

an exploring expedition; how he followed two paths with a description of how he left Becky and went on the history of the wonderful adventure and closed word to her husband. Tom lay upon a sofa and told as soon as the messenger to the cave should get the Thatcher's nearly so. It would be complete, however, Aunt Polly's happiness was complete, and Mrs. greatest night the little town had ever seen.

was lit up; nobody went back to bed; it was the open carriage drawn by shouting citizens. The village toward the river and met the children coming in an were added to the din, and the population moved. "They're found! They're found!" Tin pans and horns were swarming with half-dressed people who shouted, from the village bells, and in a moment the streets

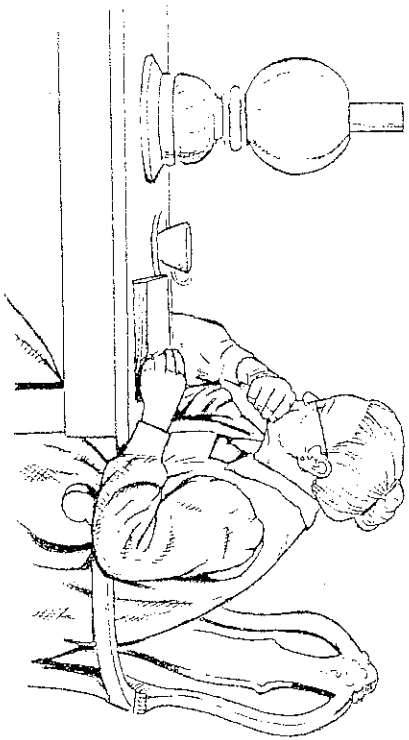
Away in the middle of the night a wild peal burst from the village bells, and in a moment the streets were swarming with half-dressed people who shouted, "They're found! They're found!" Tin pans and horns were added to the din, and the population moved toward the river and met the children coming in an open carriage drawn by shouting citizens. The village was lit up; nobody went back to bed; it was the greatest night the little town had ever seen.

and her gray hair had turned almost white.

very ill. Aunt Polly had drooped into a settled sadness, children could never be found. Mrs. Thatcher was back to their daily lives, saying it was plain the of the searchers had given up the quest and gone Still no good news came from the cave. The majority

**T**UESDAY AFTERNOON came and went. The village of St. Petersburg mourned for the lost children.

## Finding Treasure



*Aunt Polly drooped into a settled sadness.*

as far as his kite string would reach; how he followed a third to the fullest stretch of the string, and was about to turn back when he glimpsed a far-off speck that looked like daylight; dropped the line and groped toward it, pushed his head and shoulders through a small hole and saw the broad Mississippi rolling by! And if it had only happened to be night he would not have seen that speck of daylight and would not have explored that passage any more! He told how he went back for Becky and broke the good news and how she almost died with joy when she had groped to where she actually saw the blue speck of daylight; how he pushed his way out at the hole and then helped her out; how they sat there and cried for gladness; how some men came along in a rowboat and Tom hailed them and told them their troubles; how the men didn't believe the wild tale at first,

"Because," they said, "you are five miles down the river below the valley the cave is in"—then took them aboard, rowed to a house, gave them supper, made them rest till two or three hours after dark, and then brought them home.

Before dawn, Judge Thatcher and the handful of searchers with him were tracked out, in the cave, and informed of the news.

About two weeks after Tom's rescue from the cave, he stopped to see Becky. The judge and some friends set Tom to talking, and someone asked him, as a joke, if he wouldn't like to go to the cave again. Tom said he thought he wouldn't mind it.

The judge said, "Well, there are others just like you, Tom. But we have taken care of that. Nobody will get lost in that cave any more."

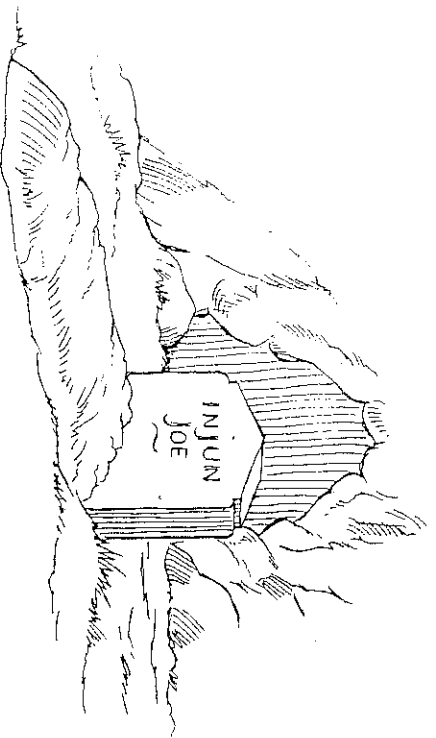
"Why?"

