TARTU ÜLIKOOL
1632
ACADEMIA TARTUENSIS

MARK TWAIN

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

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THE ADVENTURES
OF
TOM SAWYER

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LAUBANDUSKESKKOOL
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TARTU ÜLIKOOLI
RAAMATUKOGU

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CHAPTER I

"Tom!"

No answer.

"Tom!"

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them, about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *through* them for so small a thing as a boy, for they were her state pair, the pride of her heart and were built for "style" not service; she could have seen through a pair of stove lids as well.

She went to the open door, stood in it, and looked out into the garden. No Tom. She shouted,

"Y-o-u-u *Tom!*"

There was a slight noise behind her, and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the jacket and arrest his flight. "There! I might have thought of that pantry. What have you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands, and look at your mouth. What *is* that?"

"*I* don't know, aunt."

"Well, *I* know. It's jam, that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air.

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled around and snatched her skirts out of danger, and the lad fled, on the instant, scrambled up the high board fence, and disappeared over it. His Aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I learn anything? Hasn't played me tricks enough like that? But old fools are the biggest fools there are. But, my goodness, he never plays them alike two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He'll play truant this evening, and I'll just be obliged to make him work to-morrow, to punish him. It's hard to make him work Saturdays, when all the boys are having a holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I've got to do some of my duty by him."

Tom did play truant, and he had a very good time. He got back home to help Jim, the small coloured boy, saw next day's wood, — at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. Tom's younger brother (or rather half brother) Sid, was

already through with his part of the work (picking up chips) for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways. While Tom was eating his supper and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions — for she wanted to catch him. She said, "Tom, it was rather warm at school, wasn't it?"

"Yes, madam."

"Didn't you want to go swimming, Tom?"

"No, madam . . . well, not very much."

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom's shirt, and said:

"But you are not too warm now, though."

And it flattered her to think that she had discovered that the shirt was dry without anybody knowing that that was what she had in her mind. But in spite of her Tom knew where the wind lay now.

"Some of us pumped on our heads... mine's damp yet. See?"

Aunt Polly had a new inspiration:

"Tom, you didn't have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!"

The trouble vanished out of Tom's face. He opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.

"Well, go along with you. I made sure you had played truant and been swimming. But I forgive you, Tom."

But Sidney said:

"Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his collar with white thread, but it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!"

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out of the door, he said:

"Siddy, I'll lick you for that."

CHAPTER II

Saturday morning had come and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation.

Tom appeared on the side-walk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of broad fence nine feet high! Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation;

did it again; compared the whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a treebox discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work — the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it — bits of toys, marbles and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half-an-hour of pure freedom. So he returned his wealth to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. He took up his brush and went to work. Ben Rogers appeared presently; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious cry at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, ding dong dong, for he was pretending to be a steamboat called the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined.

Tom went on whitewashing — paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-yi! You're in difficulties!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of and artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap; you have to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben! I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could?"

Tom looked at the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, isn't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

The brush continued to move.

"Well, I like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth — stepped back to note the effect — added a touch here and there — criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he changed his mind: "No, no; I think it would hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence — right here in the street, you know — but if it were the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very carefully; I think there isn't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No — is that so? Oh, come now; let me just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you were me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to; but aunt Polly — well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see? If you tried to whitewash this fence, and anything happened to it..."

"Oh, nonsense; I'll be just as careful. Now let me try. Say — I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afraid..."

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush. And while the late steamer "Big Missouri" worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, and ate his apple. Boys

happened to come along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was tired, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he was tired, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, Tom was rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, a piece of blue bottleglass to look through, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a piece of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar — but no dog — the handle of a knife, and four pieces of orange-peel. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while — plenty of company — and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

CHAPTER III

Tom presented himself before Aunt Polly, who was sitting by an open window in a pleasant apartment which was bed-room, breakfast-room, dining-room, and library combined. The mild summer air, the quiet, the odour of the flowers, and the murmur

of the bees, had had their effect and she was nodding over her knitting — for she had no company but the cat, and it was asleep in her lap. Her spectacles were propped up on her grey head for safety. She had thought that of course Tom had gone long ago, and she wondered to see him place himself in her power again. He said:

"Mayn't I go and play now, aunt?"

"What, already? How much have you done?"

"It's all done, aunt."

"Tom, don't lie to me. I can't bear it."

"I am not lying, aunt; it *is* all done."

Aunt Polly went out to see for herself; and she would have been content to find twenty per cent of Tom's statement true. When she found the entire fence whitewashed, her astonishment was almost unspeakable. She said:

"Well, I never! You *can* work when you have a mind to, Tom. But it's seldom you have a mind to, I'm bound to say. Well, go along and play; but mind you get back some time in a week, or I'll tan you."

Tom skipped out, and as he was passing by the house where Jeff Thatcher lived, he saw a new girl in the garden — a lovely little blue-eyed creature with yellow hair plaited into two long tails. A certain Amy Lawrence vanished out of his heart, and left not

even a memory of herself behind. He had thought he loved her to distraction. He had been months winning her, she had confessed hardly a week ago; he had been the happiest and the proudest boy in the world only seven short days, and here, in one instant of time, she had gone out of his heart like a stranger whose visit is done.

He worshipped this new angel with furtive eye, till he saw that she had discovered him; then he pretended he did not know she was present, and began to "show off" in all sorts of absurd boyish ways in order to win her admiration. He came up to the fence, and leaned on it, grieving, and hoping she would remain a while longer. She stopped for a moment on the steps, and then moved towards the door. Tom heaved a great sigh as she put her foot on the threshold, but his face lit up, right away, for she threw a pansy over the fence a moment before she disappeared. The boy ran around and stopped within a foot or two of the flower, and then shaded his eyes with his hand, and began to look down street as if he had discovered something of interest going on in that direction.

He returned now and hung about the fence till nightfall, "showing off" as before; but the girl never showed herself again, though Tom comforted himself a little with the hope that she had

been near some window meantime, and noticed his attentions. Finally, he went home reluctantly with his poor head full of vision.

All through supper his spirits were so high that his aunt wondered, "what had got into the child."

CHAPTER IV

Monday morning found Tom Sawyer miserable. Monday morning always found him so, because it began another week's suffering in school.

Tom lay thinking. Presently it occurred to him that he wished he was ill; then he could stay home from school. He reflected for a while. Suddenly he discovered something. One of his upper teeth was loose. This was lucky; he was about to begin to groan when it occurred to him that if he came with that argument his aunt would pull it out, and that would hurt. So he thought he would hold the tooth in reserve for the present, and seek further. Nothing offered for some little time, and then he remembered hearing the doctor tell about a certain thing that laid up a patient for two or three weeks and threatened to make him lose a finger. So the boy eagerly drew his sore toe from under the sheet and held it up for inspection. But now he did not know

the necessary symptoms. However, it seemed well worth while to chance it, so he began to groan.

But Sid slept on, unconscious.

Tom groaned louder, and fancied that he began to feel pain in the toe.

Sid snored on.

Tom was angry. He said "Sid, Sid!" and shook him. This worked well, and Tom began to groan again. Sid yawned, stretched, then brought himself up on his elbow, and began to stare at Tom. Tom went on groaning. Sid said:

"Tom! say Tom!"

No answer.

"Here, Tom! Tom! What is the matter, Tom?" And he shook him, and looked in his face anxiously.

Tom moaned out:

"Oh, don't, Sid."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? I must call auntie."

"No, never mind. It'll be over by-and-by, maybe. Don't call anybody."

"But I must! Don't groan so, Tom, it's awful. How long have you been this way?"

"Hours. Ouch! Oh, don't stir so, Sid. You'll kill me."

"Tom, why didn't you wake me before? Tom, what is the matter?"

"I forgive you everything, Sid. (Groan.) Everything you've ever done to me. When I'm gone . . ."

"Oh, Tom, you aren't dying, are you? Don't Tom. Oh, don't. Maybe . . ."

"I forgive everybody, Sid. (Groan.) Tell 'em so, Sid. And, Sid, you give my window-sash, and my cat with one eye to that new girl that's come to town, and tell her . . ."

But Sid had snatched his clothes and gone. Tom was suffering in reality now, so handsomely was his imagination working.

Sid flew downstairs and said:

"Oh, Aunt Polly, come! Tom's dying!"

"Dying!"

"Yes, madame. Don't wait, come quick!"

"Nonsense! I don't believe it!"

But she fled upstairs nevertheless, with Sid and Mary at her heels. And her face grew white, too, and her lips trembled. When she reached the bedside she gasped out:

"You Tom! Tom, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, auntie, I'm —"

"What's the matter with you — what *is* the matter with you, child?"

"Oh, auntie, my sore toe's decaying!"

The old lady sank down into a chair and laughed a little, then cried a little, then did both together. At last she said:

"Tom, what a shock you did give me. Now you shut up that nonsense and climb out of bed."

The groans ceased, and the pain vanished from the toe. The boy felt a little foolish, and he said:

"Aunt Polly, it *seemed* decaying, and it hurt so I never minded my tooth at all."

"Your tooth, indeed! What's the matter with your tooth?"

"One of them's loose, and it aches awful."

"There, there now, don't begin that groaning again. Open your mouth. Well, your tooth *is* loose, but you're not going to die about that. Mary, get me a silk thread, and a piece of glowing coal out of the kitchen."

Tom said:

"Oh, please auntie, don't pull it out, it doesn't hurt any more. *I* don't want to stay home from school."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? So all this row was because you thought you'd get to stay home from school and go fishing? Tom, Tom, I love you so, and you seem to try every way you can to break my old heart."

By this time the dental instruments were ready. The old lady made one end of the silk thread fast to Tom's tooth with a loop and tied the other to the bedpost. Then she seized the coal and suddenly threw it almost into the boy's face. The tooth hung dangling by the bedpost, now.

As Tom went to school after breakfast, he came upon Huckleberry Finn, son of the town drunkard. Huckleberry was hated and dreaded by all the mothers of the town because he was idle, and vulgar, and bad — and because all their children admired him so, and delighted in his forbidden society and wished they dared to be like him. Tom was like the rest of the respectable boys in that he envied Huckleberry his homeless condition, and was under strict orders not to play with him. So he played with him every time he got a chance. Huckleberry was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full grown men. He slept on door-steps in fine weather, and in empty hogsheads in wet; he did not have to go to school or to church, or call any being master, or obey anybody: he could go fishing or swimming when and where he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully.

TAL. INNA POEGLASTE
KAUBANDUSKESKKOOL
T. I. P. KOMMERTSKOOL
INV. NR.
JAOSK.
JAOSK. NR.

In a word, that boy had everything that goes to make life precious. So thought every respectable boy in St. Petersburg. Tom greeted the romantic outcast:

"Hello, Huckleberry!"

"Hello yourself."

"What's that you have got?"

"Dead cat."

"Let me see him, Huck. My, he's pretty stiff. Where did you get him?"

"Bought him from a boy."

"Say — what are dead cats good for, Huck?"

"Good for? Cure warts with."

"But say — how do you cure them with dead cats?"

"Why, you take your cat and go and get in the graveyard, long about midnight where somebody that was wicked has been buried; and when it's midnight a devil will come, or may be two or three, but you can't see them, you can only hear something like the wind; and when they are taking that fellow away, you heave your cat after them and say, 'Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, *I'm* done with you!' That'll cure *any* wart."

"Sounds right. Say, Hucky, when are you going to try the cat?"

"To-night. I reckon they'll come after old Hoss Williams to-night."

"Let me go with you?"

"Of course — if you are not afraid."

When Tom reached the little isolated school-house, he went in quickly, with the manner of one who had come with all speed. He hung his hat on a peg, and flung himself into his seat. The master was dozing in his great armchair. The interruption roused him:

"Thomas Sawyer!"

Tom knew that when his name was pronounced in full, it meant trouble.

"Sir!"

"Come up here. Now sir, why are you late again, as usual?"

Tom was about to lie, when he saw two long tails of yellow hair hanging down a back that he recognised by the electric sympathy of love; and by that form was *the only vacant place* on the girls' side of the school-house. He instantly said:

"I stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn!"

The master's pulse stood still, and he stared helplessly. The buzz of study ceased; the pupils wondered if this boy had lost his mind. The master said:

"You — you did what?"

"Stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn."

There was no mistaking the words.

"Thomas Sawyer, take off your jacket."

The master's arm performed until it was tired, and the stock of switches grew small. Then the order followed:

"Now sir, go and sit with the *girls!* And let this be a warning to you."

Tom sat down upon the end of the pine bench, and the girl drew herself away from him with a toss of the head. Tom sat still, with his arms upon the long, low desk before him, and seemed to study his book. By-and-by attention ceased from him, and the accustomed school murmur rose upon the dull air once more. Presently the boy began to steal furtive glances at the girl. She observed it, made a face, and gave him the back of her head for the space of a minute. When she looked around again, a peach lay before her. She thrust it away; Tom gently put it back; she thrust it away again, but with less hatred. Tom patiently returned it to its place; then she let it remain. Tom wrote on his slate, "Please take it — I have got more." The girl glanced at the words, but made no sign. Now the boy began to draw something on the slate, hiding his work with his left hand. For a time the girl refused to

notice; but soon she gave in, and hesitatingly whispered:

"Let me see it."

Tom partly uncovered a caricature of a house with two gable ends to it and a cork-screw of smoke coming from the chimney. She gazed a moment, then whispered:

"It's nice — make a man."

The artist drew a man in the front yard.

The girl said:

"It's ever so nice — I wish I could draw."

"It's easy," whispered Tom. "I'll teach you."

"Oh, will you? When?"

"At noon. Do you go home to dinner?"

"I'll stay if you will."

"Good."

"What's your name?"

"Becky Thatcher."

"What's yours? Oh, I know. It's Thomas Sawyer."

"I'm Tom when I'm good. You call me Tom, will you?"

"Yes."

Now Tom began to write something on the slate, hiding the words from the girl. But she was not backward this time. She begged to see. Tom said:

"Oh, it isn't anything."

"Yes it is."

"No it isn't; you don't want to see."

"Yes I do, indeed I do. Please let me."

"You won't tell anybody at all? Ever as long as you live?"

"No, I won't ever tell anybody. Now let me."

"Oh, *you* don't want to see!"

"Now that you treat me so I *will* see, Tom" — and she put her small hand on his, and a little struggle followed. Tom pretending to resist, but letting his hand slip by degrees till these words were revealed: *"I love you."*

"Oh, you bad thing!" And she hit his hand a smart rap, but reddened and looked pleased nevertheless.

Then the master stood over him during a few awful moments, and finally moved away to his throne without saying a word. But although Tom's ear hurt him, his heart was rejoicing.

CHAPTER V

When school broke up at noon, Tom flew to Becky Thatcher, and whispered in her ear: "Put on your bonnet and pretend you're going home; and when you get to the corner, turn down through the

lane and come back. I'll go the other way, and deceive them."

So the one went off with one group of scholars, and the other with another. In a little while the two met at the bottom of the lane, and when they reached the school they had it all to themselves. Then they sat together, with a slate before them, and Tom gave Becky the pencil and held her hand in his, guiding it, and so drew another surprising house. When the interest in art began to wane, the two fell to talking.

"Say, Becky, were you ever engaged?"

"What's that?"

"Why engaged to be married."

"No."

"Would you like to?"

"I don't know. What is it like?"

