

Passage 12, Questions 85-91. Read the following passage from Chapter 17 of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain, carefully before you choose your answers.

(5) It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too. I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style. I didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, nor a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them. There was a big fireplace that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick; sometimes they wash them over with red water-paint that they call Spanish-brown, same as they do in town. They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. There was a (10) clock on the middle of the mantelpiece, with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swinging behind it. It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered out. They wouldn't took any money for her. (15)

Well, there was a big outlandish parrot on each side of the clock, made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy. By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery, and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn't open their mouths nor look different nor interested. They (20) squeaked through underneath. There was a couple of big wild-turkey-wing fans spread out behind those things. On the table in the middle of the room was a kind of a lovely crockery basket that had apples and oranges and peaches and grapes piled up in it, which was much redder and yellower and prettier than real ones is, but they warn't real because you could see where pieces had got chipped off and (25) showed the white chalk, or whatever it was, underneath.

This table had a cover made out of beautiful oilcloth, with a red and blue spread-eagle painted on it, and a painted border all around. It come all the way from Philadelphia, they said. There was some books, too, piled up perfectly exact, on each corner of the table. One was a big family Bible full of pictures. One was (30) Pilgrim's Progress, about a man that left his family, it didn't say why. I read considerable in it now and then. the statements was interesting, but tough. Another was Friendship's Offering, full of beautiful stuff and poetry; but I didn't read the poetry. Another was Henry Clay's Speeches, and another was Dr. Gunn's Family Medicine, which told you all about what to do if a body was sick or dead. There (35) was a hymn-book, and a lot of other books. And there was nice split-bottom chairs, and perfectly sound, too—not bagged down in the middle and busted, like an old basket.

They had pictures hung on the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Marys, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was (40) some that they called crayons, which one of the daughters which was dead made her own self when she was only fifteen years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before—blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the armpits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white (45) slim ankles crossed out with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her (50) head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its

heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup  
 More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the  
 moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand  
 (55) with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket  
 with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said "And Art  
 Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas." These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I  
 didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little they  
 (60) always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid  
 out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done  
 what they had lost. But I reckoned that with her disposition she was having a better  
 time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture  
 when she took sick, and every day and night it was her prayer to be allowed to live  
 till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman  
 (65) in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her  
 hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her  
 face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in  
 front, and two more reaching up toward the moon—and the idea was to see which  
 pair would look best, and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying,  
 (70) she died before she got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the  
 head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday come they hung flowers on  
 it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had  
 a kind of a nice sweet face, but there was so many arms it made her look too  
 spidery, seemed to me.  
 (75) This young girl kept a scrap-book when she was alive, and used to paste  
 obituaries and accidents and cases of patient suffering in it out of the Presbyterian  
 Observer, and write poetry after them out of her own head. It was very good poetry.  
 This is what she wrote about a boy by the name of Stephen Dowling Bots that fell  
 down a well and was drowned:

(80) ODE TO STEPHEN DOWLING BOTS, DEC'D

*And did young Stephen sicken,  
 And did young Stephen die?  
 And did the sad hearts thicken,  
 (85) And did the mourners cry?*

*No; such was not the fate of  
 Young Stephen Dowling Bots;  
 Though sad hearts round him thickened,  
 (90) 'Twas not from sickness' shots.*

*No whooping-cough did rack his frame,  
 Nor measles drear with spots;  
 Not these impaired the sacred name  
 (95) Of Stephen Dowling Bots.*

*Despised love struck not with woe  
 That head of curly knots,  
 Nor stomach troubles laid him low,  
 (100) Young Stephen Dowling Bots.*

*O no. Then list with tearful eye,  
 Whilst I his fate do tell.  
 His soul did from this cold world fly  
 (105) By falling down a well.*

*They got him out and emptied him;  
Alas it was too late;  
His spirit was gone for to sport aloft  
(110) In the realms of the good and great.*

85. Although the narrator states that he had never seen such a nice house with “so much style,” the reader knows because of the diction that the author feels that the contents of the house are
- (A) tacky and pretentious
  - (B) middle class and mundane
  - (C) appropriate and commonplace
  - (D) dignified and elegant
  - (E) upper class and stylish
86. Which of the following contributes LEAST to the satirical tone of the first three paragraphs?
- (A) “start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered out” (lines 14-15)
  - (B) “made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy” (lines 16-17)
  - (C) “when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn’t open their mouths” (lines 18-19)
  - (D) “beautiful oilcloth, with a red and blue spread-eagle painted on it” (lines 26-27)
  - (E) “one was a big family Bible full of pictures” (line 29)
87. Given the context, the pictures described by the narrator as “Highland Marys” (line 39) are most likely pictures of
- (A) the high moor land of Scotland
  - (B) Mary, Queen of Scots
  - (C) the Madonna
  - (D) women dancing in the mountain meadows
  - (E) the mountains of Maryland
88. Which of the following phrases contributes the LEAST to the mood of bathos?
- (A) “she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow” (line 46)
  - (B) “her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule” (lines 47-48)
  - (C) “a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up” (lines 51-52)
  - (D) “looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks” (lines 53-54)
  - (E) “an open letter in one hand with black sealing-wax” (lines 54-55)

89. The paragraph describing the dead daughter's paintings satirizes
- I. romanticizing death
  - II. artistic abilities of young girls
  - III. obsession with death
- (A) I only  
(B) II only  
(C) I and III only  
(D) II and III only  
(E) I, II, and III
90. The poem attributed to Emmeline Grangerford is most likely included by the author to
- (A) show off his poetic talents
  - (B) provide more in-depth development of Emmeline's character
  - (C) reveal Huck's ability to appreciate poetry
  - (D) present a parody of popular poetry of his time
  - (E) hint at the many ways that people of that era could die at an early age
91. The last two lines of the next-to-last stanza of the poem are
- (A) pathetic attempts at creating an internal rhyme scheme
  - (B) serious revelations of religious beliefs
  - (C) a well-crafted couplet that reveals the theme of the poem
  - (D) unexpected given the poem's title and the preceding stanza
  - (E) humorous because of the juxtaposition of contrary images