

“ ‘*Baptême* ! I ’ll show you ’bout dat,’ my fader say.

“ Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den Old Man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate ’make my fader pay nine shillin’ !

“ ‘Mebbe dat’s learn you one lesson,’ Old Man Savarin is say.

“ My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say : ‘ Well, Narcisse, dere hain’ no use for take it out in *malediction*. De nine shillin’ is paid. You scoop more fish — dat’s the way.’

“ So my fader he’s go out early, early nex’ mawny. He’s scoop, he’s scoop. He’s catch plenty fish before Old Man Savarin come.

“ ‘ You ain’t got ’nuff yet for fishin’ on my land, eh? Come out of dat,’ Old Man Savarin is say.

“ ‘*Saprie* ! Ain’ I pay nine shillin’ for fish here?’ my fader say.

“ ‘*Oui* — you pay nine shillin’ for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain’t pay nothin’ for