their land away from them, and swum neck-deep in blood the whole time—and yet here's a couple of sap-headed country yahoos out in the backwoods of Missouri setting themselves up to know more about the rights and the wrongs of it than they did! Talk about cheek!'

Well, of course that put a more different light on it, and me and Jim felt pretty cheap and ignorant, and wished we hadn't been quite so chipper. I couldn't say nothing, and Jim he couldn't for a while ; then he says :

' Well, den, I reckon it's all right, beca'ze ef dey didn't know, dey ain't no use for po' ignorant folks

like us to be tryin' to know; en so, ef it's our duty, we got to go en tackle it en do de bes' we kin. Same time, I feel as sorry for dem paynims as Mars Tom. De hard part gwyne to be to kill folks dat a body hain't 'quainted wid and hain't done him no harm. Dat's it, you see. Ef we uz to go 'mongst 'em, jist us three, and say we's hungry, en ast 'em for a bite to eat, why maybe dey's jist like yuther people en niggers—don't you reckon dey is? Why, *dey'd* give it, I know dey would; en den——'

'Then what?'

'Well, Mars Tom, my idea is like dis. It ain't no use, we *can't* kill dem po' strangers dat ain't doin' us no harm, till we've had practice—I knows it perfectly well, Mars Tom—'deed, I knows it perfectly well. But ef we takes a' axe or two, jist you en me en Huck, en slips acrost de river to-night arter de moon's gone down, en kills dat sick fambly dat's over on de Sny, en burns dey house down, en——'

'Oh, shut your head! you make me tired. I don't want to argue no more with people like you and Huck Finn, that's always wandering from the

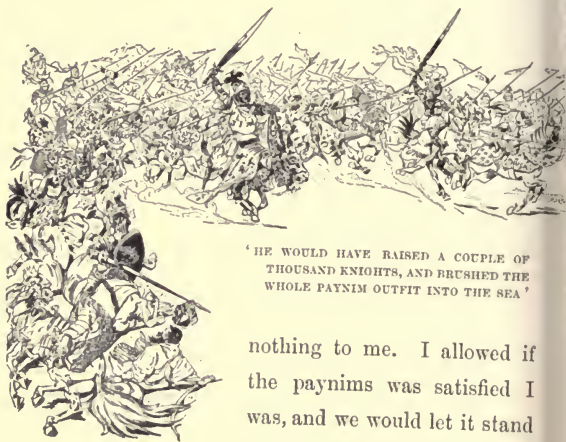
subject and ain't got any more sense than to try to reason out a thing that's pure theology by the laws that protects real estate.'

Now, that's just where Tom Sawyer warn't fair. Jim didn't mean no harm, and I didn't mean no harm. We knowed well enough that he was right and we was wrong, and all we was after was to get at the *how* of it—that was all; and the only reason he couldn't explain it so we could understand it was because we was ignorant—yes, and pretty dull, too, I ain't denying that; but land! that ain't no crime, I should think.

But he wouldn't hear no more about it; just said if we had tackled the thing in a proper spirit he would 'a' raised a couple of thousand knights and put them up in steel armour from head to heel, and made me a lieutenant and Jim a sutler, and took the command himself, and brushed the whole paynim outfit into the sea like flies, and come back across the world in a glory like sunset. But he said we didn't know enough to take the chance when we had it, and he wouldn't ever offer it again.

And he didn't. When he once got set, you couldn't budge him.

But I didn't care much. I am peaceable, and don't get up no rows with people that ain't doing



'HE WOULD HAVE RAISED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND KNIGHTS, AND BRUSHED THE WHOLE PAYNIM OUTFIT INTO THE SEA'

nothing to me. I allowed if the paynims was satisfied I was, and we would let it stand at that.

Now, Tom he got all that wild notion out of Walter Scott's books, which he was always reading. And it *was* a wild notion, because in my opinion he never could 'a' raised the men, and if he did, as

like as not he would 'a' got licked. I took the books and read all about it, and as near as I could, make it out, most of the folks that shook farming to go crusading had a mighty rocky time of it.

CHAPTER II

WELL, Tom got up one thing after another, but they all had sore places in them somewheres, and he had to shove them aside. So at last he was 'most about in despair. Then the St. Louis papers begun to talk a good deal about the balloon that was going to sail to Europe, and Tom sort of thought he wanted to go down and see what it looked like, but couldn't make up his mind. But the papers went on talking, and so he allowed that maybe if he didn't go he mightn't ever have another chance to see a balloon; and next, he found out that Nat Parsons was going down to see it, and that decided him, of course. He wasn't going to have Nat Parsons coming back bragging about seeing the balloon and him having to listen to it and keep his head shut. So he wanted me and Jim to go too, and we went.

It was a noble big balloon, and had wings, and fans, and all sorts of things, and wasn't like any balloon that is in the pictures. It was away out towards the edge of town, in a vacant lot corner of Twelfth Street, and there was a big crowd around it making fun of it, and making fun of the man—which was a lean, pale feller with that soft kind of moonlight in his eyes, you know—and they kept saying it wouldn't go. It made him hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but some day they would find they'd stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilisations, and was too dull to know it, and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would last a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument; and then the crowd would burst out in a laugh again, and yell at him, and ask him what was his name before he was married, and what he would take to don't, and what was his sister's cat's grandmother's name, and all them kind of things that a crowd says when they've got hold of a feller they

see they can plague. Well, the things they said *was* funny—yes, and mighty witty too, I ain't denying that ; but all the same it warn't fair nor brave, all them people pitching on one, and they so glib and sharp, and him without any gift of talk to answer back with. But good land ! what did he *want* to sass back for ? You see, it couldn't do him no good, and it was just nuts for them. They *had* him, you know. But that was his way ; I reckon he couldn't help it : he was made so, I judge. He was a good enough sort of a cretur, and hadn't no harm in him, and was just a genius, as the papers said, which wasn't his fault. We can't all be sound : we've got to be the way we are made. As near as I can make out, geniuses think they know it all, and so they won't take people's advice, but always go their own way, which makes everybody forsake them and despise them, and that is perfectly natural. If they was humbler, and listened and tried to learn, it would be better for them.

The part the professor was in was like a boat, and was big and roomy, and had water-tight lockers around the inside to keep all sorts of things

in, and a body could set on them and make beds on them too. We went aboard, and there was twenty people there, snooping around and examining, and old Nat Parsons was there too. The professor kept fussing around getting ready, and the people went ashore, drifting out one at a time, and old Nat he was the last. Of course it wouldn't do to let him go out behind *us*. We mustn't budge till he was gone, so we could be last ourselves.

But he was gone now, so it was time for us to follow. I heard a big shout, and turned around—the city was dropping from under us like a shot! It made me sick all through, I was so scared. Jim turned grey, and couldn't say a word, and Tom didn't say nothing but looked excited. The city went on dropping down, and down, and down, but we didn't seem to do nothing but hang in the air and stand still. The houses got smaller and smaller, and the city pulled itself together closer and closer, and the men and waggons got to looking like ants and bugs crawling about, and the streets was like cracks and threads; and then it all kind of melted together, and there wasn't any city anymore :

it was only a big scab on the earth, and it seemed to me a body could see up the river and down the river about a thousand miles, though of course it wasn't so much. By-and-by the earth was a ball—just a round ball, of a dull colour, with shiny stripes wriggling and winding around over it, which was rivers. And the weather was getting pretty chilly. The widder Douglas always told me the world was round like a ball, but I never took no stock in a lot of them superstitions o' hern, and of course I paid no attention to that one because I could see myself that the world was the shape of a plate, and flat. I used to go up on the hill and take a look all around and prove it for myself, because I reckon the best way to get a sure thing on a fact is to go and examine for yourself and not take it on anybody's say-so. But I had to give in, now, that the widder was right. That is, she was right as to the rest of the world, but she warn't right about the part our village is in: that part is the shape of a plate, and flat, I take my oath.

The professor was standing still all this time like he was asleep, but he broke loose, now, and

he was mighty bitter. He says something like this :

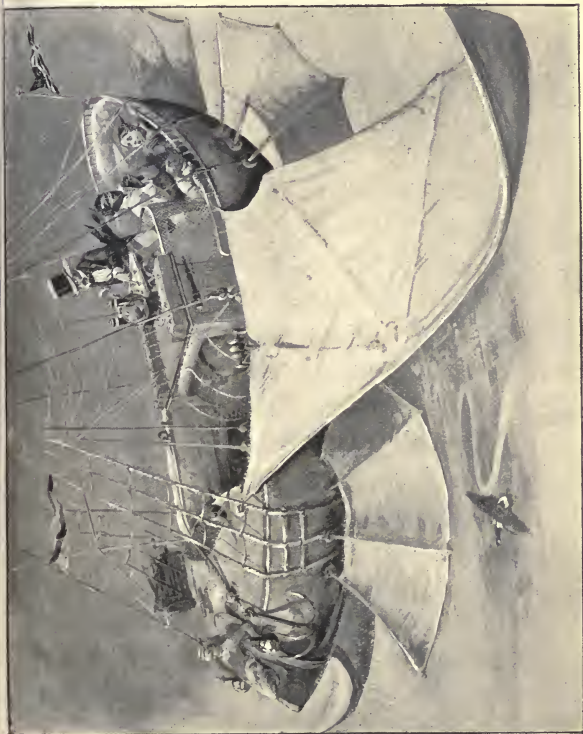
‘ Idiots ! they said it wouldn’t go. And they wanted to examine it and spy around and get the secret of it out of me. But I beat them. Nobody knows the secret but me ! Nobody knows what makes it move but me ; and it’s a new power ! A new power, and a thousand times the strongest in the earth. Steam’s foolishness to it. They said I couldn’t go to Europe. To Europe ! why there’s power aboard to last five years, and food for three months. They are fools—what do *they* know about it ? Yes, and they said my air-ship was flimsy ; why, she’s good for fifty years. I can sail the skies all my life if I want to, and steer where I please, though they laughed at that, and said I couldn’t. Couldn’t steer ! Come here, boy ; we’ll see. You press these buttons as I tell you.’

He made Tom steer the ship all about and every which way, and learnt him the whole thing in nearly no time, and Tom said it was perfectly easy. He made him fetch the ship down ’most to the earth, and had him spin her along so close to the

Illinois prairies that a body could talk to the farmers and hear everything they said, perfectly plain; and he flung out printed bills to them that told about the balloon and said it was going to Europe. Tom got so he could steer straight for a tree till he got nearly to it and then dart up and skin right along over the top of it. Yes, and he learnt Tom how to land her; and he done it first rate, too, and set her down in the prairie as soft as wool; but the minute we started to skip out the professor says, 'No you don't!' and shot her up into the air again. It was awful. I begun to beg, and so did Jim; but it only give his temper a rise, and he begun to rage around and look wild out of his eyes, and I was scared of him.

Well, then he got on to his troubles again, and mourned and grumbled about the way he was treated, and couldn't seem to git over it, and especially people's saying his ship was flimsy. He scoffed at that, and at their saying she warn't simple and would be always getting out of order. Get out of order—that gravelled him; he said she couldn't any more get out of order than the solar sister. He got

worse and worse, and I never see a person take on so. It give me the cold shivers to see him, and



'HE SAID HE WOULD SAIL HIS BALLOON AROUND THE GLOBE, JUST TO SHOW WHAT HE COULD DO'

so it did Jim. By-and-by he got to yelling and screaming, and then he swore the world shouldn't ever have his secret at all now, it had treated him so mean. He said he would sail his balloon around the globe just to show what he could do, and then he would sink it in the sea, and sink us all along with it, too. Well, it was the awfulest fix to be in; and here was night coming on.

He give us something to eat, and made us go to the other end of the boat, and laid down on a locker where he could boss all the works, and put his old pepper-box revolver under his head, and said anybody that come fooling around there trying to land her he would kill him.

We set scrunched up together, and thought considerable, but didn't say nothing, only just a word once in a while when a body had to say something or bust, we was *so* scared and worried. The night dragged along slow and lonesome. We was pretty low down, and the moonshine made everything soft and pretty, and the farm-houses looked snug and homeful, and we could hear the farm sounds, and wished we could be down there; but

laws! we just slipped along over them like a ghost,
and never left a track.



‘AND HERE WAS NIGHT COMING ON’

Away in the night, when all the sounds was late

sounds, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell, too—about a two o'clock feel, as near as I could make out—Tom said the professor was so quiet this long time he must be asleep, and we better——

‘Better what?’ I says in a whisper, and feeling sick all over, because I knowed what he was thinking about.

‘Better slip back there and tie him and land the ship,’ he says.

I says :

‘No, sir! Don't you budge, Tom Sawyer.’

And Jim—well, Jim was kind of gasping, he was so scared. He says :

‘Oh, Mars Tom, *don't!* Ef you tetches him we's gone—we's gone, sho'! *I ain't gwyne anear him, not for nothin' in dis worl'.* Mars Tom, he's plum crazy.’

Tom whispers and says :

‘That's *why* we've got to do something. If he wasn't crazy I wouldn't give shucks to be anywhere but here; you couldn't hire me to get out, now that I've got used to this balloon and over the scare of being cut loose from the solid ground, if he was

in his right mind ; but it's no good politics sailing around like this with a person that's out of his head and says he's going around the world and then drown us all. We've got to do something, I tell you, and do it before he wakes up, too, or we mayn't ever get another chance. Come !'

But it made us turn cold and creepy just to think of it, and we said we wouldn't budge. So Tom was for slipping back there by himself to see if he couldn't get at the steering gear and land the ship. We begged and begged him not to, but it warn't no use ; so he got down on his hands and knees and begun to crawl an inch at a time, we a-holding our breath and watching. After he got to the middle of the boat he crept slower than ever, and it did seem like years to me. But at last we see him get to the professor's head and sort of raise up soft and look a good spell in his face and listen. Then we see him begin to inch along again towards the professor's feet where the steering buttons was. Well, he got there all safe, and was reaching slow and steady towards the buttons, but he knocked down something that made a noise, and we see him slump flat

and soft in the bottom and lay still. The professor stirred, and says, 'What's that?' But everybody kept dead still and quiet, and he begun to mutter and mumble and nestle, like a person that's going to wake up, and I thought I was going to die, I was so worried and scared.

Then a cloud come over the moon, and I 'most cried, I was so glad. She buried herself deeper and deeper in the cloud, and it got so dark we couldn't see Tom no more. Then it begun to sprinkle rain, and we could hear the professor fussing at his ropes and things and abusing the weather. We was afraid every minute he would touch Tom, and then we would be goners and no help; but Tom was already on his way home, and when we felt his hands on our knees my breath stopped sudden, and my heart fell down amongst my other works, because I couldn't tell in the dark but it might be the professor, which I thought it *was*.

Dear! I was so glad to have him back that I was just as near happy as a person could be that was up in the air that way with a deranged man. You can't land a balloon in the dark, and so I hoped it

would keep on raining, for I didn't want Tom to go meddling any more and make us so awful uncomfortable. Well, I got my wish. It drizzled and drizzled along the rest of the night, which wasn't long, though it did seem so; and at daybreak it cleared, and the world looked mighty soft and grey and pretty, and the forests and fields so good to see again, and the horses and cattle standing sober and thinking. Next, the sun come a-blazing up gay and splendid, and then we begun to feel rusty and stretchy, and first we knowed we was all asleep.

CHAPTER III

WE went to sleep about four o'clock, and woke up about eight. The professor was setting back there at his end looking glum. He pitched us some breakfast, but he told us not to come abaft the midship compass. That was about the middle of the boat. Well, when you are sharp set, and you eat and satisfy yourself, everything looks pretty different from what it done before. It makes a body feel pretty near comfortable, even when he is up in a balloon with a genius. We got to talking together.

There was one thing that kept bothering me, and by-and-by I says :

'Tom, didn't we start East?'

'Yes.'

'How fast have we been going?'

'Well, you heard what the professor said when

he was raging around ; sometimes, he said, we was making fifty miles an hour, sometimes ninety, sometimes a hundred ; said that with a gale to help he could make three hundred any time, and said if he wanted the gale, and wanted it blowing the right direction, he only had to go up higher or down lower and find it.'

' Well, then it's just as I reckoned. The professor lied.'

' Why ?'

' Because if we was going so fast we ought to be past Illinois, oughtn't we ?'

' Certainly.'

' Well, we ain't.'

' What's the reason we ain't ?'

' I know by the colour. We're right over Illinois yet. And you can see for yourself that Indiana ain't in sight.'

' I wonder what's the matter with you, Huck. You know by the *colour* ?'

' Yes—of course I do.'

' What's the colour got to do with it ?'

' It's got everything to do with it. Illinois is

green, Indiana is pink. You show me any pink down here if you can. Nro, sir ; it's green.'

'Indiana *pink* ? Why, what a lie !'

'It ain't no lie ; I've seen it on the map, and it's pink.'

You never see a person so aggravated and disgusted. He says :

'Well, if I was such a numskull as you, Huck Finn, I would jump over. Seen it on the map ! Huck Finn, did you reckon the States was the same colour out of doors that they are on the map ?'

'Tom Sawyer, what's a map for ? Ain't it to learn you facts ?'

'Of course.'

'Well, then, how is it going to do that if it tells lies ?—that's what I want to know.'

'Shucks, you muggins, it *don't* tell lies.'

'It don't, don't it ?'

'No, it don't.'

'All right, then ; if it don't, there ain't no two States the same colour. You git around *that*, if you can, Tom Sawyer.'

He see I *had* him, and Jim see it too, and I tell

you I felt pretty good, for Tom Sawyer was always a hard person to git ahead of. Jim slapped his leg and says :

‘ I tell *you* ! dat’s smart, dat’s right down smart ! Ain’t no use, Mars Tom, he got you *dis* time—he done got you *dis* time, sho’ ! ’ He slapped his leg again, and says, ‘ My *lan*’, but it was a smart one ! ’

I never felt so good in my life ; and yet *I* didn’t know I was saying anything much till it was out. I was just mooning along, perfectly careless, and not expecting anything was going to happen, and never *thinking* of such a thing at all, when all of a sudden out it come. Why, it was just as much a surprise to me as it was to any of them. It was just the same way it is when a person is munching along on a hunk of corn-pone and not thinking about anything, and all of a sudden bites into a di’mond. Now, all that *he* knows, first-off, is that it’s some kind of gravel he’s bit into, but he don’t find out it’s a di’mond till he gits it out and brushes off the sand and crumbs and one thing or another, and has a look at it, and then he’s surprised and glad. Yes, and proud, too ; though, when you come

to look the thing straight in the eye, he ain't entitled to as much credit as he would 'a' been if he'd been *hunting* di'monds. You can see the difference easy, if you think it over. You see, an accident, that way, ain't fairly as big a thing as a thing that's done a-purpose. Anybody could find that di'mond in that corn-pone; but, mind you, it's got to be somebody that's got *that kind of corn-pone*. That's where that feller's credit comes in, you see; and that's where mine comes in. I don't claim no great things; I don't reckon I could 'a' done it again, but I done it that time—that's all I claim. And I hadn't no more idea I could do such a thing, and warn't any more thinking about it or trying to, than you be this minute. Why, I was just as cam, a body couldn't be any cammer, and yet all of a sudden out it come. I've often thought of that time, and I can remember just the way everything looked, same as if it was only last week. I can see it all: beautiful rolling country with woods and fields and lakes for hundreds and hundreds of miles all around, and towns and villages scattered everywheres under us here and there and yonder, and the pro-

fessor mooning over a chart on his little table, and Tom's cap flopping in the rigging where it was hung up to dry, and one thing in particular was a bird right alongside, not ten foot off, going our way and trying to keep up, but losing ground all the time, and a railroad train doing the same, down there, sliding along amongst the trees and farms, and pouring out a long cloud of black smoke and now and then a little puff of white ; and when the white was gone so long you had 'most forgot it, you would hear a little faint toot, and that was the whistle ; and we left the bird and the train both behind, 'way behind, and done it easy, too.