"Like? Why it isn't like anything. You only just tell a boy you won't ever have anybody but him, ever ever *ever,* and then you kiss, and that's all. Anybody can do it."

"Kiss? What do you kiss for?"

"Why that, you know, is to — well, they always do that."

"Everybody?"

"Why yes, everybody that's in love with each other. Do you remember what I wrote on the slate?"

"Ye—yes."

"What was it?"

"I shan't tell you."

"Shall I tell *you?*"

"Ye—yes — but some other time."

"No, now."

"No, not now — to-morrow."

"Oh, no, *now,* please, Becky. I'll whisper it, I'll whisper it ever so easy."

Becky hesitating, Tom took silence for consent, and passed his arm about her waist and whispered the tale ever so softly, with his mouth close to her ear. And then he added:

"Now you whisper it to me — just the same."

She resisted for a while, and then said:

"You turn your face away, so you can't see, and then I will. But you mustn't ever tell anybody — *will* you, Tom? Now you won't — *will* you?"

"No, indeed indeed I won't. Now, Becky."

He turned his face away. She bent timidly around till her breath stirred his curls, and whispered, "I — love — you!"

Then she sprang away and ran around and around the desks and benches, with Tom after her, and took refuge in a corner at last, with her little white apron to her face. Tom clasped her about her neck and pleaded.

"Now Becky, it's all over — all over but the kiss. Don't you be afraid of that — it isn't anything at all. Please, Becky."

And he tugged at the apron and the hands.

By-and-by she gave up and let her hands drop; her face, all glowing with the struggle, came up and submitted. Tom kissed the red lips and said:

"Now it's all done, Becky. And always after this, you know, you are not to love anybody but me, and you are not to marry anybody but me, never never, and for ever. Will you?"

"No, I'll never love anybody but you, Tom, and I'll never marry anybody but you, and you are not to marry anybody but me, either."

CHAPTER VI

At half-past nine that night, Tom and Sid were sent to bed as usual. They said their prayers, and Sid was soon asleep. Tom lay awake and waited in restless impatience. When it seemed to him that it must be nearly daylight, he heard the clock strike ten! This was despair. He lay still and stared up into the dark. Everything was dismally still. The ticking of the clock began to bring itself into notice. Old beams began to crack mysteriously. The stairs creaked faintly. Evidently spirits were abroad. A

measured snore issued from Aunt Polly's chamber. At last Tom began to doze in spite of himself; the clock struck eleven, but he did not hear it. And then there came a cry of "Scat! you devil!" and the crash of an empty bottle against the back of his aunt's wood-shed brought him wide awake, and a single minute later he was dressed and out of the window and creeping along the roof on all fours. He jumped to the roof of the wood-shed, and from there to the ground. Huckleberry Finn was there, with his dead cat. The boys moved off and disappeared in the gloom. At the end of half an hour they were walking through the tall grass of the graveyard.

It was a graveyard of the old-fashioned western kind. It was on a hill, about a mile and a half from the village. All the old graves were sunken in. There was not a tombstone on the place; round-topped worm-eaten boards staggered over the graves. "Sacred to the memory of" so-and-so had been painted on them once, but it could no longer have been read, on the most of them, now, even if there had been light.

A faint wind moaned through the trees, and Tom feared it might be the spirits of the dead complaining at being disturbed. The boys talked little, and only under their breath.

"Hucky, do you believe the dead people like it for us to be here?"

Huckleberry whispered:

"I wish I knew. It's awful solemn like, isn't it?"

"I bet it is."

There was a long pause. — Then Tom whispered:

"Say, Hucky — do you reckon Hoss Williams hears us talking?"

"Of course he does. At least his spirit does."

Tom after a pause:

"I wish I'd said *Mister* Williams. But I never meant any harm. Everybody calls him Hoss."

Then conversation died again. Presently Tom seized his comrade's arm and said:

"Sh!"

"What is it, Tom?"

The boys bent their heads together and scarcely breathed. A muffled sound of voices floated up from the far end of the graveyard.

"Look! see there!" whispered Tom. "What is it?"

"It's devil-fire. Oh, Tom, this is awful."

Some vague figures approached through the gloom, swinging an old-fashioned tin lantern that lit the ground with little sparks of light. Presently Huckleberry whispered with a shudder:

"It's the devils, sure enough. Three of them! Lordy Tom, we are lost. Can you pray?"

"I'll try, but don't you be afraid. They are not going to hurt us. 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I —' "

"Sh!"

"What is it, Huck?"

"They're *humans!* One of them is, anyway. One of them is old Muff Potter's voice."

"No — it isn't so, is it?"

"I bet I know it. Don't you stir. He isn't sharp enough to notice us. Drunk, same as usual!"

"All right, I'll keep still. Say, Huck, I know another of them voices; it's Injun Joe."

The whispers died wholly out now, for the three men had reached the grave, and stood within a few feet of the boys' hiding place.

"Here it is," said the third voice; and the owner of it held the lantern up and revealed the face of young Dr. Robinson.

Potter and Injun Joe were carrying a handbarrow with a rope and a couple of shovels on it. They cast down their load and began to open the grave. The doctor put the lantern at the head of the grave, and came and sat down with his back against one of the elmtrees. He was so close the boys could have touched him.

"Hurry, men!" he said in a low voice. "The moon might come out at any moment."

They went on digging. Finally a spade struck upon the coffin, and within another minute or two the men had lifted it up on the ground. They removed the lid with their shovels, got out the body and threw it rudely on the ground. Potter took out a large springknife, and then said:

"Now the cursed thing's ready, and you'll just out with another five, or here she stays."

"That's the talk!" said Injun Joe.

"Look here; what does this mean?" said the doctor. "You required your pay in advance and I've paid you."

"Yes, and you have done more than that," said Injun Joe, approaching the doctor, who was now standing. "Five years ago you drove me away from your father's kitchen one night when I came to ask for something to eat, and you said I wasn't there for any good; and when I swore I'd get even with you if it took a hundred years. And now I've got you!"

He was threatening the doctor with his fist in his face by this time. The doctor struck out suddenly, and stretched the ruffian on the ground. Potter dropped his knife, and exclaimed:

"Here, now, don't you strike my partner!" and the next moment he had seized and held firmly the

doctor, and the two were struggling with might, trampling the grass, and tearing the ground with their heels. Injun Joe sprang to his feet, his eyes flaming with passion, snatched up Potter's knife, and went creeping, catlike, and stooping round and round, seeking an opportunity. All at once the doctor flung himself free, seized the heavy head-board of Williams's grave and felled Potter to the earth with it; and in the same instant the half-breed saw his chance, and drove the knife in the young man's breast. He reeled and fell partly upon Potter, flooding him with his blood, and in the same moment the clouds hid the dreadful sight, and the two frightened boys went speeding away in the dark.

The doctor gave a long gasp or two, and was still.

Then Injun Joe robbed the body. After which he put the fatal knife in Potter's open right hand, and sat down on the coffin. Three — four — five minutes passed, and then Potter began to stir and moan. His hand closed upon the knife, he raised it, glanced at it, and let it fall with a shudder. Then he sat up, pushing the body from him, and gazed at it and then around him. His eyes met Joe's.

"Lord, how is this, Joe?" he said.

"It's a dirty business," said Joe, without moving. "What did you do it for?"

"I! I have never done it!"

Potter trembled and grew white.

"Oh, I didn't know what I was doing. I wish I may die this minute if I did. It was all on accounts of the whisky and the excitement, I reckon. I never used a weapon in my life before, Joe. I've fought, but never with weapons. They'll all say that. Joe, don't tell! Say you won't tell, Joe. I always liked you, Joe, and stood up for you too. Don't you remember? You won't tell, will you, Joe?" And the poor creature dropped on his knees before the murderer, and clasped his hands.

"No, you've always been fair with me, Muff Potter, and I won't go back on you. There, now, that's as fair as a man can say."

"Oh, Joe, you're an angel. I'll bless you for this the longest day I live." And Potter began to cry.

"Come, now, that's enough of that. Move, now, and don't leave any tracks behind you."

Potter started on a trot that quickly increased to a run.

Two or three minutes later the murdered man, the corpse, the lidless coffin, and the open grave, were under no inspection but the moon's.

The stillness was complete again, too.

CHAPTER VII

The two boys flew on and on towards the village, speechless with horror. They glanced backward over their shoulders from time to time, as if they feared they might be followed.

"If we can only get to the old tannery before we break down!" whispered Tom, in short catches between breaths. "I can't stand it much longer."

When they had reached the tannery they burst through the open door, and fell down, grateful and exhausted. By-and-by their pulses slowed down, and Tom whispered:

"Huckleberry, what do you reckon will come of this?"

"If Dr. Robinson dies, I reckon hanging 'll come of it."

"Do you, though?"

"Why, I know it, Tom."

Tom thought awhile; then he said:

"Who'll tell? We?"

"What are you talking about? Suppose something happened and Injun Joe didn't hang, why he'd kill us some time or other."

"That's just what I was thinking to myself, Huck."

"If anybody tells, let Muff Potter do it, if he's fool enough. He's generally drunk enough."

Tom said nothing — went on thinking.

"Hucky, are you sure you can keep silence?"

"Tom, we have to keep silence. You know that. That Injun devil wouldn't make any more of drowning us than a couple of cats, if we were to squeak about this and they didn't hang him. Now, Tom, let us take and swear to one another — that's what we got to do — swear to keep silence."

"I'm agreed, Huck. It's the best thing. Would you just hold hands and swear that we —"

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do for this — but there ought to be writing about a big thing like this. And blood."

Tom picked up a clean pine shingle that lay in the moonlight, took a little red pencil out of his pocket, got the moon on his work, and wrote these lines:

"Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swear they will keep silence about this and they wish they may drop down dead in their tracks if they ever tell."

Then Tom unwound the thread from one of his needles, and each boy pricked the ball of his thumb and squeezed out a drop of blood.

In time, after many squeezes, Tom managed to sign his initials, using the ball of his little finger for

a pen. Then he showed Huckleberry how to make an H and an F, and the oath was complete. They buried the shingle close to the wall.

Then they separated.

When Tom crept in at his bedroom window, the night was almost spent. He undressed with caution, and fell asleep congratulating himself that nobody knew of his adventure. He was not aware that the gentle snoring Sid was awake, and had been so for an hour.

When Tom awoke, Sid was dressed and gone. There was a late look in the light. He was startled. Why had he not been called?

After breakfast his aunt took him aside, and Tom almost brightened in the hope that he was going to be flogged; but it was not so. His aunt wept over him and asked him how he could go and break her old heart so; and finally told him to go on, and ruin himself and bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, for it was no use for her to try any more. This was worse than a thousand whippings, and Tom's heart was sorer now than his body. He cried, he pleaded for forgiveness, and promised reform over and over again.

CHAPTER VIII

At noon the whole village was suddenly electrified with the ghastly news. The tale flew from man to man, from group to group, from house to house, with little less than telegraphic speed. Of course the schoolmaster gave holiday for that afternoon; the town would have thought strangely of him if he had not. A knife had been found close to the murdered man, and it had been recognised by somebody as belonging to Muff Potter — so the story ran. It was also said that the town had been searched through for this "murderer", but that he could not be found. Horsemen had departed down all the roads in every direction, and the Sheriff was sure that he would be caught before night.

All the town was drifting towards the graveyard. Tom's heartbreak vanished, and he joined the procession. Arrived at the dreadful place, he pushed his small body through the crowd and saw the dismal sight. It seemed to him an age since he was there before. Somebody pinched his arm. He turned, and his eyes met Huckleberry's.

At this moment the crowd began to move and struggle, and voices shouted, "It's him! it's him! he's coming himself!"

"Who? who?" from twenty voices.

"Muff Potter!"

"Hallo, he's stopped! Look out, he's turning! Don't let him get away!"

People in the branches of the trees over Tom's head said he wasn't trying to get away — he only looked doubtful and perplexed.

"I didn't do it, friends," he sobbed; "upon my word and honour I have never done it."

"Who accused you?" shouted a voice.

Then Huckleberry and Tom stood dumb and staring and heard Injun Joe, the stony-hearted liar, tell his story, they expecting every moment that the clear sky would deliver God's lightnings upon his head, and wondering to see how long the stroke was delayed. And when he had finished and still stood alive and whole, they were sure that he had sold himself to Satan, and it would be fatal to meddle with such a power as that.

"Why didn't you leave? What did you want to come here for?" somebody said.

"I couldn't help it — I couldn't help it," Potter moaned. "I wanted to run away, but I couldn't seem to come anywhere but here." And he fell to sobbing again.

Injun Joe repeated his statement, just as calmly, a few minutes afterwards on the inquest, under

oath; and the boys, seeing that the lightnings were still withheld, were confirmed in their belief that Joe had sold himself to the devil.

CHAPTER IX

At last the murder trial came on in the court. It became a topic of village talk immediately. Tom could not get away from it. Every reference to the murder sent a shudder to his heart, for his troubled conscience and his fears almost persuaded him that these remarks were put forth in his hearing as "feelers"; he did not see how he could be suspected of knowing anything about the murder, but still he could not be comfortable in the midst of this gossip. It kept him in a cold shiver all the time. He took Huck to a lonely place to have a talk with him. It would be some relief to divide his burden of distress with another sufferer. Moreover, he wanted to assure himself that Huck had kept silence:

"Huck, have you ever told anybody about that?"

"'Bout what?"

"You know what."

"Of course I haven't."

"Never a word?"

"Never a single word, so help me. What makes you ask?"

"Well, I was afraid."

"Why, Tom Sawyer, we wouldn't be alive two days if that got found out. *You* know that."

Tom felt more comfortable. After a pause:

"Well, that's all right then. I reckon we're safe as long as we keep silence. But let's swear again, anyway. It's more surer!"

"I'm agreed."

So they swore again with dread solemnities.

Tom was out late that night, and came to bed through the window. He was very excited. It was hours before he got to sleep. All the village flocked to the court-house the next morning, for this was to be the great day. Both sexes were about equally represented. After a long wait the jury came in and took their places; shortly afterwards, Potter, pale and haggard, timid and hopeless, was brought in with chains upon him, and seated where all the curious eyes could stare at him; no less conspicuous was Injun Joe. There was another pause, and then the judge arrived, and the sheriff proclaimed the opening of the court.

Now a witness was called who said that he found Muff Potter washing in the brook at an early hour of the morning that the murder was discovered, and that he immediately ran away. After some further questioning, counsel for the prosecution said:

"Take the witness."

The prisoner raised his eyes for a moment, but dropped them again when his own counsel said:

"I have no questions to ask him."

The next witness proved the finding of the knife near the corpse. Counsel for the prosecution said:

"Take the witness."

"I have no questions to ask him," Potter's lawyer replied.

A third witness swore he had often seen the knife in Potter's hand.

"Take the witness."

Counsel for Potter declined to question him.

The faces of the audience grew troubled. Did this attorney mean to throw away his client's life without an effort?

Counsel for the prosecution now said:

"By the oaths of citizens we have fastened this awful crime upon the unhappy prisoner at the bar."

A groan escaped from poor Potter, and he put his face in his hands, and rocked his body softly to and fro, while a painful silence reigned in the court-room. Many men were moved, and many women cried. Counsel for the defence rose and said:

"Your Honour — In our remarks at the opening of this trial, we tried to prove that our client did this fearful deed while under the influence of a

delirium produced by drink. We have changed our mind; we shall not offer that plea. [Then to the clerk.] Call Thomas Sawyer."

