

# ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI: AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. It give the dwelling-house and three thousand dollars, gold, to the girls; and it give the tan-yard (which was doing a good business), along with some other houses and land (worth about seven thousand) and three thousand dollars in gold to Harvey and William, and told where the six thousand cash was hid down cellar. So these two frauds said they'd go and fetch it up, and have everything square and above board, and told me to come with a candle. We shut the cellar door behind us, and when they found the bag they split it out on the floor, and it was a lovely sight, all them yaller-boys. My, the way the king's eyes did shine! He slaps the duke on the shoulder, and says:

"Oh, this ain't bully, nor nothin'! Oh, no, I reckon not! Why, Biljy, it beats the Nonesuch, don't it?"

The duke allowed it. They pawed the yaller-boys, and sifted them through their fingers and let them jingle down on the floor, and the king says:

"It ain't no use talkin'; bein' brothers to a rich dead man, and representatives of farrin heirs that's got left, is the line for you and me, Bilge."

Most everybody would 'a' been satisfied with the pile, and took it on trust; but no, they must count it. So they counts it, and it comes out four hundred and fifteen dollars short. Says the king:

"Dern him! I wonder what he done with that four hundred and fifteen dollars?"

They worried over that a while, and ransacked all around for it. Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely he made a mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. The best way's to let it go, and keep still about it. We can spare it."

"Oh, shucks, yes, we can spare it. I don't k'yer nothin' 'bout that—it's the count I'm thinking about. We want to be awful square and open and above-board, here, you know. We want to lug this h-yer money upstairs and count it before everybody—then ther' ain't nothin' suspicious. But when the dead man says ther's six thousand dollars, you know, we don't want to—"

"Hold on," says the duke. "Less make up the deficit"—and he begun to haul out yaller-boys out of his pocket.

"It's a most amaz'n' good idea, duke—you here got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a heppin' us out agin"—and he begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

It most busted them, but they made up the six thousand clean and clear.

"Say," says the duke, "I got another idea. Let's go upstairs and count this money, and then take and give it to the girls."

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most darlin' idea 'at ever a man struck. You have cert'nly got the most astonishin' head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther' ain't no mistake 'bout it. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now, if they want to—this'll lay 'em out."

When we got upstairs, everybody gathered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrows. He has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him, knows that he would 'a' done more generous by 'em if he hadn't been afraid o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, wouldn't he? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it in my mind. Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that'd stand in his way at such a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that'd rob—yes, rob—reep poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so, at such a time? If I know William—and I think I do—be—well, I'll jest ask him." He turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands;

and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed awhile, then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him about fifteen times before he let's up. Then the king says: "I knowed it; I reckon that'll convince anybody the way he feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money—take it all. It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them two frauds, saying all the time:

"You dear good souls!—how lovely!—how could you!"

Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the deceased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked him in there from outside, and stood a-listen. And le-b'ing, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. The king was saying—in the middle of something he started in on:

"—they bein' partickler friends o' the deceased. Ther's why they're invited here this evenin'; but to-morrow we want all to come—everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."

And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "Obsequies, you old fool," and holds it up and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him. The king he reads it, and puts it in his pocket, and says:

"Poor William, afflicted as he is, his heart's aluz right. Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral—wants me to make 'em all welcome. But he needn't 'a' worried—it was jest what I was 'at."

Then he weaves along again, perfectly calm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies again every now and then, just like he done before. And when he done it the third time, he says:

"I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't—obsequies bein' the common term—but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't no 2 to England no more now—it's gone out. We say orgies now in England. Orgies is better, because it means the thing yer after, more exact. It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek *orgo*, outside, open, abroad; and the Hebrew *jesum*, to plant, cover up; hence infer. So, you see, funeral orgies is an open or public funeral."

He was the worst I ever struck. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why doctor?" and Abner Shackelford says:

"Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news? This is Harvey Wilks."

The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper and says:

"Is it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician? I—"

"Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor. "You talk like an Englishman—don't you? It's the worst imitation I ever heard. You Peter Wilks's brother! You're a fraud that's what you are!"

Well, how they all took on! They crowded around the doctor, and tried to quiet him down, and tried to explain to him, and tell him how Harvey'd showed in forty ways that he was Harvey, and knowed everybody by name, and the names of the very dogs, and begged and begged him not to hurt Harvey's feelings and the poor girls' feelings, and all that; but it warn't no use, he stormed right along, and said that any man that pretended to be an Englishman and couldn't imitate the lingo no better than what he did, was a fraud and a liar. The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor up and turns on them. He says:

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your

friend; and I warn you as a friend, and an honest one, that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel, and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew as he calls it. He is the thinnest kind of an impostor—has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he has picked up somewhere, and you take them for *proofs*, and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend, and for your unselfish friend, too. Now listen to me: turn this pitiful rascal out—I beg you to do it. Will you?"

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! She says:

"Here is my answer." She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hands, and says: "Take this six thousand dollars, and invest for me and my sisters any way you want to, and don't give us no receipt for it."

Then she put her arm around the king on one side, and Susan and the hare-lip done the same on the other. Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, whilst the king held up his head and smiled proud. The doctor says:

"All right. I wash my hands of the matter. But I warn you all that a time's coming when you're going to feel sick whenever you think of this day"—and away he went.

"All right, doctor," says the king, kinder mocking him. "We'll try and get 'em to send for you"—which made them all laugh, and they said it was a prime good hit.