But Tom he was huffy, and said me and Jim was a couple of ignorant blatherskites, and then he says :

' Suppose there's a brown calf and a big brown dog, and an artist is making a picture of them. What is the *main* thing that that artist has got to do ? He has got to paint them so you can tell 'em apart the minute you look at them, hain't he ? Of course. Well, then, do you want him to go and paint *both* of them brown ? Certainly you don't.

He paints one of them blue, and then you can't make no mistake. It's just the same with the maps. That's why they make every State a different colour ; it ain't to deceive you—it's to keep you from deceiving yourself.'

But I couldn't see no argument about that, and neither could Jim. Jim shook his head and says :

' Why, Mars Tom, ef you knowed what chuckle-heads dem painters is, you'd wait a long time befo' you'd fetch one er *dem* in to back up a fac'. I's gwyne to tell you, den you kin see for you'seff. I see one er 'em a-paintin' away, one day, down in old Hank Wilson's back lot, en I went down to see, en he was paintin' dat old brindle cow wid de near horn gone—you knows de one I means. En I ast him what's he paintin' her for, en he say when he git her painted de picture's wuth a hundred dollars. Mars Tom, he could 'a' got de *cow* fer fifteen, en I *tole* him so. Well, sah, ef you'll b'lieve me, he jes' shuck his head en went on a-dobbin'. Bless you, Mars Tom, *dey* don't know nothin'.'

Tom he lost his temper ; I notice a person 'most

always does that's got laid out in an argument. He told us to shut up and don't stir the slush in our skulls any more—hold still and let it cake, and maybe we'd feel better. Then he see a town clock away off down yonder, and he took up the glass and looked at it, and then looked at his silver turnip, and then at the clock, and then at the turnip again, and says :

‘That's funny—that clock's near about an hour fast.’

So he put up his turnip. Then he see another clock, and took a look, and it was an hour fast too. That puzzled him.

‘That's a mighty curious thing,’ he says; ‘I don't understand it.’

Then he took the glass and hunted up another clock, and sure enough it was an hour fast too. Then his eyes begun to spread and his breath to come out kind of gaspy like, and he says :

‘Ger-reat Scott, it's the *longitude* !’

I says, considerable scared :

‘Well, what's been and gone and happened now ?’

‘Why, the thing that’s happened is that this old bladder has slid over Illinois and Indiana and Ohio like nothing, and this is the east end of Pennsylvania or New York, or somewheres around there.’

‘Tom Sawyer, you don’t mean it!’

‘Yes, I do, and it’s so, dead sure. We’ve covered about fifteen degrees of longitude since we left St. Louis yesterday afternoon, and them clocks are *right*. We’ve come close on to eight hundred miles.’

I didn’t believe it, but it made the cold streaks trickle down my back just the same. In my experience I knowed it wouldn’t take much short of two weeks to do it down the Mississippi on a raft.

Jim was working his mind, and studying. Pretty soon he says:

‘Mars Tom, did you say dem clocks uz right?’

‘Yes, they’re right.’

‘Ain’t yo’ watch right, too?’

‘She’s right for St. Louis, but she’s an hour wrong for here.’

‘Mars Tom, is you tryin’ to let on dat de time ain’t de *same* everywheres?’

‘No, it ain’t the same everywheres, by a long shot.’

Jim he looked distressed, and says :

‘It grieve me to hear you talk like dat, Mars Tom; I’s right down ’shamed to hear you talk like dat, arter de way you’s been raised. Yassir, it’d break yo’ aunt Polly’s heart to hear you.’

Tom was astonished. He looked Jim over, wondering, and didn’t say nothing, and Jim he went on :

‘Mars Tom, who put de people out yonder in St. Louis? De Lord done it. Who put de people here whah we is? De Lord done it. Ain’ dey bofe His children? ’Cose dey is. *Well*, den! is He gwyne to *’scriminate* ’twixt ’em?’

‘’Scriminate! I never heard such ignorant rot. There ain’t no discriminating about it. When He makes you and some more of His children black, and makes the rest of us white, what do you call that?’

Jim see the p'int. He was stuck. He couldn't answer. Tom says :

' He does discriminate, you see, when He wants to; but this case *here* ain't no discrimination of His—it's man's. The Lord made the day, and He made the night; but He didn't invent the hours, and He didn't distribute them around; man done it.'

' Mars Tom, is dat so? Man done it? '

' Certainly.'

' Who tole him he could? '

' Nobody. He never asked.'

Jim studied a minute, and says :

' Well, dat do beat me. I wouldn't 'a' tuck no sich resk. But some people ain't scared o' nothin'. Dey bangs right ahead—*dey* don't care what happens. So den dey's allays an hour's diffunce everywhab, Mars Tom? '

' An hour? No! It's four minutes' difference for every degree of longitude, you know. Fifteen of 'em's an hour, thirty of 'em's two hours, and so on. When it's one o'clock Tuesday morning in England, it's eight o'clock the night before in New York.'

Jim moved a little away along the locker, and you could see he was insulted. He kept shaking his head and muttering, and so I slid along to him and patted him on the leg and petted him up, and got him over the worst of his feelings, and then he says:

‘ Mars Tom talkin’ sich talk as dat—Choosday in one place en Monday in t’other, bofe in de same day! Huck, dis ain’ no place to joke—up here whah we is. Two days in one day! How you gwyne to git two days inter one day—can’t git two hours inter one hour, kin you? can’t git two niggers inter one nigger skin, kin you? can’t git two gallons o’ whisky inter a one-gallon jug, kin you? No, sir; ’twould strain de jug. Yes, en even den you couldn’t, *I* doan’ b’lieve. Why, looky here, Huck, sposen de Choosday was New Year’s—*now* den! Is you gwyne to tell me it’s dis year in one place en las’ year in t’other, bofe in de identical same minute? It’s de beatenest rubbage—I can’t stan’ it, I can’t stan’ to hear tell ’bout it.’ Then he begun to shiver and turn grey, and Tom says:

‘ *Now* what’s the matter? What’s the trouble?’

Jim could hardly speak, but he says :

‘ Mars Tom, you ain’t jokin’, en it’s *so*?’

‘ No, I’m not, and it *is* so.’

Jim shivered again, and says :

‘ Den dat Monday could be de Las’ Day, en dey wouldn’t *be* no Las’ Day in England, en de dead wouldn’t be called. We mustn’t go over dah, Mars Tom. Please git him to turn back ; I wants to be whah——’

All of a sudden we see something, and all jumped up, and forgot everything and begun to gaze. Tom says :

‘ Ain’t that the ——’ He caught his breath, then says : ‘ It *is*—sure as you live—it’s the Ocean !’

That made me and Jim catch our breath, too. Then we all stood petrified but happy, for none of us had even seen an ocean, or ever expected to. Tom kept muttering :

‘ Atlantic Ocean—Atlantic. Land ! don’t it sound great ! . . . And *that’s* it—and *we* are looking at it—we ! Why, it’s just too splendid to believe !’

Then we see a big bank of black smoke ; and

when we got nearer it was a city, and a monster she was, too, with a thick fringe of ships around one edge ; and wondered if it was New York, and begun to jaw and dispute about it, and first we knowed it slid from under us and went flying behind, and here we was, out over the very ocean itself, and going like a cyclone. Then we woke up, I tell you !

We made a break aft, and raised a wail, and begun to beg the professor to take pity on us and turn back and land us, and let us go back to our folks, which would be so grieved and anxious about us, and maybe die if anything happened to us ; but he jerked out his pistol and motioned us back, and we went, but nobody will ever know how bad we felt.

The land was gone, all but a little streak, like a snake, away off on the edge of the water, and down under us was just ocean, ocean, ocean—millions of miles of it, heaving and pitching and squirming, and white sprays blowing from the wave-tops, and only a few ships in sight, wallowing around and laying over, first on one side and then on t'other,

and sticking their bows under and then their sterns ; and before long there warn't no ships at all, and we had the sky and the whole ocean all to ourselves, and the roomiest place I ever see and the lonest.

CHAPTER IV

AND it got lonesomer and lonesomer. There was the big sky up there, empty and awful deep, and the ocean down there without a thing on it but just the waves. All around us was a ring—a perfectly round ring—where the sky and the water come together; yes, a monstrous big ring it was, and we right in the dead centre of it. Plum in the centre. We was racing along like a prairie fire, but it never made any difference—we couldn't seem to git past that centre no way; I couldn't see that we ever gained an inch on that ring. It made a body feel creepy, it was so curious and unaccountable.

Well, everything was so awful still that we got to talking in a very low voice, and kept on getting creepier and lonesomer and less and less talky, till at last the talk run dry altogether, and we just set

there and 'thunk' as Jim calls it, and never said a word, the longest time.

The professor never stirred till the sun was overhead; then he stood up and put a kind of a triangle to his eye, and Tom said it was a sextant and he was taking the sun, to see whereabouts the balloon was. Then he ciphered a little, and looked in a book, and then he begun to carry on again. He said lots of wild things, and amongst others he said he would keep up this hundred-mile gait till the middle of to-morrow afternoon, and then he'd land in London.

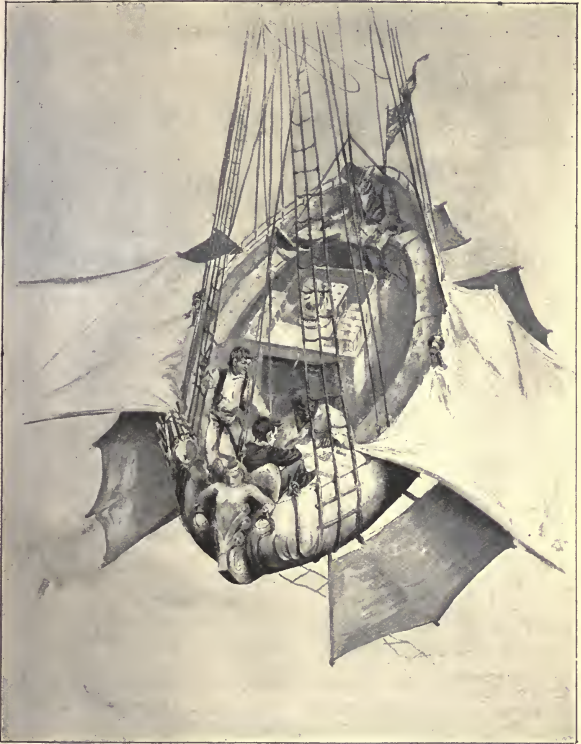
We said we would be humbly thankful.

He was turning away, but he whirled around when we said that, and give us a long look of his blackest kind, one of the maliciousest and suspiciousest looks I ever see. Then he says:

'You want to leave me. Don't try to deny it.'

We didn't know what to say, so we held in and didn't say nothing at all.

He went aft and set down, but he couldn't seem to git that thing out of his mind. Every now and



THE PROFESSOR SAID HE WOULD KEEP UP THIS HUNDRED-MILE GAIT TILL TO-MORROW
AFTERNOON, AND THEN HE'D LAND IN LONDON'

then he would rip out something about it, and try to make us answer him, but we dasn't.



' " YOU WANT TO LEAVE ME. DON'T TRY TO DENY IT " '

It got lonelier and lonelier right along, and it did seem to me I couldn't stand it. It was still

worse when night begun to come on. By-and-by Tom pinched me and whispers :

‘ Look ! ’

I took a glance aft, and see the professor taking a whet out of a bottle. I didn’t like the looks of that. By-and-by he took another drink, and pretty soon he begun to sing. It was dark now, and getting black and stormy. He went on singing, wilder and wilder, and the thunder begun to mutter and the wind to wheeze and moan amongst the ropes, and altogether it was awful. It got so black we couldn’t see him any more, and wished we couldn’t hear him, but we could. Then he got still ; but he warn’t still ten minutes till we got suspicious, and wished he would start up his noise again, so we could tell where he was. By-and-by there was a flash of lightning, and we see him start to get up, but he was drunk, and staggered and fell down. We heard him scream out in the dark :

‘ They don’t want to go to England—all right ; I’ll change the course. They want to leave me. Well, they shall—and *now* ! ’

I ’most died when he said that. Then he was

still again ; still so long I couldn't bear it, and it did seem to me the lightning wouldn't *ever* come again. But at last there was a blessed flash, and there he was, on his hands and knees, crawling, and not four foot from us. My! but his eyes was terrible. He made a lunge for Tom and says, 'Overboard *you* go!' but it was already pitch dark again, and I couldn't see whether he got him or not, and Tom didn't make a sound.

There was another long, horrible wait ; then there was a flash and I see Tom's head sink down outside the boat and disappear. He was on the rope ladder that dangled down in the air from the gunnel. The professor let off a shout and jumped for him, and straight off it was pitch dark again, and Jim groaned out, 'Po' Mars Tom, he's a goner!' and made a jump for the professor ; but the professor warn't there.

Then we heard a couple of terrible screams—and then another, not so loud, and then another that was 'way below, and you could only *just* hear it ; and I hear Jim say, 'Po' Mars Tom !'

Then it was awful still, and I reckon a person

could 'a' counted four hundred thousand before the next flash come. When it come, I see Jim on his knees, with his arms on the locker and his face buried in them, and he was crying. Before I could look over the edge, it was all dark again, and I was kind of glad, because I didn't want to see. But when the next flash come I was watching, and down there I see somebody a-swinging in the wind on that ladder, and it was Tom !

'Come up !' I shouts—'come up, Tom !'

His voice was so weak, and the wind roared so, I couldn't make out what he said, but I thought he asked was the professor up there. I shouts :

'No ; he's down in the ocean ! Come up ! Can we help you ?'

Of course, all this in the dark.

'Huck, who is you hollerin' at ?'

'I'm hollering at Tom.'

'Oh, Huck, how kin you act so, when you knows po' Mars Tom's——' Then he let off an awful scream, and flung his head and his arms back and let off another one ; because there was a white glare just then, and he had raised up his face just in time to

see Tom's, as white as snow, rise above the gunnel and look him right in the eye. He thought it was Tom's ghost, you see.

Tom clumb aboard, and when Jim found it *was* him, and not his ghost, he hugged him and slobbered all over him, and called him all sorts of loving names, and carried on like he was gone crazy, he was so glad. Says I :

'What did you wait for, Tom? Why didn't you come up at first?'

'I dasn't, Huck. I knowed somebody plunged down past me, but I didn't know who it was, in the dark. It could 'a' been you, it could 'a' been Jim.'

That was the way with Tom Sawyer—always sound. He warn't coming up till he knowed where the professor was.

The storm let go, about this time, with all its might, and it was dreadful the way the thunder boomed and tore, and the lightning glared out, and the wind sung and screamed in the rigging, and the rain come down. One second you couldn't see your hand before you, and the next you could count the threads in your coat sleeve, and see a whole



'THE THUNDER BOOMED, AND THE LIGHTNING GLARED, AND THE WIND SUNG AND SCREAMED IN THE RIGGING'

wide desert of waves pitching and tossing, through a kind of veil of rain. A storm like that is the loveliest thing there is, but it ain't at its best when you are up in the sky and lost, and it's wet and lonesome, and there's just been a death in the family.

We set there huddled up in the bow, and talked low about the poor professor, and everybody was sorry for him, and sorry the world had made fun of him, and treated him so harsh, when he was doing the best he could and hadn't a friend nor nobody to encourage him and keep him from brooding his mind away and going deranged. There was plenty of clothes and blankets and everything at the other end, but we thought we'd ruther take the rain than go meddling back there. You see, it would seem so crawly to be where it was warm yet, as you might say, from a dead man. Jim said he would soak till he was mush before he would go there and maybe run up against that ghost betwixt the flashes. He said it always made him sick to *see* a ghost, and he'd ruther die than *feel* of one.

CHAPTER V

WE tried to make some plans, but we couldn't come to no agreement. Me and Jim was for turning around and going back home, but Tom allowed that by the time daylight come, so we could see our way, we would be so far towards England that we might as well go there and come back in a ship and have the glory of saying we done it.

About midnight the storm quit and the moon come out and lit up the ocean, and then we begun to feel comfortable and drowsy; so we stretched out on the lockers and went to sleep, and never woke up again till sun-up. The sea was sparkling like di'monds, and it was nice weather, and pretty soon our things was all dry again.

We went aft to find some breakfast, and the first thing we noticed was that there was a dim

light burning in a compass back there under a hood. Then Tom was disturbed. He says:

‘You know what that means easy enough. It means that somebody has got to stay on watch and steer this thing the same as he would a ship, or she’ll wander around and go wherever the wind wants her to.’

‘Well,’ I says, ‘what’s she been doing since—er—since we had the accident?’

‘Wandering,’ he says, kind of troubled—‘wandering, without any doubt. She’s in a wind, now, that’s blowing her south of east. We don’t know how long that’s been going on, either.’

So then he p’inted her east, and said he would hold her there, whilst we roused out the breakfast. The professor had laid in everything a body could want: he couldn’t ‘a’ been better fixed. There wasn’t no milk for the coffee, but there was water and everything else you could want, and a charcoal stove and the fixings for it, and pipes and eigers and matches; and wine and liquor, which warn’t in our line; and books and maps and charts, and an accordion; and furs and blankets, and no end of

rubbish, like glass beads and brass jewellery, which Tom said was a sure sign that he had an idea of visiting around amongst savages. There was money, too. Yes, the professor was well enough fixed.