A puzzled amazement awoke in every face in the house, not even excepting Potter's. Every eye fastened itself with wondering interest upon Tom as he rose and took his place upon the stand.

"Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the seventeenth of June, about the hour of midnight?"

Tom glanced at Injun Joe's iron face, and his tongue failed him. The audience listened breathless, but the words refused to come. After a few moments, however, the boy got a little of his strength back, and managed to put enough of it into his voice to make part of the house hear:

"In the grave-yard!"

"A little bit louder, please. Don't be afraid. You were . . ."

"In the grave-yard."

A contemptuous smile flitted across Injun Joe's face.

"Were you anywhere near Horse Williams's grave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak up just a little louder. How near were you?"

"Near as I am to you."

"Were you hidden or not?"

"I was hid."

"Where?"

"Behind the elms on the edge of the grave."

Injun Joe gave a start.

"Anyone with you?"

"Yes, sir. I went there with . . ."

"Wait — wait a moment. Never mind mentioning your companion's name. We will produce him at the proper time. Did you carry anything there with you?"

Tom hesitated and looked confused.

"Speak out, my boy. The truth is always respectable. What did you take there?"

"Only a — a — dead cat."

There was a little laughter.

"We will produce the skeleton of that cat. Now my boy, tell us everything that occurred — tell it in your own way — don't be afraid."

Tom began — hesitatingly at first, but, as he warmed to his subject, his words flowed more and more easily; in a little while every sound ceased but his own voice; every eye fixed itself upon him; with parted lips and breathless the audience listened to his tale. When the boy said, "And as the doctor fetched the board around and Muff Potter fell, Injun Joe jumped with the knife and —"

Crash! quick as lightning, the half-breed sprang for a window, tore his way through all opposers, and was gone!

CHAPTER X

Tom was a hero once more — the pet of the old, the envy of the young. His name even went into immortal print, for the village paper magnified him. There were some that believed he would be President yet, if he escaped hanging.

Tom's days were days of splendour and triumph to him, but his nights were seasons of horror. Injun Joe troubled all his dreams, and always with doom in his eye. Nothing could persuade the boy to leave the house after night-fall. Poor Huck was in the same state of terror, for Tom had told the whole story to the lawyer the night before the great day of the trial, and Huck was afraid that his share in the business might leak out yet, notwithstanding Injun Joe's flight had saved him the suffering of testifying in court. The poor fellow had got the attorney to promise secrecy, but what of that?

Daily Muff Potter's gratitude made Tom glad he had spoken: but nightly he wished he had shut up his tongue. Half the time Tom was afraid Injun Joe would never be captured; the other half he was afraid he would be. He felt sure he never could draw a

safe breath again until that man was dead and he had seen the corpse.

Rewards had been offered, the country had been searched, but no Injun Joe was found. Tom felt just as insecure as he was before.

CHAPTER XI

There comes a time in every boy's life when he has a desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure. This desire suddenly came upon Tom one day. He took Huck Finn to a private place, and opened the matter to him. Huck was willing.

"Where shall we dig?" said Huck.

"Oh, anywhere."

"Why, is it hid all around?"

"No, indeed it isn't. It's hid in particular places."

"Well, there's the old haunted house up the Still-House branch, and there are lots of dead-limb trees."

"Is it under all of them?"

"How you talk! No!"

"Then how are you going to know which one to go for?"

"Go for all of them."

"Why, Tom, it'll take all summer."

"Well, what of that? Suppose you find a brass pot with a hundred dollars in it, all rusty and gay, or a chest full of diamonds. How's that?"

Huck's eyes glowed.

"But say — where are you going to dig first?"

"Well, I don't know. Suppose we tackle that old dead-limb tree on the hill?"

"I'm agreed."

So they got some tools and set out on their three-mile tramp. They arrived hot and panting, and threw themselves down in the shade of a neighbouring elm to rest.

"I like this," said Tom.

"So do I."

"Say, Huck, if we find a treasure here, what are you going to do with your share?"

"Well, I'll have pie and a glass of soda every day, and I'll go to every circus that comes along. I'll have a gay time."

"What are you going to do with yours, Tom?"

"I'm going to buy a new drum, and a sword, and a red necktie, and get married."

"Married!"

"Well, that's the foolishest thing you could do, Tom."

"If you get married I'll be lonesomer than ever."

"No you won't, you'll come and live with me. Now we'll go to digging."

They worked and sweated for half an hour. No result. They toiled another half hour. Still no result. Huck said:

"Do they always bury it as deep as this?"

"Sometimes — not always. Not generally. I think we haven't got the right place."

So they chose a new spot and began again. They dug away in silence for some time. Finally Huck said:

"Say, Tom, let's give this place up, and try somewhere else."

"All right, I think we had better do that."

"What'll it be?"

Tom considered awhile, and then said:

"The haunted house. That's it."

"Well, all right. We'll tackle the haunted house if you say so."

They had started down the hill by this time. There in the middle of the valley below them stood the "haunted" house, utterly isolated, its fences gone long ago, weeds smothering the very door-step, the chimney crumbled to ruin.

CHAPTER XII

When they reached the haunted house, there was something so mysterious and horrible about the dead silence that reigned there under the baking sun, that they were afraid, for a moment, to venture in. Then they crept to the door and took a trembling peep. They saw a weed-grown, floorless room, an ancient fire-place, vacant windows, a ruinous staircase; and here, there, and everywhere, hung ragged cobwebs. They presently entered softly, talking in whispers.

Next they wanted to look upstairs, they threw their tools into a corner and walked up. There were the same signs of decay. They were about to go down and begin work when —

"*Sht!*" said Tom.

"What is it?" whispered Huck, turning pale with fright.

"*Sh!* There! Hear it?"

"Yes! O my! Let's run!"

"Keep still! They're coming right towards the door."

The boys stretched themselves upon the floor and lay waiting in a misery of fear.

"They've stopped. — No — coming. — Here they are. Don't whisper another word, Huck. My goodness, I wish I was out of this!"

Two men entered. Each boy said to himself:

"There's the old deaf and dumb Spaniard that's been about town once or twice lately — never saw the other man before."

"The other" was a ragged untidy creature, with nothing very pleasant in his face. When they came in, "the other" was talking in a low voice; they sat down on the ground, facing the door, with their backs to the wall, and the speaker continued his remarks.

"No," said he, "I've thought it all over, and I don't like it. It's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" grunted the "deaf and dumb" Spaniard, to the vast surprise of the boys. "Milk-sop!"

This voice made the boys gasp. It was Injun Joe's! There was silence for some time. Then Joe said:

"We'll do that 'dangerous' job after I've looked around a little and think things look well for it. Then for Texas! We'll go together!"

This was satisfactory. Both men presently fell to yawning, and Injun Joe said:

"I'm dead for sleep! It's your turn to watch."

He curled down in the weeds and soon began to snore. His comrade stirred him once or twice, and he became quiet. Presently the watcher began to

nod; his head dropped lower and lower; both men began to snore now.

The boys drew a long grateful breath. Tom whispered. —

"Now's our chance — come!"

Huck said: "I can't — I'd die if they were to wake."

Tom urged — Huck held back. At last Tom rose slowly and softly, and started alone. But the first step made such a creak that he sank down almost dead with fright. He never made a second attempt. The boys lay there counting the dragging moments; and then they were grateful to note that at last the sun was setting.

Now one snore ceased. Injun Joe sat up, stared around — smiled grimly upon his comrade, whose head was drooping upon his knees — stirred him up with his foot and said. —

"Here! You're a watchman, aren't you!"

"All right, though — nothing's happened."

"My! Have I been asleep?"

"Oh, partly, partly. Nearly time for us to be moving. What shall we do with our little booty we've got left?"

"We'll just regularly bury it — and bury it deep."

"Good idea," said the comrade, who walked across the room, knelt down, raised one of the

hearth-stones and took out a bag that jingled pleasantly. He subtracted from it twenty or thirty dollars for himself and as much for Injun Joe, and passed the bag to the latter, who was on his knees in the corner, now, digging with his knife.

The boys forgot all their fears, all their miseries in an instant. With wide open eyes they watched every movement. Luck! — Six hundred dollars was money enough to make half-a-dozen boys rich!

Joe's knife struck upon something.

"Hello!" said he.

"What is it?" said his comrade.

"Half-rotten plank — no, it's a box, I believe."

He reached his hand in and drew it out.

"Man, it's money!"

The two men examined the handful of coins. They were gold. The boys above were as excited as themselves, and as delighted.

The box was soon unearthed. It was not very large; it was iron-bound and had been very strong before the slow years had injured it. The men looked at the treasure awhile in blissful silence.

"There are thousands of dollars here," said Injun Joe.

"Now you won't need to do that job."

The half-breed frowned and he said:

"You don't know me. Least you don't know all about that thing. It isn't robbery altogether — it's revenge!" and a wicked light flamed in his eyes. "I'll need your help in it. When it's finished — then Texas. Go home, and stand by till you hear from me."

"Well, if you say so. What shall we do with this — bury it again?"

"Not exactly! We'll take it to my den."

"Why, of course! Might have thought of that before. You mean number one?"

"No — number two — under the cross. The other place is bad — too common."

"All right. It's nearly dark enough to start."

Injun Joe got up and went about from window to window, cautiously peeping out.

Shortly afterwards they slipped out of the house in the deepening twilight, and moved towards the river with their precious box.

Tom and Huck rose up, weak but vastly relieved, and stared after them through the chinks between the logs of the house. Follow? Not they — they were content to reach the ground again without broken necks, and take the townward track over the hill.

CHAPTER XIII

The adventure of the day mightily tormented Tom's dreams that night. Four times he had his hands on that rich treasure, and four times it wasted to nothingness in his fingers as sleep left him, and wakefulness brought back the hard reality of his misfortune. As he lay awake in the early morning it occurred to him that the great adventure itself must be a dream!

This uncertainty must be swept away. He would take a hurried breakfast, and go and find Huck.

Huck was sitting in a flat boat, listlessly dangling his feet in the water, and looking very melancholy. Tom concluded to let Huck lead up to the subject. If he did not do it, then the adventure would be proved to have been only a dream.

"Hello, Huck!"

"Hello yourself."

Silence for a minute.

"Tom, if we had not left the tools at the dead tree we should have got the money. Oh, isn't it awful!"

"It isn't a dream, then!"

"What isn't a dream?"

"Oh, that thing yesterday. I've been half thinking it was."

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"Well, then I should like to see Injun Joe, and track him out — to his number two."

"Number two; yes, that's it. What do you reckon it is?"

"Let me think a minute. Here — it's the number of a room — in a tavern, you know!"

"Oh, that's the trick! There are only two taverns. We can find out quick."

"You stay here, Huck, till I come."

Tom was off at once. He did not care to have Huck's company in public places. He was gone half an hour. He found that in the best tavern, number two had long been occupied by a young lawyer, and was still so occupied. The house number two was a mystery. The tavern-keeper's young son said it was kept locked all the time, and he never saw anybody go into it or come out of it except at night.

"That's what I've found out, Huck. I reckon that's the very number two we are after."

"I reckon it is, Tom. Now what are you going to do?"

"Let me think."

Tom thought a long time. Then he said:

"I'll tell you. The back door of that number two is the door that comes out into that little alley. Now you get hold of all the door keys you can find

and I'll take all of auntie's, and the first dark night we'll go there and try them. And mind you keep a look out for Injun Joe, because he said he was going to town and look around once more for a chance to get his revenge. If you see him, you just follow him; and if he does not go to that number two, that isn't the place."

CHAPTER XIV

Thursday night Tom slipped out with his aunt's old tin lantern, and a large towel to cover it with. He hid the lantern in Huck's sugar hogshead and the watch began. An hour before midnight the tavern closed up, and its lights were put out. No Spaniard had been seen. Nobody had entered or left the alley.

Tom got his lantern, lit it in the hogshead, wrapped it closely in the towel, and the two adventurers crept in the gloom towards the tavern. Huck stood sentry and Tom felt his way into the alley.

It seemed hours since Tom had disappeared. Surely he must have fainted; maybe he was dead; maybe his heart had burst under terror and excitement. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and Tom came tearing by him:

"Run!" said he; "run for your life!"

He needn't have repeated it; once was enough; Huck was making thirty or forty miles an hour. The boys never stopped till they reached the shed of a deserted slaughter-house at the lower end of the village. As soon as Tom got his breath he said:

"Huck, it was awful! I tried two of the keys just as soft as I could; but they wouldn't turn in the lock. Well, without noticing what I was doing, I took hold of the knob, and open comes the door! It wasn't locked! I hopped in and shook off the towel, and, *great Caesar's ghost!*"

"What! — what did you see, Tom?"

"Huck! I most stepped on to Injun Joe's hand!"

"No!"

"Yes. He was lying there, sound asleep on the floor."

"Lordy, what did you do? Did he wake up?"

"No. Drunk, I reckon. I just seized that towel and started!"

"Say, Tom, did you see that box?"

"Huck, I didn't wait to look around. I didn't see the box, I didn't see the cross. I didn't see anything but a bottle and a tin cup on the floor by Injun Joe."

"But say, Tom, now's a mighty good time to get that box, if Injun Joe's drunk."

"It is that! You try it!"

Huck shuddered.

"Well, no — I reckon not."

There was a long pause for reflection, and then Tom said:

"Look here, Huck, if we watch every night, we'll be dead sure to see him go out some time or other, then we'll snatch that box."

"Well, I'm agreed."

CHAPTER XV

The first thing Tom heard on Friday morning was a glad piece of news — Judge Thatcher's family had come back to town the night before. Both Injun Joe and the treasure sank into secondary importance for a moment, and Becky took the chief place in the boy's interest. He saw her, and they had a good time playing different games with a crowd of their schoolmates. The day was completed in a satisfactory way: Becky teased her mother to appoint the next day for a long-promised picnic, and she consented. The child's delight was boundless, and Tom's not more moderate. The invitations were sent out before sunset, and straightway the young folks of the village were thrown into a fever of preparation.

Morning came, and by ten or eleven o'clock, a merry company were gathered at Judge Thatcher's, and everything was ready for a start. It was not the custom for elderly people to spoil picnics with their presence. The children were considered safe enough under the wings of a few young ladies of eighteen and a few young gentlemen of twenty-three or thereabouts. The old steam ferry-boat was hired for the occasion. The last thing Mrs. Thatcher said to Becky was:

"You'll not get back till late. Perhaps you'd better stay all night with some of the girls that live near the ferry landing, child!"

"Then I'll stay with Susy Harper, mamma."

"Very well. And mind and behave yourself, and don't be any trouble."

Three miles below town the ferry-boat stopped at the mouth of a woody hollow and tied up. The crowd hurried ashore, and soon the forests and rocks echoed far and near with shoutings and laughter. By-and-by somebody shouted:

"Who's ready for the cave?"

Everybody was. Bundles of candles were brought, and straightway there was a running up the hill. The mouth of the cave was high up the hill side, an opening shaped like the letter A. Its massive oaken door stood open. Within was a small chamber,

chilly as an ice-house. It was romantic and mysterious to stand here in the deep gloom and look out upon the green valley shining in the sun. By-and-by the procession went down the steep main avenue, which was not more than eight or ten feet wide. No man "knew" the cave. That was an impossible thing. Most of the young men knew a part of it, and it was not customary to venture much beyond this known part. Tom Sawyer knew as much of the cave as anyone.

