

bose sorry. So dey's kiss one anoder good — only all their close is tore to pieces.

“An' what you tink 'bout Old Man Savarin? Old Man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time, an' he's say: 'I'll tink I'll fetch him *bose* hup to de magistrate, an' I'll learn him *bose* a lesson.’

“Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I hain't scare 'bout dat fight same like my moder is scare. No more is Alphonsine Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

“Nex' mawny early my fader he's groaned and he's groaned: 'Ah — ugh — I'm sick, sick, me. I'll be goin' for die dis time, for sure.’

“‘You get up an' scoop some fish,’ my moder she's say, angry. ‘Den you hain't be sick no more.’

“‘Ach — ugh — I'll hain't be able. Oh, I'll be so sick. An' I hain' got no place for scoop