After breakfast Tom learned me and Jim how to steer, and divided all of us up into four-hour watches, turn and turn about; and when his watch was out I took his place, and he got out the professor's papers and pens, and wrote a letter home to his aunt Polly telling her everything that had happened to us, and dated it '*In the Welkin, approaching England,*' and folded it together and stuck it fast with a red wafer, and directed it, and wrote above the direction in big writing, '*From Tom Sawyer the Erronort,*' and said it would sweat old Nat Parsons the postmaster when it come along in the mail. I says:

'Tom Sawyer, this ain't no welkin: it's a balloon.'

'Well, now, who *said* it was a welkin, smarty?'

'You've wrote it on the letter, anyway.'

‘What of it? That don’t mean that the balloon’s the welkin.’

‘Oh, I thought it did. Well, then, what *is* a welkin?’

I see in a minute he was stuck. He raked and scraped around in his mind, but he couldn’t find nothing, so he had to say :

‘I don’t know, and nobody don’t know. It’s just a word. And it’s a mighty good word too. There ain’t many that lays over it. I don’t believe there’s *any* that does.’

‘Shucks,’ I says ; ‘but what does it *mean*?—that’s the p’int.’

‘I don’t know what it means, I tell you. It’s a word that people uses for—for—well, it’s ornamental. They don’t put ruffles on a shirt to help keep a person warm, do they?’

‘Course they don’t.’

‘But they put them *on*, don’t they?’

‘Yes.’

‘All right, then ; that letter I wrote is a shirt, and the welkin’s the ruffle on it.’

I judged that that would gravel Jim, and it did. He says :

‘ Now, Mars Tom, it ain’t no use to talk like dat, en moreover it’s sinful. *You* know’s a letter ain’t no shirt, en dey ain’t no ruffles on it nuther. Dey ain’t no place to put ’em on, you can’t put ’em on, en dey wouldn’t stay on ef you did.’

‘ Oh, *do* shut up, and wait till something’s started that you know something about.’

‘ Why, Mars Tom, sholy you don’t mean to say I don’t know about shirts, when goodness knows I’s toted home de washin’ ever sence——’

‘ I tell you this hasn’t got anything to *do* with shirts. I only——’

‘ Why, Mars Tom ! You said yo’ own self dat a letter——’

‘ Do you want to drive me crazy ? Keep still ! I only used it as a metaphor.’

That word kind of bricked us up for a minute. Then Jim says, ruther timid, because he see Tom was getting pretty tetchy :

‘ Mars Tom, what is a metaphor ? ’

‘ A metaphor’s a—well, it’s a—a metaphor’s

an illustration.' He see that *that* didn't git home ; so he tried again. ' When I say birds of a feather flocks together, it's a metaphorical way of saying——'

' But dey *don't*, Mars Tom. No, sir ; 'deed dey don't. Dey ain't no feathers dat's more alike den a bluebird's en a jaybird's, but ef you waits till you catches *dem* birds a flockin' together, you'll —— '

' Oh, *give* us a rest. You can't get the simplest little thing through your thiek skull. Now, don't bother me any more.'

Jim was satisfied to stop. He was dreadful pleased with himself for catching Tom out. The minute Tom begun to talk about birds I judged he was a goner, because Jim knowed more about birds than both of us put together. You see, he had killed hundreds and hundreds of them, and that's the way to find out about birds. That's the way the people does that writes books about birds, and loves them so that they'll go hungry and tired and take any amount of trouble to find a new bird and kill it. Their name is ornithologers, and I could 'a' been an ornithologer myself, because I always loved birds and creatures ; and I started

out to learn how to be one, and I see a bird setting on a dead limb of a high tree, singing, with his head tilted back and his mouth open, and before I thought I fired, and his song stopped and he fell straight down from the limb, all limp like a rag, and I run and picked him up, and he was dead, and his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about, this way and that, like his neck was broke, and there was a white skin over his eyes, and one little drop of blood on the side of his head, and laws! I couldn't see nothing more for the tears; and I hain't ever murdered no creature since that warn't doing me no harm, and I ain't going to.

But I was aggravated about that welkin. I wanted to know. I got the subject up again, and then Tom explained the best he could. He said when a person made a big speech the newspapers said the shouts of the people made the welkin ring. He said they always said that, but none of them ever told what it was, so he allowed it just meant outdoors and up high. Well, that seemed sensible enough, so I was satisfied, and said so. That

pleased Tom and put him in a good humour again, and he says :

‘Well, it’s all right, then, and we’ll let bygones be bygones. I don’t know for certain what a welkin is, but when we land in London we’ll make it ring, anyway, and don’t you forget it.’

He said an *erronort* was a person who sailed around in balloons ; and said it was a mighty sight finer to be Tom Sawyer the *Erronort* than to be Tom Sawyer the Traveller, and would be heard of all around the world, if we pulled through all right, and so he wouldn’t give shucks to be a traveller now.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we got everything ready to land, and we felt pretty good, too, and proud ; and we kept watching with the glasses, like C’lumbus discovering America. But we couldn’t see nothing but ocean. The afternoon wasted out and the sun shut down, and still there warn’t no land anywheres. We wondered what was the matter, but reckoned it would come out all right, so we went on steering east, but went up on a higher level so we wouldn’t hit any steeples or mountains in the dark.

It was my watch till midnight, and then it was Jim's; but Tom stayed up, because he said ship captains done that when they was making the land, and didn't stand no regular watch.

Well, when daylight come, Jim give a shout, and we jumped up and looked over, and there was the land, sure enough; land all around, as far as you could see, and perfectly level and yaller. We didn't know how long we had been over it. There warn't no trees, nor hills, nor rocks, nor towns, and Tom and Jim had took it for the sea. They took it for the sea in a dead cam; but we was so high up, anyway, that if it had been the sea and rough, it would a' looked smooth, all the same, in the night that way.

We was all in a powerful excitement, now, and grabbed the glasses and hunted everywheres for London, but couldn't find hide nor hair of it, nor any other settlement. Nor any sign of a lake or a river either. Tom was clean beat. He said it warn't his notion of England—he thought England looked like America, and always had that idea. So he said we better have breakfast, and then drop

down and inquire the quickest way to London. We cut the breakfast pretty short, we was so impatient. As we slanted along down, the weather begun to moderate, and pretty soon we shed our furs. But it kept *on* moderating, and in a precious little while it was 'most too moderate. Why, the sweat begun to fairly bile out of us. We was close down, now, and just blistering!

We settled down to within thirty foot of the land. That is, it was land if sand is land; for this wasn't anything but pure sand. Tom and me clumb down the ladder and took a run to stretch our legs, and it felt amazing good; that is, the stretching did, but the sand scorched our feet like hot embers. Next, we see somebody coming, and started to meet him; but we heard Jim shout, and looked around, and he was fairly dancing, and making signs, and yelling. We couldn't make out what he said, but we was scared, anyway, and begun to heel it back to the balloon. When we got close enough, we understood the words, and they made me sick:

'Run! run fo' yo' life! Hit's a lion—I kin see him thoo de glass! Run, boys! do please heel it

de bes' you kin ! He's busted outen de menagerie, en dey ain't nobody to stop him !'

It made Tom fly, but it took the stiffening all out of my legs. I could only just gasp along the



“RUN ! RUN FO' YO' LIFE !”

way you do in a dream when there's a ghost a-gain-
ing on you.

Tom got to the ladder and shinned up it a piece and waited for me ; and as soon as I got a footholt on it he shouted to Jim to soar away. But Jim had

clean lost his head, and said he had forgot how. So Tom shinned along up and told me to follow ; but the lion was arriving, fetching a most gashly roar with every lobe, and my legs shook so I dasn't try to take one of them out of the rounds for fear the other one would give way under me.

But Tom was aboard by this time, and he started the balloon up a little, and stopped it again as soon as the end of the ladder was ten or twelve foot above ground. And there was the lion, a-ripping around under me, and roaring, and springing up in the air at the ladder, and only missing it about a quarter of an inch, it seemed to me. It was delicious to be out of his reach—perfectly delicious—and made me feel good and thankful all up one side ; but I was hanging there helpless, and couldn't climb, and that made me feel perfectly wretched and miserable all down the other. It is 'most seldom that a person feels so mixed, like that ; and it is not to be recommended, either.

Tom asked me what he better do, but I didn't know. He asked me if I could hold on whilst he sailed away to a safe place and left the lion behind.

I said I could if he didn't go no higher than he was now, but if he went higher I would lose my head and fall, sure. So he said, 'Take a good grip!' and he started.

'Don't go so fast,' I shouted; 'it makes my head swim.'

He had started like a lightning express. He slowed down, and we glided over the sand slower, but still in a kind of sickening way, for it *is* uncomfortable to see things gliding and sliding under you like that and not a sound.

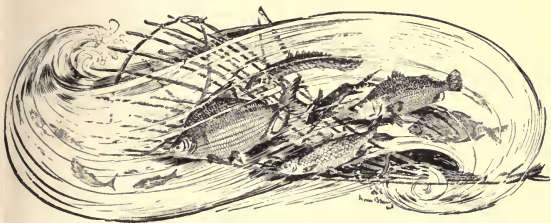
But pretty soon there was plenty of sound, for the lion was catching up. His noise fetched others. You could see them coming on the lope from every direction, and pretty soon there was a couple of dozen of them under me skipping up at the ladder and snarling and snapping at each other; and so we went skimming along over the sand, and these fellers doing what they could to help us to not forget the occasion; and then some tigers come, without an invite, and they started a regular riot down there.

We see this plan was a mistake. We couldn't



'THEY WERE JUMPING UP AT THE LADDER, AND SNAPPING AND SNARLING AT EACH OTHER'

ever git away from them at this gait, and I couldn't hold on for ever. So Tom took a think and struck another idea. That was to kill a lion with the pepper-box revolver, and then sail away while the others stopped to fight over the carcase. So he stopped the balloon still, and done it, and then we sailed off while the fuss was going on, and come down a quarter of a mile off, and they helped me aboard ; but by the time we was out of reach again that gang was on hand once more. And when they see we was really gone and they couldn't get us, they sat down on their hams and looked up at us so kind of disappointed that it was as much as a person could do not to see *their* side of the matter.



CHAPTER VI

I WAS so weak that the only thing I wanted was a chance to lay down, so I made straight for my locker-bunk and stretched myself out there. But a body couldn't git back his strength in no such oven as that, so Tom give the command to soar, and Jim started her aloft. And, mind you, it was a considerable strain on that balloon to lift the fleas, and reminded Tom of Mary had a little lamb, its fleas was white as snow. But these wasn't; these was the dark-complected kind—the kind that's always hungry and ain't particular, and will eat pie when they can't git Christian. Wherever there's sand, you are going to find that bird; and the more sand, the bigger the flock. Here it was all sand, and the result was according. I never see such a turn-out.

We had to go up a mile before we struck com-

fortable weather; and we had to go up another mile before we got rid of them creturs; but when they begun to freeze they skipped overboard. Then we come down a mile again, where it was breezy and pleasant and just right, and pretty soon I was all straight again. Tom had been setting quiet and thinking; but now he jumps up and says :

‘ I bet you a thousand to one *I* know where we are. We’re in the Great Sahara, as sure as guns !’

He was so excited he couldn’t hold still. But I wasn’t; I says :

‘ Well, then, where’s the Great Sahara? In England, or in Scotland?’

‘ Tain’t in either : it’s in Africa.’

Jim’s eyes bugged out, and he begun to stare down with no end of interest, because that was where his originals come from; but I didn’t more than half believe it. I couldn’t, you know; it seemed too awful far away for us to have travelled.

But Tom was full of his discovery, as he called

it, and said the lions and the sand meant the Great Desert, sure. He said he could 'a' found out, before we sighted land, that we was crowding the land somewheres, if he had thought of one thing and when we asked him what, he said :

‘These clocks. They’re chronometers. You always read about them in sea-voyages. One of them is keeping Grinnage time, and the other one is keeping St. Louis time, like my watch. When we left St. Louis, it was four in the afternoon by my watch and this clock, and it was ten at night by this Grinnage clock. Well, at this time of the year the sun sets about seven o’clock. Now, I noticed the time yesterday evening when the sun went down, and it was half past five o’clock by the Grinnage clock, and half past eleven A.M. by my watch and the other clock. You see, the sun rose and set by my watch in St. Louis, and the Grinnage clock was six hours fast ; but we’ve come so far east that it comes within less than an hour and a half of setting by the Grinnage clock now, and I’m away out—more than four hours and a half out. You see, that meant that we was closing

up on the longitude of Ireland, and would strike it before long if we was p'inted right—which we wasn't. No, sir; we've been a-wandering—wandering 'way down south of east—and it's my opinion we are in Africa. Look at this map. You see how the shoulder of Africa sticks out to the west. Think how fast we've travelled; if we had gone straight east we would be long past England by this time. You watch for noon, all of you, and we'll stand up, and when we can't cast a shadow we'll find that this Grinnage clock is coming mighty close to marking twelve. Yes, sir; *I think we're in Africa; and it's just bully.*'

Jim was gazing down with the glass. He shook his head and says:

'Mars Tom, I reckon dey's a mistake somers. I hain't seen no niggers yit.'

'That's nothing—they don't live in the desert. What is that, 'way off yonder? Gimme a glass.'

He took a long look, and said it was like a black string stretched across the sand, but he couldn't guess what it was.

'Well,' I says, 'I reckon maybe you've got a

chance now to find out whereabouts this balloon is, because as like as not that is one of these lines here, that's on the map, that you call meridians of longitude, and we can drop down and look at its number, and——'

'Oh, shucks, Huck Finn! I never see such a lunkhead as you. Did you s'pose there's meridians of longitude on the *earth*?'

'Tom Sawyer, they're set down on the map, and you know it perfectly well, and here they are, and you can see for yourself.'

'Of course they're on the map, but that's nothing; there ain't any on the *ground*.'

'Tom, do you know that to be so?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well then, that map's a liar again. I never see such a liar as that map.'

He fired up at that, and I was ready for him, and Jim was warming up his opinion too, and the next minute we'd 'a' broke loose on another argument, if Tom hadn't dropped the glass and begun to clap his hands like a maniac and sing out:

'Camels!—caméls!'

So I grabbed a glass, and Jim too, and took a look, but I was disappointed, and says :

‘Camels, you granny—they’re spiders!’

‘Spiders in a desert, you shad? Spiders walking in a procession? You don’t ever reflect, Huck Finn, and I reckon you really haven’t got anything to reflect *with*. Don’t you know we’re as much as a mile up in the air, and that that string of crawlers is two or three miles away? Spiders—good land! Spiders as big as a cow? P’raps you’d like to go down and milk one of ’em. But they’re camels, just the same. It’s a caravan, that’s what it is, and it’s a mile long.’

‘Well, then, le’s go down and look at it. I don’t believe in it, and ain’t going to till I see it and know it.’

‘All right,’ he says, and give the command :
‘Lower away!’

As we come slanting down into the hot weather, we could see that it was camels, sure enough, plodding along, an everlasting string of them, with bales strapped to them, and several hundred men in long white robes, and a thing like a shawl bound

over their heads and hanging down with tassels and fringes; and some of the men had long guns and some hadn't, and some was riding and some was walking. And the weather—well, it was just roasting. And how slow they did creep along! We swooped down, now, all of a sudden, and stopped about a hundred yards over their heads.

The men all set up a yell, and some of them fell flat on their stomachs, some begun to fire their guns at us, and the rest broke and scampered every which way, and so did the camels.

We see that we was making trouble, so we went up again about a mile, to the cool weather, and watched them from there. It took them an hour to get together and form the procession again; then they started along, but we could see by the glasses that they wasn't paying much attention to anything but us. We poked along, looking down at them with the glasses, and by-and-by we see a big sand mound, and something like people the other side of it, and there was something like a man laying on top of the mound, that raised his head up every now and then, and seemed to be watching



'E SWOOPED DOWN, NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN, AND STOPPED ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OVER THEIR HEADS'

the caravan or us, we didn't know which. As the caravan got nearer, he sneaked down on the other side and rushed to the other men and horses—for that is what they was—and we see them mount in a hurry; and next, here they come, like a house afire, some with lances and some with long guns, and all of them yelling the best they could.

They come a-tearing down on to the caravan, and the next minute both sides crashed together and was all mixed up, and there was such another popping of guns as you never heard, and the air got so full of smoke you could only catch glimpses of them struggling together. There must 'a' been six hundred men in that battle, and it was terrible to see. Then they broke up into gangs and groups, fighting tooth and nail, and scurrying and scampering around, and laying into each other like everything; and whenever the smoke cleared a little you could see dead and wounded people and camels scattered far and wide and all about, and camels racing off in every direction.

At last the robbers see they couldn't win, so their chief sounded a signal, and all that was left

of them broke away, and went scampering across the plain. The last man to go snatched up a



'THE LAST MAN TO GO SNATCHED UP A CHILD AND CARRIED IT OFF
IN FRONT OF HIM ON HIS HORSE'

child, and carried it off in front of him on his horse; and a woman run screaming and begging

after him, and followed him away off across the plain till she was separated a long ways from her people ; but it warn't no use, and she had to give it up, and we see her sink down on the sand and cover her face with her hands. Then Tom took the hellum, and started for that yahoo, and we come a-whizzing down and made a swoop, and knocked him out of the saddle, child and all ; and he was jarred considerable, but the child wasn't hurt, but laid there working its hands and legs in the air like a tumblebug that's on its back and can't turn over. The man went staggering off to overtake his horse, and didn't know what had hit him, for we was three or four hundred yards up in the air by this time.

We judged the woman would go and get the child now, but she didn't. We could see her, through the glass, still setting there, with her head bowed down on her knees ; so of course she hadn't seen the performance, and thought her child was clean gone with the man. She was nearly a half a mile from her people, so we thought we might go down to the child, which was about a quarter of a mile beyond her, and snake it to her before the

caravan-people could git to us to do us any harm ; and, besides, we reckoned they had enough business



' WE COME A-WHIZZING DOWN AND MADE A SWOOP, AND KNOCKED HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE, CHILD AND ALL '

on their hands for one while, anyway, with the wounded. We thought we'd chance it, and we did.

We swooped down and stopped, and Jim shinned down the ladder and fetched up the cub, which was a nice fat little thing, and in a noble good humour, too, considering it was just out of a battle and been tumbled off of a horse; and then we started for the mother, and stopped back of her and tolerable near by, and Jim slipped down and crept up easy, and when he was close back of her the child goo-goo'd, the way a child does, and she heard it, and whirled and fetched a shriek of joy, and made a jump for the kid and snatched it and hugged it, and dropped it and hugged Jim, and then snatched off a gold chain and hung it around Jim's neck, and hugged him again, and jerked up the child again and mashed it to her breast, a-sobbing and glorifying all the time; and Jim he shoved for the ladder and up it, and in a minute we was back up in the sky, and the woman was staring up, with the back of her head between her shoulders and the child with its arms locked around her neck. And there she stood, as long as we was in sight a-sailing away in the sky.