The procession moved along the main avenue some three quarters of a mile, and then groups and couples began to slip aside into branch avenues, fly along the dark corridors, and take each other by surprise at points where the corridors joined again. Parties were able to avoid each other for half an hour without going beyond the "known" ground.

By-and-by, one group after another came back to the mouth of the cave, panting, smeared from head to foot with tallow drippings, soiled with clay, and entirely delighted with the success of the day. However, this sort of close to the day's adventures was romantic and therefore satisfactory. When the ferry-boat with her wild freight pushed into the stream, nobody cared sixpence for the wasted time.

Huck was already upon his watch when the ferry-boat's lights went past the wharf. Eleven

o'clock came, and the tavern lights were put out; darkness everywhere, now. Huck waited what seemed a weary long time, but nothing happened. Was there really any use? Why not give it up and turn in?

A noise fell upon his ear. He was all attention in an instant. The alley door closed softly. He sprang to the corner of the brick house. The next moment two men passed him, and one seemed to have something under his arm. It must be that box! So they were going to remove the treasure. Huck stepped out and glided along behind the men, cat-like, with bare feet.

They moved up the river street and stopped on Widow Douglas's grounds. "Very well," he thought, "let them bury it there; it won't be hard to find."

Now there was a low voice — a very low voice — Injun Joe's:

"Damn her, maybe she's got company — there are lights, late as it is."

"I can't see any."

This was that stranger's voice — the stranger of the haunted house. A deadly chill went to Huck's heart — this, then, was the "revenge" job! Maybe these men were going to murder her. He wished he dared venture to warn her; but he knew he didn't dare — they might come and catch him.

"Yes. Well, there is company there, I reckon. Better give it up."

"Give it up, and I just leaving this country for ever! Give it up, and maybe never have another chance. I tell you again, as I've told you before, I don't care for her money — you may have it. But her husband was rough on me. He had me horse-whipped! — horsewhipped in front of the jail, like a nigger! — with all the town looking on! Horse-whipped! — do you understand? He took advantage of me and died. But I'll take it out of her!"

"Oh, don't kill her! Don't do that!"

"Do it now? — and company there? No — we'll wait till the lights are out — there's no hurry."

Huck held his breath and stepped back. He picked up his nimble heels and fled. Down, down he sped till he reached the Welshman's. He banged at the door, and presently the heads of the old man and his two sons were thrust from windows.

"What's the row there? Who's banging? What do you want?"

"Let me in — quick! I'll tell everything."

"Why, who are you?"

"Huckleberry Finn — quick, let me in!"

"Huckleberry Finn, indeed! It isn't a name to open many doors! But let him in, lads, and let's see what's the trouble."

"Please don't ever tell I told you," were Huck's first words when he got in. "I will tell if you'll promise you won't ever say it was me."

Three minutes later the old man and his sons, well armed, were up the hill, their weapons in their hands. Huck accompanied them no further. He hid behind a great rock and fell to listening. There was silence, and then all of a sudden there was an explosion of firearms and a cry. Huck waited for no particulars. He sprang away and sped down the hill as fast as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER XVI

On Sunday morning, Huck rapped gently at the old Welshman's door. A call came from a window:

"Who's there?"

Huck answered in a low tone.

"Do please let me in! It's only Huck Finn!"

"It's a name that can open this door night or day, lad! — and welcome!"

These were strange words to the vagabond boy's ears, and the pleasantest he had ever heard.

The door was quickly unlocked and he entered. Huck was given a seat, and the old man and his sons speedily dressed themselves.

"I've come now because I wanted to know about it, you know; and I came before daylight because I didn't want to run across them devils, even if they were dead," said Huck.

"No, they are not dead, lad — we are sorry enough for that. As soon as we lost the sound of their feet we stopped chasing, and went down and stirred up the constables. As soon as it is light the sheriff and a gang are going to beat up the woods. My boys will be with them presently. I wish we had some sort of a description of those rascals — it would help a good deal. But you couldn't see what they were like in the dark, lad, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. One's the old deaf and dumb Spaniard that's been around here once or twice —"

"That's enough, lad, we know the men!"

Huck looked into the old man's honest eyes a moment, then bent over and whispered in his ear:

"It isn't a Spaniard — it's Injun Joe!"

The Welshman almost jumped out of his chair. In a moment he said:

"It's all plain enough now."

Just then there was a knock at the door. Huck jumped for a hiding-place. The Welshman admitted several ladies and gentlemen, among them the Widow Douglas. So the news had spread.

The Welshman had to tell the story of the night to the visitors. The widow's gratitude was outspoken.

More visitors came, and the story had to be told and retold for a couple of hours more.

There was no Sabbath-school, but everybody was early at church. News came that not a sign of the villains had been yet discovered. When the sermon was finished Judge Thatcher's wife dropped alongside of Mrs. Harper, and said:

"Is my Becky going to sleep all day? I just expected she would be tired to death."

"Your Becky?"

"Yes," with a startled look. "Didn't she stay with you last night?"

"Why, no."

Mrs. Thatcher turned pale, and sank into a pew just as Aunt Polly, talking with a friend, passed by. Aunt Polly said:

"Good morning, Mrs. Thatcher. Good morning, Mrs. Harper. Tom is missing. I reckon he stayed at your house last night — one of you. And now he's afraid to come to church. I've got to settle with him."

Mrs. Thatcher shook her head and turned paler than ever.

"He didn't stay with us," said Mrs. Harper beginning to look uneasy. Anxiety came into Aunt Polly's face.

"Joe Harper, have you seen my Tom this morning?"

"No, madam."

"When did you see him last?"

Joe tried to remember, but was not sure he could say. The people had stopped moving out of church. Whispers passed along. Children were anxiously questioned, and young teachers. They all said they had not noticed whether Tom and Becky were on board the ferry-boat on the homeward trip; it was dark; no one thought of asking if anyone was missing. One young man said he was afraid that they were still in the cave! Mrs. Thatcher swooned away; Aunt Polly fell to crying and wringing her hands.

The alarm swept from lip to lip, from group to group, from street to street; and within five minutes the bells were wildly clanging, and the whole town was up! Before the horror was half an hour old two hundred men were pouring down high-road and river toward the cave.

All the long afternoon the village seemed empty and dead. Many women visited Aunt Polly and Mrs. Thatcher, and tried to comfort them. They cried with them, too, and that was still better than words.

All the tedious night the town waited for news; but when the morning dawned at last, all the word that came was "Send more candles, and send food."

Three dreadful days and nights dragged their tedious hours along, and the village sank into a hopeless stupor. No one had heart for anything.

CHAPTER XVII

Now to return to Tom and Becky's share in the picnic. They tripped along the avenue with the rest of the company, visiting the familiar wonders of the cave. Presently the hide-and-seek game began, and Tom and Becky engaged in it with zeal until the exertion began to grow a little wearisome; then they wandered down another avenue. Presently they came to a place where a little stream of water formed a Niagara in gleaming stone. Tom squeezed his small body behind it in order to light it for Becky. He found that it hid a sort of steep natural stairway which was enclosed between narrow walls, and at once the ambition to be a discoverer seized him. Becky answered to his call, and they made a smoke mark for future guidance and started upon their search. They wound this way and that, far down into the secret depths of the cave; they walked all about it, wondering and admiring, and presently left

it by one of the numerous passages that opened into it. Under the roof vast knots of bats had packed themselves together, thousands in a bunch; the lights disturbed the creatures, and they came flocking down by hundreds, darting furiously at the candles. Tom seized Becky's hand and hurried her into the first corridor that offered; and none too soon, for a bat struck Becky's light out with its wing while she was passing out of the cave. The bats chased the children a good distance; but the fugitives rushed into every new passage that offered, and at last got rid of the dangerous things. Now for the first time the deep stillness of the place laid a cold hand upon the spirits of the children. Becky said:

"Why, I didn't notice, but it seems ever so long since I heard any of the others."

"Come to think, Becky, we are away down below them, and I don't know how far away north, or south, or east, or whichever it is. We couldn't hear them here."

Becky grew worried.

"I wonder how long we've been down here, Tom. We had better start back."

"Yes, I reckon we had better."

"Can you find the way, Tom?"

"I reckon I could find it, but then the bats. If they put both our candles out it will be awful. Let's

try some other way, so as not to go through there."

"Well, but I hope we won't get lost. It would be so awful!" and the child shuddered at the thought.

They started through a corridor, glancing at each new opening, to see if there was anything familiar about the look of it; but they were all strange.

"Oh, it's all right. This isn't the one, but we'll come to it right away!" But Tom felt less and less hopeful with each failure. He still said it was "All right", but there was such a leaden dread at his heart, that the words had lost their ring, and sounded as if he had said, "All is lost!" Becky clung to his side and tried hard to keep back the tears, but they would come. At last she said:

"Oh, Tom, you didn't make any marks!"

"Becky, I was such a fool! such a fool! I never thought we might want to come back! No, I can't find the way. It's all mixed up."

"Tom, Tom, we're lost! we're lost! We never, never can get out of this awful place! Oh, why did we ever leave the others?"

She sank to the ground, and burst into crying. Tom begged her to pluck up hope again, and she said she could not. He fell to blaming himself for getting her into this miserable situation; this had a better effect. She said she would try to hope again,

she would get up and follow wherever he might lead, if only he would not talk like that anymore. For he was no more to blame than she, she said.

So they moved on again — aimlessly.

By-and-by they got tired.

At last Becky's limbs refused to carry her farther. She sat down. Tom rested with her, and they talked of home, and the friends there, and the comfortable beds, and above all, the light.

Then Becky said:

"Tom, I am so hungry!"

Tom took something out of his pocket.

"Do you remember this?" he said.

Becky almost smiled.

"It's our wedding cake, Tom."

"Yes — I wish it was as big as a barrel, for it's all we've got."

"I saved it from the picnic for us to dream on, Tom, the way grown-up people do with wedding cake — but it'll be our —"

She dropped the sentence where it was. Tom divided the cake, and Becky ate with good appetite. By-and-by Becky suggested that they should move on again. Tom was silent a moment. Then he said:

"Becky, can you bear it if I tell you something?"

Becky's face paled, but she said she thought she could.

"Well then, Becky, we must stay here, where there's water to drink. That little piece is our last candle!"

Becky began to cry again. Tom did what he could to comfort her, but with little effect. At length Becky said:

"Tom!"

"Well, Becky?"

"They'll miss us and hunt for us!"

"Yes they will! Certainly they will!"

"Your mother would miss you as soon as they got home."

The hours wasted away, and hunger came to torment them again. A portion of Tom's half of the cake was left; they divided and ate it. But they seemed hungrier than before.

By-and-by Tom said:

"*Sh!* Did you hear that?"

Both held their breath and listened. There was a sound like the faintest far-off shout. Instantly Tom answered it, and leading Becky by the hand, started groping down the corridor in its direction. Presently he listened again; again the sound was heard, and apparently a little nearer.

"It's them!" said Tom; "they're coming! Come along, Becky — we're all right now!"

The joy of the prisoners was very great. They must stay there and wait until the searchers came. They listened; the distant shoutings were growing more distant! A moment or two more, and they had gone altogether. The heartsinking misery of it! Tom shouted until he was hoarse, but it was of no use. He talked hopefully to Becky; but no sound came again.

The children groped their way back to the spring. The weary time dragged on; they slept again, and awoke hungry and miserable. Tom believed it must be Tuesday by this time.

Now an idea struck him. There were some side-passages near at hand. It would be well to explore some of these. He took a kite-line from his pocket, and unwinding the line he groped along. At the end of twenty steps the corridor ended in a "jumping-off place". Tom made an effort to stretch yet a little further to the right, and at that moment, not twenty yards away, a human hand, holding a candle, appeared from behind a rock! Tom shouted and instantly that hand was followed by the body it belonged to — Injun Joe's! Tom was paralysed; he could not move. But the next moment the "Spaniard" took to his heels and got himself out of sight.

Becky was very weak. She said she would wait, now, where she was, and die — it would not be long.

She told Tom to go with the kite-line and explore if he chose; but she implored him to come back every little while and speak to her; and she made him promise that when the awful time came, he would stay by her and hold her hand until all was over.

CHAPTER XVIII

Tuesday afternoon came. The village of St. Petersburg still mourned. The lost children had not been found. The village went to its rest on Tuesday night, sad and hopeless.

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-clad people, who shouted, "Turn out! turn out! they're found! they're found!" The population moved towards the river, met the children coming in an open carriage drawn by shouting citizens.

The village was illuminated; nobody went to bed again; it was the greatest night the little town had ever seen.

Aunt Polly's happiness was complete, and Mrs. Thatcher's nearly so.

Tom lay upon a sofa with an eager auditory about him, and told the history of the wonderful adventure, and closed with a description of how he

left Becky and went on an exploring expedition; how at last he glimpsed a far-off speck that looked like daylight; dropped the line and groped towards it, pushed his head and shoulders through a small hole and saw the broad Mississippi rolling by. He told how he went back for Becky and broke the good news, and she told him not to fret her with such stuff, for she was tired, and knew she was going to die, and wanted to. He described how he laboured with her and convinced her, and how she almost died for joy when she had groped to where she actually saw the blue speck of daylight; how he pushed his way out of the hole and then helped her out; how they sat there and cried for gladness; how some men came along in a boat and Tom greeted them and told them their situation: 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 day-dawn Judge Thatcher and the handful of searchers with him were tracked out in the cave and informed of the great news.

About a fortnight after Tom's rescue from the cave he started off to visit Huck. Judge Thatcher's

house was on Tom's way, and he stopped to see Becky. The Judge and some friends set Tom to talking, and someone asked him if he wouldn't like to go to the cave again. Tom said yes, he thought he wouldn't mind it.

The Judge said:

"Well, there are others just like you, Tom, I've not the least doubt. But we have taken care of that. Nobody will get lost in that cave anymore."

"Why?"

"Because I had its big door locked two weeks ago; and I've got the keys."

Tom turned as white as a sheet.

"What's the matter, boy? Here, run, somebody! Fetch a glass of water!"

The water was brought and thrown into Tom's face.

"Ah, now you're all right. What was the matter with you, Tom?"

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

CHAPTER XIX

Within a few minutes the news had spread, and a dozen boat-loads of men were on their way to McDougal's cave, and the ferry-boat, well filled with passengers, soon followed. Tom Sawyer was in the

boat that bore 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 door.

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

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

"The money's in the cave!" — said Tom.

"Tom — is it fun or earnest?"

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

"I bet I will! Let us start right off, Tom."

"All right."

A trifle after noon the boys borrowed a small skiff from a citizen who was absent, and got under way at once.

They had soon reached the cave and entered the hole, Tom in the lead. They made their way to the farther end of the tunnel. A few steps brought them to the spring, and Tom felt a shudder quiver all through him.

The boys began to quiet down to whispers, now, for the stillness and gloom of the place oppressed their spirits. They went on, and presently entered and followed Tom's other corridor until they reached the "jumping off place".

Tom 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!*"

"Now where's your number two? *'Under the cross'* hey?"

Huck stared at the mystic sign a while, and then said with a shaky voice:

"Tom, let us get out of here!"

"What! and leave the treasure?"

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

"No it isn't, Huck. It would haunt the place where he died — away out at the mouth of the cave — five miles from here. Injun Joe's ghost isn't going to come around where there's a cross!"

The point was well taken. It had its effect.

"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."

Tom went first, Huck followed.