"Because I had its big door covered with iron two weeks ago, and triple locked—and I've got the keys."

"Oh, judge, Injun Joe's in the cave!"

Within a few minutes the news had spread, and a dozen rowboats of men were on their way to McDougal's Cave, and the ferryboat, well filled with passengers, soon followed. Tom Sawyer was in the rowboat that brought Judge Thatcher.

When the cave door was unlocked, a sorrowful sight presented itself in the dim twilight of the place. Injun Joe lay stretched upon the ground, dead, with his face close to the crack of the door. Tom was touched, for he knew by his own experience how this wretch had suffered. His pity was moved, but never-



*Injun Joe was buried near the mouth of the cave.*

theless he felt a sense of relief and security, now, which showed him how huge a weight of dread had been lying upon him since the day he testified against this bloody-minded outcast.

Injun Joe was buried near the mouth of the cave; and people flocked there in boats and wagons from the towns and from all the farms and hamlets for seven miles around.

The morning after the funeral Tom took Huck to a private place to have an important talk.

"Huck, that treasure's in the cave!"

"Say it again, Tom."

"The money's in the cave!"

"Tom—honest, now—is it fun or true?"

"True, Huck—just as true as ever I was in my life. Will you go in there with me and help get it out?"

"I bet I will! I will if it's where we can blaze our way to it and not get lost."

"Huck, we can do that without the least bit of trouble in the world. There's a mighty short cut that they don't anybody but me know about. I'll take you right to it in a rowboat."

"Let's start right off, Tom."

"All right. We want some bread and meat, and our pipes, and a little bag or two, and two or three kite strings, and some of these newfangled things they call matches. I tell you, many's the time I wished I had some when I was in there before."

They borrowed a rowboat and got under way at once. When they were several miles down the river, Tom said, "Now you see this bluff here looks all alike all the way down from the cave—no houses, no woodyards, bushes all alike. But do you see that white place up yonder where there's been a landslide? Well, that's one of my marks. We'll get ashore now."

They landed.

"Now, Huck, where we're a-standing you could touch that hole I got out of with a fishing pole. See if you can find it."

Huck searched all the place about, and found nothing. Tom proudly marched into a thick clump of sumac bushes and said, "Here you are! Look at it, Huck! It's the snuggest hole in this country."

They entered the hole, Tom in the lead. They toiled their way to the farther end of the tunnel, then tied their kite strings to rocks and moved on. A few steps brought them to the spring. They went on and soon entered and followed Tom's other corridor until they reached the "jumping-off place." The candles showed

that it was not really a cliff, but only a steep clay hill twenty or thirty feet high. Tom whispered: "Now I'll show you something, Huck."

He held his candle high and said, "Look as far around the corner as you can. Do you see that? There—on the big rock over yonder—done with candle-smoke."

"Tom, it's a cross!"

"'Under the cross, 'hey? Right yonder's where I saw Injun Joe poke up his candle!"

Huck stared at the sign awhile, and then said with a shaky voice: "Tom, let's git out of here!"

"'What! and leave the treasure?"

"'Yes—leave it. Injun Joe's ghost is round about there, certain."

"No, it ain't, Huck, no, it ain't. It would haunt the place where he died—away out at the mouth of the cave—five miles from here."

"No, Tom, it wouldn't. It would hang around the money. I know the ways of ghosts, and so do you."

Tom began to fear that Huck was right. But soon an idea occurred to him: "Looky-here, Huck, what fools we're making of ourselves! Injun Joe's ghost ain't a-going to come around where there's a cross!"

"Tom, I didn't think of that. But that's so. It's luck for us, that cross is. I reckon we'll climb down there and have a hunt for that box."

They searched everywhere, and then sat down discouraged. By and by Tom said, "I bet you the money is under the rock. I'm going to dig in the clay."

