

“ ‘How much?’ Alphonsine she’s say.

“ ‘He’s tink, and he’s say, ‘Quarter dollar.’

“ ‘Alphonsine an’ me is laugh, laugh.

“ ‘Save me,’ he’s cry some more. ‘I hain’t fit for die dis mawny.’

“ ‘You hain’ fit for live no mawny,’ Alphonsine she’s say. ‘One quarter dollar, eh? Where’s my sturgeon?’

“ ‘He’s got away when I fall in,’ he’s say.

“ ‘How much you goin’ give me for lose my big sturgeon?’ she’s ask.

“ ‘How much you’ll want, Alphonsine?’

“ ‘Two dollare.’

“ ‘Dat’s too much for one sturgeon,’ he’s say. For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more ’fraid for pay out his money.

“ ‘Let him down some more,’ Alphonsine she’s say.

“ ‘Oh, *misère, misère!* I’ll pay de two dollare,’ he’s say when his head come up some more.

“ ‘Ver’ well, den,’ Alphonsine she’s say; ‘I’ll