They searched everywhere, and then sat down discouraged. Huck could suggest nothing. By-and-by Tom said:

"Look here, Huck; there are foot-prints and some candle-grease on the clay about one side of this rock, but not on the other sides. Now what's that for? I bet you the money *is* under the rock. I'm going to dig in the clay."

And he had not dug four inches before he struck wood.

"Hey, Huck! you hear that?"

Huck began to dig and scratch now. Some boards were soon uncovered and removed. Tom exclaimed:

"My goodness, Huck, look here!"

It was the treasure-box, sure enough.

"Got it at last!" said Huck, ploughing among the rusty coins with his hand. "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! Let me see if I can lift the box."

It weighed about fifty pounds. Tom could lift it after an awkward fashion, but could not carry it.

"I thought so," he said; "I reckon I was right to think of fetching the little bags along."

The money was soon in the bags, and the boys took it up to the cross rock.

Tom disappeared, and presently returned with the waggon, put the two small sacks into it, threw some old rags on top of them, and started off, dragging his cargo behind him. When the boys reached the Welshman's house they stopped to rest. Just as they were about to move on, the Welshman stepped out and said:

"Hallo, who's that?"

"Huck and Tom Sawyer."

"Good! Come along with me, boys, you are keeping everybody waiting. Here, hurry up, trot ahead; I'll take the waggon for you. Why, it's not as light as it might be. Got bricks in it, or old metal?"

"Old metal," said Tom.

The boys wanted to know what the hurry was about.

"Never mind; you'll see when we get to the Widow Douglas's."

Huck was pushed, along with Tom, into Mrs. Douglas's drawing-room. Mr. Jones left the waggon near the door and followed.

The place was brightly lighted, and everybody that was of any importance in the village was there.

Mrs. Douglas said:

"Now wash and dress yourselves. Here are two new suits of clothes — shirts, socks, everything complete. They're Huck's — no, no thanks, Huck — Mr. Jones bought one and I the other."

Then she left.

Some minutes later the widow's guests were at the supper table, and a dozen children were sitting at little side tables in the same room, after the fashion of that country and day.

The widow said 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 in a modest way. Tom's chance was come. He said:

"Huck doesn't need it. Huck's rich! Huck's got money. 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. "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!"

All gazed, nobody spoke for a moment. Then there was a unanimous call for an explanation. Tom said he could give it, and he did. The tale was long, but brimful of interest. There was scarcely an interruption from anyone. When he had finished, the money was counted. The sum amounted to a little over twelve thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XX

Tom's and Huck's good luck made a mighty stir in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. So vast a sum, all in cash, seemed next to incredible. It was much talked about.

The Widow Douglas put Huck's money out at six per cent, and Judge Thatcher did the same with Tom's at Aunt Polly's request. Each lad had an income now that was simply wonderful — a dollar for every weekday in the year and half of the Sundays.

Judge Thatcher hoped to see Tom a great lawyer or a great soldier some day. He said he meant to look to it that Tom should be admitted to the National Military Academy, and afterwards 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 under the Widow Douglas's protection, introduced him into society. The widow's servants kept him clean and neat, combed and brushed him. 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 properly.

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. The third morning Tom Sawyer found him and told him the trouble he had been causing, and urged him to go home. Huck's face grew melancholy. He said:

"Don't talk about it, Tom. I've tried it, and it doesn't work, Tom. It isn't for me; I am not used to it."

"Oh, Huck, if you'll 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 sit on it long enough. No, Tom, I won't be rich, and I won't live in the houses. I like the woods, and the river, and hogsheads, and I'll stick to them too. Cursed it all! just as we had got guns, and a cave, and all just fixed to rob, here this foolishness has got to come up and spoil it all!"

Tom saw his opportunity:

"Look here, Huck, being rich isn't going to keep me back from turning robber."

"No! Oh, are you in real earnest, Tom?"

"Just as dead earnest as I'm sitting here. But, Huck, we can't let you into the gang if you aren't respectable, you know. What would people say? Why they'd say, 'Mph! Tom Sawyer's Gang! pretty low characters in it!' They would mean you, Huck. You wouldn't like that, and I wouldn't."

Huck was silent for some time, engaged in a mental struggle. Finally he said:

"Well, I'll go back to the widow for a month and see if I can come to stand it, if you'll let me belong to the gang, Tom."

"All right, Huck! Come along, old chap."

"When are you going to start the gang and turn robbers?"

"Oh, right off. We'll get the boys together and have the initiation to-night, 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, and kill anybody and all his family that hurts one of the gang."

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

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

"Well, midnight's good, Tom."

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

Exercises.

1. Questions. (1) What are spectacles used for? (2) Why did Aunt Polly wear spectacles? (3) Describe Aunt Polly! (4) What did she want to do with the switch? (5) Why did she wish to punish Tom? (6) Did Tom go to school that afternoon? (7) How did Aunt Polly want to make sure that Tom had been playing truant? (8) Would Aunt Polly have known that Tom had played truant, if Sid had not told her about the black thread? (9) What did Tom threaten to do to Sid? (10) Was Tom fond of working? (11) Did he like to go to school? (12) What was he fond of? (13) Do you like to go to school? (14) Do you sometimes play truant? (15) Have you ever been punished? (16) Who has punished you?

2. A. Translate. (1) *Ainult* (paljas) mõte sellest põletas teda nagu tuli. (2) Ben Rogers oli *just see* poiss, keda ta kõige rohkem kartis. (3) Seda peab tegema *väga* ettevaatlikult. (4) Ma *laseksin* sul teha seda, kui ma *oleksin* sinu asemel. (5) Kui sa *prooviksid* lubjata seda tara ja midagi *juhtuks* temaga, mida *ütleks* siis tädi. (6) Kui lubi *ei oleks otsa lõppenud,* ta *oleks* kõik poisid külas pankrotti ajanud. (7) Kui sa *ei jäta* seda moosi rahule, ma *võtan* sul *naha* maha. (8) Kui ta ei *jätaks* seda moosi ra-

hule, ma *võtaksin* tal *naha* maha. (9) Kui tädi *ei oleks* nii nõudlik selle tara suhtes, ma *laseksin* sul lubjata teda.

2. B. Say in other words. (1) Tom *examined* the fence. (2) He was in *low spirits*. (3) His sorrows *increased*. (4) The *mere* thought that he had to work burnt him like fire. (5) Ben Rogers was *just* the boy (the *same* boy) whose ridicule he had been dreading. (6) "Hello, old *fellow*, you *must* work?" (7) Tom *again began* to whitewash. (8) Tom *was going* to consent. (9) Aunt Polly is very *careful* (hard to please) about that fence. (10) If he had not *used up* all his whitewash, he would have bankrupted *all boys* in the village. (11) I have *used up* all my paper. (12) This merchant is *unable to pay* his debts. (13) I lent my money to my friend, and now I am *unable to pay my debts*. (14) When he had *used up* all his money, he *again began* to work.

3. A. Put into the Passive. *Example:* Tom *whitewashed* the fence. The fence *was whitewashed* by Tom. (1) Aunt Polly *propped* up her spectacles. (2) Tom *loved* Amy Lawrence to distraction. (3) He *worshipped* this new angel. (4) She *discovered* him. (5) Tom *heaved* a great sigh. (6) She *threw* a pansy over the fence. (7) The girl *noticed* his attentions. (8) She *crossed* the threshold. (9) The boy *discovered* something of interest.

3. B. Translate: (1) Pehmel suveõhul *oli olnud* mõju tema peale ja ta tukkus mugavalt tugitoolis. (2) Ta mõtles, et Tom *oli* juba ammu *läinud*.

(3) Tütarlaps *oli palminud* oma juuksed kahte pikka palmikusse. (4) Tom *oli mõelnud,* et ta hullupööra armastas Amy't. (5) Ta *oli olnud* õnnelikem poiss maailmas. (6) Tütarlaps *oli märganud* tema tähelepanelikkust. (7) Tädi prillid *olid topitud* üles juustesse. (8) Terve sein *oli lubjatud.* (9) Üks lill *visati* üle tara. (10) Midagi uut *oli avastatud.* (11) Tomi tähelepanelikkust *oli märgatud* tütarlapse poolt. (12) Tütarlapse juuksed *olid palmitud* kahte pikka palmikusse.

4. A. *Example:* Monday morning *found* Tom Sawyer miserable. Monday morning *did not find* Tom Sawyer miserable. (1) Tom *lay* thinking. (2) It *occurred* to him that he was ill. (3) The boy *drew* his sore toe from under the sheet. (4) He *knew* the necessary symptoms. (5) It *seemed* worth while to chance it. (6) Tom *felt* pain in the toe. (7) He *went* on groaning. (8) The pain *vanished* from the toe. (9) Tom *envied* Huckleberry Finn. (10) Tom *hung* his hat on a peg. (11) The master *pronounced* his name. (12) Tom *recognised* the girl.

4. B. Form questions. *Example:* It occurred to Tom *that he was ill.* What occurred to Tom? (1) He began *to groan.* (2) Tom went on *groaning.* (3) Sid snatched *his clothes* and flew *downstairs.* (4) Aunt Polly's face grew *white.* (5) She sank down *into a chair.* (6) *The pain* vanished from the toe. (7) Mary got *a silk thread.* (8) The old lady made one end of the silk thread *fast to Tom's tooth.* (9) The children admired *Huckleberry Finn.* (10) Tom played with him

every time he got a chance. (11) The master was dozing *in his great armchair.* (12) *The interruption* roused him. (13) Tom was about *to lie.* (14) The *master's* pulse stood still. (15) The master's arm performed *until it was tired.*

5. A. Put in Prepositions where necessary. (1) School broke — — noon. (2) Tom flew — Becky Thatcher. (3) He whispered — her ear. (4) They got — the corner. (5) They met — the bottom — the lane. (6) They reached — the school. (7) Tom held Becky's hand — his. (8) They took great interest — art. (9) They fell — talking. (10) Tom was — love — Becky. (11) He remembered the words he had written — the slate. (12) Tom took silence — consent. (13) He spoke — his mouth close — her ear. (14) She resisted — a while. (15) She took refuge — a corner. (16) He tugged — the apron and the hands.

5. B. Give Opposites to. *Example:* They started school — they broke up. (1) *Take off* your bonnet. (2) He went the *same* way. (3) In a *little while.* (4) At the *beginning* of the lane. (5) They sat *apart.* (6) Their interest in art began *to increase.* (7) *Anybody* can do it. (8) *Have you forgotten* what I wrote on the slate. (9) I'll *shout* it. (10) There was a great *noise.* (11) He was *far from* her. (12) She *submitted.* (13) *Suddenly* she let her hands drop.

6. Questions. (1) What did Tom and Sid say when they went to bed? (2) Who fell soon asleep? (3) Why did Tom lie awake? (4) What

did he do when the clock struck eleven? (5) Where did the boys go ? (6) Describe the graveyard at night! (7) How did the boys feel? (8) What did they see at once? (9) What did Huckleberry think of the figures that were approaching them? (10) Were they devils? (11) Who were they? (12) What did they want to do in the graveyard? (13) Who began to quarrel and why? (14) Who killed the doctor? (15) Where did he put the fatal knife? (16) What had Potter been doing meanwhile? (17) What did Injun Joe try to make him believe? (18) What advice did he give Potter? (19) Did Potter do as he was told?

7. A. Put into Indirect Speech. *Example:* "Hanging will come of it." He *says* that hanging will come of it. He *said* that hanging *would* come of it. (1) "He will kill us some time or other." (2) "Potter will be fool enough to tell it." (3) "We shall have to keep silence." (4) "That Injun devil will drown us like a couple of cats." (5) "We shall swear to one another to keep silence." (6) "That will not do for this." (7) "They will agree, I am sure." (8) "Will you hold your hands and swear."

7. B. Put into the Past and the Future. (1) Tom *unwinds* the thread from one of his needles. (2) Each boy *pricks* the ball of his thumb and *squeezes* out a drop of blood. (3) Tom *manages* to sign his initials. (4) Then he *shows* Huckleberry how to make an H and an F, and the oath *is* complete. (5) Tom *creeps* in at his bedroom

window and *falls* asleep. (6) After breakfast his aunt *takes* him aside. (7) She *weeps* over him and *asks* him how he *can* go and break her old heart so. (8) Tom *cries, pleads* for forgiveness, and *promises* reform over and over again.

8. A. Translate. (1) Kogu küla *oli elektrifitseeritud* koledast uudisest. (2) Õpilastele *oli antud* püha. (3) Õpetaja *oli andnud* õpilastele püha. (4) Kole uudis *oli elektrifitseerinud* kogu küla. (5) Nuga *oli leitud* tapetud mehe lähedalt. (6) Keegi *oli leidnud* noa tapetud mehe lähedalt. (7) Keegi *oli ära tundnud,* et nuga kuulus Muff Potterile. (8) Nuga oli *ära tuntud* kellegi poolt. (9) *Räägiti* ka, et kogu linn *oli läbi otsitud* mõrvari pärast. (10) Nad olid *läbi otsinud* kogu linna, et leida mõrvari. (11) *Loodeti,* et mõrvar *tabatakse* enne ööd. (12) Mõrvarit *ei olnud tabatud.* (13) Nad *ei olnud tabanud* mõrvarit. (14) Ratsamehed *olid välja saadetud.*

8. B. Put in Prepositions where necessary. (1) Tom joined — the procession. (2) Soon he arrived — the dreadful place. (3) His eyes met — Huckleberry's. (4) — this moment the crowd began to move. (5) There were many people — the branches — the trees. (6) They were sure that Injun Joe had sold himself — Satan, and it would be fatal to meddle — such a power as that. (7) He fell — sobbing again. (8) He repeated his statement — the inquest. (9) The boys were confirmed — their belief that Injun Joe had sold himself — the devil.

9. A. Put into Indirect Speech. *Example:* "Thomas Sawyer, were you in the grave-yard on the seventeenth of June?" He asked Thomas Sawyer if he had been in the grave-yard on the seventeenth of June. (1) "Were you anywhere near Horse Williams's grave?" (2) "Were you alone?" (3) "Were you hidden or not?" (4) "Was there anyone with you?" (5) "Did you carry anything there with you?" (6) "Did you take the dead cat to the grave-yard?" (7) "Did you see Injun Joe strike the doctor with Muff Potter's knife?" (8) "Did Muff Potter kill the doctor?"

9. B. Put in the right forms of "to have" *or* "to be". (1) He could not — comfortable in the midst of this gossip. (2) He wanted to — a talk with Huck. (3) He thought it would — some relief to divide his burden with another sufferer. (4) The next day was to — the great day. (5) We — changed our mind. (6) "Don't — afraid." (7) "I — agreed," said Huck. (8) It — hours before Tom got to sleep. (9) "Tom, we — got to keep silence," said Huck. (10) Tom thought that he was going to — flogged.