"That ain't no bad notion, Tom!" said Huck.



"My, but we're rich, Tom!" Huck said.

Tom's knife was out at once, and he had not dug four inches before he struck wood.

"'Hey, Huck!—do you hear that?"

Huck began to dig and scratch now. Some boards were soon uncovered and removed. They had hidden a natural hole which led under the rock. Tom got into this hole and held his candle as far under the rock as he could, but could not see to its bottom. He stooped and passed under the rock. He followed its winding course, first to the right, then to the left, Huck at his heels. Tom turned a short curve and exclaimed, "My goodness, Huck, looky-here!"

It was the treasure box, sure enough, occupying a snug little cavern, along with an empty gunpowder

keg, a couple of guns in leather cases, two or three pairs of old moccasins, a leather belt, and some other rubbish well soaked with the water-drip.

"Got it at last!" said Huck. "My, but we're rich, Tom!"

"Huck, I always reckoned we'd get it. It's just too good to believe, but we have got it, sure!"

They transferred the money from the box into the bags they had brought along, and the boys took it up to the cross rock.

They soon came out into the clump of sumac bushes, looked carefully out, found the coast clear, and were soon lurching in the rowboat. As the sun dipped toward the horizon they pushed out and got under way. They landed back in the village shortly after dark.

"Now, Huck," said Tom, "we'll hide the money in the loft of the widow's woodshed, and I'll come up in the morning and we'll count it and divide it, and then we'll hunt up a place out in the woods for it where it will be safe."

But just as soon as they had hid the money, a Mr. Jones saw them coming out and asked them to come along with him to the Widow Douglas's drawing room.

The place was grandly lighted, and everybody that was of any importance in the village was there. The Thatchers were there, the Harpers, the Rogerses, Aunt Polly, Sid, Mary, the minister, the editor, and a great many more, and all dressed in their best. The widow received the boys as heartily as anyone could well receive two such looking beings. They were covered

with clay and candle grease. Aunt Polly blushed and frowned and shook her head at Tom.

Mr. Jones said, "I just brought them along in a hurry."

"And you did just right," said the widow. "Come with me, boys."

She took them to a bedroom and said, "Now wash and dress yourselves. Here are two new suits of clothes—shirts, socks, everything complete. Get into them. We'll wait—come down when you are slicked up enough."

After the widow had left the room, Huck said, "Tom, we can go out the window and down the slope of the roof. It ain't high from the ground."

"Shucks, what do you want to do that for?"

"Well, I ain't used to that kind of crowd. I can't stand it. I ain't going down there, Tom."

"Oh, bother! It ain't anything. I don't mind it a bit. I'll take care of you."

Some minutes later the widow's guests were at the supper table, and a dozen children propped up at little side tables in the same room, after the fashion of that country and that day. The widow now announced that she meant to give Huck a home under her roof and have him educated; and that when she could spare the money she would start him in business.

Tom's chance was come. He said, "Huck don't need it. Huck's rich. Maybe you don't believe it, but he's got lots of it. Oh, you needn't smile—I reckon I can show you. You just wait a minute."

Tom ran out of doors. The company looked at each other and at Huck, who was tongue-tied.

"Sid, what ails Tom?" said Aunt Polly. "He—well, there ain't ever any making of that boy out. I never—"

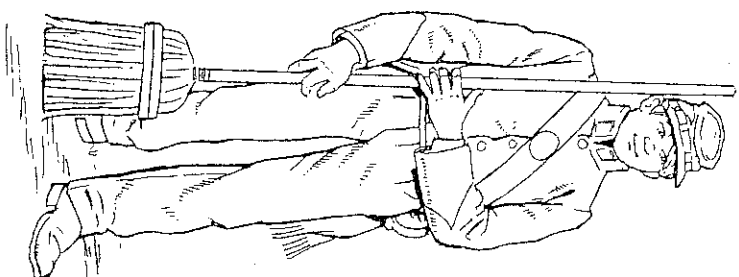
Tom entered, struggling with the weight of his sacks, and Aunt Polly did not finish her sentence. Tom poured the mass of yellow coin upon the table and said, "There—what did I tell you? Half of it's Huck's and half of it's mine!"

The spectacle took the general breath away. All gazed, nobody spoke for a moment. Then there was a call for an explanation. Tom's tale was long, but brimful of interest.

