

wouldn't evre got into all this trouble if it hadn't a ben for that money; now you just take my sheer of it along with yourn, and gimme a ten-center sometimes—not many times, becuz I don't give a dern for a thing 'thout it's tollable hard to git—and you go and beg off for me with the widder.'

'Oh, Huck, you know I can't do that. 'Tain't fair; and besides, if you try this thing just a while longer you'll come to like it.'

'Like it! Yes—the way I'd like a hot stove if I was to set on it long enough. No, Tom, I won't be rich, and I won't live in them cussed smothery houses. I like the woods, and the river, and hogsheads, and I'll stick to 'em too. Blame it all! just as we got guns, and a cave, and all just fixed to rob, here this dern foolishness has got to come up and spile it all!'

Tom saw his opportunity:

'Looky here, Huck, being rich ain't going to keep me from turning robber.'

'No! Oh, good licks, are you in real dead-wood earnest, Tom?'

'Just as dead earnest as I'm a sitting here. But, Huck, we can't let you into the gang if you ain't respectable, you know.'

Huck's joy was quenched.