

# HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S CURE FOR WARTS

A Humorous Reading

by  
Mark Twain



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From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" ISBN 1-60045-088-1

Huckleberry Finn, son of the town drunkard, was dreaded by all the mothers of the town, because he was idle and lawless—and because all their children admired him so, and wished they dared to be like him. Tom Sawyer, like the rest of the respectable boys, was under strict orders not to play with him. So he played with him every time he got a chance.

Huckleberry did not have to go to school or to church; 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 was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes. In a word, everything that goes to make life precious, that boy had. So thought Tom Sawyer and every other harassed, hampered respectable boy in St. Petersburg.

Tom hailed the romantic outcast:

"Hello, Huckleberry! What's that you got?"

"Dead cat."

"Lemme see him, Huck. My, he's pretty stiff. Where'd you get him?"

"Bought him off'n a boy."

"What did you give?"

"I give a bladder that I got at the slaughterhouse."

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

"Good for? Cure warts with."

"No! Is that so? I know something that's better—spunk-water."

"Spunk-water! I wouldn't give a dern for spunk-water."

"You wouldn't, wouldn't you? D'you ever try it?"

"No, I hain't. But Bob Tanner did."

"Who told you so?"

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