"Well, when they was all gone, the king he asks Mary Jane how they was off for spare rooms, and she said she had one spare room, which would do for Uncle William, and she'd give up her own room to Uncle Harvey, which was a little bigger; and she would turn into the room with her sisters and sleep on a cot; and up garret was a little cubby, with a pallet in it. The king said the cubby would do for his val'y—meaning me.

So Mary Jane took us up, and she showed them their rooms, which was plain but nice. She said she'd have her frocks and a lot of other traps took out of her room if they was in Uncle Harvey's way, but he said they warn't. The frocks was hung along the wall, and before them was a curtain made out of calico that hung down to the floor. There was an old hair trunk in one corner, and a guitar-box in another, and all sorts of little knicknacks and jimcracks around, like girls braken up a room with. The king said it was all the more homely and more pleasanter for these fixings, and so don't disturb them.

That night they had a big supper, and all them men and women was there, and I stood behind the king and the duke's chairs and waited on them, and the niggers waited on the rest. Mary Jane she set at the head of the table, with Susan alongside of her, and said how bad the biscuits was, and how mean the preserves was, and how ornery and tough the fried chickens was—the way women always do for to force out compliments; and the people all knowed everything was tip-top, and said so—said "It w'do you get biscuits to brown so nice?" and "Where, for the land's sake, did you get these amaz'n' pickles?" and all that kind of humbug talky-talk, just the way people always does at a supper, you know.

And when it was all done, me and the hare-lip had supper in the kitchen off the leavings, whilst the others was helping the niggers clean up the things.

When I got by myself, I went to thinking the thing over. I says to myself, shall I go to the doctor, private, and blow on these frauds? No—that won't do. He might tell who told him; then the king and the duke would make it warm for me. Shall I go, private, and tell Mary Jane? No—I can't do it. Her face would give them a hint, sure; they've got the money, and they'd slide right out and get away with it. If she was to fetch in help, I'd get mixed up in the business before it was done with, I judge. No, there ain't no good way but one. I got to steal that money somehow; and I got to steal it some way that they won't suspicion that I done it. I'll steal it, and hide it; and by and by, when I'm away down the river, I'll write a letter and tell Mary Jane where it's hid. But I better hide it to-night, if I can, because the doctor may be hasn't let up as much as he lets on he has; he might scare them out of here yet.

So, thinks I, I'll go and search the rooms. Upstairs the hall was dark, but I found the duke's room, and started to paw around it with my hands; but I recollected it wouldn't be much like the king to let a body else take care of that money but his own self; so then I went to his room and begun to paw around there. But I see I couldn't do nothing without a candle, and I daan't light one, of course. So I jest thought that I'd got to do the other thing—lay them and cavedrop. About that time I hears their footsteps coming, and was goin' to skip under the bed; I reached for it, but it wasn't where I thought it would be; I touched the curtain that hid Mary Jane's frocks, so I jumped in behind that and snuggled in amongst the gowns.

They come in and shut the door; and the first thing the duke done was to get down and look under the bed. They sets down, and the king says:

"Well, what is it? and cut it middin' short, for it's better for us to be down at a whoopin' up the mournin', than up at a givin' 'em a chance to talk us over."

"Well, this is it, Capet. I ain't easy, ain't comfortable. That doctor lays my mind. I wanted to know you p' I've got a notion, and I think it's a good one."

"What is it, duke?"

"That we'd better glide out of this here three in the morning, and clip it down river with what we've got. Specially, ing we got it so easy—given back to us at our heads, as you may say, of course we allowed to have to steal back. I'm for knocking off and light out."

"What! and not sell out the rest o' property? March off like a parcel o' and leave eight or nine thous'n' do' worth o' property layin' around jest to be scooped in?—and all good salable too."

The duke he grumbled; said the gold was enough, and he didn't want to deeper—didn't want to rob a lot of people of everything they had.

"Why, how you talk!" says the king. "We shan't rob 'em of nothing at all; jest this money. The people that own property are the sufferers; because as it's found on 'at we didn't own it—won't be long after we've slid—the won't be valid, and it'll all go back to estate. These yer orphans 'll git their back agin, and that's enough for they're young and spry; and k'n easy a livin'! They ain't a-going to suffer. Jest think—there's thous'n's and thous'n's that ain't nigh so well off. Bless yes, ain't got nothin' to complain of."

Well, the king he talked him blue at last he give in, and said all right, said he believed it was blamed foolish to stay, and that doctor hanging over him. But the king says:

"Guss the doctor! What do we do for him? Hain't we got all the foot town on our side? and ain't that a enough majority in any town?"

So they got ready to go down stairs. The duke says:

"I don't think we put that money in a good place."

That cheered me up. I'd begun to think I warn't going to get a hint of no help me. The king says:

"Why?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Thrift and Enterprise.

As it is undoubtedly the case that the highest moral character and in the intellectual development very opposite and endowments must co-exist; so in business of life qualities that seem contradictory are needful for the success. Perhaps there are hardly any qualifications which are at once more vital to prosperity, and yet more widely ferent in their nature, than thrift and enterprise. They spring from opposite characters, they move in contrary directions, they suggest conflicting methods, and spiro dissimilar aims. The one is cautious, the other daring; the one sober, the other enthusiastic; the one calm and patient, the other eager and impetuous, the one sure of a little, the other is willing to risk much. Yet both minister to the success—both are needful to any good success.