CHAPTER VII

‘Noon!’ says Tom, and so it was. His shadder was just a blot around his feet. We looked, and the Grinnage clock was so close to twelve the difference didn’t amount to nothing. So Tom said London was right north of us or right south of us, one or t’other, and he reckoned by the weather and the sand and the camels it was north; and a good many miles north, too—as many as from New York to the city of Mexico, he guessed.

Jim said he reckoned a balloon was a good deal the fastest thing in the world, unless it might be some kinds of birds—a wild pigeon, maybe, or a railroad.

But Tom said he had read about railroads in England going nearly a hundred miles an hour for a little ways, and there never was a bird in the world that could do that, except one—and that was a flea.

‘A flea? Why, Mars Tom, in de fust place he ain’t a bird, strickly speakin’——’

‘He ain’t a bird, ain’t he? Well, then, what is he?’

‘I don’t rightly know, Mars Tom, but I speck he’s only jist a animal. No, I reckon dat won’t do, nuther—he ain’t big enough for a animal. He mus’ be a bug. Yassir, dat’s what he is—he’s a bug.’

‘I bet he ain’t, but let it go. What’s your second place?’

‘Well, in de second place, birds is creturs dat goes a long ways, but a flea don’t.’

‘He don’t, don’t he? Come, now, what is a long distance, if you know?’

‘Why, it’s miles, en lots of ’em—anybody knows dat.’

‘Can’t a man walk miles?’

‘Yassir, he kin.’

‘As many as a railroad?’

‘Yassir, if you give him time.’

‘Can’t a flea?’

‘Well, I s’pose so—ef you gives him heaps of time.’

‘ Now you begin to see, don’t you, that *distance* ain’t the thing to judge by at all ; it’s the time it takes to go the distance in, that *counts*, ain’t it ? ’

‘ Well, hit do look sorter so, but I wouldn’t ’a’ b’lieved it, Mars Tom.’

‘ It’s a matter of *proportion*, that’s what it is ; and when you come to gauge a thing’s speed by its size, where’s your bird, and your man, and your railroad, alongside of a flea ? The fastest man can’t run more than about ten miles in an hour—not much over ten thousand times his own length. But all the books says any common ordinary third-class flea can jump a hundred and fifty times his own length ; yes, and he can make five jumps a second, too—seven hundred and fifty times his own length in one little second ; for he don’t fool away any time stopping and starting—he does them both at the same time ; you’ll see if you try to put your finger on him. Now, that’s a common ordinary third-class flea’s gait ; but you take an Eytalian *first-class*, that’s been the pet of the nobility all his life, and hasn’t ever knowed what want or sickness or exposure was, and he can jump



“WHERE’S YOUR MAN NOW?”

more than three hundred times his own length, and keep it up all day, five such jumps every second—which is fifteen hundred times his own length. Well, suppose a man could go fifteen hundred times his own length in a second—say, a mile and a half. It's ninety miles a minute; it's considerable more than five thousand miles an hour. Where's your man *now*?—yes, and your bird, and your railroad, and your balloon? Laws! they don't amount to shucks 'longside of a flea. A flea is just a comet b'iled down small.'

Jim was a good deal astonished, and so was I. Jim said:

'Is dem figgers jist edjackly true, en no jokin' en no lies, Mars Tom?'

'Yes, they are; they're perfectly true.'

'Well, den, honey, a body's got to respec' a flea. I ain't had no respec' for um befo', scasely, but dey ain' no gittin' roun' it—dey do deserve it, dat's certain.'

'Well, I bet they do. They've got ever so much more sense, and brains, and brightness, in proportion to their size, than any other cretur in the



“AND WHERE’S YOUR RAILROAD, ‘LONGSIDE OF A FLEA?’”

world. A person can learn them 'most anything; and they learn it quicker than any other cretur, too. They've been learnt to haul little carriages in harness, and go this way and that way and t'other way according to orders; yes, and to march and drill like soldiers, doing it as exact, according to orders, as soldiers does it. They've been learnt to do all sorts of hard and troublesome things. S'pose you could cultivate a flea up to the size of a man, and keep his natural smartness a-growing and a-growing right along up, bigger and bigger, and keener and keener, in the same proportion—where'd the human race be, do you reckon? That flea would be President of the United States, and you couldn't any more prevent it than you can prevent lightning.'

'My lan', Mars Tom! I never knowed dey was so much *to de beas'*. No, sir; I never had no idea of it, and dat's *de fac'*.'

'There's more to him, by a long sight, than there is to any other cretur, man or beast, in proportion to size. He's the interestingest of them all. People have so much to say about an ant's



“ THAT FLEA WOULD BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND YOU COULDN'T PREVENT IT ”

strength, and an elephant's, and a locomotive's. Shucks! they don't begin with a flea. He can lift two or three hundred times his own weight, and none of them can come anywhere near it. And moreover, he has got notions of his own, and is very particular, and you can't fool him: his instinct, or his judgment, or whatever it is, is perfectly sound and clear, and don't ever make a mistake. People think all humans are alike to a flea. It ain't so. There's folks that he won't go near, hungry or not hungry, and I'm one of them. I've never had one of them on me in my life.'

'Mars Tom!'

'It's so; I ain't joking.'

'Well, sah, I hain't ever heard de likes er dat befo'.'

Jim couldn't believe it, and I couldn't; so we had to drop down to the sand and git a supply, and see. Tom was right. They went for me and Jim by the thousand, but not a one of them lit on Tom. There warn't no explaining it, but there it was, and there warn't no getting around it. He said it had always been just so, and he'd just as soon be

where there was a million of them as not, they'd never touch him nor bother him.

We went up to the cold weather for a freeze-out, and stayed a little spell, and then come back to the comfortable weather and went lazying along twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, the way we'd been doing for the last few hours. The reason was that the longer we was in that solemn, peaceful Desert the more the hurry and fuss got kind of soothed down in us, and the more happier and contented and satisfied we got to feeling, and the more we got to liking the Desert, and then loving it. So we had cramped the speed down, as I was saying, and was having a most noble good lazy time, sometimes watching through the glasses, sometimes stretched out on the lockers reading, sometimes taking a nap.

It didn't seem like we was the same lot that was in such a sweat to find land and git ashore, but it was. But we had got over that—clean over it. We was used to the balloon now, and not afraid any more, and didn't want to be anywheres else. Why, it seemed just like home ; it 'most seemed as if I had been born and raised in it, and Jim and

Tom said the same. And always I had had hateful people around me, a-nagging at me, and pestering of me, and scolding and finding fault, and fussing and bothering, and sticking to me, and keeping after me, and making me do this, and making me do that and t'other, and always selecting out the things I didn't want to do, and then giving me Sam Hill because I shirked and done something else, and just aggravating the life out of a body all the time ; but up here in the sky it was so still, and sunshiny and lovely, and plenty to eat, and plenty of sleep, and strange things to see, and no nagging and pestering, and no good people, and just holiday all the time. Land ! I warn't in no hurry to git out and buck at civilisation again. Now, one of the worst things about civilisation is that anybody that gits a letter with trouble in it comes and tells you all about it, and makes you feel bad, and the newspapers fetches you the troubles of everybody all over the world, and keeps you down-hearted and dismal 'most all the time, and it's such a heavy load for a person. I hate them newspapers, and I hate letters ; and if

I had my way I wouldn't allow nobody to load his troubles on to other folks he ain't acquainted with, on t'other side of the world, that way. Well, up in a balloon there ain't any of that, and it's the darlingest place there is.

We had supper, and that night was one of the prettiest nights I ever see. The moon made it just like daylight, only a heap softer; and once we see a lion standing all alone by himself, just all alone in the earth, it seemed like, and his shadder laid on the sand by him like a puddle of ink. That's the kind of moonlight to have.

Mainly we laid on our backs and talked; we didn't want to go to sleep. Tom said we was right in the midst of the 'Arabian Nights' now. He said it was right along here that one of the 'cutest things in that book happened; so we looked down and watched while he told about it, because there ain't anything that is so interesting to look at as a place that a book has talked about. It was a tale about a camel-driver that had lost his camel, and he come along in the Desert and met a man, and says:

‘ Have you run across a stray camel to-day ? ’

And the man says :

‘ Was he blind in his left eye ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Had he lost an upper front tooth ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Was his off hind leg lame ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Was he loaded with millet seed on one side and honey on the other ? ’

‘ Yes, but you needn’t go into no more details —that’s the one, and I’m in a hurry. Where did you see him ? ’

‘ I hain’t seen him at all,’ the man says.

‘ Hain’t seen him at all ? How can you describe him so close, then ? ’

‘ Because when a person knows how to use his eyes, everything has got a meaning to it ; but most people’s eyes ain’t any good to them. I knowed a camel had been along, because I seen his track. I knowed he was lame in his off hind leg because he had favoured that foot and trod light on it and his track showed it. I knowed he was blind on his

left side because he only nibbled the grass on the right side of the trail. I knowed he had lost an upper front tooth because where he bit into the sod his teeth-print showed it. The millet seed sifted out on one side—the ants told me that; the honey leaked out on the other—the flies told me that. I know all about your camel, but I hain't seen him.'

Jim says:

'Go on, Mars Tom; hit's a mighty good tale, and powerful interestin'.'

'That's all,' Tom says.

'*All?*' says Jim, astonished. 'What 'come o' de camel?'

'I don't know.'

'Mars Tom, don't de tale say?'

'No.'

Jim puzzled a minute, then he says:

'Well! ef dat ain't de beatenes' tale ever I struck. Jist gits to de place whah de intrust is gittin' red hot, en down she breaks. Why, Mars Tom, dey ain't no *sense* in a tale dat acts like dat. Hain't you got no *idea* whether de man got de camel back er not?'

‘No, I haven’t.’

I see myself there warn’t no sense in the tale, to chop square off that way, before it come to anything, but I warn’t going to say so, because I could see Tom was souring up pretty fast over the way it flatted out and the way Jim had popped on to the weak place in it, and I don’t think it’s fair for everybody to pile on to a feller when he’s down. But Tom he whirls on me and says :

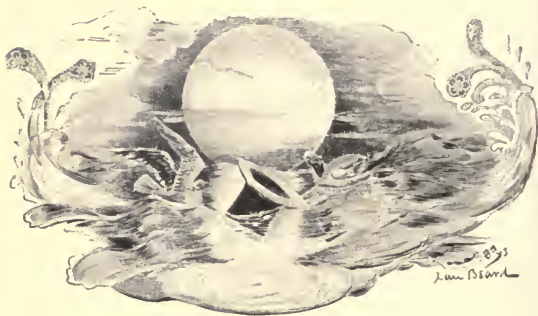
‘What do *you* think of the tale?’

Of course, then I had to come out and make a clean breast, and say it did seem to me ‘too, same as it did to Jim, that as long as the tale stopped square in the middle, and never got to no place, it really warn’t worth the trouble of telling.

Tom’s chin dropped on his breast, and ‘stead of being mad, as I reckoned he’d be, to hear me scoff at his tale that way, he seemed to be only sad ; and he says :

‘Some people can see, and some can’t—just as that man said. Let alone a camel, if a cyclone had gone by, *you* duffers wouldn’t ‘a’ noticed the track.’

I don't know what he meant by that, and he didn't say; it was just one of his irrulevances, I reckon—he was full of them sometimes, when he was in a close place and couldn't see no other way out—but I didn't mind. We'd spotted the soft place in that tale sharp enough—he couldn't git away from that little fact. It gravelled him like the nation, too, I reckon, much as he tried not to let on.



CHAPTER VIII

WE had an early breakfast in the morning, and set looking down on the Desert, and the weather was ever so bammy and lovely, although we warn't high up. You have to come down lower and lower after sundown in the Desert, because it cools off so fast; and so by the time it is getting towards dawn you are skimming along only a little ways above the sand.

We was watching the shadder of the balloon slide along the ground, and now and then gazing off across the Desert to see if anything was stirring, and then down at the shadder again, when all of a sudden almost right under us we see a lot of men and camels laying scattered about, perfectly quiet, like they was asleep.

We shut off the power, and backed up and

stood over them, and then we see that they was all dead. It give us the cold shivers. And it made us hush down, too, and talk low, like people at a funeral. We dropped down slow, and stopped, and me and Tom clumb down and went amongst them. There was men, and women, and children. They was dried by the sun, and dark and shrivelled and leathery, like the pictures of mummies you see in books. And yet they looked just as human, you wouldn't 'a' believed it; just like they was asleep—some laying on their backs, with their arms spread on the sand, some on their sides, some on their faces, just as natural, though the teeth showed more than usual. Two or three was setting up. One was a woman, with her head bent over, and a child was laying across her lap. A man was setting with his hands locked around his knees, staring out of his dead eyes at a young girl that was stretched out before him. He looked so mournful, it was pitiful to see. And you never see a place so still as that was. He had straight black hair hanging down by his cheeks, and when a little faint breeze fanned it and made it wag, it

made me shudder, because it seemed as if he was wagging his head.

Some of the people and animals was partly covered with sand, but most of them not, for the sand was thin there, and the bed was gravel, and hard. Most of the clothes had rotted away and left the bodies partly naked; and when you took hold of a rag, it tore with a touch, like spider-web. Tom reckoned they had been laying there for years.

Some of the men had rusty guns by them, some had swords on and had shawl-belts with long silver-mounted pistols stuck in them. All the camels had their loads on yet, but the packs had busted or rotted and spilt the freight out on the ground. We didn't reckon the swords was any good to the dead people any more, so we took one apiece, and some pistols. We took a small box, too, because it was so handsome and inlaid so fine; and then we wanted to bury the people; but there warn't no way to do it that we could think of, and nothing to do it with but sand, and that would blow away again, of course. We did start to cover up that poor girl, first laying some shawls from a

busted bale on her ; but when we was going to put sand on her, the man's hair wagged again and give us a shock, and we stopped, because it looked like he was trying to tell us he didn't want her covered up so he couldn't see her no more. I reckon she was dear to him, and he would 'a' been so lonesome.

Then we mounted high and sailed away, and pretty soon that black spot on the sand was out of sight, and we wouldn't ever see them poor people again in this world. We wondered, and reasoned, and tried to guess how they come to be there, and how it all happened to them, but we couldn't make it out. First we thought maybe they got lost, and wandered around and about till their food and water give out and they starved to death; but Tom said no wild animals nor vultures hadn't meddled with them, and so that guess wouldn't do. So at last we give it up, and judged we wouldn't think about it no more, because it made us low-spirited.

Then we opened the box, and it had gems and jewels in it, quite a pile, and some little veils of the kind the dead women had on, with fringes made out of curious gold money that we warn't acquainted

with. We wondered if we better go and try to find them again and give it back ; but Tom thought it



' WE OPENED THE BOX, AND IT HAD GEMS AND JEWELS IN IT '

over and said no ; it was a country that was full of robbers, and they would come and steal it, and then

the sin would be on us for putting the temptation in their way. So we went on; but I wished we had took all they had, so there wouldn't 'a' been no temptation at all left.

We had had two hours of that blazing weather down there, and was dreadful thirsty when we got aboard again. We went straight for the water, but it was spoiled and bitter, besides being pretty near hot enough to scald your mouth. We couldn't drink it. It was Mississippi river water, the best in the world, and we stirred up the mud in it to see if that would help; but no, the mud wasn't any better than the water.

Well, we hadn't been so very, very thirsty before, whilst we was interested in the lost people, but we was now, and as soon as we found we couldn't have a drink we was more than thirsty—five times as thirsty as we was a quarter of a minute before. Why, in a little while we wanted to hold our mouths open and pant like a dog.

Tom said keep a sharp look-out all around, everywheres, because we'd got to find an oasis, or there warn't no telling what would happen. So

we done it. We kept the glasses gliding around all the time, till our arms got so tired we couldn't hold them any more. Two hours—three hours—just gazing and gazing, and nothing but sand, sand, *sand*, and you could see the quivering heat-shimmer playing over it. Dear, dear! a body don't know what real misery is till he is thirsty all the way through and is certain he ain't ever going to come to any water any more. At last I couldn't stand it to look around on them baking plains; I laid down on the locker and give it up.

But by-and-by Tom raised a whoop, and there she was. A lake, wide and shiny, with pam trees leaning over it asleep, and their shadders in the water just as soft and delicate as ever you see. I never see anything look so good. It was a long ways off, but that warn't anything to us; we just slapped on a hundred-mile gait, and calculated to be there in seven minutes; but she stayed the same old distance away all the time—we couldn't seem to gain on her; yes, sir, just as far, and shiny, and like a dream, but we couldn't get no nearer; and at last, all of a sudden, she was gone.

Tom's eyes took a spread, and he says :

'Boys, it was a *myridge* !'

Said it like he was glad. I didn't see nothing to be glad about. I says :

'Maybe. I don't care nothing about its name : the thing I want to know is, what's become of it ?'

Jim was trembling all over, and so scared he couldn't speak, but he wanted to ask that question himself if he could 'a' done it. Tom says :

'What's *become* of it ? Why, you see yourself it's gone.'

'Yes, I know ; but where's it gone *to* ?'

He looked me over and says :

Well, now, Huck Finn, where *would* it go to ? Don't you know what a *myridge* is ?'

'No, I don't. What is it ?'

'It ain't anything but imagination. There ain't anything *to* it.'

It warmed me up a little to hear him talk like that, and I says :

'What's the use you talking that kind of stuff, Tom Sawyer ? Didn't I see the lake ?'

'Yes ; you think you did.'

‘I don’t think nothing about it; I *did* see it.’

‘I tell you you *didn’t* see it, either—because it warn’t there to see.’

It astonished Jim to hear him talk so, and he broke in and says, kind of pleading and distressed :

‘Mars Tom, *please* don’t say sich things in sich an awful time as dis. You ain’t only reskin’ yo’ own self, but you’s reskin’ us—same way like Anna Nias en Suffira. De lake *wuz* dah—I seen it jis’ as plain as I sees you en Huck dis minute.’

I says :

‘Why, he seen it himself! He was the very one that seen it first. *Now*, then.’

‘Yes, Mars Tom, hit’s so—you can’t deny it. We all seen it, en dat *prove* it was dah.’

‘Proves it! *How* does it prove it?’

‘Same way it does in de courts en everywheres, Mars Tom. One pusson might be drunk or dreamy or suthin’, en he could be mistaken; en two might, maybe; but I tell you, sah, when three sees a thing, drunk er sober, it’s *so*. Dey ain’t no gittin’ aroun’ dat, en you knows it, Mars Tom.’

‘ I don’t know nothing of the kind. There used to be forty thousand million people that seen the sun move from one side of the sky to the other every day. Did that prove that the sun *done* it ? ’

‘ ‘Course it did. En, besides, dey warn’t no ’casion to prove it. A body ’at’s got any sense ain’t gwyne to doubt it. Dah she is now—a sailin’ thoo de sky des like she allays done.’

