



## Number Two — Huck as Guard

THEY WAITED THREE NIGHTS. THE FOURTH NIGHT WAS DARK ENOUGH.

The public house closed at a late hour, but Tom and Huck were near. Indian Joe had not been seen. No other person had been in the street behind the house.

The two adventurers moved quietly toward the door in the darkness. Huck stopped, to remain as a guard, and Tom went forward. Then there was a long wait. To Huck it seemed hours. What had happened to Tom? Had he died from fear? Huck's breathing was very fast and his heart beat madly.

Suddenly Tom came rushing past. "Run! Run for your life!"

They never stopped running until they were at the other end of the village. There stood an old building, now not used. As they entered, rain began to fall heavily.

"Huck, it was fearful! I tried and tried to open the door—and then suddenly it opened without effort. I stepped into the room, and—Huck, I almost stepped on Indian Joe's hand!"

"No!"

"Yes! He was there, asleep on the floor. Drunk, I believe. I turned

and ran.”

“Tom, did you see that box?”

“Huck, I did not wait to look around. I did not see the box. I did not see any cross. I saw only a cup on the floor beside Indian Joe. And more to drink; the room is full of it.”

“Tom, if Joe is drunk, now is the time to get that box.”

“Is it? You get it.”

Huck began to shake. “No, I believe not.”

“And I believe not, Huck. Listen, Huck. Wait until we know that Indian Joe is not in there. We can watch every night. Then we can go fast and get that box.”

“I agree. Let me watch all night and every night. You do the other part of the job.”

“I will. And now the rain has stopped. You go and watch. And when you want me at night, come to my window and make a noise like a cat.”