10. A. Translate. (1) Tasu *oli pakutud.* (2) Maa *oli läbi otsitud.* (2) Ratsanikud *olid läbi otsinud* kogu maa. (3) Injun Joe'd *ei olnud leitud.* (4) Nad *ei olnud leidnud* Injun Joe'd. (5) Ajaleht *oli ülistanud* Tomi. (6) Tomi *oli ülistatud* küla ajalehes. (7) Tomi nimi *oli tehtud* surematuks (8) Ajaleht *oli teinud* Tomi nime surematuks. (9) Advokaadile *oli jutustatud* terve lugu. (10) Tom *oli ju-*

tustanud advokaadile terve loo. (11) Tom *oli tõestanud* (tunnistanud), et Muff Potter ei olnud süüdi. (12) Muff Potter'i süütus (innocence) *oli tõestatud.*

10. B. Form the Past. *Example:* to envy — envied. (1) to magnify, (2) to testify, (3) to persuade, (4) to suffer, (5) to occur, (6) to capture, (7) to offer, (8) to produce, (9) to flow, (10) to flit, (11) to cry, (12) to drop, (13) to reply, (14) to represent, (15) to agree, (16) to electrify, (17) to flog, (18) to bury, (19) to stir, (20) to submit.

11. Questions. (1) What desire came upon Tom one day? (2) To whom did he open the matter? (3) Was Huck willing to join him? (4) Did Huck know anything about hidden treasures? (5) Would you like to dig for a hidden treasure? (6) Are there hidden treasures in our country? (7) Where did Tom and Huck dig first? (8) What was Huck going to do if he found some money? (9) What was Tom going to do with his share? (10) Did they find anything under the elm-tree? (11) Where were they going to dig next? (12) Describe the "haunted" house!

12. A. Put into Indirect Speech. *Example:* "Keep still!" said Huck. Huck told him to keep still. (1) He said: "Don't whisper another word." (2) "You have to watch now; it's your turn." (3) "Bury the box deep!" (4) "Give me your knife!" (5) "Do that job, quickly!" (6) "Go home, and stand by till you hear from me." (7) "Take the box to my den." (8) "Don't be afraid!" (9) "Start at once, it is dark enough." (10) "Get out of this at once!"

12. B. Give Opposites to: (1) *A long time* after noon. (2) They *left* the haunted house. (3) They took a *brave* peep. (4) They saw a *weedless* floor, a *modern* fire-place, a *new* staircase. (5) They talked *in a loud voice.* (6) Signs of *growth.* (7) He turned *red.* (8) The Spaniard *could hear* and *speak well.* (9) He was a *tidy* creature. (10) They sat *with their backs* to the door. (11) The speaker *stopped* his remarks. (12) This was *unsatisfactory.* (13) The moments *passed quickly.* (14) The sun was *rising.* (15) One snore *began.* (16) He *added* twenty dollars.

13. A. Translate: (1) Päeva seiklus. (2) Tom'i unenäod. (3) Toa number. (4) Huck'i seltskond. (5) Kõrtsmiku noor poeg. (6) Kõrtsi tagauks. (7) Ukse võti. (8) Tädi võtmed. (9) Kättemaksu põhjus. (10) Tom'i hirm.

13. B. Put in Prepositions. (1) The treasure wasted — nothingness — his fingers. (2) He lay awake — the early morning. (3) Huck was sitting — a flat boat, dangling his feet — the water. (4) Tom went — the boat and put his feet — the water. (5) He lived — a tavern. (6) They soon came — the tavern. (7) Tom did not care to have Huck's company — public places. (8) Huck never cared to go — public places. (9) They never saw anybody go — the tavern. (10) The back door of the tavern came out — a little alley.

14. A. Put into the Passive: (1) They closed up the inn. (2) They put out the lights. (3) They saw no Spaniard. (4) Nobody entered the

alley. (5) Tom lit the lantern. (6) They wrapped the lantern closely in the towel. (7) Tom tried two of the keys. (8) He unlocked the door. (9) I seized that towel. (10) Injun Joe frightened me.

14. B. Form negative sentences. (1) Tom *had* a lantern. (2) Before midnight the tavern *closed* up. (3) The inn-keeper *put* out the lights. (4) They *saw a* Spaniard. (5) *Somebody* entered the alley. (6) Tom *entered* the alley. (7) Huck *stood* sentry. (8) He *took* hold of the knob. (9) *Someone* was lying on the floor. (10) He *saw a* bottle and *a* tin cup on the floor. (11) There *was a* pause for reflection. (12) He *snatched* the box.

15. A. Read in the Present from: "The first thing Tom heard on Friday" to "The old steam ferry-boat was hired for the occasion."

15. B. Translate: (1) Koopa sisemus oli *külm kui* jää. (2) Tom Sawyer teadis koopast *sama palju kui* teised. (3) Peatee oli *rohkem kui* kaheksa jalga lai. (4) Becky oli *sama vaimustatud kui* teised. (5) Koobas oli *salapärasem kui* nad olid kujutlenud. (6) Koopa suu oli *kõrgemal kui* mets. (7) Tammest uks oli *sama massiivne kui* koobas ise. (8) Külgharud olid *pimedad kui* öö. (9) Huck hiilis nende järel *tasa kui* kass. (10) Injun Joe'l oli *valjem* hääl *kui* ta seltsilisel. (11) Huck jooksis *nii ruttu kui* ta jalad suutsid teda kanda.

15. C. Fill the blanks with *that, what, which, who, whose, whom.* (1) The first thing — Tom heard on Friday was a glad piece of news.

(2) The last thing — Mrs. Thatcher said to Becky was: "Perhaps you'd better stay with some of the girls — live near the ferry landing." (3) They went down the main avenue, — was not more than eight feet wide. (4) Huck waited — seemed a long time, but nothing happened. (5) It was the stranger — he had seen in the haunted house. (6) Her husband, — was rough on me, died. (7) He knocked at the door of the house, — was inhabited by the Welshman. (8) Injun Joe smiled grimly upon his comrade, — head was drooping upon his knees.

16. A. Translate: (1) See nimi *võib* avada minu ukse ööl või päeval. (2) Pimedas te *ei võinud* näha, kuidas nad välja nägid. (3) Ma *tahtsin* teada selle üle. (4) Ta *pidi* jutustama selle loo külalistele. (5) Seda lugu *pidi* ikka jälle uuesti jutustama. (6) Ta *peab* jutustama neile selle loo. (7) *Võib*-olla et pr. Douglas'el on külalised. (8) Ma ei *või* näha ühtegi. (9) Sa *võid* võtta selle raha, ma ei hooli rahast. (10) Ta abikaasa oli ebaviisakas minu vastu ja ma *tahan* kätte tasuda.

16. B. Put in *as* or *than*. (1) — soon — we lost them we stopped. (2) — soon — it is light the sheriff and a gang are going to beat up the woods. (3) Mrs. Thatcher shook her head and turned paler — ever. (4) They cried, and that was better — words. (5) He ran down the hill — fast — his legs could carry him. (6) The boys were — excited — themselves, and — delighted. (7) If you get married I'll be lonesomer — ever. (8) Tom felt just — insecure — before.

17. A. Questions. (1) What did Tom and Becky do when they were tired of the hide-and-seek game? (2) Describe the place where they came to! (3) What did the bats do when the lights disturbed them? (4) How did the children get rid of the dangerous things? (5) When did Becky grow worried? (6) Could the children find the way out? (7) Why not? (8) How was Becky? (9) What did they eat? (10) What did Becky suggest by-and-by? (11) What did Tom hope? (12) What did Tom do when he heard a distant sound? (13) How did he explore the passages? (14) Why did Becky not follow him? (15) Whom did Tom meet on his exploring expedition?

17. B. Put in *can, could, may, might, will, would.* (1) "— you find the way, Tom?" asked Becky. (2) "I think I — find it, but then the bats. If they put both our candles out it — be awful." (3) "But I hope we — not get lost. It — be so awful!" (4) Becky tried hard to keep back the tears, but they — come. (5) "I never thought we — want to come back! No, I — not find the way!" (6) "Tom, we're lost! We never — get out of this awful place!" (7) She said she — not pluck up hope again. (8) She said she — try to hope again, she — follow wherever he — lead. (9) Becky suggested that they — move on. (10) "Becky, — you bear it if I tell you something?" (11) Becky thought she —. (12) Tom did what he — to comfort her. (13) "They — miss us and hunt for us!" (14) Tom thought that it — be well to explore some of the

side-passages. (15) Tom was paralysed; he — not move. (16) Becky made him promise that he — stay by her.

18. A. Translate: (1) Kadunud lapsi ei olnud *leitud.* (2) Tänavad olid *täitunud* pool-alasti inimestega. (3) Lapsed olid *leitud!* (4) Vankrit *veeti* karjuvate kodanikkude poolt. (5) Küla oli *valgustatud.* (6) Imelikke seiklusjutte *jutustati* Tomi poolt. (7) Otsijaile *oli teatatud* suurest uudisest. (8) Kodanikud olid *teatanud* otsijaile suurest uudisest. (9) Vett *toodi* ja *visati* Tom'i näole. (10) Nad *tõid* vett ja *viskasid* Tom'ile näole. (11) Hr. Thatcher *laskis* ukse lukustada. (12) Ta *laskis* vett tuua ja Tom'i näole visata.

18. B. Form questions. (1) The village of St. Petersburg still *mourned.* (2) The streets were swarming *with half-clad people.* (3) The population moved *towards the river.* (4) Aunt Polly's happiness was *complete.* (5) Tom told *the history of the wonderful adventure.* (6) He laboured *with Becky* and convinced *her.* (7) The men rowed them *to a house.* (8) The searchers were informed *of the great news.* (9) About a fortnight after Tom's rescue from the cave he started off *to visit Huck.* (10) *Mr. Thatcher* had the door of the cave locked. (11) Tom turned *as white as a sheet.* (12) Injun Joe was *in the cave.*

19. A. Put in Prepositions. (1) Tom Sawyer was — the boat that bore Judge Thatcher. (2) A sorrowful sight presented itself — the dim twilight. (3) Joe's face was close — the door.

(4) People flocked there ___ boats and waggons. (5) Tom took Huck ___ a private place to have a talk with him. (6) The money was ___ the cave. (7) They started right off ___ the cave. (8) They soon reached ___ the cave and entered ___ the hole, Tom ___ the lead. (9) They made their way ___ the farther end of the tunnel. (10) A few steps brought them ___ a spring. (11) ___ the big rock there was a cross. (12) Huck stared ___ the mystic sign and then said ___ a shaky voice. (13) There were foot-prints ___ the clay. (14) They were going to dig ___ the clay. (15) The money was soon ___ the bags, and the boys took it up ___ the cross rock. (16) The boys put the money ___ the bags. (17) Tom put the two small sacks ___ the waggon and threw some old rags ___ top of them. (18) Huck was pushed ___ Mrs. Douglas's drawing-room. (19) Some minutes later Tom and Huck were ___ the supper table. (20) The widow said she would start Huck ___ business ___ a modest way.

19. B. Translate: (1) Mõne minutiga olid uudised levinud. (2) Injun Joe *maeti* koopa suu lähedale. (3) Hommikul pärast matust Tom'il *oli* tähtis jutuajamine Huck'iga. (4) Tom ütles, et raha *on* koopas. (5) Väike paat *üüriti* ühelt kodanikult. (6) Poisid varsti jõudsid koopas*se*. (7) Nad astusid sisse Tom'i *juhtides*. (8) Huck kartis, et Injun Joe vaim *on* seal. (9) See oli aardekast — *tõepoolest!* (10) Huck ütles, et nad *on* rikkad. (11) Just siis, kui nad *kavatsesid* edasi liikuda (olid valmis edasi liikuma), astus keegi välja ja ütles... (12) Poisid

tahtsid teada, mis *üle* see rutt oli. (13) Lesknaine ütles, et ta kavatses *lasta* Huck'ile haridust anda. (14) Ta laskis Huck'ile kaks uut ülikonda teha. (15) Huck oli *keeletu*. (16) Kui Tom oli lõpetanud oma jutustuse, *loeti* raha üle. (17) Raha summa *tõusis* üle 12 000 dollari.

19. C. Put into Indirect Speech. Tom said: "The money *is* in the cave". Tom said that the money *was* in the cave. Tom said: (1) "There *is* a cross on the big rock." (2) "Injun Joe's ghost *is* round about there." (3) "That cross *is* luck for *us.*" (4) "There *are* foot-prints on the clay." (5) "I *am* going to dig in the clay." (6) "We *are* rich!" (7) "It *is* too good to believe." (8) "*I* always *reckoned we*'d get it." (9) "*I thought* so." (10) "*I was* right to think of fetching the little bags." (11) "Mr. Jones *bought* a suit for *you.*" (12) "Huck *has got* some money." (13) "*I have fetched* the bags." (14) "*I have counted* the money."

20. A. Put in the right forms of "to have" or "to be". (1) Huck's and Tom's good luck — much talked about. (2) Judge Thatcher said that Tom should — admitted to the National Military Academy. (3) Huck — to eat with knife and fork; he — to learn his book; he — to talk properly. (4) Tom told Huck the trouble he — — causing, and urged him to go home. (5) Huck said: "I — not used to it. Tom, I won't — rich." (6) Tom said: " — rich isn't going to keep me back from turning robber." (7) " — you in real earnest, Tom?" asked Huck. (8) "All that swearing — got to — done at

midnight." (9) The widow said she meant to — Huck educated. (10) Just as the boys — about to move on, the Welshman stepped out. (11) The boys wanted to know what the hurry — about. (12) Tom — right to think of fetching the little bags.

20. B. Translate: (1) *Nii* suur summa näis uskumatu. (2) *Nii* suurt varandust ei omanud keegi külas. (3) Tädi Polly *palvel* hr. Thatcher laenas Tom'i raha välja kuue *protsendiga.* (4) Hr. Thatcher'i *palvel võeti* Tom *vastu* sõjaväe akadeemiasse. (5) Temast *pidi* saama suur jurist või suur sõjamees. (6) Pr. Douglas *tõi* Huck'i seltskonda. (7) Huck'i *esitleti* hr. Thatcher'ile. (7) Pr. Douglas *esitles* Huck'i hr. Thatcher'ile. (8) Huck *pidi* sööma noa ja kahvliga. (9) Ta *pidi* käima kirikus. (10) Ta *talus* viletsust kolm nädalat. (11) Ma ei või *taluda* seda. (12) Huck'i nägu *muutus* kurvameelseks. (13) See rumal asi *pidi* nüüd tulema ja kõik ära rikkuma! (14) „Hea küll, ma lähen tagasi ja vaatan, kas ma suudan *taluda* seda." (15) See tõotuseandmine (vanne) *peab sündima* kesköö1. (16) Sa *pead* vanduma puusärgil ja alla kirjutama oma verega.

Vocabulary.

CHAPTER I

p. 3.

spectacles ['spektəklz] prillid
state pair ['steit'pɛə] „esindus"-paar
pride [praid] uhkus
style [stail] stiil
stove lid ['stouvlid] pliidiraud
to shout [ʃaut] hüüdma, karjuma
to seize [siːz] haarama
jacket ['dʒækit] jakk, kuub
to arrest [ə'rest] areteerima, takistama
flight [flait] põgenemine

p. 4.

pantry ['pæntri] sahver
to let alone rahule jätma
to skin nülgima
switch [switʃ] vits, kepp
to hover ['hɔvə] heljuma
to whirl [wəːl] keerutama
to snatch [snætʃ] haarama, napsama
skirt [skəːt] seelik
to scramble ['skræmbl] ronima
fence [fens] tara
to disappear [disə'piə] kaduma
Polly ['pɔli]
gentle [dʒentl] õrn, tasane
goodness ['gudnis] heldeke!
truant ['truːənt] logeleja, laiskvorst
to play truant koolist põhjuseta puuduma, „poppi" tegema
to punish ['pʌniʃ] karistama
to saw [sɔː] saagima
adventure [əd'ventʃə] seiklus

p. 5.

chip [tʃip] laast
adventurous [əd'ventʃərəs] seiklushimuline
to steal [stiːl] varastama
opportunity [ɔpə'tjuːniti] võimalus
shirt [ʃəːt] särk
to flatter ['flætə] meelitama
in spite of [in'spaitəv] hoolimata
to pump [ʌ] pumpama
inspiration [inspi'reiʃn] inspiratsioon; vaim, mõte

to undo [ˈʌnˈduː] lahti tegema
to unbutton [ʌnˈbʌtn] lahti nööpima
to vanish [ˈvæniʃ] kaduma
securely [siˈkjuəli] kindlasti, kõvasti

p. 6.