Tom turned on me then, and says :

‘ What do *you* say—is the sun standing still ? ’

‘ Tom Sawyer, what’s the use to ask such a jackass question ? Anybody that ain’t blind can see it don’t stand still.’

‘ Well,’ he says, ‘ I’m lost in the sky with no company but a passel of low-down animals that don’t know no more than the head boss of a university did three or four hundred years ago. Why, blame it, Huck Finn, there was *Popes*, in them days, that knowed as much as you do.’

It warn’t fair play, and I let him know it. I says :

‘ Throwin’ mud ain’t arguin’, Tom Sawyer.’

‘ Who’s throwin’ mud ? ’

‘ You done it.’

‘ I never. It ain’t no disgrace, I reckon, to compare a backwoods Missouri muggins like you to a Pope, even the orneriest one that ever set on the throne. Why it’s an honour to you, you tadpole; the *Pope’s* the one that’s hit hard, not *you*, and you couldn’t blame him for cussing about it, only they don’t cuss. Not now they don’t, I mean.’

‘ Sho, Tom, did they ever?’

‘ In the Middle Ages? Why, it was their common diet.’

‘ No! You don’t really mean they cussed?’

That started his mill a-going, and he ground out a regular speech, the way he done sometimes when he was feeling his oats; and I got him to write down some of the last half of it for me, because it was like book-talk and tough to remember, and had words in it that I warn’t used to, and is pretty tiresome to spell:

‘ Yes, they did. I don’t mean that they went charging around the way Ben Miller does, and put the cuss-words just the same way he puts them. No; they used the same words, but they put them

together different, because they'd been learnt by the very best masters, and they knowed *how*, which Ben Miller don't, because he just picked it up here and there and around, and hadn't had no competent person to learn him. But *they* knowed. It warn't no frivolous random cussing, like Ben Miller's, that starts in anywheres and comes out nowheres—it was scientific cussing, and systematic; and it was stern, and solemn, and awful—not a thing for you to stand off and laugh at, the way people does when that poor ignorant Ben Miller gits a-going. Why, Ben Miller's kind can stand up and cuss a person a week, steady, and it wouldn't phaze him no more than a goose cackling; but it was a mighty different thing in them Middle Ages when a Pope, educated to cuss, got his cussing-things together and begun to lay into a king, or a kingdom, or a heretic, or a Jew, or anybody that was unsatisfactory and needed straightening out. He didn't go at it harum-scarum; no, he took that king or that other person, and begun at the top, and cussed him all the way down in detail. He cussed him in the hairs of his head, and in the

bones of his skull, and in the hearing of his ears, and in the sight of his eyes, and in the breath of his nostrils, and in his vitals, and in his veins, and in his limbs and his feet and his hands, and the blood and flesh and bones of his whole body ; and cussed him in the loves of his heart and in his friendships, and turned him out in the world, and cussed anybody that give him food to eat, or shelter and bed, or water to drink, or rags to cover him when he was freezing. Land ! *that* was cussing worth talking about ; *that* was the only cussing worth shucks that's ever been done in this world—the man it fell on, or the country it fell on, would better 'a' been dead forty times over. Ben Miller ! The idea of him thinking he can cuss ! Why, the poorest little one-horse back-country bishop in the Middle Ages could cuss all around him. *We* don't know nothing about cussing nowadays.'

'Well,' I says, 'you needn't cry about it ; I reckon we can get along. Can a bishop cuss now the way they useter ?'

'Yes, they learn it because it's part of the polite learning that belongs to his lay-out—kind of bells

letters, as you may say—and although he ain't got no more use for it than Missouri girls has for French, he's got to learn it, same as they do, because a Missouri girl that can't polly-voov and a bishop that can't cuss ain't got no business in society.'

'Don't they ever cuss at all now, Tom?'

'Not but very seldom. P'r'aps they do in Peru, but amongst people that knows anything it's played out, and they don't mind it no more than they do Ben Miller's kind. It's because they've got so far along that they know as much now as the grasshoppers did in the Middle Ages.'

'The grasshoppers?'

'Yes. In the Middle Ages, in France, when the grasshoppers started in to eat up the crops, the bishop would go out in the fields and pull a solemn face and give them a most solid good cussing. Just the way they done with a Jew or a heretic or a king, as I was telling you.'

'And what did the grasshoppers do, Tom?'

'Just laughed, and went on and et up the crop, same as they started *in* to do. The difference

betwixt a man and a grasshopper, in the Middle Ages, was that the grasshopper warn't a fool.'

'Oh, my goodness, oh, my goodness gracious, dah's de lake a'gin!' yelled Jim just then. 'Now, Mars Tom, what you gwyne to say?'

Yes sir, there was the lake again, away yon'cer across the Desert, perfectly plain, trees and all, just the same as it was before. I says:

'I reckon you're satisfied now, Tom Sawyer.'

But he says, perfectly cam:

'Yes, satisfied there ain't no lake there.'

Jim says:

'*Don't* talk so, Mars Tom—it sk'yers me to hear you. It's so hot, en you's so thirsty, dat you ain't in yo' right mine, Mars Tom. Oh, but don't she look good! 'Clah I doan' know how I's gwyne to wait tell we gits dah, I's so thirsty.'

'Well, you'll have to wait; and it won't do you no good, either, because there ain't no lake there, I tell you.'

I says:

'Jim, don't you take your eye off of it, and I won't either.'

‘Deed I won’t ; en bless you, honey, I couldn’t ef I wanted to.’

We went a-tearing along towards it, piling the miles behind us like nothing, but never gaining an inch on it—and all of a sudden it was gone again ! Jim staggered and ’most fell down. When he got his breath he says, gasping like a fish :

‘ Mars Tom, hit’s a *ghos’*, dats what it is, en I hopes to goodness we ain’t gwyne to see it no mo’. Dey’s *ben* a lake, en suthin’s happened, en de lake’s dead, en we’s seen its *ghos’* ; we’s seen it *twyste*, and dat’s proof. De Desert’s ha’nted—it’s ha’nted, sho. Oh, Mars Tom, le’s git outen it—I’d ruther die than have de night ketch us in it ag’in, en de *ghos’* er dat lake come a-mournin’ aroun’ us, en we asleep en doan’ know de danger we’s in.’

‘ Ghost, you gander ! it ain’t anything but air and heat and thirstiness pasted together by a person’s imagination. If I—— Gimme the glass !

He grabbed it, and begun to gaze off to the right.

‘ It’s a flock of birds,’ he says. ‘ It’s getting towards sundown, and they’re making a bee-line

across our track for somewheres. They mean business—maybe they're going for food or water, or both. Let her go to starboard!—port your hellum! Hard down! There—ease up—steady, as you go.'

We shut down some of the power, so as not to out-speed them, and took out after them. We went skimming along a quarter of a mile behind them, and when we had followed them an hour and a half and was getting pretty discouraged, and thirsty clean to unendurableness, Tom says :

'Take the glass, one of you, and see what that is, away ahead of the birds.'

Jim got the first glimpse, and slumped down on a locker, sick. He was 'most crying, and says :

'She's dah agi'n, Mars Tom—she's dah ag'in, en I knows I's gwyne to die, 'case when a body sees a ghos' de third time, dat's what it means. I wisht I'd never come in dis balloon, dat I does.'

He wouldn't look no more, and what he said made me afraid too, because I knowed it was true, for that has always been the way with ghosts ; so

then I wouldn't look any more either. Both of us begged Tom to turn off and go some other way, but he wouldn't, and said we was ignorant superstitious blatherskites. Yes, and he'll git come up with one of these days, I says to myself, insulting ghosts that way. They'll stand it for awhile, maybe, but they won't stand it always, for anybody that knows about ghosts knows how easy they are hurt, and how revengeful they are.

So we was all quiet and still, Jim and me being scared, and Tom busy. By-and-by Tom fetched the balloon to a standstill, and says :

'*Now* get up and look, you sapheads!'

We done it, and there was the sure-enough water right under us!—clear, and blue, and cool, and deep, and wavy with the breeze, the loveliest sight that ever was. And all about it was grassy banks, and flowers, and shady groves of big trees, looped together with vines, and all looking so peaceful and comfortable, enough to make a body cry, it was so beautiful.

Jim *did* cry, and rip and dance and carry on, he was so thankful and out of his mind for joy. It

was my watch, so I had to stay by the works, but Tom and Jim clumb down and drunk a barrel apiece, and fetched me up a lot, and I've tasted a many a good thing in my life, but nothing that ever begun with that water. Then they went down and had a swim, and then Tom come up and spelled me, and me and Jim had a swim, and then Jim spelled Tom, and me and Tom had a foot-race and a boxing-mill, and I don't reckon I ever had such a good time in my life. It warn't so very hot, because it was close on to evening, and we hadn't any clothes on, anyway. Clothes is well enough in school, and in towns, and at balls, too, but there ain't no sense in them when there ain't no civilisation nor other kinds of bothers and fussiness around.

'Lions a-comin'!—lions! Quick, Mars 'Tom! Jump for yo' life, Huck!'

Oh, and didn't we? We never stopped for clothes, but walzed up the ladder just so. Jim lost his head straight off—he always done it whenever he got excited and scared: and so now, 'stead of just easing the ladder up from the ground

a little, so the animals couldn't reach it, he turned on a raft of power, and we went whizzing up and was dangling in the sky before he got his wits together and seen what a foolish thing he was doing. Then he stopped her, but had clean forgot what to do next; so there we was, so high that the lions looked like pups, and we was drifting off on the wind.

But Tom he shinned up and went for the works and begun to slant her down, and back towards the lake, where the animals was gathering like a camp meeting, and I judged he had lost *his* head, too; for he knowed I was too scared to climb, and did he want to dump me amongst the tigers and things?

But no; his head was level—he knowed what he was about. He swooped down to within thirty or forty foot of the lake, and stopped right over the centre, and sung out:

‘Leggo, and drop!’

I done it, and shot down, feet first, and seemed to go about a mile towards the bottom; and when I come up, he says:

‘ Now lay on your back and float till you’re rested and got your pluck back ; then I’ll dip the ladder in the water and you can climb aboard.’

I done it. Now, that was ever so smart in Tom, because if he had started off somewheres else to drop down on the sand, the menagerie would ‘a’ come along too, and might ‘a’ kept us hunting a safe place till I got tuckered out and fell.

And all this time the lions and tigers was sorting out the clothes, and trying to divide them up so there would be some for all, but there was a misunderstanding about it somewheres, on accounts of some of them trying to hog more than their share ; so there was another insurrection, and you never see anything like it in the world. There must ‘a’ been fifty of them, all mixed up together, snorting and roaring and snapping and biting and tearing, legs and tails in the air, and you couldn’t tell which belonged to which, and the sand and fur a-flying. And when they got done, some was dead, and some was limping off crippled, and the rest was setting around on the battlefield, some of them licking their sore places and the others looking up at us and seemed to be



'AND ALL THIS TIME THE LIONS AND TIGERS WAS SORTING OUT THE CLOTHES'

kind of inviting us to come down and have some fun, but which we didn't want any.

As for the clothes, there warn't any any more. Every last rag of them was inside of the animals; and not agreeing with them very well, I don't reckon, for there was considerable many brass buttons on them, and there was knives in the pockets, too, and smoking-tobacco, and nails and chalk and marbles and fishhooks and things. But I wasn't caring. All that was bothering me was that all we had now was the professor's clothes—a big enough assortment, but not suitable to go into company with, if we come across any, because the britches was as long as tunnels, and the coats and things according. Still, there was everything a tailor needed, and Jim was a kind of a jack-legged tailor, and he allowed he could soon trim a suit or two down for us that would answer.

CHAPTER IX

STILL, we thought we would drop down there a minute, but on another errand. Most of the professor's cargo of food was put up in cans, in the new way that somebody had just invented, the rest was fresh. When you fetch Missouri beefsteak to the Great Sahara, you want to be particular and stay up in the coolish weather. Ours was all right till we stayed down so long amongst the dead people. That spoilt the water, and it ripened up the beefsteak to a degree that was just right for an Englishman, Tom said, but was 'most too gay for Americans; so we reckoned we would drop down into the lion market and see how we could make out there.

We hauled in the ladder and dropped down till we was just above the reach of the animals, then we let down a rope with a slip knot in it and hauled

up a dead lion, a small tender one, then yanked up a cub tiger. We had to keep the congregation off with the revolver, or they would 'a' took a hand in the proceedings and helped.

We carved off a supply from both, and saved the skins, and hove the rest overboard. Then we baited some of the professor's hooks with the fresh meat and went a-fishing. We stood over the lake just a convenient distance above the water, and caught a lot of the nicest fish you ever see. It was a most amazing good supper we had: lion steak, tiger steak, fried fish, and hot corn-pone. I don't want nothing better than that.

We had some fruit to finish off with. We got it out of the top of a monstrous tall tree. It was a very slim tree, that hadn't a branch on it from the bottom plumb to the top, and there it busted out like a feather duster. It was a pam tree, of course; anybody knows a pam tree the minute he sees it, by the pictures. We went for coco-nuts in this one, but there warn't none. There was only big loose bunches of things like over-sized grapes, and Tom allowed they was dates, because he

said they answered the description in the 'Arabian Nights' and the other books. Of course they mightn't be, and they might be p'ison; so we had to wait a spell, and watch and see if the birds et them. They done it; so we done it too, and they was most amazing good.

By this time monstrous big birds begun to come and settle on the dead animals. They was plucky creturs; they would tackle one end of a lion that was being gnawed at the other end by another lion. If the lion drove the bird away, it didn't do no good: he was back again the minute the lion was busy.

The big birds come out of every part of the sky—you could make them out with the glass whilst they was still so far away you couldn't see them with your naked eye. The dead meat was too fresh to have any smell—at least, any that could reach to a bird that was five mile away; so Tom said the birds didn't find out the meat was there by the smell—they had to find it out by seeing it. Oh, but ain't that an eye for you! Tom said at the distance of five mile a patch of dead lions couldn't

look any bigger than a person's finger-nail, and he couldn't imagine how the birds could notice such a little thing so far off.

It was strange and unnatural to see lion eat lion, and we thought maybe they warn't kin. But Jim said that didn't make no difference. He said a hog was fond of her own children, and so was a spider, and he reckoned maybe a lion was pretty near as unprincipled, though maybe not quite. He thought likely a lion wouldn't eat his own father, if he knowed which was him, but reckoned he would eat his brother-in-law if he was uncommon hungry, and eat his mother-in-law any time. But *reckoning* don't settle nothing. You can reckon till the cows comes home, but that don't fetch you to no decision. So we give it up and let it drop.

Gener'ly it was very still in the Desert, nights, but this time there was music. A lot of other animals come to dinner; sneaking yelpers that Tom allowed was jackals, and roached-backed ones that he said was hyenas; and all the whole b'iling of them kept up a racket all the time. They made a picture in the moonlight that was more different

than any picture I ever see. We had a line out and made fast to the top of a tree, and didn't stand no watch, but all turned in and slept; but I was up two or three times to look down at the animals and hear the music. It was like having a front seat at a menagerie for nothing, which I hadn't ever had before, and so it seemed foolish to sleep and not make the most of it: I mightn't ever have such a chance again.

We went a-fishing again in the early dawn, and then lazied around all day in the deep shade on an island, taking turn about to watch and see that none of the animals come a-snooping around there after erronorts for dinner. We was going to leave next day, but couldn't—it was too lovely.

The day after, when we rose up towards the sky and sailed off eastward, we looked back and watched that place till it warn't nothing but just a speck in the Desert, and I tell you it was like saying good-bye to a friend that you ain't ever going to see any more.

Jim was thinking to himself, and at last he says :

‘Mars Tom, we’s mos’ to de end er de Desert now, I speck.’

‘Why?’

‘Well, hit stan’ to reason we is. You knows how long we’s been a-skimming over it. Mus’ be mos’ out o’ san’. Hit’s a wonder to me dat it’s hilt out as long as it has.’

‘Shucks! there’s plenty sand, you needn’t worry.’

‘Oh, I ain’t a-worryin’, Mars Tom, only wonderin’, dat’s all. De Lord’s got plenty san’, I ain’t doubtin’ dat, but nemmine, He ain’t gwyne to *was’e* it jist on dat account; en I allows dat dis Desert’s plenty big enough now, jist de way she is, en you can’t spread her out no mo’ ’dout was’in’ san’.’

‘Oh, go ’long; we ain’t much more than fairly *started* across this Desert yet. The United States is a pretty big country, ain’t it? Ain’t it, Huck?’

‘Yes,’ I says; ‘there ain’t no bigger one, I don’t reckon.’

‘Well,’ he says, ‘this Desert is about the shape of the United States, and if you was to lay it down on top of the United States, it would cover the land

of the free out of sight like a blanket. There'd be a little corner sticking out, up at Maine, and away up north-west, and Florida sticking out like a turtle's tail, and that's all. We've took California away from the Mexicans two or three years ago, so that part of the Pacific coast is ours now; and if you laid the Great Sahara down with her edge on the Pacific, she would cover the United States and stick out past New York six hundred miles into the Atlantic Ocean.'

I says :

'Good land! have you got the documents for that, Tom Sawyer?'

'Yes, and they're right here, and I've been studying them. You can look for yourself. From New York to the Pacific is 2,600 miles; from one end of the Great Desert to the other is 3,200. The United States contains 3,600,000 square miles; the Desert contains 4,162,000. With the Desert's bulk you could cover up every last inch of the United States, and in under where the edges projected out you could tuck England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Denmark, and all Germany. Yes, sir, you could

hide the home of the brave and all of them countries clean out of sight under the Great Sahara, and you would still have 2,000 square miles of sand left.'

'Well,' I says, 'it clean beats me. Why, Tom, it shows that the Lord took as much pains making this Desert as He did to make the United States and all them other countries. I reckon He must 'a' been a-working at this Desert two or three days before He got it done.'

Jim says:

'Huck, dat doan' stan' to reason. I reckon dis Desert wan't made at all. Now, you take en look at it like dis—you look at it, and see if I's right. What's a desert good for? 'Tain't good for nuthin'. Dey ain't no way to make it pay. Hain't dat so, Huck?'

'Yes, I reckon.'

'Hain't it so, Mars Tom?'

'I guess so. Go on.'

'Ef a thing ain't no good, it's made in vain, ain't it?'

'Yes.'

‘*Now*, den ! Do de Lord make anything in vain ?
You answer me dat.’

‘Well, no, He don’t.’

‘Den how come He make a desert ?’

‘Well, go on. How *did* He come to make it ?’