The money was counted. The sum amounted to a little over twelve thousand dollars. It was more than anyone present had ever seen at one time before.

The reader may rest satisfied that Tom and Huck's windfall made a mighty stir in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. So vast a sum, all in actual cash, seemed next to incredible. It was talked about, glorified, until every "haunted" house in St. Petersburg and the neighboring villages was pulled apart, plank by plank, and its foundations dug up and ransacked for hidden treasure—and not by boys, but men. Wherever Tom and Huck appeared they were admired, stared at. The village paper published stories of the boys' lives.

The Widow Douglas put Huck's money into a bank account, and Judge Thatcher did the same with Tom's account, at Aunt Polly's request. Each lad had an income, now, that was simply huge—a dollar for every weekday in



*Judge Thatcher hoped to see Tom a soldier someday.*

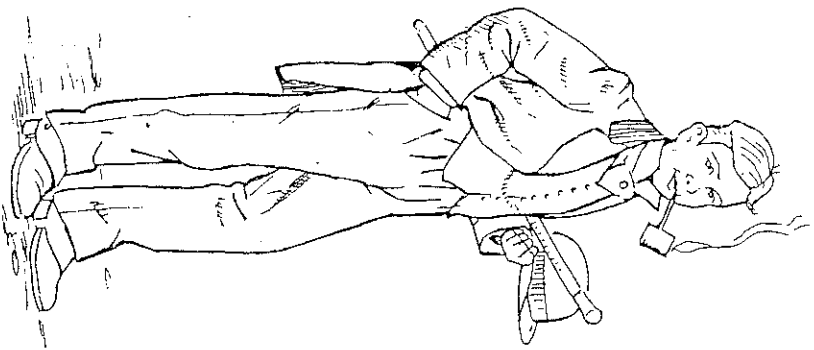
the year and half of the Sundays. A dollar and a quarter a week would board, lodge, and school a boy in those old simple days—and clothe him and wash him, too, for that matter.

Judge Thatcher had a great opinion, now, of Tom. He said that no commonplace boy would ever have got his daughter out of the cave. The judge hoped to see Tom a great lawyer or a great soldier someday. He said he meant to look to it that Tom should be

nightly in fresh sheets. He had to eat with knife and fork; he had to use napkin, cup, and plate; he had to learn his book; he had to go to church; he had to talk so properly that his speech was becoming boring in his mouth.

He bravely bore his miseries three weeks, and then one day turned up missing. For forty-eight hours the widow hunted for him everywhere in great distress. Early the third morning Tom Sawyer wisely went poking among the old empty barrels down behind the abandoned slaughterhouse, and in one of them he found Huck. He had slept there; he had just breakfasted upon some stolen odds and ends of food, and was lying down, now, in comfort, with his pipe. He was dirty, uncombed, and wearing the same old rags that had made him so interesting to look at in the days when he was free and happy. Tom told him the trouble he had been causing, and urged him to go home. Huck's face turned sad. He said:

"Don't talk about it, Tom. I've tried it, and it don't work; it don't work, Tom. It ain't for me; I ain't used to it. The widder's good to me, and friendly; but I can't stand them ways. She makes me git up just at the same time every morning; she makes me wash, they comb me all to thunder; she won't let me sleep in the woodshed; I got to wear them blamed clothes that just smothers me, Tom; they don't seem to let any air git through 'em, somehow; and they're so rotten nice that I can't set down, nor lay down, nor roll around anywher's; I hain't slid on a cellar door for—well it 'pears to be years; I got to go to church and sweat



*Huck was kept clean, neat, brushed and combed.*

admitted to the National Military Academy and afterward trained in the best law school in the country, in order that he might be ready for either career or both.

