

be willin' for save you, *me*. But you hain't scooped by *me*. You's in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You's her sturgeon;' -an' Alphonsine she's laugh an' laugh.

“‘I did n't lose no sturgeon for Marie,' he's say.

“‘No, eh?’ I'll say myself. ‘But you's steal my fader's platform. You's take his fishin' place. You's got him fined two times. You's make my moder pay his bill wis *my* weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all dat? You tink I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for notin'? When you ever do someting for anybody for notin', eh, M'sieu Savarin?’

“‘How much you want?’ he's say.

“‘Ten dollare for de platform, dat's all.’

“‘Never — dat's robbery,' he's say, an' he's begin to cry like *vet'* li'll baby.

“‘Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more,' Alphonsine she's say.

“‘But de old rascal is so scare 'bout dat, dat