‘Mars Tom, it’s my opinion He never *made* it at all ; dat is, He didn’t plan out no Desert, never sot out to make one. Now I’s gwyne to show you, den you kin see. *I* b’lieve it uz jes’ like when you’s buildin’ a house ; dey’s allays a lot o’ truck en rubbish lef’ over. What does you do wid it ? Doan’ you take en k’yart it off en dump it into a ole vacant back lot ? ’Course. Now, den, it’s my opinion hit was jes’ like dat. When the Lord uz gwyne to buil’ de worl’, He tuck en made a lot o’ rocks en put ’em in a pile, en made a lot o’ yearth en put it in a pile handy to de rocks, den a lot o’ san’, en put dat in a pile, handy, too. Den He begin. He measure out some rocks en yearth en san’, en stick ’em together en say, “Dat’s Germany,” en paste a label on it, en set it out to dry ; en measure out some mo’ rocks en yearth en san’, en stick ’em together, en say, “Dat’s de United

States," en paste a label on it, and set it out to dry ; en so on, en so on, tell it come supper time Sataday, en He look roun' en see dey's all done, en a mighty good worl' for de time she took. Den He notice dat whilst He's cal'lated de yearth en de rocks jes' right, dey's a mos' turrible 'lot o' san' lef' over, which He can't 'member how it happened. So He look roun' to see if dey's any ole back lot anywheres dat's vacant, en see dis place, en is powerful glad, en tell de angels to take en dump de san' here. Now, den, dat's *my* idea 'bout it—dat de Great Sahara warn't made at all—she jes' *happen*'.

I said it was a real good argument, and I believed it was the best one Jim ever made. Tom he said the same, but said the trouble about arguments is, they ain't nothing but *theories*, after all, and theories don't prove nothing : they only give you a place to rest on, a spell, when you are tuckered out butting around and around trying to find out something there ain't no way *to* find out. And he says :

' There's another trouble about theories : there's always a hole in them somewheres, sure, if you

look close enough. It's just so with this one of Jim's. Look what billions and billions of stars there is. How does it come that there was just exactly enough star-stuff, and none left over? How does it come there ain't no sand-pile up there?'

But Jim was fixed for him and says :

'What's de Milky Way?—dat's what *I* wants to know. What's de Milky Way? Answer me dat!'

In my opinion it was just a sockdologer. It's only an opinion—it's only *my* opinion—and others may think different; but I said it then and I stand to it now—it was a sockdologer. And moreover, besides, it landed Tom Sawyer. He couldn't say a word. He had that stunned look of a person that's been shot in the back with a kag of nails. All he said was, as for people like me and Jim, he'd just as soon have intellectual intercourse with a catfish. But anybody can say that—and I notice they always do when somebody has fetched them a lifter. Tom Sawyer was tired of that end of the subject.

So we got back to talking about the size of the

Desert again, and the more we compared it with this and that and t'other thing, the more nobler and bigger and grander it got to look, right along. And so, hunting amongst the figgers, Tom found, by and by, that it was just the same size as the Empire of China. Then he showed us the spread the Empire of China made on the map and the room she took up in the world. Well, it was wonderful to think of, and I says :

‘Why, I’ve heard talk about this Desert plenty of times, but *I* never knowed, before, how important she was.’

Then Tom says :

‘Important ! Sahara important ! That’s just the way with some people. If a thing’s big, it’s important. That’s all the sense they’ve got. All they can see is *size*. Why, look at England. It’s the most important country in the world ; and yet you could put it in China’s vest pocket ; and not only that, but you’d have the dickens’ own time to find it again the next time you wanted it. And look at Russia. It spreads all around and everywhere, and yet ain’t no more important in this

world than Rhode Island is, and hasn't got half as much in it that's worth saving. My uncle Abner, which was a Presbyterian preacher and the bluest they make, *he* always said that if *size* was a right thing to judge importance by, where would heaven be alongside of the other place? He always said heaven was the Rhode Island of the Hereafter.'

Away off, now, we see a low hill, a-standing up just on the edge of the world. Tom broke off his talk, and reached for a glass, very much excited, and took a look, and says :

'That's it—it's the one I've been looking for, sure. If I'm right it's the one the dervish took the man into and showed him all the treasures of the world.'

So we begun to gaze, and he begun to tell about it out of the 'Arabian Nights.

CHAPTER X

TOM said it happened like this.

A dervish was stumping it along through the Desert on foot one blazing hot day, and he had come a thousand miles and was pretty poor and hungry, and ornery and tired, and along about where we are now he run across a camel driver with a hundred camels, and asked him for some ams. But the camel driver he asked to be excused. The dervish says :

‘ Don’t you own these camels ?

‘ Yes, they’re mine.’

‘ Are you in debt ? ’

‘ Who—me ? No.

‘ Well, a man that owns a hundred camels, and ain’t in debt, is rich, and not only rich, but very rich. Ain’t it so ? ’

The camel driver owned up that it was so. Then the dervish says:

‘God has made you rich, and He has made me poor. He has His reasons, and they are wise—blessed be His name! But He has willed that His rich shall help His poor, and you have turned away from me, your brother, in my need, and He will remember this, and you will lose by it.’

That made the camel driver feel shaky, but all the same he was born hoggish after money, and didn’t like to let go a cent; so he begun to whine and explain, and said times was hard, and although he had took a full freight down to Balsora and got a fat rate for it, he couldn’t git no return freight, and so he warn’t making no great things out of his trip. So the dervish starts along again, and says:

‘All right, if you want to take the risk; but I reckon you’ve made a mistake this time, and missed a chance.’

Of course the camel driver wanted to know what kind of a chance he had missed, because maybe there was money in it; so he run after the

dervish and begged him so hard and earnest to take pity on him, and tell him, that at last the dervish give in and says :

‘Do you see that hill yonder? Well, in that hill is all the treasures of the earth, and I was looking around for a man with a particular good kind heart and a noble generous disposition, because if I could find just that man, I’ve got a kind of a salve I could put on his eyes and he could see the treasures and get them out.’

So then the camel driver was in a sweat; and he cried and begged, and took on, and went down on his knees, and said he was just that kind of a man, and said he could fetch a thousand people that would say he wasn’t ever described so exact before.

‘Well, then,’ says the dervish, ‘all right. If we load the hundred camels, can I have half of them?’

The driver was so glad he couldn’t hardly hold in, and says :

‘Now you’re shouting.’

So he shook hands on the bargain, and the der-

vish got out his box and rubbed the salve on the driver's right eye, and the hill opened and he went in, and there, sure enough, was piles and piles of gold and jewels sparkling like all the stars in heaven had fell down.

So him and the dervish laid into it, and they loaded every camel till he couldn't carry no more; then they said good-bye, and each of them started off with his fifty. But pretty soon the camel driver came a-running and overtook the dervish and says:

'You ain't in society, you know, and you don't really need all you've got. Won't you be good, and let me have ten of your camels?'

'Well,' the dervish says, 'I don't know but what you say is reasonable enough.'

So he done it, and they separated and the dervish started off again with his forty. But pretty soon here comes the camel driver bawling after him again, and whines and slobbers around and begs another ten off of him, saying thirty camel loads of treasures was enough to see a dervish through, because they live very simple, you know,



THE CAMEL DRIVER IN THE TREASURE CAVE

and don't keep house, but board around and give their note.

But that warn't the end, yet. That ornery hound kept coming and coming till he had begged back all the camels and had the whole hundred. Then he was satisfied, and ever so grateful, and said he wouldn't ever forgit the dervish as long as he lived, and nobody hadn't ever been so kind to him before, and liberal. So they shook hands good-bye, and separated and started off again.

But do you know, it warn't ten minutes till the camel driver was unsatisfied again—he was the low-downest reptyle in seven counties—and he come a-running again. And this time the thing he wanted was to get the dervish to rub some of the salve on his other eye.

‘Why?’ said the dervish.

‘Oh, you know,’ says the driver.

‘Know what?’ says the dervish.

‘Well, you can't fool me,’ says the driver. ‘You're trying to keep back something from me—you know it mighty well. You know, I reckon, that if I had the salve on the other eye I could see

a lot more things that's valuable. Come—please put it on.'

The dervish says :

'I wasn't keeping anything back from you. I don't mind telling you what would happen if I put it on. You'd never see again. You'd be stone blind the rest of your days.'

But do you know that beat wouldn't believe him. No; he begged and begged, and whined and cried, till at last the dervish opened his box and told him to put it on if he wanted to. So the man done it, and sure enough he was as blind as a bat in a minute.

Then the dervish laughed at him and mocked at him and made fun of him, and says :

'Good-bye—a man that's blind hain't got no use for jewellery.'

And he cleared out with the hundred camels, and left that man to wander around poor and miserable and friendless the rest of his days in the Desert.

Jim said he'd bet it was a lesson to him.

'Yes,' Tom says, 'and like a considerable many

lessons a body gets. They ain't no account, because the thing don't ever happen the same way again—and can't. The time Hen Scovil fell down the chimblly and crippled his back for life, everybody said it would be a lesson to him. What kind of a lesson? How was he going to use it? He couldn't climb chimblies no more, and he hadn't no more backs to break.'

'All de same, Mars Tom, dey *is* sich a thing as learnin' by expe'ence. De Good Book say de burnt chile shun de fire.'

'Well, I ain't denying that a thing's a lesson if it's a thing that can happen twice just the same way. There's lots of such things, and *they* educate a person—that's what uncle Abner always said; but there's forty *million* lots of the other kind—the kind that don't happen the same way twice—and they ain't no real use: they ain't no more instructive than the small-pox. When you've got it it ain't no good to find out you ought to been vaccinated, and it ain't no good to get vaccinated afterwards, because the small-pox don't come but once. But on the other hand uncle Abner said that the person that had took

a bull by the tail once had learnt sixty or seventy times as much as a person that hadn't, and said a person that started in to carry a cat home by the tail was gitting knowledge that was always going to be useful to him, and warn't ever going to grow dim or doubtful. But I can tell you, Jim, uncle Abner was down on them people that's all the time trying to dig a lesson out of everything that happens, no matter whether——'

But Jim was asleep. Tom looked kind of ashamed, because, you know, a person always feels bad when he is talking uncommon fine and thinks the other person is admiring, and that other person goes to sleep that way. Of course he oughtn't to go to sleep, because it's shabby; but the finer a person talks the certainer it is to make you sleep, and so, when you come to look at it, it ain't nobody's fault in particular—both of them's to blame.

Jim begun to snore—soft and blubbery, at first then a long rasp, then a stronger one, then a half-a-dozen horrible ones like the last water sucking down the plug-hole of a bath-tub, then the same with more power to it, and some big coughs and

snorts flung in, the way a cow does that is choking to death; and when the person has got to that point he is at his level best, and can wake up a man that is in the next block with a dipper full of loddanum in him, but can't wake himself up although all that awful noise of his'n ain't but three inches from his own ears. And that is the curiosest thing in the world, seems to me. But you rake a match to light the candle, and that little bit of a noise will fetch him. I wish I knowed what was the reason of that, but there don't seem to be no way to find out. Now, there was Jim alarming the whole Desert, and yanking the animals out, for miles and miles around, to see what in the nation was going on up there; there warn't nobody nor nothing that was as close to the noise as *he* was, and yet he was the only cretur that wasn't disturbed by it. We yelled at him and whooped at him—it never done no good; but the first time there came a little wee noise that wasn't of a usual kind it woke him up. No, sir; I've thought it all over, and so has Tom, and there ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore.

Jim said he hadn't been asleep : he just shut his eyes so he could listen better.

Tom said nobody warn't accusing him.

That made him look like he wished he hadn't said anything. And he wanted to git away from the subject, I reckon, because he begun to abuse the camel driver, just the way a person does when he has got catched in something and wants to take it out of somebody else. He let into the camel driver the hardest he knowed how, and I had to agree with him ; and he praised up the dervish the highest he could, and I had to agree with him there, too. But Tom says :

' I ain't so sure. You call that dervish so dreadful liberal and good and unselfish, but I don't quite see it. He didn't hunt up another poor dervish, did he? No, he didn't. If he was so unselfish, why didn't he go in there himself and take a pocketful of jewels and go along and be satisfied? No, sir ; the person he was hunting for was a man with a hundred camels. He wanted to get away with all the treasure he could '

‘Why, Mars Tom, he was willin’ to divide, fair and square; he only struck for fifty camels.’

‘Because he knowed how he was going to get all of them by and by.’

‘Mars Tom, he *tole* de man de truck would make him bline.’

‘Yes, because he knowed the man’s character. It was just the kind of a man he was hunting for—a man that never believes in anybody’s word or anybody’s honourableness, because he ain’t got none of his own. I reckon there’s lots of people like that dervish. They swindle right and left, but they always make the other person *seem* to swindle himself. They keep inside of the letter of the law all the time, and there ain’t no way to git hold of them. *They* don’t put the salve on—oh, no; that would be sin—but they know how to fool *you* into putting it on, then it’s you that blinds yourself. I reckon the dervish and the camel driver was just a pair—a fine, smart, brainy rascal, and a dull, coarse, ignorant one, but both of them rascals, just the same.’

‘Mars Tom, does you reckon dey’s any o’ dat kind o’ salve in de worl’ now?’

‘Yes, uncle Abner says there is. He says they’ve got it in New York, and they put it on country people’s eyes and show them all the railroads in the world, and they go in and get them, and then when they rub the salve on the other eye the other man bids them good-bye and goes off with their railroads. Here’s the treasure hill now. Lower away!’

We landed, but it warn’t as interesting as I thought it was going to be, because we couldn’t find the place where they went in to git the treasure. Still, it was plenty interesting enough just to see the mere hill itself where such a wonderful thing happened. Jim said he wouldn’t ’a’ missed it for three dollars, and I felt the same way.

And to me and Jim as wonderful a thing as any was the way Tom could come into a strange big country like this and go straight and find a little hump like that and tell it in a minute from a million other humps that was almost just like it, and nothing to help him but only his own learning and his own natural smartness. We talked and talked

it over together, but couldn't make out how he done it. He had the best head on him I ever see; and all he lacked was age to make a name for himself equal to Captain Kidd or George Washington. I bet you it would 'a' crowded either of *them* to find that hill, with all their gifts, but it warn't nothing to Tom Sawyer: he went across Sahara and put his finger on it as easy as you could pick a nigger out of a bunch of angels.

We found a pond of salt water close by, and scraped up a raft of salt around the edges and loaded up the lion's skin and the tiger's so as they would keep till Jim could tan them.

CHAPTER XI

WE went a-fooling along for a day or two, and then just as the full moon was touching the ground on the other side of the Desert we see a string of little black figgers moving across its big silver face. You could see them as plain as if they was painted on the moon with ink. It was another caravan. We cooled down our speed and tagged along after it, just to have company, though it warn't going our way. It was a rattler, that caravan, and a most bully sight to look at, next morning, when the sun come a-streaming across the Desert and flung the long shadders of the camels on the gold sand like a thousand granddaddy-longlegs marching in procession. We never went very near it, because we knowed better, now, than to act like that and scare people's camels and break up their caravans. It was the gayest outfit you ever see for rich clothes

and nobby style. Some of the chiefs rode on dromedaries—the first we ever see, and very tall, and they go plunging along like they was on stilts, and they rock the man that is on them pretty violent, and churn up his dinner considerable, I bet you; but they make noble good time, and a camel ain't nowheres with them for speed.

The caravan camped during the middle part of the day, and then started again about the middle of the afternoon. Before long the sun begun to look very curious. First it kind of turned to brass, and then to copper, and after that it begun to look like a blood-red ball, and the air got hot and close, and pretty soon all the sky in the west darkened up and looked thick and foggy, but fiery and dreadful, like it looks through a piece of red glass, you know. We looked down and see a big confusion going on in the caravan and a rushing every which way like they was scared, and then they all flopped down flat in the sand and laid there perfectly still.

Pretty soon we see something coming that stood up like an amazing wide wall, and reached from the desert up into the sky and hid the sun, and it

was coming like the nation, too. Then a little faint breeze struck us, and then it come harder, and grains of sand begun to sift against our faces and sting like fire, and Tom sung out :

‘It’s a sand-storm—turn your backs to it!’

We done it, and in another minute it was blowing a gale and the sand beat against us by the shovelful and the air was so thick with it we couldn’t see a thing. In five minutes the boat was level full and we was setting on the lockers buried up to the chin in sand, and only our heads out, and could hardly breathe.

Then the storm thinned, and we see that monstrous wall go a-sailing off across the Desert, awful to look at, I tell you. We dug ourselves out and looked down, and where the caravan was before there wasn’t anything but just the sand ocean now, and all still and quiet. All them people and camels was smothered and dead and buried—buried under ten foot of sand, we reckoned—and Tom allowed it might be years before the wind uncovered them, and all that time their friends wouldn’t ever know what become of that caravan. Tom said :

‘*Now* we know what it was that happened to the people we got the swords and pistols from.’

Yes, sir, that was just it. It was as plain as day now. They got buried in a sand-storm, and the wild animals couldn’t get at them, and the wind never uncovered them again till they was dried to leather and warn’t fit to eat. It seemed to me we had felt as sorry for them poor people as a person could for anybody, and as mournful too, but we was mistaken; this last caravan’s death went harder with us—a good deal harder. You see, the others was total strangers, and we never got to feeling acquainted with them at all, except, maybe, a little with the man that was watching the girl, but it was different with this last caravan. We was huvvering around them a whole night and ’most a whole day, and had got to feeling real friendly with them, and acquainted. I have found out that there ain’t no surer way to find out whether you like people or hate them than to travel with them. Just so with these. We kind of liked them from the start, and travelling with them put on the finisher. The longer we travelled with



IN THE SAND-STORM.

them, and the more we got used to their ways, the better and better we liked them and the gladder and gladder we was that we run across them. We had come to know some of them so well that we called them by name when we was talking about them, and soon got so familiar and sociable that we even dropped the Miss and the Mister and just used their plain names without any handle, and it did not seem unpolite, but just the right thing. Of course it wasn't their own names, but names we give them. There was Mr. Elexander Robinson and Miss Adaline Robinson, and Colonel Jacob McDougal, and Miss Harryet McDougal, and Judge Jeremiah Butler and Young Bushred Butler—and these was big chiefs, mostly, that wore splendid great turbans and simmeters and dressed like the Grand Mogul—and their families. But as soon as we come to know them good, and like them very much, it warn't Mister, nor Judge, nor nothing, any more, but only Elleck, and Addy, and Jake, and Hattie, and Jerry, and Buck, and so on.

And, you know, the more you join in with people

in their joys and their sorrows, the more nearer and dearer they come to be to you. Now, we warn't cold and indifferent, the way most travellers is—we was right down friendly and sociable, and took a chance in everything that was going ; and the caravan could depend on us to be on hand every time, it didn't make no difference what it was.