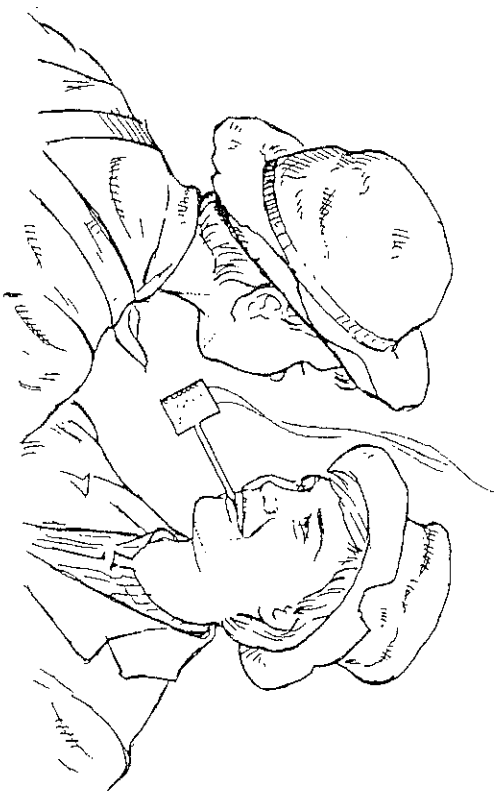
Huck Finn's wealth and the fact that he was now under the Widow Douglas's protection introduced him into society—no, dragged him into it, hurtled him into it—and his sufferings were almost more than he could bear. The widow's servants kept him clean and neat, combed and brushed, and they bedded him

and sweat—I hate them ornery sermons! I can't ketch a fly in there, I can't chaw. I got to wear shoes all Sunday. The widdler eats by a bell; she goes to bed by a bell; she gits up by a bell—everything's so awful regular a body can't stand it."

"Well, everybody does that way, Huck."

"Tom, it don't make no difference. I ain't everybody, and I can't *stand* it. It's awful to be tied up so. And grub comes too easy—I don't take no interest in vittles that way. I got to ask to go a-fishing; I got to ask to go in a-swimming—denied if I hain't got to ask to do everything. Well, I'd got to talk so nice it wasn't no comfort—I'd got to go up in the attic and rip out awhile, every day, to git a taste in my mouth, or I'd 'a' awlited, Tom. The widdler wouldn't let me smoke; she died, Tom. The widdler wouldn't let me scratch wouldn't let me yell, she wouldn't let me scratch before folks. And, dad fetch it, she prayed all the time! I never see such a woman! I *had* to shove off—I just had to. And, besides, that school's going to open, and I'd 'a' had to go to it—well, I wouldn't stand *that*. Looky-ere, Tom, being rich ain't what it's cracked up to be. It's just worry and worry, and sweat and sweat, and a-wishing you was dead all the time. I wouldn't ever got into all this trouble if it hadn't 'a' been for all that money; now you just take my sheer of it along with youn, and gimme a ten-center sometimes—not many times, becuz I don't give a dern for a thing without it's tollable hard to git—and you go and beg off for me with the widdler."

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



"I'll smoke private and cuss private," Huck promised.

"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 the barrels, and I'll stick to 'em, too. Blame it all!"

"But, Huck, we can't let you into the gang if you ain't respectable, you know."

Huck's joy disappeared. "Can't let me in, Tom? You wouldn't shet me out, would you, Tom? You wouldn't do that, now, *would* you, Tom?"

"Huck, I wouldn't want to, and I *don't* want to—but what would people say? Why, they'd say, 'Mfi Tom Sawyer's Gang! pretty low characters in it!' They'd mean you, Huck. You wouldn't like that, and I wouldn't."

Huck was silent for a time. Finally he said, "Well,

I'll go back to the widder for a month and tackle it and see if I can come to stand it, if you'll let me b'long to the gang, Tom."

"All right, Huck, it's a whiz! Come along, old chap, and I'll ask the widow to let up on you a little."

"Will you, Tom—now will you? That's good. If she'll let up on some of the roughest things, I'll smoke private and cuss private, and crowd through or bust. When you going to start the gang?"

"Oh, right off. We'll get the boys together and have the initiation tonight, maybe."

"Have the which?"

"Have the initiation."

"What's that?"

"It's to swear to stand by one another, and never tell the gang's secrets."

"That's fine—that's mighty fine, Tom, I tell you."

"Well, I bet it is. And all that swearing's got to be done at midnight, in the loneliest, awfulest place you can find—a haunted house is the best, but they're all ripped up now."

"Well, midnight's good, anyway, Tom."

"Yes, so it is. And you've got to swear on a coffin, and sign it in blood."

"Now, that's something like! Why, it's a million times bullier than pirating. I'll stick to the widder till I rot, Tom; and if I git to be a reg'lar ripper of a robber, and everybody talking 'bout it, I reckon she'll be proud she brought me in out of the wet."

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