Sidney [ˈsidni]
to lick lakkuma; kolkima

CHAPTER II

brimming [ˈbrimiŋ] tulvil täis
cheer [tʃiə] rõõm
locust [ˈloukəst] **tree** akaatsia
fragrance [ˈfreigrəns] lõhn
Cardiff [ˈkaːdif]
vegetation [vedʒiˈteiʃn] taimestik
bucket [ˈbʌkit] ämber
whitewash [ˈwaitwɔʃ] lubi
to survey [səːˈvei] üle vaatama
melancholy [ˈmelənkəli] melanhoolia, kurvameelsus
yard [jɑːd] jard (91,44 cm)
to sigh [sai] ohkama
to dip [i] kastma
topmost [ˈtɔpmoust] ülemine
plank [æ] laud

p. 7.

streak [ei] triip
discouraged [disˈkʌridʒd] julguse kaotanud
to multiply [ˈmʌltiplai] korrutama; suurenema
to trip kergel sammul kõndima, kekslema
delicious [diˈliʃəs] meeldiv, lõbus
expedition [ekspiˈdiʃn] ekspeditsioon, retk
wealth [welθ] jõukus; vara
to examine [igˈzæmin] vaatlema, järele vaatama
toy mängukann
marbles [ˈmaːblz] (marmor-) kuulikesed
trash [træʃ] rämps
exchange [ikstʃeindʒ] vahetus
pure [ˈpjuə] puhas
Ben Rogers [ˈroudʒəz]
ridicule [ˈridikjuːl] pilge
to dread [e] kartma
melodious [miˈloudjəs] meloodiline, kõlav
to pretend [priˈtend] teesklema, kujutlema
steamboat [ˈstiːmbout] aurik
Missouri [miˈsuəri]
to consider [kənˈsidə] mõtlema
engine [ˈendʒin] aurumasin
to pay attention [əˈtenʃn] **to** tähelepanu pöörama
to stare [stɛə] üksisilmi vaatama

p. 8.

artist [ˈaːtist] kunstnik
sweep [iː] pühkimine, vise

chap [tʃæp] poiss
to resume [ri'zju:m] uuesti algama
to suit [sju:t] sobima
chance [tʃɑ:ns] juhus, võimalus
to nibble [nibl] hammustama, näksima
daintily ['deintili] ilusasti
to note [nout] märkama, tähele panema
effect [i'fekt] mõju
to criticise ['kritisaiz] kritiseerima, arvustama

p. 9.

to consent [kən'sent] nõustuma
particular [pə'tikjulə] nõudlik
core [kɔ:] süda
to sweat [e] higistama
to retire [ri'taiə] puhkusele minema
barrel ['bærəl] vaat
to dangle ['dæŋgl] kõlgutama

p. 10.

to jeer [dʒiə] narrima, pilkama
to trade [treid] kauplema
kite [kait] lohe
in good repair [ri'pɛə] heas korras
Johnny ['dʒɔni]
key [ki:] võti
stopper ['stɔpə] kork
decanter [di'kæntə] karavin
soldier ['souldʒə] sõdur
door-knob [nɔb] uksenupp
handle ['hændl] käepide
orange-peel ['ɔrindʒpi:l] apelsinikoor
to run out otsa lõppema
if he hadn't run out of whitewash kui tal lubi ei oleks otsa lõppenud
to bankrupt ['bæŋkrʌpt] pankrotistama

CHAPTER III

apartment [ə'pɑ:tmənt] (üksik) tuba
library ['laibrəri] raamatukogu
odour ['oudə] lõhn

p. 11.

murmur ['mə:mə] sumin
to nod noogutama; tukkuma
to knit [nit] kuduma
lap [æ] süli
to prop toetama; üles pistma, üles toppima
safety ['seifti] julgeolek
per cent [pə'sent] protsent
statement ['steitmənt] teadis, seletus
entire [in'taiə] terve, kogu
to have a mind to tahtmist omama
astonishment [əs'tɔniʃmənt] imestus
to tan [æ] parkima
to skip hüppama
Thatcher ['θætʃə]

to plait [plæt] palmima
Amy Lawrence ['eimi 'lɔirəns]

p. 12.

distraction [dis'trækʃən] hajameelsus, meeltesegadus
to distraction hullupööra
to confess [kən'fes] pihtima, armastust avaldama
to worship ['wəiʃip] austama, kummardama
angel ['eindʒəl] ingel
furtive ['fəitiv] salajane, vargne
to discover [dis'kʌvə] avastama, leidma
to show off esile tõstma, tähelepanu enesele tõmbama
absurd [əb'səid] absurdne, mõttetu
admiration [ædmə'reiʃn] imetlus
to grieve [griiv] muretsema, kurb olema
to heave [hiiv] tõstma, esile tooma
sigh [sai] ohe
threshold ['treʃould] lävi, künnis
pansy ['pænzi] võõrasema (lill)

p. 13.

reluctantly [ri'lʌktəntli] vastumeelselt
vision ['viʒən] nägemus
his spirits were high ta oli heas tujus

CHAPTER IV

miserable ['mizərəbl] vilets, õnnetu
to occur [ə'kəi] ette tulema, mõttesse tulema
to reflect [ri'flekt] mõtisklema
loose [luis] lahtine
to groan [ou] oigama
argument ['aigjumənt] argument, põhjend
in reserve [ri'zəiv] varuks
patient ['peiʃənt] patsient, haige
to threaten ['ɵretn] ähvardama
sore [səi] haige
toe [tou] varvas
inspection [in'spekʃn] järelevaatus

p. 14.

necessary ['nesisəri] vajaline
symptom ['simptəm] sümptoom, tunnusmärk
worth while ['wəiɵ'wail] tüli väärt, tasub ära
to chance [tʃains] riskima
unconscious [ʌn'kɔnʃəs] mitteteadlik
to snore [snɔi] norskama
to yawn [jɔin] haigutama
elbow ['elbou] küünarnukk
to moan [ou] oigama, hädaldama
to stir [əi] liigutama

p. 15.

window-sash [sæʃ] aknaraam
in reality [ri'æliti] tõeliselt
nevertheless ['nevəðə'les] hoolimata sellest
heel [i:] kand
to tremble ['trembl] värisema
to gasp [ɑ:] hingeldama, raskesti hingama, kähisema
to decay [di'kei] kõdunema

p. 16.

to shut up järele jätma
to cease [si:s] lakkama
to ache [eik] valutama
thread [θred] niit
to glow [ou] hõõguma, särama

p. 17.

dental ['dentəl] hamba-
instrument ['instrumənt] (töö)riist
loop [u:] silmus, sõlm
Huckleberry ['hʌklbəri]
drunkard ['drʌŋkəd] joodik
idle [aidl] tegevuseta, laisk
vulgar ['vʌlgə] vulgaarne, labane
to admire [əd'maiə] imetlema
society [sə'saiəti] seltskond
to envy ['envi] kadestama
condition [kən'diʃən] olukord
strict [strikt] vali
cast-off äravisatud
hogshead ['hɔgzhed] vaat
to obey [o'bei] sõna kuulma, alistuma
to choose [tʃu:z], **chose, chosen** valima; heaks arvama
barefoot palja jalu
to swear [swɛə], **swore, sworn** vanduma

p. 18.

precious ['preʃəs] väärtuslik, kallis
St. Petersburg [snt'pi:təzbə:g]
to greet [i:] tervitama
outcast ['autkɑ:st] väljatõugatu, hulgus
to cure ['kjuə] ravima
wart [wɔ:t] käsn
graveyard ['greivjɑ:d] kalmistu
wicked ['wikid] õel, patune
devil ['devl] kurat
corpse [kɔ:ps] laip

p. 19.

to isolate ['aisoleit] isoleerima, eraldama
speed [i:] kiirus
peg varn
to doze [douz] tukkuma
interruption [intə'rʌpʃən] segamine, katkestus
to rouse [rauz] äratama
to recognise ['rekəgnaiz] ära tundma
sympathy ['simpəθi] sümpaatia, poolehoid

vacant ['veikənt] vaba, tühi
pulse [pʌls] pulss
buzz [ʌ] sumin

p. 20.

to perform [pə'fɔ:m] korda saatma, kohust täitma
warning ['wɔ:niŋ] hoiatus
pine [pain] mänd, mändne
toss [ɔ:] vise, raputus
accustomed [ə'kʌstəmd] harjunud, harilik
to steal glances salaja pilku heitma
to observe [əb'zə:v] märkama
to make a face nägu krimpsutama
peach [pi:tʃ] virsik
to thrust [θrʌst] tõukama
hatred ['heitrid] viha, põlgus
slate [ei] tahvel
to glance [gla:ns] pilku heitma, vaatama
sign [sain] märk
to refuse [ri'fju:z] keelduma

p. 21.

to give in järele andma
hesitatingly ['heziteitiŋli] kõhklevalt
to whisper ['wispə] sosistama
caricature [kærikə'tjuə] karikatuur
gable [geibl] katuseviil
cork-screw ['kɔ:kskru:] korgitõmbaja
chimney ['tʃimni] korsten
backward ['bækwəd] arg

p. 22.

to treat [i:] kohtlema
to resist [ri'zist] vastu seisma, tõrkuma
by degrees [di'gri:z] järkjärgult, aegamööda
to reveal [ri'vi:l] paljastama
smart [a:] nägus, kena
rap [æ] löök
to redden ['redn] punastuma
throne [θroun] troon
rejoicing [ri'dʒɔisiŋ] rõõmus

CHAPTER V

p. 23.

to deceive [di'si:v] petma, eksiteele viima
scholar ['skɔlə] õpilane
to guide [gaid] juhtima
to wane [wein] kahanema
to engage [in'geidʒ] kihlama

p. 24.

consent [kən'sent] nõusolek
waist [ei] talje
timidly ['timidly] aralt
breath [breθ] hingamine, hingeõhk
curl [kə:l] lokk
refuge ['refju:dʒ] vari, kaitse
apron ['eiprən] põll
to clasp [a:] haarama
to plead [i:] anuma
to tug [ʌ] tirima, kiskuma

p. 25.

to submit [səb'mit] alistuma

CHAPTER VI

prayer ['prɛə] palvus, palve
restless ['restlis] rahutu
impatience [im'peiʃəns] kannatamatus
despair [dis'pɛə] meeleheide
dismally ['dizməli] õudselt
beam [iː] tala, palk
mysteriously [mis'tiəriəsli] salapäraselt
to creak [iː] kriuksuma
faintly ['feintli] nõrgalt
evidently ['evidəntli] nähtavasti
abroad [ə'brɔːd] väljas, välismaal

p. 26.

measured ['meʒəd] korrapärane, rütmiline
to issue ['isjuː] välja tulema; kostma
chamber ['tʃeimbə] kamber, tuba
crash [æ] raksatus
wood-shed ['wudʃed] puukuur
gloom [uː] pimedus
old-fashioned ['fæʃənd] vanamoeline
tomb ['tuːm] haud
to stagger ['stægə] kõlkuma
sacred ['seikrid] pühitsetud, pühendatud
to complain [kəm'plein] kaebama
to disturb [dis'təːb] eksitama, segama, häirima

p. 27.

solemn ['sɔlim] pühalik
to bet kihla vedama
to breathe [briːð] hingama
to muffle [mʌfl] summutama
vague [veig] ebaselge
to approach [ə'proutʃ] lähenema
to swing, swung, swung kiigutama, vibutama
lantern ['læntən] latern
spark [aː] säde, valguskiir
shudder ['ʃʌdə] hirmujudin

p. 28.

human ['hjuːmən] inimene
Injun Joe ['indʒən 'dʒou]
barrow ['bærou] käru
rope [roup] köis
shovel ['ʃʌvl] kühvel
elmtree jalakas
spade [ei] labidas

p. 29.

coffin ['kɔfin] puusärk
to remove [ri'muːv] eemaldama
lid [i] kaas
rudely ['ruːdli] toorelt
spring vedru
cursed ['kəːst] neetud
to require [ri'kwaiə] nõudma

in advance [əd'vɑːns] ette astuma
even ['iːvn] tasa
fist rusikas
ruffian ['rʌfjən] toores, häbematu inimene
partner ['pɑːtnə] kaaslane

p. 30.

to trample [æ] trampima
to flame [ei] leegitsema
passion ['pæʃən] kirg
to stoop [uː] kummarduma
half-breed [briːd] poolverd; I. Joe ei ole mitte täisverd indiaanlane
breast [e] rind
to reel [iː] kokku varisema
to flood [ʌ] üle ujutama
to rob röövima
fatal ['feitəl] saatuslik

p. 31.

on account [ə'kaunt] **of** millegi arvel
whisky ['wiski] alkoholise joogi nimetus
weapon ['wepən] relv
murderer ['məːdrə] mõrvar
to bless õnnistama
track [æ] jälg, teerada
trot sörk
to increase [in'kriːs] suurenema
complete [kɔm'pliːt] täieline

CHAPTER VII

p. 32.

horror ['hɔrə] hirm
backward tagasi
tannery ['tænəri] parkimistöökoda
grateful ['greitful] tänulik
exhausted [ig'zɔːstid] väga väsinud, kurnatud

p. 33.

to drown [au] uputama
to squeak [skwiːk] piuksuma
shingle [ʃiŋgl] laast
to unwind ['ʌn'waind], **unwound, unwound** lahti kerima
to prick torkama
thumb [θʌm] pöial
to squeeze [skwiːz] pigistama
to sign [sain] alla kirjutama
initials [i'niʃəlz] nime algustähed

p. 34.

oath [ouθ] vanne
to congratulate [kən'grætjuleit] õnnitlema
aware [ə'wɛə] teadlik
to flog peksma
whipping ['wipiŋ] peksmine
reform [ri'fɔːm] muudatus, parandus

CHAPTER VIII

p. 35.

to electrify [i'lektrifai] elektrifitseerima
ghastly ['gɑːstli] kole
group [uː] grupp

telegraphic [teli'græfik] telegraafiline
to depart [di'pɑ:t] teele asuma
Sheriff ['ʃerif] peakohtunik
to drift [i] valguma
procession [prə'seʃn] rongkäik
to pinch [i] näpistama

p. 36.

doubtful ['dautful] kahtlev
perplexed [pə'plekst] hämmastunud, segane
to sob nuuksuma
to accuse [ə'kju:z] süüdistama
liar ['laiə] valetaja
to deliver [di'livə] lahti laskma; kätte toimetama
lightning ['laitniŋ] välk
stroke [ou] löök
to delay [di'lei] viivitama, tagasi hoidma
Satan ['seitən] vanapagan
to meddle [medl] **with** kellegagi tegemist tegema
calmly ['kɑ:mli] rahulikult
inquest ['inkwest] uurimus

p. 37.