When they camped, we camped right over them, ten or twelve hundred foot up in the air. When they et a meal, we et ourn, and it made it ever so much homeliker to have their company. When they had a wedding, that night, and Buck and Addy got married, we got ourselves up in the very starchiest of the professor's duds for the blow-out ; and when they danced we j'ined in and shook a foot up there.

But it is sorrow and trouble that brings you the nearest, and it was a funeral that done it with us. It was next morning, just in the still dawn. We didn't know the diseased, and he warn't in our set, but that never made no difference—he belonged to the caravan, and that was enough ; and there warn't no more sincerer tears shed over him than the



'WHEN THEY DANCED WE J'INED IN AND SHOOK A FOOT UP THERE'

ones we dripped on him from up there eleven hundred feet on high.

Yes, parting with this caravan was much more bitterer than it was to part with them others, which was comparative strangers, and been dead so long, anyway. We had knowed these in their lives, and was fond of them, too, and now to have death snatch them from right before our faces whilst we was looking, and leave us so lonesome and friendless in the middle of that big Desert, it did hurt so, and we wished we mightn't ever make any more friends on that voyage if we was going to lose them again like that.

We couldn't keep from talking about them, and they was all the time coming up in our memory, and looking just the way they looked when we was all alive and happy together. We could see the line marching, and the shiny spearheads a-winking in the sun, we could see the dromedaries lumbering along, we could see the wedding and the funeral, and more oftener than anything else we could see them praying, because they don't allow nothing to prevent that : whenever the call came, several times

a day, they would stop right there, and stand up and face the east and lift back their heads, and spread out their arms and begin, and four or five times they would go down on their knees, and then fall forwards and touch their forehead to the ground.

Well, it warn't good to go on talking about them, lovely as they was in their life, and dear to us in their life and death both, because it didn't do no good, and made us too down-hearted. Jim allowed he was going to live as good a life as he could, so he could see them again in a better world; and Tom kept still and didn't tell him they was only Mohammedans—it warn't no use to disappoint him, he was feeling bad enough just as it was.

When we woke up next morning we was feeling a little cheerfuller, and had had a most powerful good sleep, because sand is the comfortablest bed there is, and I don't see why people that can afford it don't have' it more. And it's terrible good ballast, too; I never see the balloon so steady before.

Tom allowed we had twenty tons of it, and



THE WEDDING PROCESSION

wondered what we better do with it ; it was good sand, and it didn't seem good sense to throw it away. Jim says :

'Mars Tom, can't we tote it back home en sell it? How long'll it take?'

'Depends on the way we go.'

'Well, sah, she's wuth a quarter of a dollar a load at home, en I reckon we's got as much as twenty loads, hain't we? How much would dat be?'

'Five dollars.'

'By jings, Mars Tom, le's shove for home right on de spot! Hit's more'n a dollar en a half apiece, hain't it?'

'Yes.'

'Well, ef dat ain't makin' money de easiest ever *I* struck! She jes' rained in—never cos' us a lick o' work. Le's mosey right along, Mars Tom.'

But Tom was thinking and ciphering away so busy and excited he never heard him. Pretty soon he says :

'Five dollars—sho! Look here, this sand's worth—worth—why, it's worth no end of money.'

‘How is dat, Mars Tom? Go on, honey, go on!’

‘Well, the minute people knows it’s genuwyne sand from the genuwyne Desert of Sahara, they’ll just be in a perfect state of mind to git hold of some of it to keep on the whatnot in a vial with a label on it for a curiosity. All we got to do is to put it up in vials and float around all over the United States and peddle them out at ten cents apiece. We’ve got all of ten thousand dollars’ worth of sand in this boat.’

Me and Jim went all to pieces with joy, and begun to shout whoopjamboreehoo; and Tom says:

‘And we can keep on coming back and fetching sand, and coming back and fetching more sand, and just keep it a-going till we’ve carted this whole Desert over there and sold it out; and there ain’t ever going to be any opposition, either, because we’ll take out a patent.’

‘My goodness!’ I says. ‘We’ll be as rich as Creosote, won’t we, Tom?’

‘Yes—Creesus, you mean. Why, that dervish was hunting in that little hill for the treasures of

the earth, and didn't know he was walking over the real ones for a thousand miles. He was blinder than he made the driver.'

'Mars Tom, how much is we gwyne to be worth?'

'Well, I don't know yet. It's got to be ciphered, and it ain't the easiest job to do, either, because it's over four million square miles of sand at ten cents a vial.'

Jim was awful excited, but this faded it out considerable, and he shook his head and says:

'Mars Tom, we can't 'ford all dem vials—a king couldn't. We better not try to take de whole Desert, Mars Tom—de vials gwyne to bust us, sho.'

Tom's excitement died out too, now, and I reckoned it was on account of the vials, but it wasn't. He set there thinking, and got bluer and bluer, and at last he says:

'Boys, it won't work; we got to give it up.'

'Why, Tom?'

'On account of the duties.'

I couldn't make nothing out of that, neither could Jim. I says:

‘What *is* our duty, Tom? Because if we can’t git around it, why can’t we just *do* it? People often has to.’

But he says :

‘Oh, it ain’t that kind of duty. The kind I mean is a tax. Whenever you strike a frontier—that’s the border of a country, you know—you find a Custom house there, and the Gov’ment officers comes and rummages amongst your things and charges a big tax, which they call a duty, because it’s their duty to bust you if they can; and if you don’t pay the duty they’ll hog your sand. They call it confiscating, but that don’t deceive nobody—it’s just hogging, and that’s all it is. Now, if we try to carry t^{his} sand home the way we’re pointed now, we got to climb fences till we git tired—just frontier after frontier—Egypt, Arabia, Hindostan, and so on—and they’ll all whack on a duty, and so you see, easy enough, we *can’t* go *that* road.’

‘Why, Tom,’ I says, ‘we can sail right over their old frontiers; how are *they* going to stop us?’

He looked sorrowful at me, and says, very grave :

‘Huck Finn, do you think that would be honest?’

I hate them kind of interruptions. I never said nothing, and he went on :

‘Well, we’re shut off the other way, too. If we go back the way we’ve come, there’s the New York Custom house, and that is worse than all of them others put together, on account of the kind of cargo we’ve got.’

‘Why?’

‘Well, they can’t raise Sahara sand in America, of course, and when they can’t raise a thing there, the duty is fourteen hundred thousand per cent. on it if you try to fetch it in from where they do raise it.’

‘There ain’t no sense in that, Tom Sawyer.’

‘Who said there *was*? What do you talk to me like that for, Huck Finn? You wait till I say a thing’s got sense in it before you go to accusing me of saying it.’

‘All right; consider me crying about it, and sorry. Go on.’

Jim says :

‘ Mars Tom, do dey jam dat duty on to everything we can’t raise in America, en don’t make no ’stinction twix’ anything ? ’

‘ Yes, that’s what they do.’

‘ Mars Tom, ain’t de blessin’ o’ de Lord de mos’ valuable thing dey is ? ’

‘ Yes, it is.’

‘ Don’t de preacher stan’ up in de pulpit en call it down on de people ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Whah do it come from ? ’

‘ From heaven.’

‘ Yassir ! you’s jes’ right, ’deed you is, honey— it come from heaven, en dat’s a foreign country. *Now den !* do dey put a tax on dat blessin’ ? ’

‘ No, they don’t.’

‘ ‘Course dey don’t ; en so it stan’ to reason dat you’s mistaken, Mars Tom. Dey wouldn’t put de tax on po’ truck like san’, dat everybody ain’t ’bleeged to have, en leave it off’n de bes’ thing dey is, which nobody can’t git along widout.’

Tom Sawyer was stumped ; he see Jim had got him where he couldn’t budge. He tried to wiggle

out by saying they had *forgot* to put on that tax, but they'd be sure to remember about it next Session of Congress, and they'd put it on; but that was a poor lame come-off, and he knowed it. He said there warn't nothing foreign that warn't taxed but just that one, and so they couldn't be consistent without taxing it; and to be consistent was the first law of politics. So he stuck to it that they'd left it out unintentional and would be certain to do their best to fix it before they got caught and laughed at.

But I didn't feel no more interest in such things, as long as we couldn't git our sand through, and it made me low-spirited, and Jim the same. Tom he tried to cheer us up by saying he would think up another speculation for us that would be just as good as this one and better, but it didn't do no good—we didn't believe there was any as big as this. It was mighty hard; such a little while ago we was so rich, and could 'a' bought a country and started a kingdom and been celebrated and happy, and now we was so poor and ornery again, and had our sand left on our hands. The sand was looking so lovely before, just like gold and dimonds, and the

feel of it was so soft, and so silky and nice ; but now I couldn't bear the sight of it—it made me sick to look at it, and I knowed I wouldn't ever feel comfortable again till we got shut of it, and I didn't have it there no more to remind us of what we had been and what we had got degraded down to. The others was feeling the same way about it that I was. I knowed it, because they cheered up so the minute I says, 'Le's throw this truck over-board.'

Well, it was going to be work you know, and pretty solid work, too ; so Tom he divided it up according to fairness and strength. He said me and him would clear out a fifth apiece of the sand, and Jim three-fifths. Jim he didn't quite like that arrangement. He says :

'Course I's de stronges', en I's willin' to do a share accordin' ; but by jings you's kinder pilin' it on to ole Jim, Mars Tom, hain't you ?'

'Well, I didn't think so, Jim, but you try your hand at fixing it, and let's see.'

So Jim he reckoned it wouldn't be no more than fair if me and Tom done a *tenth* apiece.

Tom he turned his back to git room and be private, and then he smole a smile that spread around and covered the whole Sahara to the westward, back to the Atlantic edge of it where we come from. Then he turned around again and said it was a good enough arrangement, and we was satisfied if Jim was. Jim said he was.

So then Tom measured off our two tenths in the bow and left the rest for Jim, and it surprised Jim a good deal to see how much difference there was and what a raging lot of sand his share come to, and said he was powerful glad, now, that he had spoke up in time and got the first arrangement altered; for he said that even the way it was now there was more sand than enjoyment in his end of the contract, he believed.

Then we laid into it. It was mighty hot work, and tough; so hot we had to move up into cooler weather or we couldn't 'a' stood it. Me and Tom took turn about, and one worked while t'other rested; but there warn't nobody to spell poor old Jim, and he made all that part of Africa damp, he sweated so. We couldn't work good, we was so

full of laugh, and Jim he kept fretting and wanting to know what tickled us so, and we had to keep making up things to account for it, and they was pretty poor inventions, but they done well enough— Jim didn't see through them. At last when we got done we was 'most dead; but not with work, but with laughing. By and by Jim was 'most dead too, but it was with work; then we took turns and spelled him, and he was as thankful as he could be, and would set on the gunnel and swab the sweat, and heave and pant, and say how good we was to a poor old nigger, and he wouldn't ever forgit us. He was always the gratefulest nigger I ever see for any little thing you done for him. He was only nigger outside; inside he was as white as you be.

CHAPTER XII

THE next few meals was pretty sandy, but that don't make no difference when you are hungry; and when you ain't it ain't no satisfaction to eat, anyway, and so a little grit in the meat ain't no particular drawback, as far as I can see.

Then we struck the east end of the Desert at last, sailing on a north-east course. Away off on the edge of the sand, in a soft pinky light, we see three little sharp roofs like tents, and Tom says:

'It's the Pyramids of Egypt.'

It made my heart fairly jump. You see, I had seen a many and a many a picture of them, and heard tell about them a hundred times, and yet to come on them all of a sudden, that way, and find they was *real*, 'stead of imaginations, 'most knocked the breath out of me with surprise. It's a curious thing that the more you hear about a grand and

big and bully thing or person, the more it kind of dreamies out, as you may say, and gets to be a big dim wavery figger made out of moonshine and nothing solid to it. It's just so with George Washington, and the same with them Pyramids.

And moreover, besides, the things they always said about them seemed to me to be stretchers. There was a feller come to the Sunday school once, and had a picture of them, and made a speech, and said the biggest Pyramid covered thirteen acres, and was 'most five hundred foot high, just a steep mountain, all built out of hunks of stone as big as a bureau, and laid up in perfectly regular layers, like stair-steps. Thirteen acres, you see, for just one building; it's a farm. If it hadn't been in Sunday school, I would 'a' judged it was a lie; and outside I was certain of it. And he said there was a hole in the Pyramid, and you could go in there with candles, and go ever so far up a long, slanting tunnel, and come to a large room in the stomach of that stone mountain, and there you would find a big stone chest with a king in it four thousand years old. I said to myself then, if that ain't a lie

I will eat that king if they will fetch him, for even Methusalem warn't that old, and nobody claims it.

As we come a little nearer we see the yaller sand come to an end in a long straight edge like a blanket, and on to it was joined, edge to edge, a wide country of bright green, with a snaky stripe crooking through it, and Tom said it was the Nile. It made my heart jump again, for the Nile was another thing that wasn't real to me. Now, I can tell you one thing which is dead certain: if you will fool along over three thousand miles of yaller sand, all glimmering with heat so that it makes your eyes water to look at it, and you've been a considerable part of a week doing it, the green country will look so like home and heaven to you that it will make your eyes water *again*. It was just so with me, and the same with Jim.

And when Jim got so he could believe it *was* the land of Egypt he was looking at, he wouldn't enter it standing up, but got down on his knees and took off his hat, because he said it wasn't fitten for a humble poor nigger to come any other way where such men had been as Moses and Joseph and

Pharaoh and the other prophets. He was a Presbyterian, and had a most deep respect for Moses, which was a Presbyterian too, he said. He was all stirred up and says :

‘Hit’s de lan’ of Egypt, de lan’ of Egypt, en I’s ’lowed to look at it wid my own eyes. En dah’s de river dat was turn’ to blood, en I’s lookin’ at de very same groun’ whah de plagues was, en de lice, en de frogs, en de locus’, en de hail, en whah dey marked de door-pos’, en de angel o’ de Lord come by in de darkness o’ de night en slew de fust-born in all de lan’ of Egypt.’ Ole Jim ain’t worthy to see dis day.’

And then he just broke down and cried, he was so thankful. So between him and Tom there was talk enough, Jim being excited because the land was so full of history—Joseph and his brethren, Moses in the bulrushes, Jacob coming down into Egypt to buy corn, the silver cup in the sack, and all them interesting things ; and Tom just as excited too, because the land was so full of history that was in *his* line, about Nouredin, and Bedreddin, and such like monstrous giants, that made Jim’s wool rise,

and a raft of other 'Arabian Nights' folks, which the half of them never done the things they let on they done, I don't believe.

Then we struck a disappointment, for one of them early-morning fogs started up, and it warn't no use to sail over the top of it, because we would go by Egypt, sure, so we judged it was best to set her by compass straight for the place where the Pyramids was gitting blurred and blotted out, and then drop low and skin along pretty close to the ground and keep a sharp look-out. Tom took the hellum, I stood by to let go the anchor, and Jim he straddled the bow to dig through the fog with his eyes and watch out for danger ahead. We went along a steady gait, but not very fast, and the fog got solider and solider, so solid that Jim looked dim and ragged and smoky through it. It was awful still, and we talked low and was anxious. Now and then Jim would say :

'Highst her a p'int, Mars Tom, highst her!' and up she would skip a foot or two, and we would slide right over a flat-roofed mud cabin, with people that had been asleep on it just beginning to turn

out and gap stretch ; and once when a feller was clear up on his hind legs so he could gap and stretch better, we took him a blip in the back and knocked him off. By and by, after about an hour, and everything dead still, and we a-straining our ears for sounds and holding our breath, the fog thinned a little very sudden, and Jim sung out in an awful scare :

‘ Oh, for de lan’s sake, set her back, Mars Tom, here’s de biggest giant outen de ‘ Rabian Nights ’ a comin’ for us ! ’ and he went over backwards in the boat.

Tom slammed on the back-action, and as we slowed to a standstill, a man’s face as big as our house at home looked in over the gunnel, same as a house looks out of its windows, and I laid down and died. I must ‘ a ’ been clear dead and gone for as much as a minute or more ; then I come to, and Tom had hitched a boat-hook on to the lower lip of the giant and was holding the balloon steady with it whilst he canted his head back and got a good long look up at that awful face.

Jim was on his knees with his hands clasped,

gazing up at the thing in a begging way, and working his lips but not getting anything out. I took only just a glimpse, and was fading out again, but Tom says :

‘ He ain’t alive, you fools ; it’s the Sphinx ! ’

I never see Tom look so little and like a fly ; but that was because the giant’s head was so big and awful. Awful ! yes, so it was, but not dreadful any more, because you could see it was a noble face, and kind of sad, and not thinking about you, but about other things and larger. It was stone—reddish stone—and its nose and ears battered, and that give it an abused look, and you felt sorrier for it for that.

We stood off a piece, and sailed around it and over it, and it was just grand. It was a man’s head, or maybe a woman’s, on a tiger’s body a hundred and twenty-five foot long, and there was a dear little temple between its front paws. All but the head used to be under the sand for hundreds of years, maybe thousands ; but they had just lately dug the sand away and found that little temple. It took a power of sand to bury that cretur ;

'most as much as it would to bury a steamboat, I reckon.

We landed Jim on top of the head, with an American flag to protect him, it being a foreign land; then we sailed off to this and that and t'other distance, to get what Tom called effects and perspectives and proportions, and Jim he done the best he could, striking all the different kinds of attitudes and positions he could study up, but standing on his head and working his legs the way a frog does was the best. The further we got away, the littler Jim got, and the grander the Sphynx got, till at last it was only a clothes-pin on a dome, as you might say. That's the way perspective brings out the correct proportions, Tom said; he said Jul'us Cæsar's niggers didn't know how big he was, they was too close to him.

Then we sailed off further and further, till we couldn't see Jim at all any more, and then that great figger was at its noblest, a-gazing out over the Nile valley so still and solemn and lonesome, and all the little shabby huts and things that was scattered about it clean disappeared and gone, and

nothing around it now but a soft wide spread of yaller velvet, which was the sand.

That was the right place to stop, and we done it. We set there a-looking and a-thinking for a half an hour, nobody a-saying anything, for it made us feel quiet and kind of solemn to remember it had been looking over that valley just that same way, and thinking its awful thoughts all to itself for thousands of years, and nobody can't find out what they are to this day.

At last I took up the glass and see some little black things a-capering around on that velvet carpet, and some more a-climbing up the cretur's back, and then I see two or three wee puffs of white smoke, and told Tom to look. He done it, and says :

'They're bugs. No—hold on; they—why, I believe they're men. Yes, it's men—men and horses, both. They're hauling a long ladder up on to the Sphynx's back—now, ain't that odd? And now they're trying to lean it up a—— There's some more puffs of smoke—it's guns! Huck, they're after Jim!'

We clapped on the power, and went for them



DAN BEAN
1875

'JIM HAD BEEN STANDING A SIEGE A LONG TIME'

a-b'iling. We was there in no time, and come a-whizzing down amongst them, and they broke and scattered every which way, and some that was climbing the ladder after Jim let go all holts and fell. We soared up and found him laying on top of the head panting and most tuckered out, partly from howling for help and partly from scare. He had been standing a siege a long time—a week, *he* said, but it warn't so, it only just seemed so to him because they was crowding him so. They had shot at him, and rained the bullets all around him, but he warn't hit; and when they found he wouldn't stand up and the bullets couldn't git at him when he was laying down, they went for the ladder, and then he knowed it was all up with him if we didn't come pretty quick. Tom was very indignant, and asked him why he didn't show the flag and command them to *git*, in the name of the United States. Jim said he done it, but they never paid no attention. Tom said he would have this thing looked into at Washington, and says :

‘ You'll see that they'll have to apologise for insulting the flag, and pay an indemnity, too, on top of it, even if they git off *that* easy.’



“THEY’LL HAVE TO APOLOGISE AND PAY AN INDEMNITY, TOO,” SAID TOM.

Jim says :

‘ What’s an indemnity, Mars Tom ? ’

‘ It’s cash - that’s what it is.’

‘ Who gits it, Mars Tom ? ’

‘ Why *we* do.’

‘ En who gits de apology ? ’

‘ The United States. Or we can take whichever we please. We can take the apology, if we want to, and let the Gov’ment take the money.’

‘ How much money will it be, Mars Tom ? ’

‘ Well, in an aggravated case like this one it will be at least three dollars apiece, and I don’t know but more.’

‘ Well, den, we’ll take de money, Mars Tom—blame de ’pology! Hain’t dat yo’ notion too? En hain’t it yourn, Huck ? ’

We talked it over a little and allowed that that was as good a way as any, so we agreed to take the money. It was a new business to me, and I asked Tom if countries always apologised when they had done wrong, and he says :

‘ Yes ; the little ones does.’

We was sailing around examining the Pyramids,

you know, and now we soared up and roosted on the flat top of the biggest one, and found it was just like what the man said in the Sunday school. It was like four pairs of stairs that starts broad at the bottom and slants up and comes together in a point at the top, only these stair-steps couldn't be climb the way you climb other stairs ; no, for each step was as high as your chin, and you have to be boosted up from behind. The two other Pyramids warn't far away, and the people moving about on the sand between looked like bugs crawling, we was so high above them.

Tom he couldn't hold himself, he was so worked up with gladness and astonishment to be in such a celebrated place, and he just dripped history from every pore, seemed to me. He said he couldn't scarcely believe he was standing on the very identical spot the prince flew from on the bronze horse. It was in the ' Arabian Night ' times, he said. Somebody give the prince a bronze horse with a peg in its shoulder, and he could git on him and fly through the air like a bird, and go all over the world, and steer it by turning the peg, and fly high or low and land wherever he wanted to.

When he got done telling it there was one of them uncomfortable silences that comes, you know, when a person has been telling a whopper and you feel sorry for him and wish you could think of some way to change the subject and let him down easy, but git stuck and don't see no way, and before you can pull your mind together and *do* something, that silence has got in and spread itself and done the business. I was embarrassed, Jim he was embarrassed, and neither of us couldn't say a word. Well, Tom he glowered at me a minute, and says :

'Come, out with it. What do you think?'

I says :

'Tom Sawyer, *you* don't believe that yourself.'

'What's the reason I don't? What's to hender me?'

'There's one thing to hender you : it couldn't happen, that's all.'

'What's the reason it couldn't happen?'

'You tell me the reason it *could* happen.'

'This balloon is a good enough reason it could happen, I should reckon.'

'*Why* is it?'

‘*Why* is it? I never saw such an idiot. Ain’t this balloon and the bronze horse the same thing under different names?’

‘No, they’re not. One is a balloon and the other’s a horse. It’s very different. Next you’ll be saying a house and a cow is the same thing.’

‘By Jackson, Huck’s got him ag’in! Dey ain’t no wigglin’ outer dat!’

‘Shut your head, Jim; you don’t know what you’re talking about. And Huck don’t. Look here, Huck, I’ll make it plain to you, so you can understand. You see, it ain’t the mere *form* that’s got anything to do with their being similar or unsimilar, it’s the *principle* involved; and the principle is the same in both. Don’t you see now?’

I turned it over in my mind, and says:

‘Tom, it ain’t no use. Principles is all very well, but they don’t git around that one big fact, that the thing that a balloon can do ain’t no sort of proof of what a horse can do.’

‘Shucks, Huck! you don’t get the idea at all. Now, look here a minute—it’s perfectly plain. Don’t we fly through the air?’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Very well. Don’t we fly high or fly low, just as we please ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Don’t we steer whichever way we want to ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ And don’t we land when and where we please ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ How do we move the balloon and steer it ? ’

‘ By touching the buttons.’

‘ *Now* I reckon the thing is clear to you at last. In the other case the moving and steering was done by turning a peg. We touch a button, the prince turned a peg. There ain’t an atom of difference, you see. I knowed I could git it through your head if I stuck to it long enough.’

He felt so happy he begun to whistle. But me and Jim was silent, so he broke off surprised, and says :

‘ Looky here, Huck Finn, don’t you see it *yet* ? ’

I says :

‘ Tom Sawyer, I want to ask you some questions.’

‘Go ahead,’ he says, and I see Jim chirk up to listen.

‘As I understand it, the whole thing is in the buttons and the peg—the rest ain’t of no consequence. A button is one shape, a peg is another shape, but that ain’t any matter.’

‘No, that ain’t any matter as long as they’ve both got the same power.’

‘All right, then. What is the power that’s in a candle and in a match?’

‘It’s the fire.’

‘It’s the same in both, then?’

‘Yes, just the same in both.’

‘All right. Suppose I set fire to a carpenter shop with a match, what will happen to that carpenter shop?’

‘She’ll burn up.’

‘And suppose I set fire to this Pyramid with a candle—will she burn up?’

‘Of course she won’t.’

‘All right. Now, the fire’s the same, both times. *Why* does the shop burn, and the Pyramid don’t?’

‘Because the Pyramid *can’t* burn.’

‘Aha! and a horse can’t fly!’

‘My lan’, ef Huck ain’t got him ag’in! Huck’s landed him high en dry dis time, *I* tell you! Hit’s de smartes’ trap I ever see a body walk inter—en ef I —’

But Jim was so full of laugh he got to strangling and couldn’t go on, and Tom was that mad to see how neat I had floored him, and turned his own argument ag’in him and knocked him all to rags and flinders with it, that all he could manage to say was that whenever he heard me and Jim try to argue it made him ashamed of the human race. I never said nothing—I was feeling pretty well satisfied. When I have got the best of a person that way, it ain’t my way to go around crowing about it the way some people does, for I consider that if I was in his place I wouldn’t wish him to crow over me. It’s better to be generous, that’s what I think.

CHAPTER XIII

By and by we left Jim to float around up there in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and we clumb down to the hole where you go into the tunnel, and went in with some Arabs and candles, and away in there in the middle of the Pyramids we found a room and a big stone box in it where they used to keep that king, just as the man in the Sunday school said ; but he was gone now—somebody had got him. But I didn't take no interest in the place, because there could be ghosts there, of course ; not fresh ones, but I don't like no kind.

So then we come out and got some little donkeys and rode a piece, and then went in a boat another piece, and then more donkeys, and got to Cairo ; and all the way the road was as smooth and beautiful a road as ever I see, and had tall date pams on both sides, and naked children everywhere, and

the men was as red as copper, and fine and strong and handsome. And the city was a curiosity. Such narrow streets—why, they were just lanes, and crowded with people with turbans, and women with veils, and everybody rigged out in blazing bright clothes and all sorts of colours, and you wondered how the camels and the people got by each other in such narrow little cracks, but they done it—a perfect jam, you see, and everybody noisy. The stores warn't big enough to turn around in, but you didn't have to go in; the store-keeper sat tailor fashion on his counter, smoking his snaky long pipe, and had his things where he could reach them to sell, and he was just as good as in the street, for the camel-loads brushed him as they went by.

Now and then a grand person flew by in a carriage with fancy dressed men running and yelling in front of it and whacking anybody with a long rod that didn't get out of the way. And by and by along comes the Sultan riding horseback at the head of a procession, and fairly took your breath away his clothes was so splendid; and everybody

fell flat and laid on his stomach while he went by. I forgot, but a feller helped me remember. He was one that had a rod and run in front.

There was churches, but they don't know enough to keep Sunday—they keep Friday and break the Sabbath. You have to take off your shoes when you go in. There was crowds of men and boys in the church, setting in groups on the stone floor and making no end of noise—getting their lessons by heart, Tom said, out of the Koran, which they think is a Bible, and people that knows better knows enough to not let on. I never see such a big church in my life before, and most awful high it was; it made you dizzy to look up. Our village church at home ain't a circumstance to it; if you was to put it in there, people would think it was a dry-goods box.

What I wanted to see was a dervish, because I was interested in dervishes on account of the one that played the trick on the camel driver. So we found a lot in a kind of a church, and they called themselves Whirling Dervishes; and they did whirl, too—I never see anything like it. They had tall

sugar-loaf hats on, and linen petticoats ; and they spun and spun and spun, round and round like tops, and the petticoats stood out on a slant, and it was the prettiest thing I ever see, and made me drunk to look at it. They was all Moslems, Tom said, and when I asked him what a Moslem was, he said it was a person that wasn't a Presbyterian. So there is plenty of them in Missouri, though I didn't know it before.

We didn't see half there was to see in Cairo, because Tom was in such a sweat to hunt out places that was celebrated in history. We had a most tiresome time to find the granary where Joseph stored up the grain before the famine, and when we found it it warn't worth much to look at, being such an old tumble-down wreck ; but Tom was satisfied, and made more fuss over it than I would make if I stuck a nail in my foot. How he ever found that place was too many for me. We passed as much as forty just like it before we came to it, and any of them would 'a' done for me, but none but just the right one would suit him. I never see anybody so particular as Tom Sawyer. The minute he struck

the right one he recognised it as easy as I would recognise my other shirt if I had one, but how he done it he couldn't any more tell than he could fly ; he said so himself.

Then we hunted a long time for the house where the boy lived that learned the Cadi how to try the case of the old olives and the new ones, and said it was out of the 'Arabian Nights,' and he would tell me and Jim about it when he got time. Well, we hunted and hunted till I was ready to drop, and I wanted Tom to give it up and come next day and git somebody that knowed the town and could talk Missourian and could go straight to the place ; but no—he wanted to find it himself, and nothing else would answer. So on we went. Then at last the remarkablest thing happened I ever see. The house was gone—gone hundreds of years ago—every last rag of it gone but just one mud brick. Now, a person wouldn't ever believe that a backwoods Missouri boy that hadn't ever been in that town before could go and hunt that place over and find that brick, but Tom Sawyer done it. I know he done it, because I see him do it. I was right by his very side at the

time, and see him see the brick and see him recon-
nise it. Well, I says to myself, how *does* he do it?
Is it knowledge, or is it instink?

Now, there's the facts, just as they happened; let everybody explain it their own way. I've ciphered over it a good deal, and it's my opinion that some of it is knowledge but the main bulk of it is instink. The reason is this. Tom put the brick in his pocket to give to a museum with his name on it and the facts when he went home, and I slipped it out and put another brick considerable like it in its place, and he didn't know the difference—but there was a difference, you see. I think that settles it—it's mostly instink, not knowledge. Instink tells him where the exact place is for the brick to be in, and so he reconnises it by the place it's in, not by the look of the brick. If it was knowledge, not instink, he would know the brick again by the look of it the next time he seen it—which he didn't. Sò it shows that for all the brag you hear about knowledge being such a wonderful thing, instink is worth forty of it for real unerringness. Jim says the same.

When we got back Jim dropped down and took us in, and there was a young man there with a red skull cap and tassel on, and a beautiful blue silk jacket and baggy trousers with a shawl around his waist and pistols in it, that could talk English and wanted to hire to us as guide and take us to Mecca and Medina and Central Africa and everywheres for a half a dollar a day and his keep, and we hired him and left, and piled on the power, and by the time we was through dinner we was over the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea when Pharaoh tried to overtake them and was caught by the waters. We stopped then, and had a good look at the place, and it done Jim good to see it. He said he could see it all now, just the way it happened ; he could see the Israelites walking along between the walls of water, and the Egyptians coming from away off yonder, hurrying all they could, and see them start in as the Israelites went out, and then, when they was all in, see the walls tumble together and drown the last man of them. Then we piled on the power again, and rushed away and huvvered over Mount Sinai, and

saw the place where Moses broke the tables of stone, and where the children of Israel camped in the plain and worshipped the golden calf; and it was all just as interesting as could be, and the guide knowed every place as well as I know the village at home.

But we had an accident, now, and it fetched all the plans to a standstill. Tom's old onery corn-cob had got so old and swelled and warped that she couldn't hold together any longer, notwithstanding the strings and bandages, but caved in and went to pieces. Tom he didn't know *what* to do. The professor's pipe wouldn't answer—it warn't anything but a mershum, and a person that's got used to a cob pipe knows it lays a long ways over all the other pipes in this world, and you can't git him to smoke any other. He wouldn't take mine, I couldn't persuade him. So there he was.

He thought it over, and said we must scour around and see if we could roust out one in Egypt or Arabia or around in some of these countries; but the guide said no, it warn't no use—they didn't have them. So Tom was pretty glum for a little while,

then he chirked up and said he'd got the idea and knowed what to do. He says :

'I've got another corn-cob pipe, and it's a prime one too, and nearly new. It's laying on the rafter that's right over the kitchen stove at home in the village. Jim, you and the guide will go and git it, and me and Huck will camp here on Mount Sinai till you come back.'

'But, Mars Tom, we couldn't ever find de village. I could find de pipe, 'caze I knows de kitchen, but my lan'! *we* can't ever find de village, nur Sent Louis, nur none o' dem places. We don't know de way, Mars Tom.'

That was a fact, and it stumped Tom for a minute. Then he said :

'Looky here, it can be done, sure ; and I'll tell you how. You set your compass and sail west as straight as a dart, till you find the United States. It ain't any trouble, because it's the first land you'll strike the other side of the Atlantic. If it's day-time when you strike it, bulge right on, straight west from the upper part of the Florida coast, and in an hour and three-quarters you'll hit the mouth

of the Mississippi—at the speed that I’m going to send you. You’ll be so high up in the air that the earth will be curved considerable—sorter like a washbowl turned upside down—and you’ll see a raft of rivers crawling around every which way, long before you get there, and you can pick out the Mississippi without any trouble. Then you can follow the river north nearly an hour and three-quarters, till you see the Ohio come in; then you want to look sharp, because you’re getting near. Away up to your left you’ll see another thread coming in—that’s the Missouri, and is a little above St. Louis. You’ll come down low then, so as you can examine the villages as you spin along. You’ll pass about twenty-five in the next fifteen minutes, and you’ll recognise ours when you see it—and if you don’t you can yell down and ask.’

‘Ef it’s dat easy, Mars Tom, I reckon we kin do it; yassir, I knows we kin.’

The guide was sure of it too, and thought that he could learn to stand his watch in a little while.

‘Jim can learn you the whole thing in a half

an hour,' Tom said. 'This balloon's as easy to manage as a canoe.'

Tom got out the chart and marked out the course and measured it, and says :

'To go back west is the shortest way, you see. It's only about 7,000 miles. If you went east, and so on around, it's over twice as far.' Then he says to the guide : 'I want you both to watch the tell-tale all through the watches, and whenever it don't mark 300 miles an hour, you go higher or drop lower till you find a storm-current that's going your way. There's 100 miles an hour in this old thing without any wind to help. There's 200-mile gales to be found, any time you want to hunt for them.'

'We'll hunt for them, sir.'

'See that you do. Sometimes you may have to go up a couple of miles, and it'll be p'ison cold, but most of the time you'll find your storm a good deal lower. If you can only strike a cyclone—that's the ticket for you ! You'll see by the professor's books that they travel west in these latitudes ; and they travel low, too.'



Then he ciphered on the time, and says :

‘ Seven thousand miles, 300 miles an hour—you can make the trip in a day—twenty-four hours. This is Thursday ; you’ll be back here Saturday afternoon. Come, now, hustle out some blankets and food and books and things for me and Huck, and you can start right along. There ain’t no occasion to fool around—I want a smoke, and the quicker you fetch that pipe the better.’

All hands jumped for the things, and in eight minutes our things was out and the balloon was ready for America. So we shook hands good-bye, and Tom give his last orders :

‘ It’s ten minutes to two P.M., now, Mount Sinai time. In twenty-four hours you’ll be home, and it’ll be six to-morrow morning, village time. When you strike the village, land a little back of the top of the hill, in the woods, out of sight ; then you rush down, Jim, and shove these letters in the post office, and if you see anybody stirring, pull your slouch down over your face so they won’t know you. Then you go and slip in the back way, to the kitchen and git the pipe, and lay this piece of

paper on the kitchen table and put something on it to hold it, and then slide out and git away and don't let aunt Polly catch a sight of you, nor nobody else. Then you jump for the balloon and shove for Mount Sinai 300 miles an hour. You won't have lost more than an hour. You'll start back seven or eight A.M., village time, and be here in twenty-four hours, arriving at two or three P.M., Mount Sinai time.'

Tom he read the piece of paper to us. He wrote on it :

*'Thursday Afternoon.—Tom Sawyer the Erronort sends his love to aunt Polly from Mount Sinai, where the Ark was, and so does Huck Finn, and she will get it to-morrow morning half-past six.'*¹

'Tom Sawyer the Erronort.'

'That'll make her eyes bulge out and the tears come,' he says. Then he says :

'Stand by! One—two—three—away you go!'

And away she *did* go! why, she seemed to whiz out of sight in a second.

¹ This misplacing of the Ark is probably Huck's error, not Tom's.—M. T.



THE DEPARTURE FOR HOME. 'AND AWAY SHE DID GO.'

The first thing Tom done was to go and hunt up the place where the tables of stone was broke, and as soon as he found it he marked the place, so as we could build a monument there. Then we found a most comfortable cave that looked out over that whole big plain, and there we camped to wait for the pipe.

The balloon come back all right and brung the pipe; but aunt Polly had catched Jim when he was getting it, and anybody can guess what happened: she sent for Tom. So Jim he says:

‘Mars Tom, she’s out on de porch wid her eye sot on de sky a-layin’ for you, en she say she ain’t gwyne to budge from dah tell she gits hold of you. Dey’s gwyne to be trouble, Mars Tom—’deed dey is.’

So then we shoved for home, and not feeling very gay, neither.



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