to withhold [wið'hould] tagasi hoidma
to confirm [kən'fə:m] kinnitama
belief [bi'li:f] usk

CHAPTER IX

trial ['traiəl] (kohtu)protsess
court [kɔ:t] kohus
topic ['tɔpik] aine
reference ['refrəns] viide
to persuade [pə'sweid] veenma
remark [ri'mɑ:k] märkus
feeler ['fi:lə] tundel
to suspect [səs'pekt] kahtlustama
gossip keelepeks
shiver ['ʃivə] värin, hirmujudin
relief [ri'li:f] kergendus
burden ['bə:dn] koorem
to assure [ə'ʃuə] kinnitama; kindlaks tegema

p. 38.

pause ['pɔ:z] paus, vaheaeg
dread [e] hirmus
solemnity [sɔ'lemniti] pühalikkus
to flock karjana kogunema
sex sugu, sugupool
to represent [repri'zent] esindama
jury ['dʒuəri] vandekohus
haggard ['hægəd] metsik; kurnatud
timid arg
chain [tʃein] ahel
curious ['kjuəriəs] uudishimulik
conspicuous [kən'spikjuəs] nähtav

judge [dʒʌdʒ] kohtunik
to proclaim [prə'kleim] kuulutama
witness ['witnis] tunnistaja
counsel ['kaunsl] advokaat
prosecution [prɔsi'kju:ʃn] tagakiusamine, kaebamine

p. 39.

prisoner ['priznə] vang
to prove [pru:v] tõestama
lawyer ['lɔ:jə] advokaat
to decline [di'klain] keeldumа
audience ['ɔ:djəns] kuulajaskond
attorney [ə'tə:ni] volitatu, advokaat
client ['klaiənt] klient, hoolealune
effort ['efət] pingutus
crime [kraim] kuritegu
bar [ba:] kohtuvõre
to escape [is'keip] (lahti) pääsema
to rock kiigutama
to reign [rein] valitsema
defence [di'fens] kaitse
influence ['influəns] mõju

p. 40.

delirium [di'liriəm] deliirium, joomahullustus
to produce [prə'dju:s] esile kutsuma
plea [pli:] palve, vabandus
to puzzle ['pʌzl] üllatama; **puzzled** üllatav
amazement [ə'meizmənt] imestus, hämmastus
to manage ['mænidʒ] toime tulema, õnnestuma
contemptuous [kən'temptjuəs] põlglik
to flit vilksatama

p. 41.

start [a:] võpatus
proper ['prɔpə] kohane, õige
confused [kən'fju:zd] segane
laughter ['la:ftə] naer
skeleton ['skelitn] luukere
to flow [ou] voolama

p. 42.

opposer [ə'pouzə] vastane

CHAPTER X

hero ['hiərou] kangelane, sangar
pet lemmik
envy ['envi] kadestus
immortal [i'mɔ:tl] surematu
to magnify ['mægnifai] suurendama, ülistama
splendour ['splendə] särа, hiilgus, toredus
triumph ['traiəmf] triumf, võidurõõm
doom [u:] hukkamõistmine, saatus
share ['ʃɛə] osa
to leak [i:] **out** välja jooksma, lekkima; teatavaks saama

notwithstanding hoolimata
to testify ['testifai] tunnistama
secrecy ['si:krisi] saladus
gratitude ['grætitju:d] tänulikkus
to capture ['kæptʃə] kinni võtma, vangistama

p. 43.

reward [ri'wɔ:d] tasu
insecure [insi'kjuə] ebakindel

CHAPTER XI

to dig, dug, dug [ʌ] kaevama
treasure ['treʒə] aare, varandus
particular [pə'tikjulə] eriline
haunted [ɔ:] vaimude poolt külastatud
limb [lim] liige; puuoks

p. 44.

brass [ɑ:] vask
rusty ['rʌsti] roostes
chest kast, laekas
diamond ['daiəmənd] teemant
to tackle [æ] (millegi) kallale asuma
tool [u:] tööriist
tramp [æ] jalarännak
to pant [æ] lõõtsutama
pie [pai] pirukas
soda ['soudə] soodavesi, puuviljajook
circus ['sə:kəs] tsirkus
drum [ʌ] trumm
sword [sɔ:d] mõõk
necktie ['nektai] kaelaside
lonesome ['lounsəm] üksildane

p. 45.

result [ri'zʌlt] tulemus, tagajärg
finally ['fainəli] lõpuks
to give up lakkama, loobuma
to consider [kən'sidə] kaaluma, järele mõtlema
valley ['væli] org
utterly [ʌt'əli] äärmiselt
weed [i:] umbrohi
to smother ['smʌðə] lämmatama
to crumble ['krʌmbl] purunema
to gaze [geiz] tardunud pilgul vaatama

CHAPTER XII

p. 46.

to venture ['ventʃə] riskima, mestama
peep [i:] pilk
ancient ['einʃənt] muistne, vanaaegne
ruinous ['ruinəs] purunenud, varemetes
staircase ['stəəkeis] trepp
ragged ['rægid] räbaldunud, närune
cobweb ämblikuvõrk
whisper ['wispə] sosin

decay [di'kei] kõdunemine, lagunemine
fright [frait] hirm, ehmatus
misery ['mizəri] häda, viletsus

p. 47.

Spaniard ['spænjəd] hispaanlane
untidy [ʌn'taidi] korratu, räpane
dangerous ['deindʒrəs] hädaohtlik
to grunt [ʌ] röhkima, urisema
vast [ɑ:] suur
milksop piimahabe, argpüks
Texas ['teksəs]
satisfactory [sætis'fæktəri] rahuldav
to curl [kə:l] kerima
comrade ['kɔmrid] seltsimees

p. 48.

to urge [ə:dʒ] sundima, peale käima
creak [i:] kriuks
attempt [ə'tempt] katse
to drag [æ] lohistama; venima
grimly ['grimli] valjult, metsikult
to droop [u:] alla vajuma, närtsima
booty ['bu:ti] saak

p. 49.

hearth [hɑ:θ] kolle
to jingle ['dʒiŋgl] kõlisema
to subtract [səb'trækt] lahutama, ära võtma
rotten ['rɔtn] kõdunenud, mädanenud
to injure ['indʒə] vigastama
blissful õnnis
to frown [fraun] kulme kortsutama, kibrutama
robbery ['rɔbəri] röövimine

p. 50.

revenge [ri'vendʒ] kättemaks
den koobas
cautiously ['kɔ:ʃəsli] ettevaatlikult
twilight ['twailait] videvik, hämarus
to relieve [ri'li:v] kergendama
chink pragu
log halg, palk
content [kən'tent] rahul

CHAPTER XIII

p. 51.

to torment [tɔ:'ment] piinama
to waste [ei] raiskama; kaduma, hajuma
reality [ri'æliti] tõelisus
to occur [ə'kə:] ette tulema, näima
uncertainty [ʌn'sə:tnti] ebakindlus
melancholy ['melənkəli] melanhoolne, kurvameelne
awful ['ɔ:ful] kole

p. 52.

to track [æ] jälitama
tavern [ˈtævən] kõrts
to occupy [ˈɔkjupai] enda alla võtma, nantma
alley [ˈæli] kõrvaltänav

CHAPTER XIV

p. 53.

tin tina
towel [ˈtauəl] käterätik
to wrap [ræp] mähkima
sentry [ˈsentri] vahisõdur;
to stand sentry vahipostil seisma
to faint [ei] nõrkema, minestama
burst, burst, burst [əɪ] lõhkema
shed kuur

p. 54.

deserted [diˈzəɪtid] mahajäetud
slaughter-house [ˈslɔɪtəhaus] tapamaja
knob [nɔb] nupp
Caesar [ˈsiɪzə]
ghost [goust] vaim

p. 55.

to shudder [ˈʃʌdə] värisema, hirmujudinat tundma
reflection [riˈflekʃən] järelemõtlemine, kaalutlus

CHAPTER XV

importance [imˈpɔɪtəns] tähtsus
to tease [tiɪz] tüütama
to appoint [əˈpɔint] määrama
boundless [ˈbaundlis] piiritu
moderate [ˈmɔdərit] keskmine, keskpärane
invitation [inviˈteiʃn] kutse
straightway [ˈstreitwei] otsekohe
fever [ˈfiɪvə] palavik

p. 56.

custom [ˈkʌstəm] komme
presence [ˈprezns] juuresolek
steam [iɪ] aur
ferry-boat ülevedamispaat
to hire [ˈhaiə] üürima
occasion [əˈkeiʒn] juht, juhtumus
Susy Harper [ˈsuɪzi ˈhaɪpə]
to behave [biˈheiv] käituma
hollow [ˈhɔlou] õõnsus, kanal
forest mets
to echo [ˈekou] vastu kajama
shouting [ˈʃautiŋ] kisa
cave [keiv] koobas
bundle [ʌ] pundar
candle [ˈkændl] küünal
massive [ˈmæsiv] massiivne, raske
oaken [ˈoukn] tammest

p. 57.

chilly ['tʃili] külm
main [ei] pea-
avenue ['ævinju:] tänav, teerada
couple ['kʌpl] paar
to join [dʒɔin] ühinema
to avoid [ə'vɔid] vältima, kõrvale hoidma
to smear [iə] määrima
tallow ['tælou] küünlarasv
dripping tilkumine
to soil määrima
clay [klei] savi
success [sək'ses] edu, õnnestumine
freight [frait] last, koorem
wharf [wɔ:f] maandumissild

p. 58.

brick telliskivi
to remove [ri'mu:v] ära viima, kõrvaldama
to glide [ai] libisema, hiilima
bare [bɛə] paljas
widow ['widou] lesknaine
Douglas ['dʌgləs]
damn! [dæm] neetud!
to murder ['mə:də] tapma
to warn [wɔ:n] hoiatama

p. 59.

to horse-whip ['hɔ:swip] piitsaga peksma
jail [dʒeil] vangla
nigger ['nigə] neeger
advantage [əd'va:ntidʒ] kasu, paremus
nimble [i] nobe
to bang [æ] kolistama, taguma
to thrust [θrʌst] pistma, toppima
row [rau] kära

p. 60.

to arm [ɑ:m] relvastuma
to accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] saatma, kaastama
explosion [iks'plouʒən] plahvatus, pauk
particular [pə'tikjulə] üksikasi

CHAPTER XVI

to rap [æ] koputama
vagabond ['vægəbənd] hulkur

p. 61.

to chase [tʃeiz] taga ajama
to stir [ə:] **up** üles ajama
constable ['kʌnstəbl] konstaabel
gang [æ] jõuk
description [dis'kripʃən] kirjeldus
rascal ['ra:skəl] kelm
plain [ei] lihtis, selge
to admit [əd'mit] sisse laskma

p. 62.

villain ['vilən] kurjategija
sermon ['sə:mən] jutlus

to startle [stɑːtl] üllatuma; võpatama
pew [pjuː] kirikupink
uneasy [ʌn'iːzi] ebamugav
anxiety [æŋ'zaiəti] rahutus

p. 63.

to swoon [uːn] minestama
to wring [riŋ] **wrung, wrung** ringutama
alarm [ə'lɑːm] häire; muresõnum

p. 64.

tedious ['tiːdjəs] väsitav, tüütav
to dawn [dɔːn] koitma
stupor ['stjuːpə] kangestus

CHAPTER XVII

familiar [fə'miljə] hästituntud
to engage [in'geidʒ] ametis olema
zeal [ziːl] agarus
exertion [ig'zəːʃən] jõupingutus
Niagara [nai'ægərə]
steep [iː] järsk
to enclose [in'klouz] sulgema, ümbritsema
ambition [æm'biʃən] auahnus
discoverer [dis'kʌvərə] avastaja, leidur
guidance ['gaidəns] juhtimine; juhtnöör
secret ['siːkrit] salajane, salapärane
depth [depθ] sügavus

p. 65.

numerous ['njuːmrəs] arvukas
passage ['pæsidʒ] koridor
knot [nɔt] sõlm
bat [æ] nahkhiir
to dart [ɑː] sööstma
furiously ['fjuəriəsli] metsikult
fugitive ['fjuːdʒitiv] põgenik

p. 66.

failure ['feilə] ebaõnnestumine; mankimine
leaden [ledn] tinast
dread [e] hirm
to pluck [ʌ] noppima
to pluck up courage ['kʌridʒ] julgust koguma

p. 67.

to blame [ei] süüdistama
situation [sitju'eiʃn] olukord
aimless ['eimlis] sihita
wedding cake pulmakook
to suggest [sə'dʒest] ette panema

p. 68.

portion ['pɔːʃən] osa
to grope [group] kobama
apparently [ə'pærəntli] nähtavasti

p. 69.

hoarse [hɔɪs] kähisev, hääl ära
spring allikas
to explore [iks'plɔɪ] uurima

p. 70.

to paralyse ['pærəlaiz] halvama
to take to one's heels jalga laskma
to implore [im'plɔɪ] anuma

CHAPTER XVIII

to mourn [ɔɪ] leinama
peal [iɪ] helin
to swarm [ɔɪ] kihama
half-clad [klæd] pool-rõivastatud
population [pɔpju'leiʃn] rahvas
citizen ['sitiz(ə)n] kodanik
to illuminate [i'ljuɪmineit] valgustama
eager ['iɪgə] põnev
auditory ['ɔɪditəri] kuulajaskond

p. 71.

to glimpse [glims] silmama
speck laik, täpp
to fret kiusama
to labour ['leibə] vaeva nägema
to convince [kən'vins] veenma
rescue ['reskjuɪ] pääsemine

p. 72.

doubt [daut] kahtlus
sheet [ʃiɪt] voodilina

CHAPTER XIX

passenger ['pæsindʒə] reisija

p. 73.

waggon ['wægən] suur vanker
funeral ['fjuɪnərəl] matus
earnest ['əɪnist] tõsi
tunnel ['tʌnl] tunnel
to quiver ['kwivə] raputama

p. 74.

to oppress [ə'pres] rusuma

p. 75.

foot-print [i] jalajälg
grease [griɪs] rasv
to scratch [æ] kraapima
board [ɔɪ] laud
to plough [plau] kündma; tuhnima
to weigh [wei] kaaluma
awkward ['ɔɪkwəd] kohmakas
fashion ['fæʃən] mood, viis

p. 76.

cargo ['kaɪgou] koorem
Jones ['dʒounz]

p. 77.

suit [sjuɪt] ülikond
clothes [klouðz] rõivad
to educate ['edjukeit] kasvatama, harima

modest ['mɔdist] tagasihoidlik
tongue-tied keeletu
what ails Tom? mis on Tomil viga?
to struggle [ʌ] heitlema, võitlema

p. 78.

unanimous [ju'nænimәs] üksmeelne
to amount [ә'maunt] tõusma

CHAPTER XX

cash [kæʃ] sularaha
incredible [in'kredibl] uskumatu
request [ri'kwest] palve, nõudmine
income ['inkʌm] sissetulek, tulu
academy [ә'kædәmi] akadeemia
career [kә'riә] karjäär

p. 79.

protection [prә'tekʃn] kaitse
to introduce [intrә'dju:s] esitlema; sisse tooma
to comb [koum] kammima
napkin suurätik
properly ['prɔpәli] korralikult
distress [dis'tres] kurvastus
to cause [kɔ:z] põhjustama
stove [stouv] ahi
gun [ʌ] püss

p. 80.

respectable [ri'spektәbl] auväärt
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